

BLADE

Pilot

by

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Based on the characters in Marvel Comics

September 7, 2005



BLADE

"Pilot"

TEASER

A HEARTBEAT over BLACK.

The heartbeat speeds up, faster and faster, until it FADES into the signature TECHNO of the opening sequences of the BLADE TRILOGY.

The BLACK SCREEN gives way CUTTING TO: SHING! BLADE'S SWORD slashing a vampire across the chest and then --

-- back to BLACK.

CUTTING FROM BLACK AGAIN TO: Blood running down a beautifully twisted female face with FANGS. She HISSES, lunging at us.

Black returns.

CRACK! Blade's fist BREAKS the jaw of a vampire.

Black screen, now with a tint of RED.

A BLOODY CLAWED HAND tears into Blade's black coat as a vampire lands on his back.

Black screen, more red seeps through.

Tight on BLADE grinding his teeth as a vampire SCREAMS. It almost looks like a smile.

Black screen, now almost DARK RED.

BRATT! An AK-47 held in the HANDS of a FAMILIAR -- a human working for vampires -- FIRES. A glyph of the House of Leichen on his wrist.

Dark red screen.

FWATCH! Blade's gleaming sword severs a hand.

Dark red screen.

A long-haired vampire face bearing its fangs is reflected in BLADE'S SUNGLASSES.

Dark red screen begins to lighten.

Blade's hand clicking open his silver coated GLAIVE with a KCHINK!

Dark red screen lightens.

SPLATCH! BLOOD splatters against BLADE'S SUNGLASSES.

Deep red screen.

SHUNK! A SILVER STAKE is kicked down into a vampire's head. A horrible SCREAM rings out.

Red screen.

The MUSIC stops as the RED glows as bright as fresh BLOOD.

Title card: **BLADE**

FADE IN:

EXT. CHATEAU - BAYREUTH, GERMANY - NIGHT

Moving across the icy ground of the Fichtelgebirge Mountains. A CHARRED VAMPIRE SKELETON, seconds after it's dead animated flesh has decayed into ash, crumbles like charcoal. Its skull COLLAPSES into GLOWING CINDERS that carry into the air.

Title card: **BAYREUTH, GERMANY**

SLOWLY PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Hundreds of BULLET SHELLS, a dozen smoking VAMPIRE SKELETONS and piles of ASH litter the grounds.

Title card: **FOUR MONTHS AGO**

An overturned MERCEDES burns brightly, surrounded by several other ashy remains.

Dozens of vampires have been slaughtered in front of a large German Chateau on the mountainside.

THREE STORIES ABOVE --

-- LORD VERDELET, looks 40, bald and pale, head of the House of Leichen, is thrown THROUGH a set of glass doors and out on to a balcony.

ON THE BALCONY

Blade's black boots CRUSH shards of glass as they walk out after Verdelet.

Blade's hand picks up Verdelet and, with superhuman strength, toss him effortlessly against the Chateau wall.

Blade's sword SHIMMERS as it punctures Verdelet's shoulder and pins him to the Chateau. SHUNK!! Verdelet CRIES OUT in pain.

Finally, for the first time, the hunter steps into view --

BLADE

Sunglasses reflecting Verdelet's horrified face back at him. Blade wears a large heavy long winter coat, different than his usual leather one.

BLADE

(vampire dialect,  
subtitled)

You've got quite a view up here.

Verdelet's eyes widen as he gazes past Blade.

THE MORNING SUN PEAKS OVER THE HORIZON.

IN FRONT OF THE CHATEAU

the sunlight sweeps over the grounds.

The burning cinders fly into the air, following the sunlight as it approaches the Chateau.

ON THE BALCONY

Blade watches with subdued satisfaction, ashes in the air.

VERDELET

(vampire dialect,  
subtitled)

Why do this? You are one of us.

ON THE GROUND

the sunlight creeps towards the Chateau.

ON THE BALCONY

Verdelet desperately claws at the blade of the sword, cutting his bone-white vein-filled hand.

VERDELET (cont'd)

(vampire dialect,  
subtitled)

What do you hope to do? The House of Leichen may fall but there are others. So many other Houses.

BLADE  
(vampire dialect,  
subtitled)  
Eleven. Not that many.

The sunlight climbs up towards the balcony.

VERDELET  
(vampire dialect,  
subtitled)  
You can destroy us all, but it  
won't change what you are!

The sun begins to SILHOUETTE Blade as it rises higher, giving him a soft AURA.

BLADE  
(reverting to English)  
Maybe not.

Blade steps out of the way of the sun, allowing the full strength of the rays to hit Verdelet.

BLADE (cont'd)  
But I'll probably sleep a whole lot better.

Verdelet CRIES out indecipherably as his vocal chords COMBUST into ash with the rest of his body.

Blade yanks his sword out of the wall, slicing Verdelet's ashy skeletal remains. He spins the sword clean and slides it back into its sheath.

SHING!!

Hard cut to BLACK.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. DOWNTOWN DETROIT - NIGHT

Desolate industrial streets in the dead of night. The ROAR of a black MERCEDES CLS500 COUPE precedes the car as it rounds a corner, headlights blinding, windows black.

Title card: TODAY

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Driving is --

FRITZ

30's, tatoos creeping up his neck, thick long brown leather coat, steering wheel looking much too small in his massive hands. He glares up into the rear view mirror.

IN THE BACK SEAT

ZACK STARR, 25, wears a black blindfold, dark clothes and an anxious smile. On the side of his neck, right at the collar, is a vampire glyph: HOUSE OF CHTHON.

ZACK  
Thank you for this, Mr. Van Sciver.

Next to Zack sits --

MARCUS VAN SCIVER

30's, charismatic, impeccable posture, soft smile. But there's something beneath that off-white skin and behind those brilliant eyes. A thirst for many things. Power, women, blood, and a past life he'd never admit longing for.

MARCUS  
You deserve it, Zack.

On the other side of Zack sits --

CHASE

early 20's, clothes a size too tight, hungry eyes studying Zack.

CHASE  
You've been a good boy.

Chase licks the side of his neck with a smile.

Zack takes a deep breath. Can't believe his luck tonight.  
Is she one of the perks?

ZACK

I hear it hurts, but it's supposed  
to be the last time you ever really  
feel pain, right?

Chase whispers into Zack's ear.

CHASE

There's only pleasure ahead, baby.

Chase puts her hand on Zack's thigh. Zack grins.

ZACK

Cool.

EXT. DRY DOCKS, DETROIT - NIGHT

The Mercedes pulls to a stop along the edge of a row of abandoned factories and empty docks. The headlights go dark.

EXT./INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Fritz opens the back door for Chase. Chase gets out, nodding to Fritz with a seductive smile. Still blindfolded, Zack looks out of the car.

ZACK

How about you, Fritz? Is there anything I should do?

FRITZ

(cold)

Get out of the car.

Zack follows his voice, and steps out of the car.

ZACK

I mean, is there a speech or a prayer or something?

Marcus exits the car, fixing his coat.

MARCUS

We're not ones for prayer.

Zack stands in the night air, waiting for the next step.

MARCUS (O.S.) (cont'd)  
But we are ones for unity. And  
trust is an important part of that  
unity, Zack. That's why we brought  
you here.

ZACK  
I'm ready.

MARCUS  
Good.

Chase RIPS Zack's blindfold off, cutting the side of his  
face. A trickle of BLOOD rolls down it.

ZACK  
Ow.

Zack's eyes widen as he looks down the barrel of a HANDGUN in  
Marcus's hands.

ZACK (cont'd)  
Wai -- !

BLAM!!!

CUT TO:

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE, FORT HOOD - DAY

CLOSE ON A PHOTO: A headshot of MILITARY MEDIC CORPORAL  
CHRISTA STARR, 25, trying to suppress a bright smile, her  
cheeks slightly red with color. Taken at a time when joining  
the Armed Forces was the most exciting thing she'd ever done  
in her life.

A fly BUZZES in the air and lands on the photo.

A HAND

belonging to the NCIOC STAFF SERGEANT swats the insect away.

STAFF SERGEANT (O.S.)  
You did everything you could.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Christa in the flesh, but not at all  
like her picture. The enthusiasm and color are absent from  
her face. She doesn't blink. Lifeless.

Across from Christa, behind a desk, is the NCIOC Staff  
Sergeant, 35, broad and muscular. Christa's open file sits  
in front of him, the photo on top. The Staff Sergeant looks  
up from the file at Christa.

STAFF SERGEANT (cont'd)  
You really did.

CHRISTA  
That's what they keep telling me.

STAFF SERGEANT  
Says you suffered some peripheral  
nerve damage in your left arm when  
the second bomb went off.

Christa's right hand grabs her left, keeping it steady.

STAFF SERGEANT (cont'd)  
...but the Army could still use a  
soldier like you. There's plenty  
of things you can do outside of  
medicine to help your country.

And for the first time, we notice the Staff Sergeant is  
sitting in a WHEELCHAIR. It doesn't effect Christa in the  
 slightest.

CHRISTA  
Just tell me what I have to say to  
get my DD 214.

The Staff Sergeant takes a deep breath, understanding what  
this young woman has gone through. He nods.

A red "DISCHARGED" is stamped over Christa's file.

CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT - NIGHT

Empty decaying streets. The ENGINE of Blade's MATTE-BLACK  
'68 DODGE CHARGER tears apart the SILENCE.

The Charger stops in front of an old burned out building --

HUDSON'S

Once a vibrant department store in the heart of downtown,  
Hudson's has been vacant and boarded up for over twenty  
years. The windows are cracked, covered by iron gating. A  
handful of mannequins are still on display, some fallen over,  
most missing limbs. The front doors are boarded up, graffiti  
covering them.

INT. BLADE'S CHARGER - NIGHT

Sitting in the car, Blade looks out at the abandoned building.

INT. BASEMENT, HUDSON'S - NIGHT

Blade pushes a mannequin leaning against an empty sports equipment display out of his way. He brushes dust off of his shoulder and glances around.

Once the SPORTING GOODS FLOOR -- there are left over murals of a hockey goalie, quarterback, baseball pitcher and batter on the peeling walls. It's about to be converted into Blade's new base of operations.

Blade flips open a black cell phone, hits redial.

BLADE  
...You're right. It'll work.

CUT TO:

EXT. STARR FAMILY HOME, FLINT, MICHIGAN - NIGHT

A cab pulls up in front of a small house in a depressed neighborhood an hour outside of Detroit. It IDLES for a second then --

-- Christa steps out of the cab, slinging a large Army issue duffle bag over her shoulder with her right hand.

She looks up at the house, a banner hung hours before the sunset anticipating her arrival reads: WELCOME HOME, CHRISTA! Despite it, the same lifeless look covers her face.

The cab drives away, a second too late for Christa to call it back.

Before she can consider walking away, the front door opens and her father, HUGH STARR, 60's, walks out with a larger than life smile. He hollers back into the house with excitement.

HUGH  
She's back!

DOORBELL, the family American bulldog, rushes out of the house BARKING. Hugh follows the dog towards Christa, his arms up, LAUGHING with joy.

HUGH (cont'd)  
My little girl's back!!

Christa forces a smile.

INT. LIVING ROOM, STARR FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

ON THE WALL: An endless assortment of Starr Family photos. Christa is smiling in every single one. A family portrait shows Christa at 13 with her father, her mother, LISA and her fraternal twin ZACK. Another photograph: Christa and Zack at 17 washing their new '98 Pontiac Grand Am. Another photograph: Christa, 24, heading off to boot camp, Zack and her parents saying good-bye. And it's here that we'll recognize Zack from the docks -- the guy that was just shot and killed.

IN THE CENTER OF THE WALL,

a framed photograph of Christa and Zack, age five, at a Storybook Village park. They're wearing matching red overalls and red and white striped shirts, sitting on a wall together, giggling. Between them is a large ceramic Humpty Dumpty statue.

CHRISTA --

-- looks up at the picture of her and her brother sitting with Humpty Dumpty. She finally manages a real smile.

Behind Christa, thirty of her family and friends gather to celebrate her return.

PATRICK MCCALLUM, late 50's, former Sergeant in the Army, family friend for years before Christa and Zack were even born, excitedly approaches her. He's wearing a U.S. Army T-shirt, holding a can of American beer.

PAT  
Welcome home, doc.

Christa hugs the old man.

CHRISTA  
Thanks, Pat.

PAT  
I heard about the action you saw.  
There's a vet support group I run  
out in Pontiac. Less post-  
traumatic-psycho-nonsense and more  
honest talk with people who  
understand.

CHRISTA  
I'm fine.

Pat smiles and nods, wanting to believe it.

LISA (O.S.)  
Are you sure you're not hungry,  
honey?

Christa turns to face her mother, Lisa, 60's, slightly smothering. Lisa holds out a plate of tuna casserole. Doorbell follows, hoping she'll drop some.

CHRISTA  
I'm fine, Mom.

LISA  
Your father said a cab dropped you off. I thought Greg would've picked you up. Was he working at the hospital tonight?

Christa bends down, petting the anxious bulldog.

CHRISTA  
Greg and I aren't exactly together anymore.

LISA  
What happened?

CHRISTA  
The letters stopped coming two months ago.

LISA  
Oh...I'm sorry.

CHRISTA  
(with a complacent smile)  
Don't be. I lost the ring in Karbala anyway.

Christa's mother puts a hand on her left shoulder.

A sharp painful TREMOR shoots through Christa's left arm. She tries to hide a GRUNT and holds her left hand.

LISA  
I thought you said it wasn't bothering you --

CHRISTA  
(rubbing her hand)  
Just once in awhile. It's nothing.

Christa brightens up for her mom.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
You know what? I am a bit hungry.

Christa takes the plate from her mom. She tastes it with a plastic fork, surprised by how good a home cooked meal is right now.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
Where's Zack?

Lisa shoots a glance over to Hugh. Hugh brags as some of the guests gather around a home video of Christa playing soccer in elementary school. Another banner is on the wall above a table full of food: WELCOME HOME!

Lisa moves in close to her daughter.

LISA  
(in a hushed tone)  
He got into some trouble again last week. He was arrested.

CHRISTA  
For what?

LISA  
I quit asking. Your father and Pat went downtown and bailed him out.  
I tried calling for the last two days but he doesn't pick up unless he needs money.

The phone RINGS.

Hugh's in mid-laugh, watching his twelve year old daughter kick a soccer ball into the referee for a bad call. He grabs the phone.

HUGH  
Yeah...Hello?

Hugh's face goes white. Everyone there sees it. The laughter and chatter stop.

Somehow, Christa already knows her brother is dead.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE, DETROIT - DAY

A MEDICAL EXAMINER'S HAND reaches out for a handle.

The drawer is pulled out. A body covered in a white sheet on it.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: a large room with a dozen body drawers, no windows, a few empty autopsy tables and tools.

The M.E. stands back, giving space to Christa and DETECTIVE BRIAN BOONE, 40's, wrinkled tie, bad brown suit and hair. Detective Boone has done this at least twice a week for fifteen years. He holds a note pad stained with coffee rings and a pen that keeps dying on him.

DETECTIVE BOONE

(without real emotion)

I realize this is difficult, Miss Starr.

Detective Boone pulls back the sheet to reveal Zack's head. A bullet wound through it, but it's a clean kill.

Christa takes in air and holds it. She's not as fine as she wants everyone to think.

Detective Boone looks up at her. She nods.

CHRISTA

That's my brother.

He scratches down on his note pad, having to shake the pen in mid-sentence. No matter how many times his cheap pens do this, it always annoys him.

DETECTIVE BOONE

Christ...Twin brother, right?

CHRISTA

Yes.

DETECTIVE BOONE

All right --

As Detective Boone starts to pull the sheet back over Zack, Christa's hand grabs his wrist. She sees something.

Christa looks closer at the body, noticing --

--the House of Chthon glyph on the side of Zack's neck.

CHRISTA

What is that?

DETECTIVE BOONE  
Probably a gang sign.

CHRISTA  
Zack wasn't in a gang.

DETECTIVE BOONE  
When's the last time you saw him?

CHRISTA  
Two years ago.

DETECTIVE BOONE  
A lot can change in two years.

Detective Boone pulls the sheet over Zack.

DETECTIVE BOONE (cont'd)  
(unconvincing)  
We're doing everything we can to  
find out who did this.

He pulls out a worn card and hands it to Christa.

DETECTIVE BOONE (cont'd)  
I'll be in touch.

EXT. DETROIT - DAY

Overcast and cloudy. A frigid wind blows through the streets and alleys.

INT./EXT. FORD EXPLORER - DAY

A BLACK FORD EXPLORER belonging to Christa cuts through downtown Detroit, Christa behind the wheel.

Christa looks up into the rear view mirror at herself. She realizes how tired she appears. Lost in her reflection for a second then --

-- Christa looks back at the street. She locks eyes with a homeless woman who's right in front of her. Christa SLAMS the brakes hard and SWERVES out of the way.

Rattled, she abruptly pulls over.

Christa takes a deep breath. Her left hand shakes. She holds it still with her right.

Frustration overwhelms her. She shuts her eyes tight, trying to keep in the tears.

YOUNG ZACK (V.O.)  
You can't catch me!

FLASHBACK BEGINS

EXT. STORYBOOK VILLAGE - DAY

Five year old Zack Starr runs past a large ceramic GINGERBREAD MAN on a playground. He's chased by his twin sister, five year old Christa. They're wearing the overalls and red and white striped shirts.

Zack laughs, running past some other families and up some stairs leading to Humpty Dumpty.

Zack sits down next to Humpty Dumpty. Christa is only a second behind.

Zack laughs at her, peering out from behind Humpty Dumpty.

YOUNG ZACK  
You'll never catch me, Christa!

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. EXPLORER - DAY

Christa wipes away the tears built up in her eyes.

EXT. DETROIT - DAY

The Explorer continues on its way, merging into traffic.

As the Explorer drives away, the red tail lights SMEAR down the street as --

TIME SPEEDS UP

Blade's signature transition from day to night begins.

Time lapse photography takes us from day to night as headlights and tail lights blur together. People disappear. Street lights shimmer on as the sun sails across the sky and sets in seconds.

Night falls over the city.

CUT TO:

EXT. "SKIN", DETROIT - NIGHT

A burned out building never repaired from the arson of Detroit's Devil's Night three years ago sits on the corner. A punk band - QUINCY HARKER - has flyers posted all over the walls and wooden fences in the area. PUNK MUSIC leaks through the walls of the burned out building.

Blade gets out of his Charger and heads towards the building. He fixes his coat, prepares himself for what he knows won't be an easy night.

INT. "SKIN" - NIGHT

BLADE walks through the middle of a punk concert. On stage, QUINCY HARKER, wannabe Sid Vicious and friends raised in the wealthy suburb of Birmingham, shout out SCREAMING LYRICS that give Blade a headache. He winces.

The walls of the room are covered in graffiti, including the word SKIN above the bar, which is serving whatever the kids ask for -- legal or illegal.

Blade pushes his way around the mosh pit, gets a dirty look from a kid spray painting a devil on the wall. Hidden among the graffiti, a HOUSE OF CHTHON GLYPH.

Blade touches the side of his sunglasses, activating -- INFRA-RED VISION.

BLADE'S POV

A multi-colored view of the mosh pit. Everyone reads RED and YELLOW, meaning HUMAN, including the band.

BLADE

does a quick scan of the room. No vampires.

BEHIND THE STAGE,

Blade opens a door, revealing a concrete stairway leading down.

INT. STAIRWELL, "SKIN" - NIGHT

Blade heads down. The BUZZING of tattoo needles struggles to compete with the MUSIC thumping through the ceiling.

INT. BASEMENT, "SKIN" - NIGHT

Fluorescent lights FLICKER on and off, illuminating the basement. There are several sectioned off tattoo studios, each one made private by a black curtain and wood walls that are a few feet short of the ceiling.

The BUZZING of the tattoo needles get LOUDER as Blade walks past the various studios, stepping over garbage, cigarette butts and empty beer bottles.

GRAFT (O.S.)  
How's that feel?

INT. GRAFT'S STUDIO, "SKIN" - CONTINUOUS

A hand wipes BLOOD off of a beautiful female back. The other holds a needle, working on a half-completed red dragon tattoo. The hands belong to --

GRAFT

20's, shirt off, body ripped and covered in screaming animal tattoos. Graft leans over a YOUNG WOMAN with her shirt off. She lies on her stomach on a work table, waiting for the red dragon to be completed. One of Graft's better tattoos.

The wood walls are covered in tattoo flash -- drawings and photographs of Graft's work.

YOUNG WOMAN  
It hurts.

Graft grins, presses back down with the needle. He leans in and whispers to the young woman, almost kissing her ear.

GRAFT  
A real tattoo does. At least you didn't go for a butterfly on your bikini line or some five minute shit like that. Doesn't count unless you've been under the needle for at least an hour.

BLADE (O.S.)  
Tell me more, Romeo.

BLADE'S HAND thrusts a round liner tattoo needle into Graft's back. He SCREAMS, arching up and dropping his needle.

The young woman CRIES OUT, covers herself as she leaps off of the table.

Blade holds Graft tight around the neck, pushing the needle into his back.

BLADE (cont'd)

Now unless you want me to write the alphabet across your ass --

WHAM!!! Blade shoves Graft's face against the wall. Graft's eyes look right up at a picture of a HOUSE OF CHTHON GLYPH.

BLADE (cont'd)

-- you'll give me the names of the boys and girls you carved this one on.

GRAFT

Screw you.

Blade pushes the needle in, yanks it up and then down -- starting to draw an "A" across Graft's back. Graft SCREAMS again.

The curtain to Graft's studio slides open. Blade looks over, sizing up Graft's friends. Three neighboring tattoo artists: GREGOR, a foot taller and wider than Blade, STAMP, dark jagged tribal tattoos across his face, and JAX, pierced in every conceivable way. Not vampires or familiars, just assholes.

GRAFT (cont'd)

(through pained grunts)

Get him off me!

GREGOR

rushes Blade.

Blade spins around, still clutching Graft, and --

KOOM!! Blade kicks Gregor in the chest -- leaving a boot print that will last a week. Gregor sails fifteen feet into the air, past Stamp and Jax, SCRAPING against the lights. SPARKS fly. Gregor slams into the wall. Concrete CRACKS.

Blade ducks as Stamp swings a punch.

Blade swings Graft around, SMASHING him into Jax. Blade bends down and --

SNAPP! Blade shatters Stamp's knee cap with a swift kick. Stamp crumbles to the ground CRYING out.

Jax grabs Blade from behind, pulling under his jaw. Blade lets go of Graft.

Graft yanks the needle out of his back. He looks in a mirror, sees a bloody THICK BLACK LINE across it.

GRAFT (cont'd)  
Dammit.

WHAM! Blade throws his head back, connecting with Jax. Jax still holds tight. He does it again -- WHAM! -- and again -- WHAM! Jax still won't let go.

Jax hanging on, Blade throws himself backwards -- into the various colored inks on Graft's desk, destroying the TTS tattoo machine, and smashing THROUGH one of the wood walls. Photographs and pictures scatter as the wood EXPLODES.

Blade and Jax fall to the floor of the next studio.

Blade reaches back and grabs a handful of EARRINGS on Jax's ear. He RIPS them out. Jax SCREAMS!

Blade rolls out of Jax's grip -- KRUNCH! -- elbows him in the face, breaking his nose.

Blade flips himself on to his feet. He tosses his coat aside and leaps into the air at Graft.

Blade grabs Graft's wrist and SNAPS it. Graft SCREAMS again. Holding on to his broken wrist, Blade twists Graft's arm around and puts him in a headlock.

GRAFT (cont'd)  
What do you want to know? I'll  
tell you! I'll tell you, all  
right?!

Blade throws Graft over his head. KRASH! Graft goes through another wall.

Graft pushes himself off of the ground, surrounded by multi-colored ink and magnum needles, wood slivers in his arms. He spits blood, looks up at Blade.

GRAFT (cont'd)  
What the hell are you doing? I  
said...I said I'd talk.

BLADE  
(cold)  
Sorry.

Blade slides the picture of the House of Chthon glyph, which is now on the floor, in front of Graft.

BLADE (cont'd)  
Guess I didn't hear you.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLENWOOD CEMETERY, FLINT - DAY

The skies threaten to rain over an old but well kept cemetery. Thunder RUMBLES in the distance.

Zack Starr's grave side service has just ended. A small group under a green tent lift up umbrellas and disperse, included are most of the people at Christa's "Welcome Home" party.

Hugh helps his grieving wife turn away, the family priest consoling them both. Pat follows.

CHRISTA

stands on the edge of the open grave. She gazes down at ZACK'S COFFIN, not shedding a tear.

CUT TO:

INT. EXPLORER, DETROIT - DAY

Christa drives back into Detroit, wipers on. Her cell phone to her ear.

DETECTIVE BOONE (V.O.)  
...reached Detective Brian Boone.  
I'm unavailable right now. If this  
is an emergency dial 911.  
Otherwise, leave a message at the  
tone --

BEEP!!

Christa SIGHS in discouragement. The sixth time she's called in three days, she's not leaving a message again. She flips her phone closed.

CUT TO:

INT. ZACK'S APARTMENT BUILDING, DETROIT - DAY

LOUD TELEVISIONS, ARGUMENTS and BARKING DOGS echo through the thin walls of the building.

Christa's hands pick up a catalog from a local comic shop -- CLASSIC MOVIE AND COMIC CENTER OF LIVONIA -- off of a pile of unopened mail on a doormat. It's addressed to: ZACK STAR 1415 CHARLEVOIX #301 ST. DETROIT, MI 48207. She throws it back down.

Christa's hands fumble with Zack's KEYS.

She stands in front of his apartment door, paint peeling. The number "301" written in black magic marker.

A set of stairs go up another five stories and down three.

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN, ZACK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Christa unlocks the door, steps over the mail and walks in. Dirty clothes are piled near the entrance way with a jug of generic brand detergent, ready to be taken to the laundromat.

A smell comes from the dishes in the sink and the spoiled milk from the half-eaten bowl of Captain Crunch on the counter next to an open can of Vernors Ginger Ale.

Cupboards and drawers are open but it's hard to tell if the place has been overturned or if Zack just kept his apartment as dirty as he kept his bedroom at home.

Christa walks to a window and slides it open, getting some air. On the kitchen table is a video camera, shotgun mic attached. THE OMEN film poster on the wall above it.

Suddenly, she's caught off guard. A framed photograph sits on a coffee table in front of a sunken couch. It's a copy of the same photo of Christa and her twin brother at five years old wearing the red and white striped shirts in front of Humpty Dumpty.

Next to it is a large manila envelope addressed to her: CHRISTA.

Curious, she opens the envelope and pulls out a piece of paper. Written on it: KEEP THIS SAFE. I'LL EXPLAIN LATER. ZACK.

Christa looks in the envelope. There's nothing else there. She lifts the framed picture up -- was he sending this?

KREEK...

What the hell was that?

Christa gently puts the picture down. She looks --

## DOWN THE HALLWAY

underneath the bedroom door. The shadow of someone inside walks past it.

CHRISTA

grabs a dirty knife out of the sink.

Christa's feet slowly creep down the hallway. Her hand tight on the knife.

Christa stops at the bedroom door.

She grabs the doorknob. Slowly turns it.

But before she can open the door -- it's THROWN open! BLADE rushes out of the bedroom, almost shoving her against the wall.

Christa turns and chases after him.

CHRISTA

Hey!

## INT. ZACK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Christa steps out of Zack's apartment --

-- just in time to see --

Blade jump over the railing.

Christa can't believe her eyes.

## IN THE STAIRWELL

Blade's coat opens like a cape as he sails down three stories.

Past the second floor...

## ON THE GROUND FLOOR

THOOM!! The old tile CRACKS as Blade lands on his feet. His coat wrapping closed around him.

## ON THE STAIRS

Christa runs down, two at a time, trying to catch up with the intruder.

EXT. BACKYARD, ZACK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Blade kicks open the back door. He races into a yard of hanging laundry, zipping between large white sheets.

Christa kicks the back door open just as it swings shut. She heads after Blade, batting a white sheet aside.

Christa catches glimpses of Blade between the hanging clothes, racing ahead. She throws a sheet aside, tears another one down, gaining on him. Closer, right on him. She rips another down and --

-- nearly runs into a BRICK WALL.

There's no sign of Blade anywhere around Christa.

A FLUTTERING SOUND overhead catches her ear. Christa looks up.

SEVEN STORIES ABOVE,

the end of Blade's black coat disappears over the edge of the building.

OFF CHRISTA

wondering what the hell is going on.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. DETROIT POLICE PRECINCT 10 - DAY

Cops drag a gang member into the station. The Desk Sergeant has a line three deep. Two Detectives head off to a homicide. Busy day in Detroit.

INT. DETECTIVE BOONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Barely big enough to be a bathroom, the door doesn't even open all of the way thanks to a beat up filing cabinet shoved against the wall.

Detective Boone sits at his desk, on the phone. Piles of files haphazardly stacked on the desk and floors. Mugshots litter the bulletin board behind him like a high school yearbook. Boone takes a sip of cold coffee out of one of at least a half dozen mugs around his office.

DETECTIVE BOONE  
Sure. Shouldn't be a problem.

Detective Boone looks up as he hears a KNOCK on the door frame.

CHRISTA

stands in the doorway.

Detective Boone waves her in, cradling the phone between his ear and neck, motions to a chair in front of his desk.

Christa walks in, considers moving the stack of files on the chair but opts not to.

DETECTIVE BOONE (cont'd)  
Listen, I gotta run.

Detective Boone hangs up and stands.

CHRISTA  
I left some messages.

DETECTIVE BOONE  
(searching)  
You're...?

CHRISTA  
Christa Starr.

DETECTIVE BOONE

Right, right. The dealer's sister.

CHRISTA

My brother wasn't a drug dealer or  
a gang member.

DETECTIVE BOONE

Sorry. The area he was found...

Detective Boone pulls a file towards the bottom out of a  
large stack on his desk

DETECTIVE BOONE (cont'd)

The docks, right?

Detective Boone flips open the file.

DETECTIVE BOONE (cont'd)

We're still looking into it.

CHRISTA

Can I see his file?

Detective Boone closes it.

DETECTIVE BOONE

Can't.

CHRISTA

I'm a...was a Corporal in the Army.

DETECTIVE BOONE

This isn't the Army, but we do our  
job here by a set of rules, just  
like you.

Christa folds her arms, unhappy. Detective Boone leans back  
in his chair, runs his hand through his hair.

DETECTIVE BOONE (cont'd)

Listen, a lot of these families  
down here go through the same thing  
you are, but at the end of the day  
your brother was probably caught up  
in something he shouldn't have  
been. He got in over his head. He  
made the wrong people mad.

Detective Boone slaps Zack's file on top of one of the big  
stacks on his desk.

DETECTIVE BOONE (cont'd)

Just like every single one of them.

CHRISTA

He's not like every single one of  
them.

DETECTIVE BOONE

In the eyes of this department, he  
is.

CHRISTA

Meaning he's low on the priority  
list.

DETECTIVE BOONE

He's not even on it. Christ, I've  
been wading through shit like this  
for a decade. Guys like this  
offing one another -- all they do  
is take up file space. Understand?

CHRISTA

I understand. "You'll call me if  
you find anything."

Christa's had enough. She leaves his office.

INT. DETROIT POLICE PRECINCT 10 - DAY

Christa heads into the busy precinct. She stops, thinks  
about going back in to give the Detective a piece of her  
mind, but her eyes see something: a fire alarm on the wall.

No one's watching her.

Christa pulls the fire alarm.

WEEEEEEE! The alarm SCREECHES throughout the precinct.

Doors open to offices, people pour out.

INT. DETECTIVE BOONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Detective Boone heads out of his office, more annoyed than  
worried.

DETECTIVE BOONE

Christ.

As he leaves, Christa sneaks in, looking back over her  
shoulder.

The file: STARR, ZACHARY sits where he left it.

Christa grabs the file.

INT. EXPLORER - DAY

Parked on the side of the road, a few blocks away from the station. Christa flips through her brother's file, stops at his MUGSHOT: STARR, ZACHARY. WAYNE COUNTY. BOOKING NUMBER 425498.

ZACK grins, making a face.

She looks at arrest records, stops at the most recent one. Clipped to it is another MUGSHOT: MILANO, DANNY. WAYNE COUNTY. BOOKING NUMBER 425499.

Danny, twenty pounds heavier than Zack, glasses, smug smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. AREA CODE 313 CASINO AND ARCADE - NIGHT

A street of casinos and clubs, contrasted against the abandoned and depressed city discarded for the glitz and color of a new age. A night life blooming while the blue collar world fades away. A night life that belongs to Marcus and the House of Chthon.

INT. AREA CODE 313 CASINO AND ARCADE - NIGHT

A ZOMBIE is blown away, blood splattering against the screen.

The SOUNDS of GUNS FIRING, GRENADES EXPLODING and TANKS ROARING. The only lights come from the rows of games in the arcade section of the low rent casino.

Behind a plastic gun fixed to a HOUSE OF DEAD II arcade game is DANNY MILANO. He fires. Fires again.

VATT!!

Danny loses his last life, tosses the plastic gun aside.

DANNY  
God dammit.

He checks the coin return then walks on down the rows of games.

CHRISTA (O.S.)  
Danny?

Danny turns around, Christa walks up to him with a smile. Danny isn't used to it, but he likes it.

DANNY  
Hey. I know you?

CHRISTA  
I'm Zack's sister.

Danny's expression drops.

DANNY  
(obviously lying)  
Who's Zack?

Christa knees him in the groin, grabbing on to his shoulders.

CHRISTA  
The guy you got arrested with last week.

Christa throws Danny backwards out through an EXIT DOOR.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Danny stumbles out, still trying to catch his breath. Christa steps out after him.

CHRISTA  
Breaking and entering a computer store.

DANNY  
I don't know what you're talking about. Whoever you think I am, I'm not --

Christa reaches into her coat, pulls out a 9MM HANDGUN. She aims it at Danny's head, grabs him by the throat and forces him against a chain link fence.

CHRISTA  
Did you kill him?

Christa presses the gun to his forehead.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
Did you kill my brother?

DANNY  
No. NO! Why the hell would I want to kill Zack?

CHRISTA  
So you do know him.

DANNY  
We hung around. He lived up the street from me.

CHRISTA  
Who would've wanted him dead?

DANNY  
I don't know! I don't know what happened to him. People down here, they disappear all the time. No one lives in this city anymore. Not if they can help it.

Christa sees something, but hides her interest.

A HOUSE OF CHTHON GLYPH on Danny's neck, just like her brother.

Christa takes a step back and puts her gun away.

CHRISTA  
If you find out who did it, you tell them I'm coming from them. And if you're holding anything back, I'll be coming for you.

DANNY  
Yeah...whatever.

Danny gets up, takes a step away from her --  
then runs off.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Psycho bitch.

Which is exactly what Christa wants him to do.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSES, DETROIT - NIGHT

Danny walks down the street, past boarded up houses deep downtown. He looks over his shoulder intermittently. No one's around.

Through the zoomed in lens of a VIDEO CAMERA --

The black Mercedes that drove Zack to his death pulls around the curb and stops. Danny jogs up to it. The back window rolls down.

HALF A BLOCK AWAY

hidden behind a dumpster, Christa watches, using her brother's video camera from his apartment. A small headphone running into her ear.

DANNY (V.O.)  
She was asking about Zack.

CHASE

leans out of the window, looks up at Danny.

CHASE  
What'd you tell her, Danny?

DANNY  
She's crazy. She put a gun to my head.

CHASE  
What did you tell her?

DANNY  
Nothin'. But I want to talk to Marcus.

CHASE  
Mr. Van Sciver has people like me to talk to people like you. Sit tight and keep your mouth shut.

Chase runs her finger under Danny's chin, pushing it up. She smiles seductively.

CHASE (cont'd)  
Be a good boy, Danny, and your time will come.

The window rolls up and the Mercedes drives off, leaving Danny alone.

Christa lowers the camera. At least she's got a name.

Behind her, in the distance --

-- BLADE'S CHARGER. The lights turn on. It drives off.

Christa sees it, wondering if it's something to be concerned about.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ZACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Christa's hand holds a black and white photo of MARCUS VAN SCIVER as seen on the cover of FAST COMPANY magazine. The title over it: THE MAN WHO REBUILT A CITY.

PAT (O.S.)  
Marcus Van Sciver?

Christa sits on the couch next to Pat, whose flipping through a large brown file on Marcus Van Sciver. Steaming cups of tea and the video camera on the coffee table in front of them.

PAT (cont'd)  
He's leading the charge to  
revitalize this city. He helped  
build half of the casinos,  
including the one you were at  
tonight. He's got ownership in a  
dozen restaurants, clubs, hell, the  
mayor went to his New Year's Eve  
party.

CHRISTA  
And he's sick?

PAT  
He has a rare disease called  
xeroderma pigmentosum. It makes  
him completely intolerant to  
sunlight. They say that's why he  
gets so much work done. He's  
locked away in his office all day.

CHRISTA  
He has something to do with Zack's  
death.

PAT  
Marcus Van Sciver?

CHRISTA  
Marcus knows something about Zack.  
You saw the video --

PAT  
Take it to the police.

Pat takes her hand.

PAT (cont'd)  
And be careful, Christa. Downtown  
is it's own war zone. Don't get in  
too deep out here.

CHRISTA  
He was my brother, Pat. I'll get  
in as deep as I have to.

EXT. DETROIT - NIGHT

Christa's Explorer drives down Woodward, nearly the only car  
on the street.

INT. EXPLORER - NIGHT

Christa glances down at the video camera on her seat as she  
drives. She's not sure taking this to the police is going to  
do anything --

WHUMP! Christa lurches forward as she's rear-ended from  
behind. She looks up in the rearview mirror, a beat up two-  
door Ford has just hit her.

CHRISTA  
Dammit.

Christa unbuckles her seat belt and opens the door of her  
car.

EXT. VETERAN HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

In front of a desolate veteran hospital. Another remnant of  
a once proud city in the process of renovation. On it a  
large sign reads: ANOTHER RENOVATION BY VAN SCIVER INC.!

Christa gets out of her car and heads to the two-door behind  
her.

CHRISTA  
You okay?

Christa gets closer to the car.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
Hey, are you -- ?

But no one's in it. The doors are closed.

SLAM!! The car door of Christa's Explorer shuts and it peels  
off into the night, leaving Christa stuck without her car.

Christa takes a few running steps towards the Explorer, pulling out her gun, but it takes a turn, speeding off.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
Son-of-a-bitch.

Christa looks in the old two-door Ford, no keys. She kicks the door shut in anger.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
Stupid --

SHARD (O.S.)  
(weak)  
Help...

Christa gazes around, searching for the faint voice.

SHARD (O.S.) (cont'd)  
...Christa...

It's coming from an alley next to the hospital.

Christa cautiously walks down --

INTO THE ALLEY,

her gun still drawn.

CHRISTA  
Hello?

SHARD (O.S.)  
Christa...

An exit door on the side of the hospital is cracked open, the hushed voice coming from it.

Christa pushes the squeaking door open slowly with her foot.

INT. STAIRWELL, VETERAN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Christa walks into a dark stairwell. She HEARS footsteps and looks up. There's a DARK FIGURE moving up the stairwell. Could this be the stranger that was in her brother's apartment?

Christa walks up the stairs. At the third floor, the door out into the old hospital is open.

INT. THIRD FLOOR, VETERAN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Empty. There are old walls with fading medical charts on them, half dismantled as new walls in various stages of construction are built.

Christa walks out of the stairwell. A GIGGLING startles her.

In front of her, five yards away, three vampires: SHARD, a sadistic vulture who creeps like a spider on his hands and feet, PIKE, once a junkie on the streets now a thin, sickly creature of the night, and DRIFTER, another homeless turned worker vampire.

Shard GIGGLES again as he gathers around Pike and Drifter.

SHARD

We heard about your brother. The wannabe!

Christa freezes as all three HISS, eyes GLOW and FANGS glint in the shafts of scattered moonlight shining through the windows.

CHRISTA

What the hell -- ?!

SHARD

He's meat.

Christa's two hands try and hold the gun steady, but she begins to shake. Fear across her face.

SHARD (cont'd)

Like you!

They charge at her.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Christa fires off three shots, one hitting Shard, who is in the lead. He falls back, the bullet ripped right through his mouth, taking out some of his teeth.

Christa watches in TOTAL DISBELIEF and horror as Shard smiles at her -- half of his teeth and mouth missing. One fang still glinting with blood. Shard GIGGLES again, like knives on a chalkboard.

Shard leaps into the air at Christa with a HOWL --

BRATT!!

A half-dozen SILVER BULLETS rip through Shard.

His body EXPLODES into BURNING ASH and CHARCOAL BONES. The ash washes over Christa, swirling in the air. Bones clatter against the floor, breaking apart.

Christa looks up.

BLADE

throws his coat back, his CUSTOM SEMI-AUTOMATIC in hand.

Christa aims her gun at Blade. Blade ignores it. More important things to worry about like --

PIKE and DRIFTER

PIKE  
Blade!

BRATT!! Blade fires again. Bullets RIP into the walls, floor and ceiling around the two vampires as they race out in opposite directions.

Pike HISSES, leaps off of a counter and towards Blade. Blade ducks, dodging Pike, then throws a FIST hard -- connecting with Drifter who's almost on top of him.

Drifter FLIES back, crashing through the counter Pike leaped off of.

Pike reaches out for Blade from behind. With one swift move, Blade pulls his SILVER SWORD out -- SHING! -- ducks and spins around.

SHLLT! Blade slices Pike in half. The two halves of Pike's body fall on either side around Blade, crumbling into CRACKLING ash.

Christa can't believe what she's seeing.

Blade leaps up into the air, sword held high.

Drifter moves out of the way just as Blade SLAMS the sword down into the floor. KRAKATCH! It goes in a good two feet.

KRAK! Drifter backhands Blade, sending him away from the sword that's now sticking out of the floor.

Drifter ROARS, SLAMS his fist into Blade -- once, twice, three times. Blood erupts from Blade's mouth.

Blade throws a fist. Drifter dodges.

KRATCH! Blade breaks through one of the wood frames of the walls.

Drifter leaps at Blade --

WHACK! Blade spins around, kicking Drifter hard. Drifter FLIES past Christa -- through the air --

KRASHH! Drifter smashes through a third story window next to her.

FING! At incredible speed, Blade pulls out a silver stake and throws it after Drifter.

IN THE AIR

outside of the hospital -- before Drifter can fall -- the silver stake EXPLODES through his chest.

Drifter BURSTS into flame, his body transformed into cinders, scattered by the night wind.

IN THE HOSPITAL

Blade yanks his sword out of the floor. He flips it back into its sheath.

Christa shakes, nerve damage or not.

CHRISTA  
What...what the hell were those things?

BLADE  
Do yourself a favor. Get out of this city...

Blade runs towards Christa, she's not sure if he's attacking or --

BLADE (cont'd)  
And forget everything you saw tonight.

FWOOSH! Blade leaps out of the window Drifter was sent through.

Christa catches her breath, looks out of the window into the night.

CHRISTA  
Wait! Please!

IN THE DISTANCE,

Blade leaps off of a building across the street. An impossible jump. He quickly disappears into the darkness.

CHRISTA,

turns around, looking at the pile of ash in front of her that was once Shard.

She picks up a handful, running the dust between her fingers.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. MEAT MARKET DISTRICT, DETROIT - NIGHT

A large freezer truck belonging to the AMERICAN BUTCHER COMPANY pulls out of its slaughterhouse. An AMERICAN INDIAN is on its logo with a TOMAHAWK and a smile. The vehicle drives past several streetwalkers hitting their nightly beat down the trucking route.

KAT, trying to look 20's, white skirt, short red hair clutches a tiny white purse. She attempts to get the attention of the driver of the American Butcher truck. As the headlights hit her, she smiles, raises an eyebrow --

VROOM! The truck drives past Kat. Total disappointment. It's been a helluva slow night and she's almost got enough to make that move to Vegas. A few friends already there, and the weather...Kat's lost in the possibility until headlights hit her from behind. She glances over her shoulder.

A BROWN CROWN VICTORIA -- a.k.a. unmarked cop car -- is trailing her. Kat turns back, keeps walking on.

KAT

Shit.

A RED LIGHT strobos on to her slim figure, casting a shadow in front of her.

DETECTIVE BOONE (O.S.)

You lost?

The Crown Victoria pulls alongside her, the passenger window down. Inside, DETECTIVE BOONE flashes his badge.

DETECTIVE BOONE (cont'd)

These streets are dangerous.

KAT

I can take care of myself.

Kat leans on the passenger side window, smiles. Plays with her hair.

KAT (cont'd)

And I, um, can take care of you too, officer.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - NIGHT

Kat sits in the passenger seat, leans over and starts to undo Detective Boone's pants. He grabs her wrist.

On Detective Boone's wrist, unseen by Kat, is the House of Chthon glyph.

DETECTIVE BOONE

Not here.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRACK HOUSE / VAMPIRE SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

The Crown Victoria pulls up to an old two-story home -- now a special kind of crack house wedged between others. Kat and Detective Boone get out of the car. Kat looks up, clueless.

KAT

Lookin' for a fix too? Hope you're buyin'.

DETECTIVE BOONE

Sure.

AT THE DOOR

Detective Boone opens it, door SQUEAKING. Inside there's nothing but darkness. Kat recoils in disgust.

KAT

Ugh. What's that smell -- ?

Detective Boone grabs her purse.

KAT (cont'd)

Hey -- !

He pulls out his gun before Kat can do anything.

KAT (cont'd)

What the hell? You're robbing me?

DETECTIVE BOONE

Not exactly.

A GROWL from inside the house gets Kat's attention.

She sees shadows move, hears HISSING.

The GROWLING gets louder --

-- her eyes widen and --

-- Kat's pulled into the darkness like she's been sucked into a black hole. We don't see any hands grab her.

The door slams shut, seemingly all by itself.

Detective Boone rummages through her white purse, pulls out a wad of cash.

Kat's SCREAM echoes into the night.

But it doesn't bother Detective Boone. He pockets the money, tosses the purse into a nearby trash can. Kat's Driver's License slides out.

A picture of Kat a few years ago, smiling bright.

CUT TO:

INT. ZACK'S APARTMENT - DAY

A JAR OF VAMPIRE ASH is put down on the counter.

Tight on a computer screen: GOOGLE HOMEPAGE. Typed into the search engine: VAMPIRES.

Christa's hand CLICKS the mouse button on her laptop.

Christa sits at the kitchen table, on her computer. Thousands of hits come up. She's not sure where to start. Christa looks at the jar of ash she collected back at the abandoned hospital -- refines the search: VAMPIRES+ASH+DETROIT.

A click and -- several dozen listings, but one sticks out. Her eyes light up.

PROFESSOR MELVIN CAYLO - Claiming for years to have linked the theory of spontaneous combustion to the paranormal, today Caylo denounces his own work...more...

CUT TO:

EXT. PROFESSOR MELVIN CAYLO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Christa's Explorer is parked in front of an old brownstone that's been renovated and survived where most haven't. She gets out of the car.

PHOTOGRAPHY CAMERA POV

looking at Christa. SNAP! The image freezes. SNAP!  
Freezes again. SNAP! And freezes one last time.

INT. HALLWAY, PROFESSOR CAYLO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Christa walks through the second floor, elegant but aging wooden doors for each apartment. She stops at apartment 242 and KNOCKS.

The latch UNLOCKS, the door cracks open, but only a few inches since the chain is still fastened.

Peering through the crack is PROFESSOR MELVIN CAYLO, 60's, Asian American, heavy and hung over, mustache and thinning hair. He's wearing a shirt and vest -- the same ones for the last three days.

PROFESSOR CAYLO  
(clearing his throat)

Yes?

CHRISTA  
Professor Melvin Caylo?

PROFESSOR CAYLO  
Who are you?

Christa holds up the small jar of vampire ash. Professor Caylo eyes it.

CHRISTA  
I need to ask you some questions.

He reaches through the crack in the door, hand open.

PROFESSOR CAYLO  
Let me see it.

Christa hands the jar to him. He takes it.

The door slams shut.

CHRISTA  
Uh...hello?

A second later, the door opens, chain still fastened.

PROFESSOR CAYLO  
Now let me see your wrists.

CHRISTA  
What?

PROFESSOR CAYLO  
Let me see them.

Christa shows Professor Caylo her wrists. They're clean of any markings.

PROFESSOR CAYLO (cont'd)  
And your neck.

Christa turns her head, side to side, showing off her neck.

The door shuts.

The chain unlatches from inside and the door opens.  
Professor Caylo invites Christa in.

INT. LIVING ROOM, PROFESSOR CAYLO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Christa looks around the apartment as she enters, noticing garlic hanging around the door frame, strange blue (ultraviolet) light bulbs in recessed fixtures in the ceiling.

Shelves line three of the walls of the living room, brimming with old spine-cracked books, most in Chinese. A large built-in wooden cabinet, doors closed, is next to a brick fireplace. A few empty bottles of Jack Daniels on the mantle, one half-drunk with the cap off.

Professor Caylo eases into a worn leather chair, shooing a black cat off of it.

PROFESSOR CAYLO  
You didn't use it did you?

CHRISTA  
Use it?

Christa sits on a leather couch across from Professor Caylo, still finding it hard not to stare at the walls. Professor Caylo holds up the jar.

PROFESSOR CAYLO  
The ash. You inhale it and it will give you the abilities of the homines nocturnae. At least for an hour or two. But the side effects, the thirst that comes with it. Most end up chewing their own fingers off.

CHRISTA  
Homines nocturnae?

PROFESSOR CAYLO  
Vampires.

CHRISTA  
And next you'll tell me werewolves exist.

PROFESSOR CAYLO  
My colleague Marc Spector's area of expertise. One he'll equally deny to the joyless torch mob called the press.

Professor Caylo hands the jar back to Christa.

PROFESSOR CAYLO (cont'd)  
Flush it down the toilet.

CHRISTA  
You don't want it? The article I read said you were searching for proof of existence. This would be -

PROFESSOR CAYLO  
Redundant.

Professor Caylo gets up, walks to the wooden cabinet next to the fireplace and opens the doors. It's hard to believe what's --

INSIDE THE CABINET

A dozen different sized jars filled with ash, vampire body parts in a GLOWING BLUE LIQUID (protecting them from ultraviolet rays), slides with blood samples, video cassettes, pieces of ancient armor (including a helmet reminiscent of Dracula's from BLADE TRINITY) and in the center of it all a VAMPIRE SKULL floating in the UV proof liquid. The fangs long and jagged, a large hole through the side as if a stake were shoved through it.

Professor Caylo picks up the glowing jar with the vampire skull.

PROFESSOR CAYLO (cont'd)  
Now that I have evidence of the homines nocturnae, and lots of it, I can't do anything with it.

CHRISTA  
Why?

PROFESSOR CAYLO  
We're still just cows in the  
pasture. We're not ready for it.

Professor Caylo reaches up at a SILVER SWORD, not completely unlike Blade's, hanging above the collection. Before he touches the handle, he pulls back.

PROFESSOR CAYLO (cont'd)  
I'm too old to fight the war  
anymore anyway.

CHRISTA  
The war?

PROFESSOR CAYLO  
They're everywhere, you see. The  
police. The government. And they  
have Familiars working where they  
can't...

CHRISTA  
Familiars?

PROFESSOR CAYLO  
Humans who've pledged their lives  
to them, hoping to be changed one  
day --

Professor Caylo pulls out an old piece of paper, several different glyphs etched on it, including the House of Chthon.

CHRISTA  
What's that one mean?

Christa points at the House of Chthon glyph.

PROFESSOR CAYLO  
A Familiar branded by this...it  
means they're the property of the  
House of Chthon. One of the oldest  
Houses in America. The Mid-West is  
part of their territory.

CHRISTA  
Have you heard of someone named  
Blade?

PROFESSOR CAYLO  
That's where you got the ash, isn't  
it? He's here.

CHRISTA  
What do you know about him?

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND SEWER - DAY

In near total darkness, Blade is rushed by a half-dozen vampires. Blade SLICES one right down the middle of his skull.

PROFESSOR CAYLO (V.O.)  
Blade's the hunter.

As the vampire combusts, glowing cinders light up the tunnel. Vampires baring their fangs HISS and SNARL as Blade spins around.

PROFESSOR CAYLO (V.O.)  
His mother was attacked when she  
was pregnant.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, HOSPITAL - 1967 - DAY

Blade's mother in 1967, as seen in the first film, bleeding from the neck, reaching out for help as medical staff surround her.

PROFESSOR CAYLO (V.O.)  
She was rushed to the hospital  
where he was delivered. They say  
Blade aged normally...but he isn't  
normal.

CHRISTA (V.O.)  
What is he?

PROFESSOR CAYLO (V.O.)  
Something else.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND SEWER - DAY

Blade's battle underground continues. He slices a vampires head off. A momentarily FLASH of light explodes around him, again illuminating the tunnel.

PROFESSOR CAYLO (V.O.)  
A half-breed. Born with all of  
their strengths --

Just as quickly, it goes dark again. Silhouettes fighting.

PROFESSOR CAYLO (V.O.)  
-- and none of their weaknesses.

Moving into a patch of light, Blade ROARS, showing his own fangs, as blood splatters across his face.

PROFESSOR CAYLO (V.O.)  
Except for the thirst.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, PROFESSOR CAYLO'S APARTMENT - DAY

CHRISTA  
So he's a potential ally?

PROFESSOR CAYLO  
In a way.

CHRISTA  
One more question.

Christa looks across the shelves herself, gazing in at the vampire skull.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
How do I kill these god damn things?

CUT TO:

EXT. HUDSON'S - DAY

Blade's Charger drives past Hudson's, turning at the side of the building.

The Charger heads into an open underground garage for loading.

INT. GARAGE, HUDSON'S - CONTINUOUS

The Charger pulls in, a metal garage door closes down behind it.

KLANK!

It locks shut.

INT. BASEMENT, HUDSON'S - NIGHT

An old forklift inside, large crates on top of it. Other crates are open, in various stages of being unpacked.

There's a series of work tables littered with an array of hi-tech weapons. Some of it familiar and ready to be used including the UV bow, silver nitrate dispensers, silver stakes, UV grenades and a UV flashlight.

BLADE

sits in a chair that looks like it belongs to Frankenstein.

Sunglasses, coat and body armor off, he holds up the INJECTION GUN from the first two films, full of the SERUM that keeps his THIRST under control.

Black band around his bicep, his hand a tight fist. Blade injects himself...GRINDS his teeth down as his blood BOILS. He can't see or breathe, shaking like Christa. His head hangs low.

Blade feels a presence watching him. He looks up at --

SHEN

20's, Asian, thin but muscular, shaved head. Shen moves silently unless he wants you to know he's there. He's calm, rational, brilliant. At Blade's side to do one thing, make his weapons better...and maybe bring him some inner peace.

Blade puts the injection gun down on a metal instrument table. He takes a PAINED BREATH.

BLADE

I miss those inhalers.

SHEN

I am working at it.

Blade gets to his feet. Shen looks at Blade, he told him this might be a bad idea.

BLADE

What?

Shen hands Blade a photograph -- it's of Christa in front of Professor Melvin Caylo's building. Shen was the photographer.

BLADE (cont'd)  
What the hell was she doing seeing  
him?

Shen shakes his head -- he doesn't know.

IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE BASEMENT

A War Room area. Books, computers, and a large bulletin board.

Blade walks up to the bulletin board -- a "Family Tree" of the HOUSE OF CHTHON is in the works. There is an empty square at the top, four pictures branch out below that level, including MARCUS VAN SCIVER and three others next to him. Branching out from Marcus are photos of CHASE and FRITZ. Some of these photos are mugshots, others are candid.

Blade holds the picture of Christa up, unsure of what to do with it.

On the photograph of Christa.

CHRISTA (V.O.)  
My life's over.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, STARR FAMILY HOME - DAY

Christa sits with her mother, Lisa, and father, Hugh, on the couch. Lisa seems concerned with her daughter. Hugh a bit distant.

LISA  
Don't talk like that.

CHRISTA  
The life I left behind, Mom. And I just wanted to tell you both, I'm okay with it.

Hugh gets up, still distraught about his son's death. He heads into the kitchen.

LISA  
Your father's never going to forgive himself.

CHRISTA  
He wasn't the one that killed Zack.

Lisa nods.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
They'll find the one who did it.

LISA  
I don't know, honey. The way you  
said that policeman talked to you.  
No one cares.

CHRISTA  
Yeah, they do.

Christa gets up, kisses her mom on the cheek.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
I've gotta go. I love you, Mom.

Lisa knows something's wrong.

LISA  
I...love you too, honey.

As Christa leaves, she glances up at the wall collage of family photos knowing it's the last time.

EXT. STARR FAMILY HOME, FLINT, MICHIGAN - DAY

Christa walks away from the house.

GREG (O.S.)  
I heard you were back.

In front of Christa, GREG CHAMBERS, late 20's, usually over-confident, here a bit nervous. He's leaning against his Saab.

CHRISTA  
Greg. If you came to get the ring -  
-

GREG  
No. I came to apologize. I  
should've said something instead of  
just, y'know, disappearing on you.

Which is exactly what Christa is about to do.

CHRISTA  
Distance and time change  
everything.

GREG  
The hospital said you aren't coming  
back.

CHRISTA  
I wanted to.

Christa is almost embarrassed by her wounds. She holds her left hand still.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
But I can't.

Greg reaches out for her but before Christa can give him a chance to touch her again, she heads for the Explorer.

GREG  
Can we go grab some coffee or something?

CHRISTA  
I don't have time to discuss a relationship that's already dead. I've got things that need to be done.

GREG  
Christa --

CHRISTA  
Take care of yourself.

Greg watches her get in the car, thinking he'd get more of an emotional reaction -- and maybe even a second chance.

GREG  
Christa -- !

The car door slams shut.

INT. EXPLORER - DAY

Christa holds her cell phone up to her ear.

CHRISTA  
Pat? I'm going to need another favor.

She looks up one last time at the family home.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
Do you still have that rifle?

CUT TO:

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The same alley Christa threw Danny into.

Danny is thrown through the exit doors again. This time, Blade follows him out.

Danny scrambles to his feet.

DANNY

I told his sister everything I know!

SHING! Blade pulls out his sword.

Danny pulls his collar down, showing off his House of Chthon glyph.

DANNY (cont'd)  
You can't! I'm protected!

WHAP! Blade's fist smashes into Danny's face.

BLADE

Not from me.

PORTR (O.S.)  
No. From us.

Two vampires --

PORTR, goatee and club cloths, and GARNEY, a dealer at the casino, walk down the alley towards them.

Danny grins.

DANNY

You are so screwed, man. Yeah.  
Get this mother -- !

KRATCH!! Blade shoves his sword between Danny's legs, right below the crotch, through his jeans, and into the wall. Danny holds his breath.

BLADE  
(to Danny)  
Stay.

Porter and Garney pull out semi-automatic guns HISSING at Blade, bearing their fangs.

BRATT!!

Bullets ricochet off brick as --

Blade leaps up the wall, jumping off it and on to the other. Porter and Garney point their guns, following him.

KA-CHINK! Blade opens his silver glaive and throws it.

The glaive sails through the air -- slicing off Porter's arm. Porter SCREAMS.

PORTRER'S ARM

turns to ASH as it hits the ground, the gun in hand. Porter continues to CRY OUT, clutching what's left of his arm.

Panicked, Danny reaches down towards the sword, trying to get free.

The silver glaive sails past Blade and -- KCHINK! -- into the brick wall right next to Danny's head. He flinches.

Blade sends a silver stake flying across the alley -- right through Porter's chest -- FWOOSH! -- finishing him off. Garney tosses the gun away, leaps into the air after Blade. Blade leaps and --

WHAM!! The two collide in the air, Garney sends Blade back, SMASHES into the brick wall above Danny. Danny closes his eyes as DEBRIS rains down.

Danny opens his eyes just in time to see --

Blade thrown Garney to the ground in front of him. Blade lifts his fist -- CHINKA! -- and a silver nitrate dispenser comes into view sliding out over the top of Blade's knuckles like a large knife.

Blade punches Garney in the chest, loading him up with silver nitrate. Garney SCREAMS as the silver races through his veins, SKIN BUBBLES and expands.

Blade backs off as the SCREAMS get louder, the skin VIBRATES and --

BOOMM! Garney explodes in a BLOODY MESS.

Blood splatters across Danny.

CHANG! Blade yanks the glaive out of the wall next to Danny.

BLADE (cont'd)  
Why'd they kill Zack Starr?

DANNY  
I don't...I...

Blade jerks the sword up slightly, slicing open Danny's pants. Danny CRIES out.

DANNY (cont'd)  
All right! Look! Zack took something...something he called the Kachina.

BLADE  
What is it?

DANNY  
I don't know.

Blade slaps him across the face.

DANNY (cont'd)  
I don't know what it is! Zack said it was an Indian word. Meant something like inner spirit. They've been working on it for years. He was going to get rich selling it.

BLADE  
To who?

DANNY  
To another House. The buyer was a Familiar of theirs. At some Church...

BLADE  
So you sold Zack out.

DANNY  
Marcus promised me a future. You have to understand why we do this. We want to be like you. Strong, fast, and immortality, man.

Danny gets lost momentarily in the promise of a new future like so many others in this desperate city.

DANNY (cont'd)  
I'll live for-freakin'-ever.

BLADE  
No, white boy. You won't.

SHLINK!

CUT TO:

## EXT. DETROIT ATHETIC CLUB &amp; RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The old city club is opening again for the first time in years thanks to the renovations led by Marcus Van Sciver.

The black Mercedes belonging to Marcus pulls up to the club and restaurant. Fritz gets out of the driver's side and opens the passenger door.

Marcus gets out of the car, waves to several photographers and reporters gathered in front of the restaurant.

REPORTER #1

...haven't opened these doors since 1978. How's it feel to be a part of another revitalized historic institution, Mr. Van Sciver?

MARCUS

leans into a microphone and smiles for a picture.

MARCUS

I'm just doing my best to keep this city alive.

## INT. RESTAURANT, DETROIT ATHETIC CLUB - NIGHT

In front of a large window, Marcus sits down for dinner, joining a half-dozen of Detroit's elite. Marcus shakes hands with a dark-haired doctor.

MARCUS

...good to see you too, Doctor Morbius.

As Marcus takes his seat, a waiter brings a small black cardboard box up to him.

WAITER

Excuse me. This was left for you, Mr. Van Sciver.

MARCUS

From who?

WAITER

She didn't give me her name.

Marcus opens the box. Inside is a Bluetooth headset and a handwritten note: LET'S TALK.

The men and women around the table look over at Marcus with entertained interest. Marcus smiles.

MARCUS  
Okay. Let's play.

Marcus puts on the headset. Nothing for a second then...

CHRISTA (V.O.)  
Nice tie.

Marcus looks around the room for someone talking into a cell phone. Tables full of people dining, no one on a phone.

MARCUS  
Who am I talking to?

CHRISTA (V.O.)  
The person who's going to kill you.

LOOKING THROUGH A SNIPER SCOPE

Marcus is caught dead in its sights.

CHRISTA (V.O.)  
I know what you are, you son-of-a-bitch.

IN THE RESTAURANT

Marcus doesn't seem worried. He smiles to his dinner guests.

MARCUS  
Really?

CHRISTA (V.O.)  
You're allergic to garlic, so I'd stay away from the gazpacho.

Marcus excuses himself from the table with a nod and smile.

MARCUS  
Fascinating. Tell me more.

Marcus walks over to the window.

CHRISTA (V.O.)  
You don't have any rare sunlight disease. But it'll burn the flesh off your bones.

ON A ROOFTOP

across from the Detroit Athletic Club. Christa is perched on the edge behind a CHEYTAC M200 LONG RANGE SNIPER RIFLE, peering through a scope. A Bluetooth headset like the one Marcus wears in her ear.

CHRISTA

And a silver bullet will blow that stupid ass smile off your face.

IN THE RESTAURANT

Marcus looks out of the window up at the buildings across the city. His eyes squint.

MARCUS

How exciting. You're watching me.

ON THE ROOFTOP

Christa focuses her view through the scope.

CHRISTA

Through a ten power Unertl scope attached to the top of a CheyTac M200 sniper rifle.

IN THE RESTAURANT

Marcus continues to scan the city.

CHRISTA (V.O.) (cont'd)

I don't care how fast vampires are, you can't dodge a bullet moving with a supersonic velocity of over 2000 meters. And trust me, I'm a good shot.

MARCUS

What, may I ask, did I do to deserve all this?

ON THE ROOFTOP

Christa's finger moves over the trigger.

CHRISTA

You killed my brother. Zack Starr.

THROUGH THE SCOPE

Marcus stands at the window, right in sight.

MARCUS (V.O.)

Yes. Yes, I did.

Before Christa can fire, a WHITE BLURRED IMAGE fills the scope.

Christa backs away from the scope, looking up to see --

-- Chase hunched in front of her, blocking the rifle.

Christa FIRES at Chase but Chase leaps up and over Christa, landing on her feet behind her.

KRAK! Chase delivers a round kick to Christa. She falls to the ground, unconscious.

IN THE RESTAURANT

Marcus takes off the headset, pleased with what tonight has brought him.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Christa's sniper and scope lie on the rooftop.

BLADE'S GLOVED HAND

picks up the gun.

Blade looks out across at the Detroit Athletic Club. The lights are off, it's been hours since anyone was there.

There's a moderate level of concern on Blade's face.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, PENTHOUSE, HOUSE OF CHTHON - NIGHT

Christa COUGHS. Her eyes open.

She's being held inside the home of Marcus Van Sciver -- a large loft-like penthouse on top of one of the many buildings owned by the House of Chthon throughout this city and several others. There's an old American and Native American design mixed into the modern urban setting. In the bedroom is an antique bed, Native American paintings, glass doors open -- leading out to a balcony overlooking the city.

Christa's wrists are shackled, chains leading up to a large wooden beam overhead. Her feet are just touching the ground.

MARCUS (O.S.)  
I'm impressed, Christa.

Marcus enters, followed by Chase and Fritz. Chase smiles, enjoying watching another woman shackled up. She remembers her day. Fritz simply awaits orders.

CHRISTA  
I'm going to kill you.

Marcus nearly laughs.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
You killed my brother.

MARCUS  
I've killed a lot of people. But your brother, that wasn't out of pleasure. He was a good part of our organization.

(MORE)

MARCUS (cont'd)

I had plans for him. I really did like him. But he took something from me and destroyed all the back-ups.

Marcus moves closer to Christa.

MARCUS (cont'd)

But that's not why you're still here. You're persistent. Smart. Willing to cross the line if it's important enough. I could use someone like you.

CHRISTA

What are you going to do? Bite me?

Marcus opens a drawer and pulls out a LARGE METALLIC NEEDLE.

MARCUS

Bite you? That's for savages. And in truth, it's not the most reliable form of transmission. Here in the House of Chthon...

Christa's eyes fill with dread as Marcus injects the needle into his arm and begins to draw blood.

MARCUS (cont'd)

We're a bit more civilized.

Christa struggles to get free, but it's not happening. Marcus pulls the needle out of his arm, now full of his blood, and moves towards her.

CHRISTA

Stay the hell away from me.

MARCUS

This is an honor, Christa. There are severe restrictions on how many we turn. We don't want to strain our food supply. Or get unwanted attention. We survive by living in the shadows. As unknowns. Myths.

Marcus injects the needle into the base of Christa's neck. She SCREAMS in pain.

MARCUS (cont'd)

It's okay to fight it.

A scream that delights Chase and Fritz.

MARCUS (cont'd)  
It's only natural.

ON THE NEEDLE

The blood almost gone.

MARCUS (cont'd)  
But you'll think so much clearer.  
So much better.

Marcus pulls the needle away from her calmly. A drop of blood runs from the wound curving down Christa's neck. She's disoriented and in pain.

CHINK! CHINK! Fritz tears open the shackles around Christa's wrists.

Marcus takes Christa over his shoulder and walks out --

ON TO THE BALCONY

Marcus looks out over the city. Then deep into Christa's eyes.

MARCUS (cont'd)  
Now all you have to do, Christa...

Marcus kisses Christa deeply. She's too weak to fight it.

MARCUS (cont'd)  
...is die.

Marcus throws Christa over the edge of the balcony.

CHRISTA

falls...

...down...down...

The ground quickly approaches --

-- she tries to focus but --

-- THAKK!

Cut to BLACK. A moment of SILENCE --

-- and then a BURST of energy and SOUND as a great WHITE LIGHT opens. A bright tunnel, as many on the brink of mortality have described as a near death experience. The light invites us in.

The calming sounds of WAVES and a DISTANT MELODY wash over us as we move into the tunnel, echoing voices calling out to Christa --

-- but then it changes, twisted and unnatural. The white begins to darken into a harsh RED, as if the walls suddenly hemorrhaged, BLEEDING out. The calming sounds turn to horrifying SHRIEKS, the melody gone.

The tunnel burns a deep red, brighter and brighter, climaxing with the sounds of TERROR until --

BLACK once again. SILENCE.

Christa's A.D.E. -- or after death experience -- begins.

FADE IN:

EXT. STORYBOOK VILLAGE - NIGHT

Christa wakes up, disoriented, in a world from her past. The colors off, almost black and white with a hint of BLOOD RED.

She sits up, right in front of a ceramic Gingerbread Man.

ZACK (O.S.)  
You can't catch me!

Like in the flashback before, her five year old brother, Zack, runs by wearing his red and white striped shirt and overalls.

CHRISTA  
Zack!

Zack LAUGHS, running away from her and up a path.

Christa runs after him.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
Zack!

Christa reaches the top of the path. Zack sits next to Humpty Dumpty, looking out from behind it. He smiles.

ZACK  
You'll never catch me, Christa!

Zack jumps off of the wall, and from where we are, it looks like an endless black pit. Panicked, Christa reaches out for him but --

-- Zack LAUGHS as he disappears into darkness. We fall with him and --

BLACK and SILENCE return.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Christa awakens again, finding herself walking out of a thick, dark forest and into a clearing.

Christa walks into the field, passing a large bonfire and a Westo Native American teepee.

Bodies are littered about, both Native American and European American circa 1826.

Christa looks up, past the fire.

MARCUS (O.S.)  
...enough...

Hanging from a large swing harness, his arms and legs spread out before him, shackled and chained, is an American pioneer -- MARCUS VAN SCIVER. Chains with hooks dig into his back.

This is Marcus on the eve of his transformation into a vampire. He's scared, wounded and begging for it to end.

MARCUS (cont'd)  
...please...

A pair of wolves GROWL and race behind Christa, HOWLING as they retreat back into the darkness.

Christa walks to Marcus, gazing up at him.

Marcus looks down at Christa, blood running down his face, mixing with tears of horror.

MARCUS (cont'd)  
...just kill me...

The sound of a GROWL causes Christa to turn around in fear.

Right in front of her --

-- A WESTO NATIVE AMERICAN VAMPIRE complete with war paint, blood dripping down his face and burning eyes. He HISSES, revealing his bloody FANGS. Blood is all around his mouth, dripping down his chin.

Back to BLACK and SILENCE.

CHRISTA,

opens her now gray eyes, looking up at darkness. She GASPS for air instinctively. She's trapped somewhere, in something.

A BODY BAG

Christa desperately claws at it, struggling to get out.

Breathing HARD, she claws and claws again until --  
-- she finally RIPS through it.

INT. HALLWAY, MORGUE - NIGHT

The same morgue where Christa identified her brother. A SECURITY GUARD hears a BANG coming from down the hall. He turns on his flashlight.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

The security guard walks in and immediately shines his light on to the empty black body bag torn to shreds on the floor.

He scans the room with his light. Left. Right. Nothing.

Then he hears HEAVY BREATHING above. He shines his light on the ceiling.

IN THE CORNER OF THE CEILING

Christa is bundled up in ball, defying gravity, covered in sweat and dirt.

Her eyes almost GLOW.

The security guard is frozen.

Christa HISSES out, baring her FANGS for the first time.

She leaps down from the ceiling at the guard, sending him crashing to the floor. She leaps off of him and out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY, MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Naked, confused and afraid, Christa races down the hallway. She slams out of an exit door and into --

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

-- the back alley outside of the morgue. Rain pours down. THUNDER and lightning tear up the sky.

Water runs down Christa's body as she crawls across the alley floor like an animal. She's surrounded by water -- and yet she's never been more thirsty in her life.

Her hands scrape across the dirty ground. Grabbing it, dragging herself forward until --

-- she grabs the top of a shoe. Christa looks up at --

MARCUS

He looks down at her with a soft smile, umbrella in one hand. He offers his other hand out to her.

MARCUS  
Christa.

Her eyes gray and dead. Christa reaches up and takes Marcus's hand.

MARCUS (cont'd)  
Welcome to the family.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. BEDROOM, PENTHOUSE, HOUSE OF CHTHON - DAY

In a large soft bed, Christa sleeps peacefully. Her hair clean, body washed, no wound from the needle or the horrific fall.

Suddenly, she bolts up right, CRYING out.

She looks around, realizing she's safe, relatively. Black curtains have been drawn over the windows. Shafts of morning light leak in.

Christa throws the sheets off, wearing a white nightgown that she's never seen in her life.

She sits on the edge of the bed, wondering if this is a dream too. But, no, there's something different.

Christa holds out her left arm. It's not shaking, it seems as strong as ever. Stronger even.

She opens and closes her left fist. She can barely believe it.

But Christa's moment of pleasure is interrupted when her eyes catch something on a dresser -- a statue of a Westo Native American Indian, the same tribe she saw in her A.D.E.

Christa gets out of bed, starts to walk across the room towards the door.

CHRISTA'S LEG steps into a shaft of sunlight --

-- and it BURNS.

Christa GRUNTS, steps back, looking at her leg. Smoke comes from her calf, the skin slightly blistering then --

It heal before her eyes.

MARCUS (O.S.)

I would've warned you, but there's something to be said about learning from experience.

Marcus stands against the wall, arms folded. He's been watching Christa for hours.

CHRISTA

I feel...

MARCUS

Alive?

CHRISTA

Yes.

MARCUS

You see, Christa, the living -- the ones growing obese and passive, ignorant from the true layers of life -- are the true dead. Their dulled senses have no ability to unlock the real beauty of this world. Not like us.

Marcus moves closer to Christa, she steps back.

MARCUS (cont'd)

You'll soon learn -- everything has so many more facets of pleasure. Food, music, sex. Your rebirth is here. You are greate.

CHRISTA

Grete?

MARCUS

In our language, it means "one who has achieved true life"...

Christa is still dazed, unsure of what exactly is happening.

MARCUS (cont'd)

As your sponsor, it is my privilege to teach you this language and to introduce you to our culture.

CHRISTA

I saw you. In a field. And I saw my brother --

MARCUS

The images you saw were a part of your A.D.E. An after-death-experience triggered by the genetic memories of your sponsor and your own synapses as they rebuilt your cognitive functions. The transitional visions you witnessed are sacred. They must only be shared with someone you trust.

Marcus takes Christa's hand, but she yanks it away.

CHRISTA

Let go!

Christa's FANGS erupt from her mouth, her eyes a dead GRAY.

CHRISTA (cont'd)

What...what did you do to me?

Christa falls to one knee in front of Marcus.

CHRISTA (cont'd)

...What did you do?

MARCUS

I saved you.

INT. LIVING ROOM, PENTHOUSE, HOUSE OF CHTHON - NIGHT

Marcus approaches Chase, who waits patiently by the elevator doors.

MARCUS

She's disoriented.

CHASE

Fresh.

MARCUS

Take her on a ride along. And take care of business.

CHASE

Of course, Marcus.

Chase smiles like a Chesire Cat. This fresh fish is cute.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT, HUDSON'S - NIGHT

Mannequins lined up five feet in front of a concrete wall.

SHING! Blade's sword slices one of the heads off.

FWATCH! A silver stake explodes through the torso of another.

THUMP! A small SILVER SHURIKEN with a glowing BLUE BUBBLE CENTER -- it's a new weapon called the UV STAR -- sticks into the throat of the third mannequin and --

-- nothing happens.

BLADE, coat off, stops in his tracks, gazes over at Shen who's at a workshop table. Shen looks through a magnifying lens hanging off of a metal arm. He's working on finishing another UV star. The third mannequin with the UV star sits silent behind them. Its center glows a bright BLUE.

BLADE  
UV star's not working.

Shen doesn't even look up.

The UV star BEEPS!

BOOOMMM!! The blue center CRACKLES open, EXPLODING with a massive sphere of bright white light and -- THUNK! THUNK! THUNK! -- sends silver SHRAPNEL into the neighboring mannequins hitting the head, torso and throat.

Blade turns away, averting his eyes.

SHEN  
It works.

Blade examines a piece of silver shrapnel in the head of one of the mannequins.

BLADE  
And after the UV blast it sends out silver shrapnel to finish them off?

SHEN  
If there are any left.

BLADE  
There's always stragglers.

SHEN  
Like the ones you left in Magadan.

BLADE  
Hannibal is taking care of Magadan.  
Abigail has Cairo.

Shen finally looks up from his workspace.

SHEN  
And what of Jakarta? You told me --

BLADE  
As soon as we're done here.

Blade walks over to the War Room, this time Shen watches.

AT THE HOUSE OF CHTHON FAMILY TREE

Blade picks up the picture of Christa that Shen gave him earlier.

SHEN  
Who is she?

BLADE  
Now?

Without expression, Blade puts Christa's picture up on to the board underneath Marcus.

BLADE (cont'd)  
She's an enemy.

CUT TO:

EXT. "SKIN" - NIGHT

The black Mercedes drives through the night, carrying Chase, Christa and driven by Fritz.

The car stops across the street from "Skin."

CHASE (O.S.)  
Can you see it?

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Chase and Christa look out of the window at the club. Christa is still disoriented, scared. Her eyes dart around.

CHRISTA  
See what?

CHASE  
Relax your eyes. Pull your focus back.

Chase puts a hand on Christa's left shoulder, squeezing gently. It doesn't hurt anymore.

CHASE (cont'd)  
It's not going to hurt. Not anymore.

Close on Christa's eyes widening.

CHRISTA'S POV

Looking at the club, the world shimmers and changes as she shifts her vision to the ultraviolet spectrum.

On the wall by the entrance, as kids go in and out, the House of Chthon glyph comes into view.

CHRISTA (V.O.)  
I see something.

ON THE GLOWING GLYPH then --

BACK TO THE MERCEDES

Christa looks back at Chase.

CHASE  
They can only be read in the ultraviolet spectrum.

CHRISTA  
The House of Chthon glyph.

CHASE  
It means it's ours.

CHRISTA  
Ours?

CHASE  
One of the places we recruit. It was hit last week. By the Daywalker. By Blade.

EXT. CRACK HOUSE / VAMPIRE SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

The Mercedes drives past the crack house.

CHASE (O.S.)  
We have safehouses throughout the city where fresh blood is delivered. You need to know them. If you're out and dawn approaches, you go.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

CHASE  
You stay there until dark.

Christa eyes a bottle of water in the backseat.

FRITZ  
But this isn't one I would recommend.

Christa takes the bottle, opens it.

CHRISTA  
Why?

CHASE  
It's a Blood Pit. Full of addicts.  
They feed like piranha. Sometimes  
on each other. Marcus  
has...ordered supply cut off from  
this one.

Christa finishes the bottle, puts it down.

CHRISTA  
...I'm still thirsty.

CHASE  
You need to learn to control it or  
you'll end up like the addicts.

Christa reaches for another bottle of water in the back of  
the seat. Chase stops her.

CHASE (cont'd)  
We'll drink soon enough.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Towering steeple climbs up towards the stars, stained glass  
windows glow from the lights inside.

Chase leads Christa towards the Church. Christa stops.

CHRISTA  
What are we doing here?

CHASE  
A little errand.

Christa looks up at the crosses on the Church, above the  
double-doors.

CHRISTA  
The crosses...won't they -- ?

CHASE  
Hurt us? We backed away from them  
out of respect, but that was over  
two hundred years ago.

Chase reaches up to the cross carved on one of the large wooden doors of the church. She SCRATCHES it with her finger, leaving deep jagged impressions across the cross.

CHASE (cont'd)  
Back when faith actually meant something.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

FATHER ALEXANDER TOMASI, 30's, conservative, local leader is thrown through the air, smashing into the altar. He MOANS in pain, pushes himself up.

Empty pews stretch out this late at night. Candles providing light.

The one who just threw him -- Chase -- walks down the aisle, followed by Christa.

CHRISTA  
Chase --

CHASE  
You're thirsty, aren't you?

Tomasi crawls across the floor, turns around and looks up at Chase.

FATHER TOMASI  
Please. This is a House of God.

CHASE  
No.

SHRRP! Chase angrily rips away the priest's collar, revealing a glyph tattooed on his neck: THE HOUSE OF CIANTETO.

CHASE (cont'd)  
This place belongs to the House of Cianteto.

Chase grabs Father Tomasi by the neck and lifts him up off of his feet, effortlessly. He chokes.

CHASE (cont'd)  
Taking control of a Church.  
Drafting a man of the cloth. You do realize how many laws this violates, don't you?

He can't respond, the life is being choked out of him.

Christa grabs Chase's arm.

CHRISTA  
Let him go.

Chase HISSES back, yanking away from Christa. She throws the man into the pews.

Christa steps back as Chase turns towards her.

CHASE  
Father Alexander Tomasi helped get your brother killed, Christa. He offered Zack a pay day in exchange for what Marcus has been working on for the last three decades.

CHRISTA  
And what's that?

CHASE  
The Kachina. A map of the vampire genome. A tool that could help eradicate our weaknesses...

Chase grabs Father Tomasi again, this time Christa doesn't move to stop her.

CHASE (cont'd)  
Or find more.

FATHER TOMASI  
I don't have it. He never made the delivery.

CHASE  
You better not be lying, Father.

Chase SLASHES him across the chest, drawing blood. It seeps into his clothes like water. His scream ECHOES in the church.

FATHER TOMASI  
I swear to Christ --

CHASE  
That doesn't mean much to me.

Chase holds out her blood covered hand to Christa.

Christa's FANGS begin to protrude, instinctively, like a dog drooling when he smells meat.

Almost involuntarily, Christa licks the blood off of Chase's hands -- and something happens to her.

The pupils of her eyes turn RED.

CHASE (cont'd)  
Your instincts are kicking in.

In a split second, she GROWLS and SCREECHES leaping at Father Tomasi.

WHAP!! Chase puts her arm out, stops Christa. Father Tomasi cowers.

Christa breathes deep, lost in her thirst.

CHASE (cont'd)  
We can't feed on a familiar. He's  
protected.

Christa breathes hard, thirsty.

CHASE (cont'd)  
(to Father Tomasi)  
But you will tell your masters.  
Break the laws again, try and steal  
what is ours --

FWATCH! Chase slashes him across the face, drawing more blood.

CHASE (cont'd)  
-- and this will get violent.

Christa TASTES the blood in her mouth, lost in pure, sick ecstasy.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. MEAT MARKET DISTRICT, DETROIT - NIGHT

A pair of red leather high-heeled boots CLICKS down the sidewalk.

The boots belong to --

KARI, late teens, new to the truck route, hoping for a customer. She smiles as a car pulls alongside her.

DETECTIVE BOONE (V.O.)

Hey.

Kari walks over to Detective Boone's Crown Victoria and leans in. Detective Boone flashes his badge.

DETECTIVE BOONE

These streets are dangerous.

Another American Butcher truck ROARS by.

CUT TO:

INT. BANQUET ROOM, HOUSE OF CHTHON - NIGHT

Chase's hand holds a wine glass full of DEEP RICH BLOOD.

CHASE (O.S.)

Drink.

Christa and Chase are in a large banquet room in the House of Chthon building. There are no windows. Just stone walls, deep blue lights, lounge chairs and an open freezer where a large blood supply is kept.

Chase has just poured a glass of blood for Christa.

Christa takes it, hesitates and then drinks.

She drinks...faster...so fast, a trickle of blood runs down the side of her mouth. Chase touches her arm.

CHASE (cont'd)

Slowly.

Chase uses a white cloth napkin and wipes the blood off of Christa's face.

CHASE (cont'd)

Take life slowly.

Chase looks into Christa's eyes, an attraction forming.

CHRISTA  
How did it happen to you? When did  
you become...greeted?

Chase LAUGHS, amused Christa is trying to use vampiric dialect.

CHASE  
It's his favorite word. He tells  
that one to all of them.

CHRISTA  
All of who?

CHASE  
The fresh. But with the strict  
rules we live by, the enemies  
outside -- most of them don't last  
a year. And if you don't live up  
to expectations...

Chase runs her finger across Christa's collar bone.

CHASE (cont'd)  
But I think you might.

CHRISTA  
Did Marcus change you?

CHASE  
No. My husband did. And lived to  
regret it. He still does.

INT. HALLWAY, HOUSE OF CHTHON - NIGHT

Christa and Chase walk down the hallway. Marcus and several other vampires walk down an adjacent hallway, following EDWARD PRICE, the head of the House of Chthon. Christa attempts to get a look at Edward but his back is to her.

CHASE  
He's here.

CHRISTA  
Who?

CHASE  
Edward Price. The head of our  
House. Price wasn't changed like  
us or Marcus. He was born this  
way. He was a Pureblood.  
(MORE)

CHASE (cont'd)

One of the first. He helped divide the vampire nation into twelve houses centuries ago. Each House is led by a Pureblood and made up of the transformed called Bloodlines. Bloodlines like the Equinots that Marcus leads. It's the one that Fritz and I belong to. The one who now belong to.

CHRISTA

What do the Houses want?

CHASE

Each one has their own aspirations. Some are progressive, others Old World, but they all serve a function. It was in perfect balance. But now with Leichen wiped out, and the disappearances of so many of us, they're already planning the next Concordance.

CHRISTA

What's that?

CHASE

A summit between all of the House leaders...to sort out the future.

Marcus looks back at Christa and Chase. He smiles at Christa. Christa watches as they enter a large meeting room. Edward Price stands inside, turning around -- but as he does, the door slides closed.

EDWARD

...how soon until you replicate the Kachina?

MARCUS

Very...

And the door is closed. Christa couldn't see him.

CUT TO:

INT. CRACK HOUSE / VAMPIRE SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Detective Boone leads Kari up to the old crack house.

KARI

What are we doing here?

DETECTIVE BOONE  
Shut up, and come on.

Kari stops, looking up at the house.

KARI  
Uh, uh. I'm clean.

Detective Boone looks away from Kari, towards the ground, as if he was considering taking her away -- but Boone quickly spins back around and BACKHANDS Kari. She falls to the ground, blood running from her lip.

Detective Boone grabs her by the hair and pulls hard.

DETECTIVE BOONE  
Damn slut. You're going to do what  
I say --

FWIP FWIP FWIP! THATCH! A silver stake SLICES the side of Detective Boone's shoulder. He immediately lets go of Kari, clutching his bleeding shoulder.

BLADE

walks out of the shadows of the adjacent alley, full-loaded for war. Sword in his sheath, silver bullet shotgun in one hand -- attached to the top of it is a UV flashlight. He's also armed with UV grenades, UV stars and his sunglasses. His heavy boots carry him towards Kari and Boone.

Detective Boone goes for his gun -- but Blade's quick to aim his shotgun.

BLADE  
Give her the keys.

Detective Boone hesitates.

KA-CHAK! Blade loads the shotgun.

BLADE (cont'd)  
The keys.

Detective Boone tosses the car keys over to Kari.

BLADE (cont'd)  
(to Kari)  
You've got five seconds to clear  
out.

Kari scrambles to the car.

BLADE (cont'd)  
(to Boone)  
Four...

Boone watches Kari drive off in his car.

BLADE (cont'd)  
Three...

And Detective Boone bolts down the sidewalk, away from Blade.

INT. FOYER, CRACK HOUSE / VAMPIRE SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Darkness...until...

KRATCH!!! Blade kicks the door open.

Floor boards CREAK while he walks into the crack house.

Flies BUZZ through the air, soaking up the rotten stench that even Blade notices.

Blade turns on his UV flashlight on top of his shotgun. A blue beam shines through the foyer.

Blade pushes cobwebs away from an old door frame, walking deeper into the building.

INT. LIVING ROOM, CRACK HOUSE / VAMPIRES SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

The blue light shines across the floor. The floor is weak and decayed, large holes in the wood lead to the basement. Old rotting and torn furniture lies scattered about.

Blade steps over one of the holes. As he walks away from it, a set of GLOWING EYES peer up from the basement.

Blade stands in the middle of the room, throws his coat back. He hits the side of his sunglasses.

#### BLADE'S POV

Looking back and forth across the room. Nothing but darkness.

BLADE

pulls out a JAR OF BLOOD.

BLADE  
Come on now...

KRASHT! Blade smashes the jar of blood on to the floor. Blood splatters everywhere, dripping down the cracks in the floor and into the basement.

BLADE (cont'd)  
I know you're hungry.

HISSES and gurgling GROWLS erupt all around Blade.

AN ADDICT VAMPIRE

leaps up and out of one of the large holes in the basement, hidden mostly by shadows.

Blade doesn't flinch.

The Addict Vampire lands like a gorilla on the floor, dirty black hair in his face, white eyes burning behind it. The Addict Vampire hunches down and licks the blood off of the floor --

-- then opens its jaws and HISSES at Blade.

ADDICT VAMPIRE  
It's him! He's here!

Blade shines the UV flashlight on it. The Addict Vampire's skin SMOLTERS as the light sweeps across it. The Addict HOWLS in pain --

ADDICT VAMPIRE (cont'd)  
Daywalker!!

-- and then leaps up on to the wall, scurrying across it like a spider. Blade spins around, trying to follow it.

BOOM!! He shoots off a silver stake from the shotgun, missing the Addict. CHAKFF! It slams into the wall, sparying out dust.

Blade loses sight of the Addict as he climbs across the ceiling into darkness.

#### BLADE'S POV

Looking up at the ceiling above him. It's CRAWLING with GREEN INFRA-RED BODY SHAPES -- VAMPIRES. Lots and lots of vampires.

Blade shines the UV flashlight over the ceiling --

-- revealing a DOZEN CRACK HOUSE VAMPIRES scattering over one another like maggots.

They HISS and one leaps right down at Blade, SNARLING --

END ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

INT. LIVING ROOM, CRACK HOUSE / VAMPIRE SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

A vampire from the mass of creatures crawling across the ceiling is in mid-leap towards Blade when -- BOOM!! The vampire is BLOWN AWAY into ASH as Blade unleashes a silver STAKE from his shotgun.

Blade leaps over one of the holes in the floor as another vampire tries to grab him.

Blade dodges another. It turns to face him, GROWLING -- BOOM!! -- only to get his head blown off by Blade's shotgun. A FLASH of HOT CINDERS and the vampire is gone, darkness returning.

KA-CHAK! Blade spins and -- BOOM!! -- takes out another vampire.

Blade SLAMS his fist into another, sending it to the ground on its back. He rams the UV flashlight into its open mouth.

The vampire's head begins to GLOW from the inside as it convulses.

BRATT! Blade takes out two more vampires with his semi-automatic, sliver bullets ripping into them. Ash skeletons CRACKLE apart.

THE GLOWING VAMPIRE HEAD

shakes as Blade still jams the UV flashlight in place. It gets BRIGHTER.

BRATT! Blade mows down another vampire hopping at him off of the wall.

THE GLOWING VAMPIRE HEAD -- BOOMM!!! -- finally explodes.

The Addict leaps on to Blade's back from above.

Blade flips the shotgun upside down on to his shoulder, the barrel pointing right at the snarling Addict's face and -- BOOMM!!! The Addict is dust.

SHING! Blade yanks his sword out.

Blade flips into the air, through two more vampires that are leaping down from the ceiling -- WHSTT! -- slices them in half.

Blade lands with his sword out, surrounded by ashed vampires.

## ON A HOLE

at Blade's feet. SEVERAL VAMPIRE HANDS grab Blade from below.

KRRKATCH!

The floor boards SNAP and SPLINTER as Blade is pulled down --

## INTO THE BASEMENT

Dusty, bare concrete floor and walls, littered with garbage and human remains. This is where the addicts live, waiting for fresh victims to be delivered by familiars like Detective Boone.

Blade lands in the basement hard. He reaches for one of his UV grenades, but his arm is grabbed by several WHITE HANDS and yanked away.

Vampires crawl across him, one ripping off his UV grenades and tossing them into the darkness. He's being stripped clean, streams of bloody drool dripping on him -- piranha just like Chase said.

One of them even dares to tear off his sunglasses, GIGGLING while he puts them on.

KRUNCH!! Blade elbows a vampire away from him, breaking his jaw. A fang catches in Blade's elbow.

Blade FLEXES, bucking like a bronco -- shaking the addicts off.

Blade grabs his sword, SWINGS, slicing one across the chest.

Swings around and -- KLANG! -- the ceiling's too low. He hits a pipe. Water SPRAYS out.

The addicts gather together, charging Blade.

Blade grabs the UV star off his chest and throws it hard.

Through the stream of water and -- THWAK! It sinks into the chest of a vampire grouped with the others, swarming around Blade.

But it doesn't do anything but BEEP! The center glows BLUE.

Blade has his doubts about this thing, prepares to take them out hand-to-hand when --

BOOM!!! The UV EXPLOSION lights up the basement. The half-dozen vampires left are INCINERATED in the blast, including the one wearing Blade's sunglasses.

SILVER SHARDS shooting from the blast EXPLODE through the SKULLS and CHESTS of the vampires as they HOWL in pain, eaten away by the psuedo-sunlight.

GLOWING CINDERS float in the air around Blade as he stands, pushing debris off of him.

Blade snatches his sunglasses off of a crumbling skull.

BLADE

Thanks.

And he puts them on.

Blade turns to leave, spies a piece of paper on the floor. He bends down to pick it up.

It's an old delivery PICK-UP schedule from the AMERICAN BUTCHER COMPANY.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE BOONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Detective Boone sits at his desk, door closed. He holds a bandage against the side of his shoulder, checks it -- just a little blood. Boone speaks on the phone.

DETECTIVE BOONE

...I don't know how, but it was him. It was definitely Blade.

MARCUS (V.O.)

I told you to stay clear of that house. It's off-limits.

DETECTIVE BOONE

I know, I know. It's just a little money on the side and your brothers and sisters...they get their fix, y'know?

MARCUS (V.O.)

Those Addicts are not my brothers and sisters, Detective Boone. They are there for a specific reason.

DETECTIVE BOONE

Yeah, okay. I get it. I won't go back.

INT. CHRISTA'S ROOM, HOUSE OF CHTHON - NIGHT

Christa is in what has been designated her room. There's a large window with a stainless steel roll down shutter for and protection during the day. A lush bed, open closet full of clothes, a small stainless steel fridge.

Christa looks over at her bed. On the night stand next to it, another statue of a Westo American Indian.

Christa walks over to it, runs her hand across it.

Christa opens the fridge. Inside, vials of fresh blood. She takes a vial.

HER LEFT HAND SHAKES

as she looks at it. Startled, she drops it. It SHATTERS on the floor, a pool of blood forming around broken glass.

MARCUS (O.S.)  
Christa...

Marcus enters to face Christa.

MARCUS (cont'd)  
It's time to prove yourself.

Christa isn't sure whether she wants this or not.

INT. MITCH'S BAR - NIGHT

Detective Boone sits on a stool inside a dingy bar with Detroit Tigers pennants and Red Wings logos on the walls. A television with bad reception sits up in the corner.

Boone slams another shot of whiskey, leaving the empty glass to join three others.

A BAR GIRL, late 30's and showing a hard life but still out of Boone's League, walks up to the bar smoking a cigarette. She calls out to the BARTENDER, who's watching the Food Network on the bad television. Someone's gutting a fish.

BAR GIRL  
Gimme another Bud, Mitch.

BARTENDER  
You got it.

Detective Boone eyes Bar Girl.

DETECTIVE BOONE  
Hey. That drink's on me.  
(motioning to the stool  
next to him)  
What don't you park it for awhile.

Bar Girl takes another drag off of her cigarette, barely gives Detective Boone a courtesy glance.

BAR GIRL  
Not in this life.

Detective Boone pulls out his badge, flashing it to Bar Girl.

DETECTIVE BOONE  
Careful with the attitude.

Bar Girl sizes up Detective Boone. The Bartender puts a Bud in front of her.

BAR GIRL  
(to Boone)  
That doesn't actually work, does it?

Bar Girl takes a sip of her beer, throws a five bill on the bar and walks away.

Detective Boone flicks down one of his empty shot glasses.

EXT. MITCH'S BAR - NIGHT

Bar Girl walks out of the bar and into the night, heading down the sidewalk.

A few seconds later, Detective Boone follows her out. He walks down the sidewalk, keeping his distance. Bar Girl is unaware of her stalker.

As Detective Boone passes an open alley --

-- a gun CLICKS and is pointed right to his head.

CHRISTA (O.S.)  
Hold it.

Christa holds the gun. She leads Detective Boone --

INTO THE ALLEY

Detective Boone barely remembers her.

DETECTIVE BOONE  
You're making a mistake. I'm a  
cop.

CHRISTA  
No shit?

Detective Boone gets a good look at her.

DETECTIVE BOONE  
You? You're that asshole's sister -  
-

WHAM!! Christa slams Detective Boone hard with the gun across his face. He GROANS and falls back.

Detective Boone draws his own gun and points it at --  
-- nothing.

Christa isn't anywhere. Just deep, dark shadows.

Detective Boone takes a step into the alley, gun ready to fire.

CHRISTA (O.S.)  
When they told me what they wanted done, I hesitated.

Quicker than the eye can see, Christa flies by Detective Boone in a BLUR -- SLASHING open his arm with her claws -- then disappearing back into the shadows. He drops the gun.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
Until I found out it was you.

Before Detective Boone can pick up the gun --  
-- Christa steps on it.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
Speed.

She grabs Detective Boone's hand and CRUSHES it. He SCREAMS in pain.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
Strength.

Christa points her gun at Detective Boone's head. She FLASHES her fangs and Hisses.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
This really isn't all that bad.

BLAM!!

Detective Boone's dead body falls to the ground. Christa stands over it, a sense of strange calmness over her.

MARCUS (O.S.)  
Good.

MARCUS steps out of the shadows with a smile.

CHRISTA  
Marcus?

MARCUS  
I wanted to see how you handled  
yourself.

Marcus looks down at the dead body.

MARCUS (cont'd)  
Very well, I'd guess.

Marcus moves closer to Christa.

MARCUS (cont'd)  
Believe me, Christa. You're making  
your brother proud. You're  
becoming what he aspired to be.

They move closer, Christa letting her guard down for the first time, realizing Marcus is right. Zack was a familiar -- someone waiting to be changed.

RINGG! A cell phone interrupts the moment. Marcus reaches in his pocket and pulls his phone out.

MARCUS (cont'd)  
What is it?

FRITZ (V.O.)  
It's the meat house. We've got a  
problem.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMERICAN BUTCHER COMPANY - NIGHT

BOOM!!! Another fiery explosion erupts from the side of the slaughterhouse and distribution center. An American Butcher Company truck is caught in the blast as it attempts to leave.

INT. GARAGE, AMERICAN BUTCHER COMPANY - NIGHT

SIX FAMILIAR SECURITY GUARDS, all dressed in black gear and helmets reminiscent of a S.W.A.T. team -- as seen in the BLADE FILMS, race into the garage.

SECURITY GUARD #1  
...another explosion at the loading docks. All security to --

KRASH!! Blade's Charger BREAKS THROUGH a garage door, shining its headlights at the security detail.

BRATT!! The guards unleash a hail of gunfire at the car. Bullet ricochet off of metal and bulletproof glass.

Blade kicks the door open, he hides behind the door. BRATT!! He fires back taking two of the security guards out.

The door of a truck in front of Blade's Charger opens -- a TRUCK DRIVER complete with AMERICAN BUTCHER CO. trucker hat, HISSES, revealing he's a vampire.

The TRUCKER VAMPIRE heads towards Blade, past the firing security guards.

IN BLADE'S HAND

a small custom remote lock device for his Charger. He clicks a button.

VUMM!!! The headlights on Blade's car BRIGHTEN, going into UV mode -- the Trucker Vampire is in front of the car.

The Trucker Vampire SCREAMS as the high beams hit him -- his skin begins to BURN!

BRATT!! Blade runs through the Trucker Vampire as he's transformed to ASH and lets loose another round of fire, taking out the remaining security guards.

Blade steps over the SINGED trucker hat. Flames dancing over the Native American logo.

INT. HALLWAY, AMERICAN BUTCHER COMPANY - NIGHT

KOOM!! Blade kicks open two swinging doors leading into a large hallway through the slaughterhouse. Freezer doors on either side are chillers containing excess carcasses ready to be cut and deboned.

THREE MORE SECURITY GUARDS are there to meet Blade, right in front of him.

Blade's fist CRACKS the black visor on GUARD #1's helmet, sending him to the ground.

Blade kicks the gun out of GUARD #2's hand -- grabs him -- and SNAPS his neck. He lets the body fall to the floor.

Behind Blade, two more security guards race in.

Blade ducks as they let their guns loose and -- BRATT!! -- the bullets take out GUARD #3, saving Blade the trouble.

Blade opens one of the heavy metal freezer doors, using it to deflect more bullets that explode towards him.

Blade flanks the door, reloads his gun as GUNFIRE erupts all around him. Cold stale air from the chiller makes his breath visible. He glances at the PIG CARCASES hanging upside down inside.

Blade peers out from behind the door, firing back and taking out the security guards, riddling them with high velocity bullets.

As Blade turns back around --

-- KRAKK!! Blade is hit with a strong RIGHT HOOK, sending him stumbling back. FRITZ has just arrived on the scene.

Fritz knocks the gun out of Blade's hand, smashes him with an uppercut -- through a set of double-doors leading into --

INT. SLAUGHTER LINE, AMERICAN BUTCHER COMPANY - CONTINUOUS

-- the slaughterhouse. A massive operation. A handful of employees still working on the CATTLE SLAUGHTER LINE -- a Wijnsberque -- made up of conveyer belts and mechanized cutting tools and saws, capable of tearing apart over forty-five cows an hour. There's also a pork slaughter line -- a double Goliath Unit -- that rips apart over one hundred and twenty pigs an hour.

On one end of the room is a drainage area, with large meat HOOKS ON CHAINS and ceiling lines where slabs are hung and the blood is drained. A series of BLOOD SUCKING METAL LINK TUBES WITH CLEAR WHITE HOSES hang on the wall. There are drains on the floor.

Next to that is a wet processing unit with a grinder, steam unit and decanter -- where animal fat is melted and filtered.

There is also a large SCALDING TANK for dehairing, a casing cleaner jammed with cattle guts and a cutting and deboning line weaving in and out of the various equipment.

WHAP!! Blade gives it his all, smashing his fist into Fritz. Fritz smiles, blood running from his mouth.

THOOMM!! Fritz gives back ten-fold, sending Blade flying across the room.

KRACK!! Blade smashes into the back of the scalding tank.

Fritz leaps up off of the floor and into the air.

Blade dodges Fritz, punches him in the side -- sending Fritz against the scalding tank, facing it. Blade grabs the back of Fritz's head and pushes it down towards the boiling liquid, hair floating in it.

Fritz reaches HIS HAND into the BOILING LIQUID and SPLASHES it up on to Blade. Blade lets go, backing off.

As Fritz turns, his hand now burned, Blade spins around with his sword but --

CLANG!! Fritz blocks it with his FOREARM, surprising Blade.

Fritz backhands Blade, sending him high into the air -- through the hanging hooks and chains -- and SMASHING into the wall by the drainage area. Blade loses his breath, another rib broken.

Blade looks up, trying to focus.

Fritz RIPS his coat off, revealing two large metal gauntlets on his forearms.

Fritz grabs a large metal hook on a chain from above and with a quick tug -- CHANK! -- tears it down.

Fritz throws the chain and hook -- they latch on to Blade's sword. Fritz YANKS it hard, pulling the sword out of his hand.

Blade tries to reach for another weapon -- UV grenade -- but Fritz throws the hook again --

CHUMPP!! The hook DIGS into Blade's side. Blade CRIES out in pain.

Fritz pulls the chain, dragging Blade closer. Blade grabs another chain hanging near him, holds on.

WHAK!! Blade spins around KICKING Fritz across the face.

Fritz lets go of the chain and falls back.

Blade yanks the hook out of his side, tosses it to the ground.

Blade is wounded but PISSED -- leaning back up against the wall in the drainage area by the blood sucking tubes. Fritz thinks he finally has him.

Fritz rushes at Blade and --

-- Blade LEAPS up into the air, grabbing one of the blood sucking tubes.

BLADE

This is what it feels like.

Blade lands on Fritz's back with the tube and JAMS it into Fritz's neck. Blade flips a large ON switch on the nozzle and --

-- Fritz SCREAMS as the tube SUCKS THE BLOOD out of him. Blade watches the deep red fluid flow through the clear sections of the tube.

Fritz gets weaker, turning WHITE. He HISSES, trying to get Blade off of his back.

Blade won't give up his IRON GRIP.

Fritz falls to one knee, blood spilling down him from the suction tube overflowing.

Fritz is weak, gazing up at Blade, fangs out.

Blade tosses Fritz on to the cattle slaughter line conveyer.

Blade hits a GREEN BUTTON, starting the slaughter line. Fritz begins to move towards the mechanized blades, too weak to fight, the tube still sucking blood out of him.

Blade walks away from Fritz, who MUMBLES for mercy.

Blade bends down to pick up his sword.

Fritz is inches away from the SERIES OF ROTATING BLADES. Fear in his eyes. The tube, extended to its max, BREAKS spraying blood everywhere. Fritz moves closer to the BLADES, trying to claw himself away from them.

Blade picks his sword as -- FSSHHHH!!! -- the sounds of FRESH MEAT sliced up by razors and saws. Fritz is dead.

INT. LABORATORY, AMERICAN BUTCHER COMPANY - NIGHT

Red alarm lights FLASH. TWO WHITE COLLAR FAMILIARS, wearing lab coats, are desperately trying to back-up work off of a large computer-filled laboratory. Computer screens are graphically trying to remap the vampire genome. Red DNA models fill the screens, slowly being rendered. They are desperately trying to reproduce the Kachina before Blade arrives -- but they won't ever finish.

Behind them is a large window leading into a viewing room -- but from here, we can't see what's inside. A door leading into it sits next to the computers.

WHITE COLLAR FAMILIAR #1  
We're close. We're so close.

CHASE and CHRISTA enter through a set of large heavy double doors with two security guards.

CHASE  
We need to secure this area. Now!

CHRISTA  
What is it?

Two security guards swing the large doors closed but --  
SHING!!

Blade's sword sticks between them and --  
-- they're kicked open.

With a swift single move, Blade spins and slices the security guards across their throats. He falls to the floor.

The White Collar Familiars work furiously.

Chase HISSES -- leaping on Blade like a wildcat. She SLASHES him across the chest, smashes the underside of his jaw with her palm.

Blade elbows her off. He holds his sword spins and swings at  
--

CHRISTA

Blade's eyes lock with hers. He hesitates. The both do.

Just long enough for Chase to grab the back of Blade and BITE DOWN on his neck.

THE WHITE COLLAR FAMILIARS

ditch their working posts and open the door next to the viewing room. They rush in, trying to avoid the fight.

Blade SMACKS Chase off. Chase wipes the blood from her mouth.

CHASE

Yum.

Chase leaps at Blade. Blade aims his shotgun up and fires a silver stake at Chase --

CHRISTA

watches this all, leaps out at Chase to try and push her out of the way --

-- and does. Lucky for Chase, the stake only sinks into her THIGH. CINDERS glow around the wound. Chase GRUNTS.

Christa holds Chase close, looks up at --

BLADE, who is looking past them and into the viewing room. He can barely believe his eyes.

Christa's eyes widen -- she sees it now too.

CHRISTA

Oh, my God.

Blade opens the door into the viewing room --

IN THE VIEWING ROOM

Blade takes his sunglasses off.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Like the humans shrink-wrapped and hanging in BLADE TRINITY, here we have a honeycombed wall of BODIES hooked up to various bloody tubes, computer monitors, all shrink-wrapped and coated in a thick clear liquid.

But something's different here.

Blade steps up, not threatened by the white collar familiars, to examine it closer.

IN THE LAB

Christa holds Chase, watching HOT CINDERS fly from the wound in her thigh. The cinders are spreading.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
What's in there?

CHASE  
The Kachina.

IN THE VIEWING ROOM

Blade looks at the shrink-wrapped bodies closer. The familiars cower.

BLADE  
No wonder you've been trying to  
keep this operation so quiet.  
You're not experimenting on humans -  
-

ON A FACE OF ONE OF THE TEST SUBJECTS

There mouth is open, fangs protruding. These aren't humans -- they're fucking vampires.

BLADE (cont'd)  
-- you're experimenting on god damn  
vampires.

Blade puts his sunglasses back on.

BLADE (cont'd)  
And I'd guess not all of them are  
from Chthon.

The White Collar Familiars back away from him.

Blade pulls out a plastic explosive with a timer from his belt. The familiars panic.

BLADE (cont'd)  
Now's when you're supposed to try  
and run.

But as the familiars try -- Blade pulls out his sword and -- SLASHH! -- stops them from trying.

Blade sets the plastic explosive device on the window looking out at the computers.

He pulls out his car remote and clicks another button --  
BEEP! A counter on the explosive clicks on:  
00:01:00...00:00:59...

Blade pulls out a UV grenade, CLICKS it on and puts it down in front of the honeycomb of vampires. He pulls out another, CLICKS it on and puts it down. They both begin to GLOW.

IN THE LAB

Blade walks past Christa. Barely glancing at her.

BLADE (cont'd)  
(to Christa)  
I see you again, you're ash.

Blade exits.

The timer on the plastic explosive reads: 00:00:32. The UV grenades continue to GLOW and begin to VIBRATE.

Chase GRINDS her teeth in pain.

CHRISTA  
Hold on. We've got to get out here.

CHASE  
No. The Kachina...they've almost replicated the map of the vampire genome.

The timer reads: 00:00:27

CHRISTA  
We don't have time.

Christa grabs hold of the stake in Chase's leg.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
This is going to hurt. Bite down.

CHASE  
On what?

Christa holds out her own arm.

Chase's fangs sink into it, drawing blood.

Christa pulls the stake out.

The timer reads: 00:00:19.

Christa looks up into the viewing room at the honeycomb of vampires trapped there.

CHRISTA  
What about them?

CHASE  
They die.

INT. HALLWAY, AMERICAN BUTCHER COMPANY - NIGHT

A SIREN blares. Red lights FLASH. Christa helps Chase down the hallway. What's left of security and employees evacuate the building.

INT. VIEWING ROOM, AMERICAN BUTCHER COMPANY - NIGHT

The timer reads: 00:00:02...00:00:01...00:00:00...

FWASHH!! Inside, the UV grenades EXPLODE with a brilliant white light -- the vampires encased in the honeycomb BURN away, skulls exposed for a split second before decaying to DUST in the light. Some of them wake up as they DIE screaming in AGONY.

The light is quickly followed by a FIERY EXPLOSION that shatters the glass between the viewing room and the lab and consumes the computers and equipment.

EXT. AMERICAN BUTCHER COMPANY - NIGHT

Chase and Christa emerge, flames consuming the rear end of the American Butcher Company.

Blade's Charger ROARS away from the slaughterhouse.

Christa watches it disappear into the night.

END ACT SEVEN

ACT EIGHT

INT. HALLWAY, HOUSE OF CHTHON - NIGHT

Marcus walks with Christa down the hall towards her room.

MARCUS  
You did everything you could.

CHRISTA  
The Kachina?

MARCUS  
Is lost...for now.

CHRISTA  
And you used other vampires like  
guinea pigs to --

MARCUS  
To insure the survival of our  
House. I'll do anything to protect  
my Bloodline.

CHRISTA  
How's Chase?

MARCUS  
Recovering. Thanks to you. Fritz  
wasn't so lucky.

CHRISTA  
I'm sorry.

MARCUS  
I'd like you to take his place.

Christa opens her room, lost in thought.

CHRISTA  
Okay...

Marcus turns to leave.

CHRISTA (cont'd)  
Marcus.

MARCUS  
Yes?

CHRISTA

The visions I saw when I changed --  
the ones of my brother...what were  
they?

MARCUS

What did you see?

CHRISTA

Us, a long time ago. As kids in  
this Storybook Village we used to  
go to. Zack wanted me to chase  
him. Was it just a memory or --

MARCUS

It was a message. He was trying to  
show you something.

CHRISTA

What should I do?

MARCUS

What you've been doing.

Marcus heads down the hallway.

MARCUS (cont'd)

You follow him.

INT. CHRISTA'S ROOM, HOUSE OF CHTHON - NIGHT

Christa LOCKS her door.

She listens to the night air, hears nothing.

Christa slides open the window. She looks out over the city.  
It's a long way down.

Christa gathers her nerve, gets on the edge of the window  
sill.

She looks out across the street at the rooftop of another  
building, takes in a breath of air and --

-- jumps over two hundred feet.

THOOMM!! Christa lands on the roof across the street, on her  
feet, hands touching the roof. She can barely believe it.

Christa looks back at the House of Chthon, then runs off into  
the night.

INT. ZACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Christa picks up the framed photograph of her and Zack with Humpty Dumpty. She looks at it for a second, then turns it over.

She opens the back of the frame and sees --

-- a JUMP DRIVE taped on the back of the picture. Written with black magic marker on it: KACHINA.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The grave of: ZACK STARR - Son, Brother, Friend - April 4, 1981 - May 28, 2006.

Next to that another grave: CHRISTA STARR - Daughter, Sister, Friend - April 4, 1981 - June 5, 2006.

CHRISTA

looks down at the graves. Without warning --

-- HANDS grabs Christa from behind, pulling her backwards.

Christa GASPS as an injection gun -- like the one Blade used on himself -- sticks her throat. Serum from it is pumped into her veins.

Christa STRUGGLES.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Blade is the one holding her.

Christa's blood BOILS just like Blade's. She GRUNTS, holding in her screams.

The serum fully injected, Blade pulls back the gun and lets Christa go.

Christa grabs her throat, turns and looks up at Blade.

CHRISTA

Dammit! What...are you doing?

BLADE

Making sure you're still under control. Taking this serum before your transformation is the only reason your free will isn't gone. But now that you've had a taste for fresh blood, I need to calm your nerves. You can't get used to the taste.

CHRISTA

I won't.

BLADE

I came back to that hospital to give you answers. We talked. You begged to help -- get Marcus's attention. Have him change you. It was a gamble.

CHRISTA

It wasn't that much of a gamble. I'm a woman. It's one of his weaknesses.

Blade hands her the injection gun and a strap of vials of serum.

CHRISTA (cont'd)

How often do I have to take it?

BLADE

Every day. Twice if you have any blood. Did you find it?

Christa hands Blade the jump drive. Blade pulls out a small modified GPS device with a computer screen. He slips the jump drive into the side.

On the screen: A rendered image of the red DNA vampire genome comes up.

BLADE (cont'd)

The Kachina. The map of the vampire genome. Shen will have a field day.

Blade pulls the jump drive out. He hits a button on the side of the GPS device.

BLADE (cont'd)

Your subdermal responder is still active.

Chase holds up her left arm, looking close at the skin. Under it is the faint hint of a computer chip -- the subdermal responder.

BLADE (cont'd)

We can follow you everywhere.

CHRISTA

I know.

BLADE

Including Professor Caylo's. Why  
did you go see him? I told you  
everything you needed to know --

CHRISTA

I don't trust you.

BLADE

You don't trust me?

CHRISTA

Do you trust me?

BLADE

Enough. We made a deal, Christa.  
You take them down from the inside.  
I take them down from the outside.  
But if you lose control, I put you  
out of your misery. I warned you  
this wasn't going to be an easy  
existence. The things you're going  
to be a part of --

CHRISTA

Are nothing new. The bodies and  
the killing and the blood I saw  
before this. I was already a  
soldier.

BLADE

This is a different kind of war.  
One I'll do anything to win.

INT. BASEMENT, HUDSON'S - NIGHT

At the House of Chthon "Family Tree" --

-- the picture of Fritz is taken down. And Christa's picture  
is put up.

END ACT EIGHT