

Morning Light
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. DELTA - SUNSET

Panoramic shots of the sun going down on the shanty town area of the Mississippi River Delta. A few rotting tugs floating listlessly on the river. The faint sounds of one man playing steel blues guitar can be heard in the distance.

EXT. SHANTY TOWN

A young black man, (16) carrying an ornate hand tooled leather guitar case, in the dress of a sporting man, moves slowly through the heat of a shanty town.

It is sunset, 1910, a hot summer night. Old men and women look up as he passes, smiling to themselves knowingly. He looks around, out of place, before walking on. This is LUKE MODINE.

EXT. SMOKER

Luke stops outside a smoker set on the bank of the river. Guitar music plays inside. He pauses before entering.

INT. SMOKER

Smoke. More smoke. Women, booze and more women. Tired worn out black men of all ages listen to one man on a tiny stage playing Mississippi steel blues guitar.

Luke steps through the front door. Everyone stares at him, then turn back to the stage, impassive. Luke looks around and moves over to the bar.

INT. SMOKER BAR

Luke steps up to the make-shift bar in the corner of the room. The bartender looks him over then pours him a shot of booze from a dirty bottle.

BARTENDER
Two bits, son.

Luke tosses a coin at him before surveying the smoker.

LATER

Luke leans against the bar. If anything, the smoker is darker, smokier and fuller. Luke finishes his drink and, cocksure, tosses another coin over his shoulder onto the bar. The bartender looks at it, him and then pours another shot.

INT. SMOKER

Across the room from Luke, a beautiful black BUJA WOMAN in a costume with African overtones, sees him, smiles and rises elegantly from a small table deep in the corner.

INT. SMOKER BAR

Luke intently watches the guitarist, absorbing all he can.

BUJA WOMAN(O.S.)
Lord, V'lu...

The bartender looks up as the woman approaches the bar.

BUJA WOMAN (CONT'D)
Something to ward off the chill.

V'LU, the bartender, pours a drink out of a special bottle as she leans against the bar beside Luke. She studies him.

BUJA WOMAN
And what have we here? Another
young blood with a guitar lookin'
for the wild side?

Luke looks over at her, was it that obvious?

LUKE
Ma'am...

BUJA WOMAN
Ma'am? Child, that there just shows
how little you know...

She glances to V'lu, conversation over. Luke, confused, what did he say wrong?

V'LU
The ma'am, she be the Buja woman
for this pile of sticks.

LUKE
That be so? Then we've got some
talkin' to do, you and me.

BUJA WOMAN
(turning to him)
You been playing in the churches a
long time, and now you hungry for
something more. Give him another
drink, V'lu, he'll catch his death.

V'lu smiles and pours. Luke eyes the woman, wary.

BUJA WOMAN

Your momma, she know where you are?
She pray for your soul? To save you
from that Devil music...

LUKE

Ma'am, I play any song real good.
Songs of the church, yeah, but
that's ain't enough.

Luke grins, slyly, and hammers back his drink.

LUKE

I guess I just be thirsty.

BUJA WOMAN

And what you willin' to give up, to
live the life you're talking about?

Luke glances at the guitarist on the stage, a beautiful woman
on his lap, even though he has to be over seventy years old.

LUKE

(quietly)
Anything.

BUJA WOMAN

I don't think we all heard you,
child.

LUKE

Anything.

The woman laughs in his face and abruptly marches out. Luke
watches, dismayed. V'lu rolls his eyes and gestures with his
head for Luke to follow her.

EXT. SHANTY TOWN STREET

The Buja woman strides down the street, Luke following behind
her. She never looks back. Luke stumbles.

BUJA WOMAN

Watch yourself, child, we don't
want the snakes to get you.

LUKE

Ma'am, I've been bitten before..

She laughs and continues.

INT. BUJA WOMAN'S SHACK

A fire flickers in the corner and millions of questionable
things hang from every available wall and ceiling.

The woman digs around near the fire, making a steaming cup of something when Luke stoops under the sill and enter the shack, looking around in wonderment and apprehension.

BUJA WOMAN
So another child wants to be a bluesman...

LUKE
Another, Ma'am?

BUJA WOMAN
It takes more, much more than desire to be a bluesman. Desire, huh, that's the easy part. No one has the time.

LUKE
I've got the time, I'm only...

BUJA WOMAN
That ain't the time I'm talkin' about, child. Sacrifices have to be made.

LUKE
Ma'am, I came here to become a bluesman, and I ain't leavin' till I am. I was told that you could help me.

The woman smiles at him, sympathetically, and steps forward.

BUJA WOMAN
I hope you said goodbye to your family...

Luke stares at her, confused. His face suddenly fills with abject terror.

INT. SAVOY NIGHTCLUB BACK STAGE - NIGHT

A black man, LUCAS MARTINE (35) lounges in a dingy back stage area of a nightclub. The sound of an audience can be heard. He lights a cigarette and the match flash shows he's the spitting image of Luke Modine, only maybe a bit more jaded.

INT. SAVOY NIGHTCLUB

The club is the modern version of the smoker. Smoke, more smoke, booze, women, more women, black -lots of it- the clothes and the people. PETER NORRIS (35) chain smokes at a table with RACHEL (32). Both look perfect for the locale.

Peter talks animatedly to a guy at the next table and Rachel's eyes browse the room.

PETER
Sunnyland Slim married his fifth
wife when he was 72, she was
20...still playing slide like a hot
damn and drinking gin like it was
water.

Peter pounds his drink and waves to the waitress for two
more.

PETER
Now that's the life...that's a
bluesman. Rachel...

Rachel glances over from scanning the room, bored.

PETER
You listening to anything I'm
sayin'?

RACHEL
You're not talking to me.

Before Peter can get into it with her, the black announcer
steps out onto stage and the lights dim. Peter focuses on the
stage, attentive.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Ladies and Gentlemen...The Savoy-

INT. SAVOY BACKSTAGE

Lucas leans down and picks up an electric guitar.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
...is very proud to welcome back,
'The Reverend' Lucas Martine!

The crowd bursts into cheering. Lucas smiles, drops the
cigarette and strides out onto stage.

INT. SAVOY AUDIENCE

Peter watches intently as the band kicks into their first
song, some killer Chicago Blues. Peter nods in approval,
unintentionally.

The drinks arrive at the table but Peter's engrossed in the
band and doesn't notice. Rachel sighs and pays the waitress.

LATER

The band rolls into another song. Rachel nurses her drink and
gazes around, bored. Peter obviously hasn't talked to her
since the band came on. Lucas steps forward into the
spotlight for a solo and Peter frowns and leans forward to
look closer at him.

He considers asking Rachel something but decides not to. He pounds the rest of his drink and looks for a waitress.

Frowning, he lights a cigarette and gets up, pointing at Rachel's half empty drink. She gulps it down and hands him the glass. Peter moves across the club to the bar, intent on watching Lucas play.

INT. SAVOY BAR

Peter pushes his way up to the bar.

PETER
Two scotch! One rocks.

The bartender gives him a thumbs up. Peter watches the band.

MAN(O.S.)
Peter! How the hell are ya?

A smooth suit with a bimbo on his arm is there. They shake.

PETER
Brad...

The bartender puts down the drinks behind Peter. Peter tosses cash at him.

PETER
How's records?

BRAD
Like printing money. How's the shop?

PETER
The shop ain't my life.

BRAD
...Right.

Peter gets his drinks, and leaves.

BRAD
Listen, if you're interested in some sessions...

PETER
Blues?

Brad shakes his head.

PETER
Pass.

BRAD
There's a party after. Come by.

Peter nods and heads into the audience.

GIRL
Who's he?

BRAD
He was a player. About ten years ago.

GIRL
Ten years ago? Who cares...
Buy me champagne, OK?

INT. SAVOY AUDIENCE

Peter stops and watches the band. He scans the audience and spots a stunning redhead sitting at the reserved band table.

He glances at Rachel, bored, at his table and over at the band. He sighs and gulps down a drink. A waitress tries to slide by him, carrying a tray above her head.

PETER
Ellen! Scotch?

ELLEN
You bet, Petey...

She moves by, rubbing up against him. He rolls his eyes up and drinks down the other drink.

PETER
Better make it two!

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Crammed full of people. Just as smoky, noisy and full as the club. Peter and a bored Rachel push their way through the crowds at the door. A bar is set up at one end of the room.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT BAR

Peter drinks from a huge glass of scotch. Rachel talks behind him to a cute guy. Peter scans the crowd and suddenly sees a flash of red hair through the crowd. It's the girl from the club and Lucas Martine. Peter frowns and heads towards them.

RACHEL
He's off again...excuse me.

Rachel makes to follow.

PETER
It's OK, I'll be back in a sec.

Rachel spots the redhead. Angry, she considers the cute guy.

RACHEL
You do anything that makes money?

INT. PARTY

Peter moves through the party to the redhead and Lucas Martine. A woman grabs his arm.

WOMAN
Peter! My God, how are you?

Peter smiles but glances through the crowd for the redhead. They're heading towards the exit.

PETER
Fine...fine, Janis, I gotta go talk to some-

JANIS
This is my friend from back east. She's back to check out the scene.

Peter smiles at Janis' friend who's glancing around like a fish out of water.

JANIS
Melody, this is Peter Norris, he's a guitarist. A rock and roller!

PETER
No, just blues. Mississippi steel blues.

JANIS
He had a simply wonderful album out-

Peter watches as the redhead and Lucas Martine slip out the back door.

JANIS
...when was that, Peter?

PETER
Oh-eight.

JANIS
That long ago, are you sure?

PETER
I've gotta go, nice to meet you.

He pushes into the crowd before Melody can say anything.

MELODY
What's blue Mississippi steel?

JANIS
...Haven't the faintest.

In the distance, Peter slips out the exit.

EXT. APARTMENT ALLEY

Peter steps out into the alley. It is empty. He glances around, frowns, and reenters the building.

EXT. DAVIE STREET - NIGHT

A personable gentleman, TONY, (30) steps from an alley to scan the block. On the corner slouches a tall blonde hooker.

EXT. DAVIE STREET CORNER

The hooker shakes her shoulders at a passing car and looks around bored. Another long night at work. Tony strolls up.

TONY
Hi!

The hooker checks him out.

HOOKER
You looking for the time?

TONY
No. I know what time it is.

The hooker laughs, they banter.

TONY
Care to join me in a little walk?

HOOKER
I'd love to, will it be worth my while?

TONY
Oh, absolutely.

HOOKER
(with a grin)
My alley or yours?

EXT. DAVIE STREET ALLEY

Tony leans against a building while the hooker struggles with his fly. Tony keeps his eyes on the alley, wary. She moves down when Tony leans over and tips her head up.

HOOKER
What?

TONY
(melodramatically)
I want to suck your blood.

HOOGER
Honey, that'll be another hundred.

TONY
Deal.

He moves, catlike, ripping her neck open with his fanged teeth. Her mouth opens in an anguished, hysterical scream. But what comes out is the screaming wail of a guitar.

INT. RECORD SHOP - DAY

Peter lounges on the counter of a empty hole-in-the-wall record shop specializing in blues and classic R and B. A record player behind the counter plays ancient Mississippi steel blues guitar album.

Peter frowns and tries the riff again on his steel guitar. He lights up a cigarette and tosses the match into an overflowing ashtray.

Peter slides down off the counter goes over to a record rack. He digs through a section and pulls up a tattered old album in a plastic sleeve. On the cover is a photo of the artist. An old, old studio portrait of Luke Modine with his guitar.

Peter stares closely at the photo. He puts the record on the turntable. "Luke 'The Saint' Modine" rips out of the speakers in a riveting style of steel blues guitar. Peter is a bit confused when the door chimes and JAMES GILLARD (35) enters.

PETER
Where the hell were you last night?

JAMES
I was on a date?

PETER
You should have brought her, Rachel needed someone to talk to.

JAMES
Hmm, finally get a date only to ignore her all night long. Pass. That's your dating style not mine, Petey.

PETER
What do you want? I've got a store to run.

They glance around the empty store.

JAMES

Coffee?

Peter shrugs.

EXT. GREASY SPOON DINER

James and Peter exit the diner with takeaway cups of coffee, strolling down the busy street.

JAMES

You at the Savoy all last night?

Peter stares at him. Of course he was.

JAMES

Sorry. Christ, you look like shit.

Peter reacts, he doesn't think he looks like shit.

PETER

Another blow up with Rachel.

JAMES

How much sleep you had?

PETER

I don't know, mom.

JAMES

You've gotta change your lifestyle.

PETER

To what? What else can I do? I told you, this is all I can do. It's all I want to do.

JAMES

I can't see you growing old here.

PETER

Yeah well, I don't exactly see myself growing old, period.

They continue along the sidewalk.

INT. RECORD SHOP

The two lounge at the counter, a bottle of scotch open. They listen to the record Peter was listening to earlier.

JAMES

He's good. Who is it?

PETER

Luke 'The Saint' Modine.

JAMES
Another great name, Petey
'Bloodshot' Norris.

PETER
What brings you down to the slums,
Jamey 'Babblin' White Trash'
Gillard?

JAMES
(serious)
Another hooker had her throat
ripped open down by the Savoy.
You see anything?

PETER
How much time you think I spend
down there?

JAMES
Every waking moment you're not
here. Seriously.

Peter thinks and shakes his head.

JAMES
When the sanitation guys found this
one, her head came right off in
their hands.

This stops the conversation. Luke Modine plays on.

JAMES
My album in yet?

PETER
This week, promise.

James laughs. A walkie-talkie squawks in his pocket. He sighs
and turns it down, flashing a police badge as he does.

JAMES
If you see anything, call me.

PETER
Hey, come down tonight. You'll love
this guys name, 'The Reverend'. But
he's not bad for Chicago blues.

Peter laughs.

JAMES
That means it's good enough for me?
I'm honored.

PETER
Get outta here before I call the
cops.

James laughs and leaves. Peter picks up the album cover and
stares at the photo.

INT. SAVOY - NIGHT

Lucas and his band pound through another number. Peter leans
on the bar getting a drink.

BARTENDER
Scotch.

PETER
Right.

The bartender smiles and reaches for the good stuff.

JAMES (O.S.)
Make that two.

PETER
Whoa, isn't it past your bedtime?

James rests against the bar, a battered leather jacket
looking rather out of place on him.

JAMES
What kind of bluesman you think I
am?

MAN (O.S.)
(coldly)
Cops ain't bluesmen.

Peter and James react to a huge black man glaring at them.

PETER
You talkin' to us?

MAN
What you doin' here, Gillneck?

PETER
Watchin' the Goddamned band, what
do you think he's doing here,
sayin' hi to scumball pimps like
you?

MAN
Watch it, little man.

Peter makes a move to fight. James puts up his arm.

JAMES
(calmly)
I'm here to take in the music, have
a few drinks, and that's all.
That's all.

James cop-stares coldly at the man.

JAMES
Nothing else.

James sips his drink.

JAMES
See? Walk away, Luther.

Luther shakes his head, glares at Peter and leaves.

PETER
Why do you put up with shit like
that? Christ, I could have taken
him...

JAMES
(disbelieving)
You could have taken him. Petey, I
have to put up with that every time
I go out my front door.

James shrugs.

JAMES
You learn to deal with it.

James downs his drink, and gestures to the bartender.

JAMES
Two more.

It's not as easy to deal with as he says.

LATER

Peter and James lounge against a pillar watching the band.
Peter suddenly sees a flash of the redhead through the crowd
and steps away. James scans the room.

JAMES
The redhead?

PETER
You're getting better.

James laughs. Peter pushes through the crowd towards her.

INT. SAVOY DANCE FLOOR

The band finishes as Peter crosses the floor. He struggles against the flow. By the time he gets to her, the redhead holds court with the whole band. They eye him.

PETER

Hey.

Lucas nods and continues chatting with another band member.

PETER

This chair taken?

REDHEAD

No.

He smiles at the redhead. The rest of the band look over at him. Peter recognizes the bass player.

PETER

Robert.

ROBERT

Jesus... Peter. Where the hell have you been hiding? Lucas, this is Peter Norris, that steel guitarist I told you about, way back when...

Lucas nods, Peter nods, each keeping it cool.

PETER

Like your style.

Lucas nods, politely.

PETER

You spent some time in Louisiana.

Lucas becomes interested. The redhead flashes her eyes at him but he waves her off.

LUCAS

Maybe...

PETER

South Delta. Baton Rouge.

LUCAS

(impressed)

Yeah.

Peter leans back, super-casual, and downs his drink.

PETER

Thought so.

LUCAS
You?

PETER
Never been.

LUCAS
You should.

Lucas grins.

LUCAS
...the women...

The redhead flashes him another glance that Peter catches. He notices no drink in front of her.

LUCAS
Peter, this is Kirsta Arnold, a
Southern belle of the finest kind.

KIRSTA
Hello.

Peter nods, playing it cool. Peter waves down the waitress, Ellen.

PETER
Ellen, a round.

ELLEN
Scotch, right?

Peter nods.

PETER
Chivas.

LUCAS
Pass, thanks.

Peter reacts -- a bluesman who doesn't drink?

PETER
Care for another?

KIRSTA
(coolly)
No thank you.

Peter reacts again, a blues girl who doesn't drink? Ellen leaves. Lucas stares carefully at Peter, especially his hand.

LUCAS
You play.

PETER
'52 Gibson Steel, mainly Sonny Boy,
Robert Johnson, Sun House, you
know.

LUCAS
(impressed)
I know.

DRUMMER
Get Lucas to show you his strings
sometime.

The rest of the band laugh and Peter watches, confused.

INT. SAVOY

James stands alone at the pillar. Occasionally someone will come by, recognize him, scowl and move on. He watches Peter at the table, talking to Kirsta, animatedly. The band plays on. He glances at his watch, sighs and leaves.

EXT. SAVOY - NIGHT

Peter exits with the band, Lucas and Kirsta.

LUCAS
Well, Peter Norris, it's been a
pleasure meeting you.

PETER
All mine.

KIRSTA
Lucas, we've got to get going.
(to Peter)
We'll see you?

PETER
Definitely. It's been fun, Kirsta.
Luke...Modine, is it?

Lucas calmly stares into his eyes.

LUCAS
No, Martine. Lucas Martine.

PETER
My mistake. You look one hell of a
lot like an old Louisiana steel
guit-

LUCAS
I know who he is.

PETER
Oh. Wild coincidence, huh?

LUCAS

No.

Kirsta glances at Lucas and they converse without words.

LUCAS

He's my grandfather. I guess I got his looks.

Lucas laughs and Kirsta quickly joins in. Peter too.

PETER

Well, your grandfather gave you his hands too.

LUCAS

You think?

Peter nods.

KIRSTA

Lucas...

LUCAS

We'll see you around.

PETER

You bet.

They stroll away and Peter watches them go. Kirsta more than Lucas. A loud screech of tires spins Peter around.

EXT. BUTE STREET ALLEY - NIGHT

A woman gets her neck ripped open by Tony. He pauses to readjust her body so he doesn't get blood on his white shirt.

INT. RECORD SHOP - DAY

As classic blues fills the shop, Peter searches through a huge book on the blues. A couple of people mill around in the shop. Peter finds a section on Luke 'The Saint' Modine.

A big photo of him with his guitar. It is a stainless steel, seven string ornate guitar. Very rare, very noticeable. He reads through the section, frowning at what he's reading. He's flipping the page when a customer comes up to the till.

EXT. SAVOY - NIGHT

Beside a line up is a sign with the headline, "Lucas 'The Reverend' Martine tonight".

INT. SAVOY BACKSTAGE

Peter, Lucas and Kirsta in the dressing room.

PETER

But what happened to your
grandfather? His only album, it's
amazing! Then to just disappear...

LUCAS

He ran off with the daughter of a
plantation owner. A white
plantation owner.

Lucas connects again with Kirsta, but Peter misses it.

LUCAS

You can probably guess that wasn't
a really brilliant way to continue
a music career.

KIRSTA

Not on records, anyway.

They connect again.

PETER

Where'd they go?

LUCAS

They didn't.

Confused frown from Peter.

LUCAS

River boat accident. It isn't very
well known. The bodies were never
found.

PETER

But what about your father?

LUCAS

(cynical laugh)

Well, they weren't too good on
keeping birthin' records on us
coloureds. He was raised as an
orphan.

PETER

But...

Lucas gets up.

LUCAS

Show time. See you two after.

KIRSTA

Break a leg.

After Lucas leaves the room, Peter considers Kirsta.

PETER
 (obsessively curious)
 How did he find out about his
 grandfather? If they didn't keep
 records, how did his father know
 about his parents? I don't
 understand...

KIRSTA
 I...

LUCAS (O.S.)
 Peter-

Lucas stands in the doorway.

LUCAS
 You play Chicago blues?

PETER
 (casually)
 If I have to.

LUCAS
 Grab a guitar.

PETER
 Serious?

Lucas nods and Peter jumps up -- a little too excited. Kirsta connects with Lucas. Lucas and Peter head out.

INT. SAVOY

The band plays with Peter on guitar, beside Lucas. He's having a great time, and watches with interest how Lucas plays. Kirsta observes from the audience with a smile.

EXT. SUN TOWER - NIGHT

An old, octagonal building with a seventeen story tower with a lit domed top and a cupola at the top.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

Lucas and Kirsta's apartment. A huge open living room, dining room with a high arched vaulted ceiling. This is the dome of the Sun Tower. The kitchen off to one side. A few blocked out windows along one curving wall.

Kirsta and Peter talk on a sectional couch within thirty people socializing. Lucas shows a couple around.

WOMAN
 How ever did you get this?

LUCAS
Oh, an investment here, an
investment there...

MAN
The morning light must be just
amazing.

LUCAS
Like it's touching the depths your
soul...

The three of them move past the couch, the man and woman
glancing up at the vaulted ceiling in awe. Lucas stares
impassively at the blocked out windows.

KIRSTA
Well, we met when I was living in
the French quarter of New
Orleans...

She thinks for a moment.

KIRSTA
God, that was a long time ago...

PETER
(a pointed question)
You're just friends?

KIRSTA
Yes, just friends. We were
more...for a while. But now...

PETER
Just friends.

KIRSTA
Right.

LATER

Kirsta and Peter lean against the counter in the kitchen,
deep in conversation.

Lucas, alone in the living room, pulls the hand tooled
leather guitar case from behind the couch. He opens it and
removes the ornate guitar that's in the photo of Luke Modine
Peter looked at earlier.

INT. LUCAS' KITCHEN

PETER
...It came out in two-thousand-and-
eight. Classic Delta blues. It
didn't do very well.

It wasn't a good year for white
boys playing classic Delta blues.

He laughs, harsh.

KIRSTA
I'm sure it's wonderful. Have you
put out anything since then?

PETER
No, I...

The sound of brilliant Mississippi steel blues rips through the apartment. Exactly like the Luke Modine album Peter has. Peter moves into the living room with Kirsta following. Peter just stares as Lucas continues to play.

The guitar fades to the static filled sound of a record.

INT. RECORD SHOP - DAY

Peter plays the Luke Modine album, same song, same place. He stares hard at the album cover. James wanders in.

JAMES
Petey.

PETER
Hey.

James steps up to the counter and gazes at the album. Peter puts it down before James gets a chance to see it.

JAMES
What happened to you last night?

PETER
I ended up at Lucas and Kirsta's
place.

James peeks at the albums on the counter.

PETER
They live at the top of the Sun
Tower, can you believe it?

James glances up.

JAMES
Had another murder near there last
night. A hooker. That's three in a
row.

PETER
Don't you have anyone to talk to at
the station? I can't deal with all
this murder shit, day after day.

JAMES
I didn't think you minded my cop stories.

PETER
I don't. When it's drug deals and booze-cans getting busted. I like all that. But this psycho murder shit...

Peter shakes his head.

PETER
You gotta change your lifestyle. If you wanna be a 'bluesman' you can't be a cop. That big black moron was right. They just don't go together.

JAMES
(terse)
Let me deal with that, huh?

PETER
You'll just screw up your brain, spending your nights in a club trying to be like half the crowd and wanting to arrest the other half.

JAMES
Yeah, but if that ain't the blues, I don't know what is.

He breaks into song.

JAMES
"Whoa, everyday...
Everyday, I live the blues..."

Peter shakes his head and laughs.

EXT. SAVOY - NIGHT

People lining up outside. The music of the band begins.

INT. SAVOY STAGE - NIGHT

Peter, Lucas and the band rocking away, having a great time. Peter is far more relaxed now.

EXT. SAVOY ALLEY - NIGHT

Kirsta climbs out of a cab, heading towards the club. Behind her, the taxi remains parked, its headlights off. As Kirsta passes a darkened doorway, a hand reaches out and grabs her. She screams in terror.

INT. SAVOY STAGE - NIGHT

Peter scans the crowd from the stage. He slides over to Lucas, who's in mid solo.

PETER
(to Lucas)
Where's Kirsta?

LUCAS
She should have been here by now.

Lucas continues his solo while glancing around the room with Peter. Thru the crowd, Peter spots Kirsta's red hair.

She is with Tony. Kirsta waves at the stage. Tony nods to Lucas who grins back. As Tony and Kirsta sit down at the band table, Peter watches, jealous.

INT. SAVOY AUDIENCE - NIGHT

Later. The band finishes its set. Peter hops down off the stage and makes his way to the table. Kirsta and Tony continue their deep conversation.

TONY
...so I ended up in Anchorage. God knows why, that got boring after only three months, so I sold my mukluks, grabbed a plane and thought I'd scare up some fun down here.

Peter arrives at the table, gives Kirsta a possessive kiss and sits down.

KIRSTA
Peter this is Tony Fitzpatrick.
Tony, this is Peter 'The Bishop' Norris.

She laughs at her joke.

PETER
Fitzpatrick...a little Irish in your blood?

TONY
If you dig down far enough. You?

PETER
Some from a village on the Shannon.

TONY

Oh, the Shannon! Know it well. I've found that the fair Irish maidens will do just about anything on the sunny banks of the Shannon.

Tony connects quickly with Kirsta and communication passes between them that Peter misses.

PETER

Unfortunately, I was looked over by an overly protective, superstitious grandmother.

TONY

Grandparents are great. Can't remember the last time I saw mine.

Peter nods as Lucas pops into the conversation.

LUCAS

Tony! It's been to damn long, man!

They hug and shake hands.

LUCAS

Where you been?

TONY

Where haven't I, is more the question.

LUCAS

You still chewing on that harp?

TONY

How could I live without it?

He pulls an ancient mouth harp out of his pocket. Wails a little. He's amazing.

TONY

Ahhh, the sounds of Heaven. Who needs another drink?

KIRSTA

(to Lucas)

Tony is passing through and needs a place to stay. I said it was all right. After he almost scared me to death in the alley!

TONY

Just checking her reflexes, that's all. She's still fast as a cat. Meow. Waitress!

He's an amusing guy and Peter gets a kick out of him.

INT. SAVOY STAGE - NIGHT

Later. Peter, Lucas and the band, with Tony on harp, kick through a song. James watches from the back, excluded.

EXT. SAVOY ALLEY - NIGHT

Lucas, Tony, Kirsta and Peter mill in the alley.

TONY
Lucas and I are gonna go track down
some..old acquaintances.

Kirsta, Lucas and Tony confer quickly without talking. Peter misses all of this. Lucas suddenly laughs. He and Tony head down the alley.

TONY
Nice meeting you, Bishop. And hey,
watch out for her, she bites.

Tony laughs.

PETER
I'm sure she does!

Tony gives Kirsta a look, she smiles back. Tony and Lucas round the corner. Finally alone, Kirsta and Peter embrace.

PETER
Been thinking about you.

KIRSTA
That makes two of us.

PETER
Where you parked?

KIRSTA
(rubbing against him)
Right here. And it feels nice.

INT. KIRSTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter slides out of Kirsta's bed, trying his best not to wake her.

INT. LUCAS' LIVING ROOM

Peter puts on his jacket, and moving slowly, crosses the living room, past the sleeping form of Tony on the couch, towards the door.

As he gets to the door, Kirsta leans out of the bedroom, and quietly, silently, moves across the living room, past Tony, who's eyes are now open, watching, to behind Peter. He jumps when she touches him.

PETER

Ah!

She gives him a passionate kiss.

PETER

You're as quiet as an angel.

She kisses him again.

KIRSTA

...You're a good man, Peter.

INT. SAVOY - NIGHT

Peter, on stage, more relaxed, playing along with the band. Lucas gestures to him and, excited, he plays the solo. He makes eye contact with Kirsta at her table. She glows back at him. He revels in the spotlight.

James waves to him and Peter smiles. He scans the club. Rachel stands at the end of the dance floor. He misses his chord. Rachel glares, observing him staring at Kirsta, then leaves.

Peter stops having fun and becomes serious. He stares down at the stage and concentrates on playing.

EXT. SAVOY ALLEY - NIGHT

Peter, Kirsta and Lucas exit from the back stage door.

PETER

Where'd you park?

Kirsta points down the alley and shivers. Peter wraps his arm around her.

KIRSTA

Have you seen Tony?

LUCAS

Ah, he's floating around somewhere.

Kirsta gives him the eye. Lucas pretends to tip his hat to them and heads up the alley.

KIRSTA

Be careful.

LUCAS

Don't worry about me, I can see in the dark. Take care, Peter, that was a sweet solo you took tonight.

PETER

Hey thanks.

Peter and Kirsta go the other way. Lucas glances back at them as they round the corner.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Peter and Kirsta walk up to her car. Kirsta looks through her purse.

KIRSTA

Shit. I must have left my keys in the dressing room.

PETER

Worry not, fair maiden.

Peter heads off across the lot.

PETER

Don't fly away on me, OK?

KIRSTA

Promise.

EXT. RICHARDS STREET

Lucas arrives at the front of the Savoy. He's looped the block on Peter and Kirsta and saunters along taking in the late night action around him.

EXT. SAVOY ALLEY

Peter strolls back towards the Savoy.

EXT. SAVOY FRONT ENTRANCE

Rachel comes storming out of the Savoy, furious. Alone. Again. Peter comes around the corner as she struggles to light a smoke.

PETER

Rachel.

RACHEL

(bitter)
What?

PETER

Nothing. I-

RACHEL
Forget it, Peter. Just forget it.
We had some fun, now it's over, OK?

Peter tries to think of something to say, can't and goes inside. Rachel sucks on the cigarette and looks for a cab.

EXT. RICHARDS STREET

Rachel attempts to thumb down a taxi but none stop for her.

RACHEL
You stupid taxi! Jesus.

MAN (O.S.)
Not having much luck, huh?

Rachel sees Lucas, smiling at her. A cab goes by.

RACHEL
(bitter)
What the hell does it look like?

LUCAS
(taken aback)
Whoa! Sorry. Damn.

He shakes his head and strolls away. Rachel watches him before attempting to flag a cab, feeling guilty for yelling.

INT. SAVOY DRESSING ROOM

Peter searches around for the keys. He's not finding them.

EXT. RICHARDS STREET

Rachel tries to flag down a cab, mad.

MAN (O.S.)
Hey.

Rachel sees Tony, smiling gently at her.

TONY
Join me for a coffee and I
guarantee to get you home, safe and
sound.

Rachel is about to bitch at him, stops and regards him.

RACHEL
(coy)
Just how safe is safe?

EXT. SAVOY ALLEY

Peter goes out the stage door into the dark alley.

EXT. RICHARDS STREET

Tony and Rachel walking down the street, deep in flirty conversation.

EXT. CAR LOT

Peter arrives back in the car lot. He can't see Kirsta anywhere.

EXT. RICHARDS STREET

Tony suddenly grabs Rachel and flings her into an empty alley. She tries to get out but he grabs her and pushes her back into the darkness.

EXT. CAR LOT

Kirsta's car door suddenly swings open behind Peter.

EXT. RICHARDS STREET ALLEY

Tony rips Rachel's neck open.

EXT. CAR LOT

Peter jumps back from Kirsta's car. Kirsta gets out.

KIRSTA
They were in my coat pocket.

She wipes her lips, subtly, and dangles the keys in his face.

KIRSTA
Did I scare you?

PETER
(recovering)
What? Me? You kidding? I-

Kirsta leans up and kisses him. Peter responds.

EXT. RECORD SHOP - DAY

Peter locks up the store and heads down the street.

JAMES (O.S.)
Petey! Hey!

Peter stops as James runs across the intersection to the glare of traffic.

PETER
Jaywalking's illegal.

He smiles at his joke. They stroll together.

JAMES
You looked pretty good last night.
Getting the chops back?

Peter proudly shrugs it off.

PETER
Who said I ever lost them?

JAMES
Saw Rachel there.

Beat.

JAMES
Saw her this morning, too.

Peter stops. Did he sleep with her? James stops, serious.

PETER
...Good for you. She's-

JAMES
Peter, she was killed last night.
Her neck got ripped open in an
alley by the Savoy.

Peter doesn't say anything.

JAMES
(filling in the dead air)
Last time anyone saw her, she was
outside the Savoy with a black man.
About two-thirty.

Peter bottles his emotions and storms off. James watches him.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter slouches on the couch in the dark, with only the light from the TV. The sound is down and he plays the guitar - slow, mournful, heartbreaking blues.

The phone rings. He lets it. It stops. Pause and it rings again. Putting down the guitar, Peter answers it.

PETER
Yeah.

Peter listens for a while.

PETER
I think I'll pass. No.

He sighs.

PETER
All right. Look, I'll meet you
there, OK? Yeah, ten o'clock, fine.

He hangs up and picks up the guitar.

EXT. BUSY DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Another action packed shopping night, the sidewalks jammed
with shoppers and people watchers.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Peter and Kirsta sit at a trendy little restaurant, facing
the street. Kirsta sips a coffee and Peter has a scotch.
Peter is out of place mixed in with the fashionable, and they
see him the same way.

KIRSTA
...we've been in town about six
months..before that Madrid, and
before that, Helsinki.

PETER
Helsinki?

KIRSTA
(laughing)
Lucas wanted to see Finland.

Peter doesn't laugh. Kirsta notices that he's rather distant.

PETER
(matter of fact)
You always travel with Lucas.

Kirsta nods and continues to sip her coffee. Peter downs his
drink and gets up, pulling Kirsta with him.

PETER
Let's get out of here.

EXT. GRANVILLE STREET SIDEWALK

Moving along with a the crowds of shoppers. Peter off in
another world, Kirsta glancing into the shop windows. Kirsta
flows thru the crowd, effortlessly, but Peter bumps into
people.

KIRSTA
Peter...

She grabs his arm, smiling. Peter scowls at her. She quickly
lets go of his arm.

Peter stares intently at her for a moment then strides off.
Kirsta watches him for a moment before storming after him.

She catches up to Peter at an alley entrance and shoves him into the alley.

PETER

Hey!

EXT. GRANVILLE STREET ALLEY

Kirsta and Peter square off, facing each other, in the alley. Behind them, pedestrians pass by, oblivious.

KIRSTA

Peter, what's the matter? You've been off in another world all night.

Kirsta tries to lighten the mood a bit.

KIRSTA

Don't you like me anymore?

PETER

My old girlfriend, Rachel, was found this morning. Dead, her throat ripped out.

KIRSTA

Oh Peter, I...

Beat.

KIRSTA

Why didn't you tell me?

Peter shrugs and lights a smoke. Kirsta watches him.

KIRSTA

Oh no. Is this the image talking? Is this how you think you should act? Mister Bluesman?

Kirsta gets suddenly angry.

KIRSTA

Hold it in, drink yourself into a pit that you can't ever get out of? Huh?

Jesus...

And I thought you were different. Looks like I was wrong, again. You all think you're better than everyone else, you can smoke more, drink more, sleep less, and somehow all that will make you live longer...

And you don't give a shit how it affects anyone else.

What do you think you are,
Superman?

Peter glares at her.

PETER
No. Just a bluesman.

He stalks off alone.

INT. SAVOY STAGE - NIGHT

The band plays but Peter is serious and not having a great deal of fun. Kirsta watches, concerned. James, at the bar, realizes something's wrong.

INT. SAVOY AUDIENCE - NIGHT

Band break. They're all sitting around the band table. Peter isn't sitting beside Kirsta. He's off in his own world despite the joking around the table.

TONY
...so Lucas and I went out into the audience, grabbed four girls, the cutest we could find...

Peter suddenly slams down his empty drink and rises, slightly unsteady. Everyone stares at him.

BASS
Grab us another, OK?

Peter ignores him and heads off to the bar. Everyone watches.

TONY
Must be his time of the month.

They all laugh, except for Kirsta.

INT. SAVOY BAR

Peter stumbles up to the bar, heading quickly towards drunk.

PETER
Two double scotches, and put'em in one glass.
No ice, no water, no soda, no shit.

He stares into the bar mirror. James slides up beside him.

JAMES
Hey Petey...

PETER
(whirling)
It's Peter! That's it, just Peter!

Say it right, or don't say it at all!

JAMES
(calmly)
Ok, ok, Jesus, take it easy.

The drinks arrive. Peter sips down half of his.

JAMES
What's the matter?

PETER
Nothing. Nothing's the matter, OK?

JAMES
This isn't junior high, Norface,
you can't blame puberty for being
in a shitty mood.

Peter whirls at him.

PETER
Shitty mood?? Fuck you. This isn't
a fucking shitty mood! My life's a
fucking mess. And your stupid jokes
aren't making it any better.

Peter storms off. James pays for the drinks and heads after Peter.

INT. SAVOY TOILETS

James catches up to Peter outside the toilets and spins him around.

JAMES
Don't fuckin' walk away from me.

Peter straightens his shoulders and takes a deep breath.

JAMES
She died painlessly, Peter. It was
over in an instant.

PETER
(sarcastic)
And that's supposed to make me feel
better?

They regard at each other.

PETER
Fuck you.

He storms off. James pushes thru the crowd to catch up with Peter. He grabs Peter's arm and shoves him up against a wall.

JAMES

Hey! I just thought you should know. And we identified the black man who was last seen with Rachel.

Peter glares at him. James glances over at the band, now back up on stage. There's only one black man on the stage. Lucas. Peter staggers off, in shock. James watches him leave.

EXT. SAVOY ALLEY

Kirsta, Lucas, Tony and the rest of the band mill around.

TONY

All right, two bottles of scotch, and back to Lucas' till first light!

He pulls out his harp and wails.

DRUMS

Pass, I gotta fly, catch ya tomorrow.

TONY

You better not be running off to some woman.

Tony shakes his head as Drums sheepishly nods.

TONY

...an embarrassment to the blues.

Kirsta eyes him sternly. Peter stumbles out of the Savoy and right past them.

LUCAS

Peter. What's the matter?

PETER

Feeling a little sick. That's it.

LUCAS

You sure?

PETER

(abruptly)

Yeah, I'm sure, completely sure, totally fucking sure.

Peter and Lucas appear headed for confrontation.

KIRSTA

Peter...

Peter doesn't stop glaring at Lucas. Lucas backs down.

LUCAS
Well, take care of yourself. See
you tomorrow?

Peter shrugs.

PETER
(sharply)
If I don't get killed in an alley
tonight.

Tony reacts, Peter doesn't notice leaves. Lucas and the band
stare after him. Kirsta leaves the group and follows him.

KIRSTA
Hey.

PETER
(sarcastic)
Better leave the 'bluesman' alone..

KIRSTA
(insistent)
Come on. Now.

Peter shrugs and Kirsta takes his arm.

INT. ALL NIGHT DINER

Peter and Kirsta sit in a booth in the back of a dingy diner.
The place is almost empty. A few Chinese cooks, a tired
waiter or two. Peter pours scotch into his coffee cup from a
bagged bottle.

KIRSTA
Want to join me in this world,
Peter? Peter?

PETER
What?

He caps the bottle and slips it back in his coat.

KIRSTA
What's the matter?

PETER
Nothing, I'm just tired.

KIRSTA
Right, and I'm not.
What's the matter?

PETER
Nothing.

They stare at each other.

KIRSTA

What I said last night, I was upset. I've known bluesmen all my life, and I've watched too many of them die, sick, poor, in ditches, in cold shacks. It gets to me every once in a while.

If you want to be a bluesman, be a bluesman, but don't drag me down with you.

I'm sorry about your girlfriend, but she's gone, isn't she? She isn't coming back.

The Chinese waiter arrives at the table.

KIRSTA

(in fluent Chinese)

We're fine, thank you.

He leaves after suspiciously checking Peter's coffee cup.

PETER

(quietly)

The police think Lucas is doing all these murders.

Peter drinks, Kirsta is shocked.

KIRSTA

What? How... Why do they think that?

PETER

Three of the girls were seen with a black man, Rachel last seen with Lucas.

They stare at each other.

PETER

I've got a friend who's in charge of the investigation.

Kirsta gazes intently at him.

KIRSTA

Do you think Lucas killed your girlfriend?

PETER

Ex.

KIRSTA

Do you?

Peter doesn't say anything, and he sips his drink.

KIRSTA
(struggling)
Peter, you've got to believe me. I
know Lucas. I've known him a very
long time. It isn't him, I'd know.
And why on earth would he be going
around killing women?

Silence from Peter.

KIRSTA
Listen, did someone see Lucas kill
Rachel?

Peter shakes his head.

PETER
No. He told the police he just
talked to her for a moment and then
left.

Peter drinks again, a lot.

KIRSTA
Don't you believe that?

Peter shrugs.

KIRSTA
(serious)
Let's get out of here.

INT. SUN TOWER ELEVATOR

Kirsta and Peter, heading up to her apartment.

KIRSTA
His father changed the family name
to Martine when he found out. Can
you imagine, trying to live as the
bastard son of a bluesman and a
white plantation owner's daughter?
Son of 'The Saint'. He didn't have
any choice, Peter. He would have
been killed, strung up, set on
fire, you name it, unmarked grave,
or just tossed into the
Mississippi. He wouldn't have been
the first.

The elevator stops at the top floor.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

The front door is open and they're kissing in the entrance.

KIRSTA
(breaking away)
Care to stay for a while?

PETER
How long's a while?

KIRSTA
Oh, long enough.

PETER
Long enough for what?

KIRSTA
For just about anything.

She steps backwards into the apartment. Peter gives himself over to temptation and follows her.

INT. KIRSTA'S BEDROOM

Peter and Kirsta in bed. Kirsta on top, writhing in ecstasy. Peter lies back, overwhelmed. Kirsta leans down and kisses Peter's mouth, chin, his neck. They move faster. Kirsta suddenly bites Peter's neck but he's too busy to notice.

INT. LUCAS' FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Kirsta is in a robe. Peter pulls on his coat, hair mussed on each of them.

PETER
God, I wish I didn't have to leave.

KIRSTA
Why?

PETER
Cause I think I'm gonna pass out in the elevator.

Kirsta laughs and hugs him. She leans back. Peter scratches his neck, opening the cut where she bit him. He stares at the blood on his finger.

KIRSTA
Oops, I guess I got a little carried away. Here, I'll kiss it better.

She leans up and kisses the cut, licking the blood.

KIRSTA
There, feeling better?

PETER
Yeah, thanks.

KIRSTA
A little love cures a lot of pain.

Peter kisses her.

KIRSTA
You believe me, that Lucas couldn't
have killed your-

Peter nods and kisses her again.

PETER
See you tonight?

KIRSTA
I'll be there, Petey, front row
center.

Peter smiles, kisses her again, and leaves.

INT. SUN TOWER ELEVATOR

Peter pushes the ground floor button before collapsing in
exhaustion against the wall.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

LUCAS
How's Peter?

KIRSTA
Better, now.

LUCAS
(serious)
Talk to Tony.

He shakes his head and leaves the room. Kirsta stands there.

INT. PENDER STREET

Peter strolls along the street, in an exhausted, good mood.
It's empty out. The sound of a harp playing comes up.

INT. RECORD SHOP - DAY

Peter slouches on the counter, exhausted. The door chime
rings, Peter winces and a courier comes in with three big
boxes.

PETER
(bitchy)
Took ya long enough.

COURIER

Two of these got stuck in customs,
you filled out the forms wrong.
Sign here.

Peter signs and the guy leaves. Peter rips open the boxes and scans the contents. Lots of records and a few books.

He piles the books up on the counter, pausing on one called "The Complete History of the Blues Legends". He puts it down and goes back to the records.

EXT. RICHARDS STREET ALLEY

Garbage men moving down the alley. One moves a can out and notices the legs of a woman beneath a stack of boxes.

GARBAGE MAN

Oh Jesus...

INT. RECORD SHOP

Peter tosses down a record with a cover photo of a woman's legs and reaches for the phone. He dials a number and waits. The sun streams through the window and he puts on his sunglasses.

PETER

Lucas, it's Peter Norris. It's 4:30, I just got in a bunch of classic albums, you wanna kill some time, come on over.

INT. POLICE OFFICE

James, the Chief and his Aide in a meeting.

CHIEF

Look Gillard, one last night, one the night before, and one on Tuesday.

AIDE

That we've found.

CHIEF

Shut up, Sinclair. This is starting to itch like a murder spree.

AIDE

And on a slow news week.

CHIEF

The press are getting ready to eat me alive over this thing.

JAMES

Yes sir.

CHIEF

And if they eat me, you're dessert.

(beat)

What about this Martine guy?

JAMES

He says he talked to her but then left her outside the Savoy.

CHIEF

Shit. Well, find someone.

James nods and leaves.

CHIEF

(to Aide)

What are you doing still here?

The Aide's face falls.

EXT. CITY, EVENING

The sun fades down on the buildings of the downtown core. Powerful two guitar blues comes up once the sun has set.

INT. RECORD SHOP - NIGHT

Closed sign on window. Music continues. Peter and Lucas jam away on two guitars. They're having a great time, laughing, kicking butt through the song, 'Bird Nest Bound' by Charlie Patton and Willie Brown.

EXT. SAVOY

There is a long line up outside the club.

INT. SAVOY DRESSING ROOM

Lucas and Peter gets ready to go on stage.

LUCAS

...and Peetie Wheetstraw, that's what he called himself-

Lucas laughs.

LUCAS

-his real name was William Bunch, not much of a name for a bluesman, like Norris.. It wasn't enough to just be called Peetie Wheetstraw, he also billed himself, the Devil's Son-in-law, the High Sheriff from Hell. Can you believe that?

Lucas thinks for a moment. Peter is engrossed in the story.

LUCAS
(singing)
"Well, the first woman I had,
she made me get on my knees,
and she had the nerve to ask me,
ohh, well, well..
if I liked Limburger cheese."

Lucas laughs for a moment.

LUCAS
My daddy taught me that one.

Lucas takes his shirt off and grabs another.

LUCAS
Peetie claimed to have done his
deal with the Devil, but not at old
Robert Johnson's crossroads...

Peter regards a massive cross tattoo on Lucas' shoulder.
Peter is amazed by it but, as Lucas turns around, Peter
kneels down to get his guitar.

LUCAS
Shit, seems like every bluesman did
his learning with the Devil tuning
the guitar for him.

PETER
What about your grandfather?

LUCAS
He just liked the white women,
worse than the Devil, sometimes.

Lucas slips past Peter, grabbing his guitar.

LUCAS
Remember that, Petey.

INT. SAVOY BACKSTAGE

Peter stops Lucas.

PETER
That's one hell of a tattoo you've
got.

LUCAS
Kids and booze, man.

He laughs.

LUCAS
That's why they call me 'The
Reverend',

Lucas smiles, unsettlingly.

LUCAS
I've been touched by God.

Lucas smiles again and goes on stage. Peter watches him,
frowns, shrugs and follows.

INT. SAVOY AUDIENCE

Everyone rocks, having a fantastic time. Peter and the band
tighter than they've ever been. Tony talks with a couple of
beautiful girls. James observes from the back with Ellen.

Kirsta at her table, smiles up at Peter. Peter watches as she
gazes over at Tony, who suddenly glances back. She gazes up
at Lucas who stares at her. He makes eye contact with Tony.
Tony stops being so animated with the two girls.

At the bar, James moves along with the music.

JAMES
He's getting pretty good.

ELLEN
If only he'd pay his tab.

They laugh. Ellen moves off.

INT. SAVOY

Tony chats up the girls. But they break free, each kissing
one of his cheeks. The girls quickly cross the club towards
the bathroom. Tony leans back against the wall, smiling.

He catches eyes with Kirsta and she frowns. He glares at her
and she glances away.

INT. SAVOY BATHROOM

The two girls in the toilet, splitting up a couple of ecstasy
pills and drinking them down with their beers.

EXT. SUN TOWER - NIGHT

The simple sounds of two guitars and woman singing the blues.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

Kirsta sings to Lucas and Peter on guitar. Peter plays Lucas'
seven string stainless guitar. Kirsta hugs Peter from behind.
A wonderful time. Life couldn't be any better than this.

EXT. DENMAN STREET

Tony and the one of the girls head into an apartment block. He's propping her up but she's wobbling all over the sidewalk.

EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY

High above the downtown. Tony and the girl embrace. The girl breaks away, giggling, swaying, high as a kite.

GIRL
Are you really a brain surgeon?

TONY
And an airline pilot, and an astronaut, and a movie director.

GIRL
(laughing)
Where do you find the time to go out?

TONY
I always make time for what matters.

GIRL
You'd better.

She undoes her blouse and takes it off. She stretches and Tony kisses her. He kisses down her neck and she moans, all her senses heightened by the ecstasy in her system. Tony pauses, scanning her face. He smiles.

GIRL
(opening her eyes)
Why'd you stop?

TONY
Baby, I'm just getting started.

GIRL
(dreamy)
Good. That's what I want.

Tony stares at her, quizzical. She stares back thru hazy eyes.

GIRL
What are you waiting for?

Tony smiles gently. Suddenly, he rips her neck open.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

Kirsta and Peter embrace at the door. Lucas plays in the background.

KIRSTA
You sure you have to go?

Peter nods, depressed.

PETER
Yeah, month-end paper work I gotta
get done by month-end, and that's
this morning. Oh man, I'm gonna
hurt today...

He groans, Kirsta smiles and kisses him chastely on the cheek.

KIRSTA
Get to work, Petey.

PETER
See ya tomorrow, Lucas.

LUCAS
You bet, take care, brother.

Peter kisses Kirsta again, trying to prolong leaving. Finally, he breaks free, sighs and goes.

EXT. DENMAN STREET ALLEY

The girls body plummets down into an open garbage bin, waking the bums in the next one.

BUM 1
Hey, Jesus. People trying to sleep!

BUM 2
Damn neighbors...

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

Lucas lounges in the darkened apartment playing powerful slide guitar. Kirsta dances past into her room.

EXT. PENDER STREET

Lucas' guitar continues. Tony, high on the ecstasy doped blood of the girl, cruises down an empty street, playing his harp. He spots the cupola of the Sun Tower and gazes up at it the way King Kong eyed at the Empire State Building.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT

Peter, sitting in his armchair, working on paperwork, the TV on but silent. His guitar leans against the coffee table.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE

Tony, climbing, harp in mouth, the faint brightening of the sky behind him.

EXT. CUPOLA - PREDAWN

Tony stands in the cupola at the top of the Sun Tower, the sky visibly brightening behind him. He gazes out over the city, very high and very happy.

TONY

Seriously folks, you've been a really wonderful city, and I thank you for your heartfelt applause, not to mention your many beautiful women!

He laughs, hysterically. He spots the sun touching the tops of the mountains to the north of the city.

TONY

(in awe)

Look it...look at it...Oh, God the sun!
Look at it! Oh, that's what it looks like...
Bless you, my sun!

He breaks up laughing again. The sun moves down the peak of the cupola.

TONY

I'm too good, I really am!
Maybe I'll become a stand-up for awhile! Yeah, I'd kill 'em... knock 'em dead...slay 'em in the...

The sun breaks the horizon behind him and lights up the entire cupola. Tony barely has a chance to scream before he explodes in a massive hissing ball of flame.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT

The hiss of the explosion becomes the blank hiss of a TV on test pattern. Peter is asleep in his chair, holding his guitar. Faint rays of the sun move through the blinds.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT - MORNING

The empty living room, dark, no sound, no movement.

EXT. PENDER STREET - MORNING

Police mill around a couple of cop cars at the bottom of the Sun Tower. They occasionally glance up at the cupola and a few people point up also.

INT. SUN TOWER HALLWAY

James and two officers in hallway. James knocks on Lucas and Kirsta's apartment door. No answer.

JAMES

Well?

He knocks again.

JAMES

There must be another way up there.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE

James and one of the cops climb, nervously, as it is an old fire escape.

COP

I hate this shit.

JAMES

I know.

The cop slips and the fire escape shudders. They stop and hang on.

JAMES

(trying to be controlled)
Try not to do that, would you?

COP

(false bravado)
If I gotta.

JAMES

Oh man, you gotta.

They continue climbing.

EXT. CUPOLA

The entire cupola is blackened and there is more ash than one would expect from just one vampire exploding. James climbs inside and gapes. The cop climbs up and peers over the edge into the cupola.

COP

Jesus Christ.
What the hell happened?

James picks up a battered and burnt watch.

JAMES
Someone blew up, I think.

EXT. CITY - SUNSET

The sun goes down, fast motion over the city. Sound of a guitar playing the blues. The player makes a mistake, jarring chord.

LUCAS (O.S.)
Shit.

Lucas tries the riff again. And makes the same mistake again. The sky continues to darken. Downtown lights come on.

LUCAS (O.S.)
(furious)
God damn it.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lucas flings his wooden acoustic guitar across the room and it shatters with explosive force against the far wall. Kirsta rushes out of the kitchen, jittery, hands twitching.

KIRSTA
Stop it!

LUCAS
Shut up!

Kirsta squints at him, seconds away from violence but spins and goes back into the kitchen. Lucas paces the room.

LUCAS
(yelling after her)
That God damned idiot!
You met him, you liked him, why
couldn't you have picked someone
with a little more stability?

Kirsta comes storming back out.

KIRSTA
Oh, like Isabel?
She sure was stable.

A sore spot with Lucas.

LUCAS
Isabel was a lot smarter than Tony.

KIRSTA
Only cause she fucked you, not me.

Lucas, infuriated, picks up the broken neck of the guitar and flings it across the room at Kirsta. She deflects it into the wall where it sticks. She puts down her hand and shakes her head at Lucas.

KIRSTA
Don't even think about it, Lucas.

With that she storms back into the kitchen. Lucas, twitching slightly, paces around the living room. The phone rings and he jumps and grabs it.

LUCAS
What?

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT

Peter, on his couch holding his guitar, talks on the phone.

PETER
Lucas, how are ya?
Is Kirsta around?

Peter listens for a while. He sits up suddenly.

PETER
Oh my God, I'm sorry.
How did it happen?
Oh, no, I understand...yeah sure.
I'll talk to you tomorrow.
Lucas, tell Kirsta I'm sorry.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

A sudden rash of crashing and banging comes out of the kitchen.

Lucas slams down the phone and whirls around.

LUCAS
Keep it down in there!

KIRSTA (O.S.)
Fuck you!

A huge crock pot flies out of the kitchen and Lucas steps aside. It crashes off a picture on the wall, shredding it.

LUCAS
Brilliant, you bitch! You just
ripped the Monet!

Kirsta steps out of the kitchen, furious, twitching.

KIRSTA
Shit, I was aiming for the Degas.

She storms back into the kitchen.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT

Peter wanders around his apartment, bored. The TV is on and a mindless game show blares away.

Peter glances over his wall of battered blues books. He finds the one from the shop, 'The Complete History of the Blues Legends', and picks it up. He crosses to the couch and continues reading. He turns over a page, concerned.

PETER

(reading out loud)

..Modine was called 'The Saint' not for some perceived way of life, but for his rare, even in the 1920's, Hotchner seven stringed stainless steel guitar, of which only eight were ever made. Modine called his guitar, Lucifer, and was quoted as saying, "The angel Lucifer once sat on the right hand of the Lord, till he did wrong and was sent down. My Lucifer once did the work of the Lord, with me, in the churches, but now we ain't playin' for him anymore...I may have been touched by God...but we've gone and moved downstairs now."

Peter puts down the book and glances around, confused.

PETER

Jesus Christ.

LATER

Peter, armed with a pot of coffee and a bottle of scotch, has covered his table with newspaper clippings, opened books and record covers.

One has an old photo of Luke Modine's cross tattoo - identical to Lucas Martine's.

Peter chain smokes while searching through an old battered book, water stained and ancient. He flicks through a few pages and stops. Peter considers the page, gulps down his drink in shock, and runs into the bathroom.

He throws up violently into the toilet.

The page has an ancient photo of Luke Modine and the white plantation owner's daughter he ran off with.

Her name is Kirsta Arnaud and looks exactly, precisely, like Kirsta Arnold.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Police officers and people enter the building.

INT. POLICE LAB HALLWAY

James and another uniformed cop observe the police lab through the glass wall.

COP
He's almost done.
That was some pretty strange shit
you brought in.

JAMES
Yeah.

The cop leaves and James watches as a technician peers through a microscope. Peter lights a smoke and taps the glass, impatient. The technician glances up and gestures him inside.

INT. POLICE LAB

James and the technician stare at the pile of ashes.

JAMES
(incredulous)
You're serious...

TECH
(nodding)
Oh yes, quite serious.
These are definitely the ashes of a
man, that is, a human, and a pretty
old one at that.

JAMES
How old?

TECH
(shrugging)
Ninety. At least.
Where'd you find this?

JAMES
(off in another world)
On top of the Sun Tower.

TECH
As far as I can figure, this person
was killed in some sort of sudden
intense burst of heat. A flame
thrower, maybe.

But I don't think so, I've never
seen anything like this before.

James stares at him, down at the ashes, perplexed.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Peter studies the photo in the book, his shades drawn. He gets up, paces for a moment, lights a cigarette and sits down again, and stares at the photo again. Finally, he reaches over, grabs the phone and dials a number.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

Lucas and Kirsta's apartment, Dark, no light, no movement, no noise. The phone rings. A light comes on, the phone machine.

KIRSTA (O.S.)
Hello, neither Kirsta or Lucas can
come to the phone right now, but
leave a message and we'll call back
as soon as we can. Here comes the
beep!

Beep. Silence.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT

Peter hangs up the phone, considers it for a moment. Frustrated, he grabs his jacket and sunglasses.

INT. POLICE OFFICE

James, the Chief and the Chief's Aide in the Chief's office.

CHIEF
How long you had this case,
Gillard?

AIDE
Seven days.

CHIEF
A week?

James nods.

CHIEF
And you've got squat.

JAMES
I've got some potential-

CHIEF
You've got squat. Now get your ass
in gear and find something, someone
that I can take to the papers.

And do it fast, or I'll find
someone else to. Get me?

James nods.

INT. TAXICAB

Peter, in the back of the cab, travel through the city. He's heading into the ethnic part of town. A little bit grubby, dirty, quirky. He gestures for the cabbie to stop at a tiny occult shop between a pawn shop and a porno store.

Peter hops out and goes in. The cab waits.

INT. OCCULT SHOP

Peter steps through the door into a strange little shop, reminiscent of the Buja woman's shack, but a modern version.

Strange things hang from the walls, piles of odd books in the aisles. Peter gingerly approaches the counter. Behind it stands a wizened OLD WOMAN.

PETER
(very out of place)
I'm trying to find someone to talk
to. I've got a problem. Well, I
think it's a problem.

The woman doesn't answer.

PETER
It's a problem.
I'm looking for someone who knows
about...the occult...

OLD WOMAN
Catholic?

PETER
Irish Catholic, yeah.

The woman nods and disappears down behind the counter. Nervous, Peter eyes the shop. The woman pops back up at the other end of the counter.

She writes down an address on a scrap of paper and he reaches for it. She holds it back. Peter frowns and reaches for his wallet. The woman shakes her head and sighs.

PETER
What's the matter?

OLD WOMAN
Be careful. This man, he's very
nice, very helpful, very dangerous.

Peter takes the paper and considers it.

OLD WOMAN
He'll help you-

She stares right through Peter.

OLD WOMAN
...but you might not want him to.

EXT. OCCULT SHOP

Peter comes out and gets into the cab. He passes the paper to the cabbie and he nods. They drive off.

INT. TAXICAB

They move through different neighborhoods into the ethnic, Slavic part of town. The cab pulls up outside a small, white, wooden Ukrainian church.

EXT. CHURCH

Peter pays the cabbie. He glances at the triple cross on the top of the dome, steels himself up and goes inside.

INT. CHURCH

Peter comes through the front door into the church. All sorts of powerful, emotional icons hang all over the walls. Bold, almost garish, stained glass windows stream colored beams of light across the pulpit.

In front of the pulpit kneels a grey haired man in black. Peter stands at the back of the tiny church, not wanting to interrupt the strong voice of the priest as he prays in Latin.

Peter, out of place in this church, stares at the icons as the Latin prayer echoes off the walls around him. The PRIEST (60) finishes, genuflects and slowly stands up.

PETER
Excuse me...

The priest turns around. He's a rugged man, more retired construction worker than Man of God.

PETER
(feeling out of place)
Uh, you got a moment?

The priest smiles, comfortingly.

PRIEST
Of course...

The priest leans against the first pew, casually, almost sacrilegious. Peter moves down the aisle towards him, trying to figure out what to say.

PRIEST
How can I help you, Mister-?

PETER
Peter. Peter Norris.

PRIEST
How can I help you, Peter Norris?

Peter sighs.

PETER
I'm Irish Catholic, born and raised. Like it or not, that's what I am. But I haven't been inside a place like this since...seventh grade..

Priest just nods and listens, letting Peter talk.

PETER
But when some things happen, you know you're CATHOLIC...period.

PRIEST
So your faith is deep.

Peter shrugs, he's never thought about it, either way.

PETER
Maybe, or maybe all those bible stories affected me the wrong way.

Priest contemplates Peter, waiting with patience.

PETER
Yeah, but I'm here, anyway.

Priest and Peter eye each other. Peter glances around nervously, the Priest sees this and rises.

PRIEST
(soothing)
Come on, my son.

Priest moves off and Peter follows.

INT. PRIEST'S OFFICE

Peter sits across from the Priest. The walls of the office lined with old volumes of books and paintings. The Priest stares across at Peter. Peter isn't any more comfortable in the office than in the church.

PETER
 (spilling his guts)
 Father, I've been involved with the blues, the music, for as long as I can remember.
 I'm a bluesman. First time I heard the music, I was bitten.

Peter sighs.

PETER
 And living this life, you start to realize that the world's nothing more than shades of grey, nothing's absolute, nothing's definite.
 Nothing except the music. The true music..the blues..

Peter realizes that he's been babbling and gets back on track.

PETER
 Anyway's, I met this guy, another blues guitarist, and he's good. Real good. 24 carat good. But more than that, he's from that life...

Peter notices the Priest gaze at him, a little bored.

PETER
 Shit, he shouldn't be living now. He's like a character right out of history.

Priest startles, now interested.

PETER
 Lucas Martine, that's his name. His grandfather's from the Mississippi Delta. He was a blues guitarist named Luke Modine. Luke 'The Saint' Modine. 'The Saint' was one of the best. A real bad boy of the blues. Sharp dresser...you know... diamond stick pins, hand tooled boots, custom guitars...the works. You know anything about the blues, Father? The legends of the blues?

PRIEST
 Not much, Muddy Waters...

PETER
 Yeah. 'The Saint' liked the booze, and the women. White women. He only recorded one record, in '28 and then he fell for a white cotton man's daughter.

They ran off together before Lucas got himself lynched, had a kid, and they were heading up the Mississippi when the river boat they were on went down. No one ever found the bodies. Only the child survived.

PRIEST

A shame.

PETER

I don't think they died. And I think I'm falling in love with the cotton man's daughter.

Priest stares at Peter.

PRIEST

She would have to be over eighty, if she survived. Now..this is a bit odd, but I can't see any problem, from the church, if you two want to get married...if you love each other then age...

PETER

No. That's not it. She's not old. She looks thirty, max. That's the problem.

PRIEST

...I don't understand.

PETER

There are two many coincidences. Their names are almost the same. Modine--Martine, Ardaud--Arnold. They look the same. I found an old photo of 'The Saint' and the girl he ran off with. They look the same as Lucas and Kirsta. I don't mean family resemblances... I mean they look like the same person! And Lucas, when I hear him play guitar, I'm not in Vancouver, I'm in some ancient boozecan on the side of the Mississippi. It gives me the shakes...practice, I don't think so...that just can't be learned, it has to be experienced.

PRIEST

What about the woman?

PETER

The photo, that's it.
Look, one person and all these
coincidences I could deal
with...that's a shade of grey and
you just accept it, but two...
that's heading towards black and
white strange. And I don't know
what to do about it.

Priest peers at Peter. Peter stares back at him, nothing more to say. Priest opens a note book and grabs a pen.

PRIEST

Take me through it once again.

EXT. CHURCH - SUNSET

The sun sets on the church, turning the sharp spire red.

INT. CHURCH - EVENING

Peter and the Priest exit his office and up the aisle. The Priest has his arm around Peter's shoulder.

PRIEST

You've had a hell of a week, Peter.
Not enough sleep, a new
relationship, the loss of a
friend...the pressures upon your
shoulders right now are enormous.
Go home, relax, your mind is
working overtime...

Peter calms down as they walk, hearing what he's been hoping to hear.

EXT. SUN TOWER - NIGHT

The lights on the Sun Tower illuminate the cupola and the dome.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

Lucas paces around. A caged tiger, smoking furious. The phone rings. He lunges at it.

LUCAS

What?
Sorry Peter...No, not tonight.
Kirsta's pretty upset still.
I know...
I'll have her call you as soon as
she's up.
Right.

He slams down the phones and spins around.

LUCAS
(yelling, furious)
Peter called.
Call him, when you're better.

He storms into his room, slamming the door. Stillness reigns.

INT. CHURCH

The Priest searches through a lot of old tattered books. He's serious, intent, concerned and nothing like he was with Peter.

EXT. SAVOY

Line up. James wanders up and into the line up. The sign board has a cancelled sign across Lucas Martine's name. James sighs and leaves.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT

Peter wanders around with his guitar around his neck, playing "See that my grave's kept clean" by Blind Lemon Jefferson and competing with "Wheel of Fortune" on the TV.

INT. LUCAS' BATHROOM

Kirsta lies face down in a huge bathtub full of water, from under her head comes a trickle of blood. It stains the water, slowly, for an excessive amount of time.

Finally, once we're sure she's dead, Kirsta bolts upright, biting her bottom lip. She chokes a bit and blood continues to trickle down her chin. She licks it off.

KIRSTA
(yelling)
Anyone call for me?

Silence. She bites her lip again, intentionally, and drops into the water again.

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

As the sun comes up, Peter strides down the street, sunglasses on, guitar case in hand.

INT. CHURCH

The morning sun sends powerful beams of color across the church, lighting up an icon of Lucifer being cast out of heaven.

PRIEST (O.S.)

I'm fine.
No, the weather's all right, I
can't complain.
But you. How was Mardi Gras?

Priest laughs.

INT. PRIEST'S OFFICE

Priest perches behind his desk, talking on the phone.

PRIEST

So it hasn't changed...
Listen Daniel, why I called...
I need you to do some research for
me, Birth, death, marriage
records...
Yes, the lot.
Lucas Martine...or Luke Modine.

He pauses, amazed.

PRIEST

Yes, 'The Saint'...and a Kirsta
Arnaud, or Arnold. That's it.
Yes, it looks bad.
Exactly.
Check the newspaper morgues for any
murders just before the time they
disappeared.
Thank you, Daniel, I owe you one.

Priest hangs up the phone and picks up the morning paper. The
headline: "Cops baffled over murder spree".

EXT. POLICE STATION

People going in and out.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY

James shuffles down the hall, serious and unshaven.

AIDE (O.S.)

Gillard! Gillard!

James stops. The Chief's Aide, runs down the hall after him.
He holds a newspaper.

AIDE

You see this morning's paper?

JAMES

No. Good horoscope?

AIDE
(reading)
"Cops baffled over murder spree".

He stares at James.

AIDE
Nice, huh?
The Chief is kind of mad.

James shuffles down the hallway.

AIDE
Oh yeah, you're off the case.

James stops.

JAMES
Who?

AIDE
Me.

James stares at him as the Aide struts past.

AIDE
Report to the desk.

The Aide smiles and hands James the paper. James drops it to the floor and stalks off the other direction.

INT. RECORD SHOP - DAY

Peter, alone in the shop, with a blues record playing on the record player. He waits on the phone.

PETER
Hi, it's me, it's two thirty.
Uh, call me if we're gonna play
tonight.
See ya.

He hangs up and contemplates his empty shop.

INT. PRIEST'S OFFICE

The priest works at his desk, piled high with old photos, books and papers. He combs through old manuscripts, searching for something specific. A Sister comes by the open door and glances in.

SISTER
Father, you must take a bit of a
break, you've been working all
night.

PRIEST
(intently)
Remember what they say, Sister,
idle hands are the Devil's
workplace...

Unnerved by this, she hurries away.

INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY

Crowded lobby, lots of yelling as two huge men are dragged in, screaming at each other and being restrained by a number of cops. James becomes stuck in the middle of it all.

MAN 1
Son of a bitch.

MAN 2
You keep your hands off my wife!

Man 2 lunges at Man 1, crushing James in the middle.

JAMES
Hey! Get them apart! Jesus!

Cops rush forward to pull them apart.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT - EVENING

Empty. The phone machine clicks on.

PETER (O.S.)
Hi, it's Peter again. It's six
o'clock. Call me, huh?

The phone hangs up and the machine stops.

EXT. CITY - EVENING

Fast motion of the sun setting over the city. Blues guitar starts, haunting, tense.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The Priest works late at his desk.

INT. SAVOY

James leans against a wall, with a drink, watching a glam rock and roll band. He's not liking them too much.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT

Peter sits with his guitar, not playing, watching TV.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

Lucas plays intense guitar. Kirsta paces by him and into her room, ignoring him. He doesn't react to her, at all.

EXT. CITY - SUNRISE

Fast motion of the sun rising over the city. The blues song ends.

INT. PRIEST'S OFFICE - MORNING

Priest sleeps on his desk. The sun flows through the window behind him. The phone rings and he jolts awake.

PRIEST

Hello?
Daniel.
Yes, asleep at the desk.

He chuckles and rubs the back of his neck. He stops and leans forward as Daniel speaks.

PRIEST

Are you sure? Positive?
We can't be mistaken, not with
this.
Oh My Lord.

The priest, mind awirl, unconsciously genuflects.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The triple cross glistens in the sunlight. A taxi pulls up outside and Peter climbs out.

INT. PRIEST'S OFFICE

Peter sits across from the Priest. The desk clearer than before. The priest sips a cup of tea.

PRIEST

I did some checking, through an
acquaintance of mine in New Orleans
on Luke Modine and Kirsta Arnaud.
Now-

He checks his notes.

PRIEST

You say they look exactly alike,
the Lucas and Kirsta that you know,
and the ones in the old photos,
correct?

Peter nods.

PRIEST
I believe they are one in the
same... God help us...

PETER
What? How?

PRIEST
By not ever dying, and not ever
aging.

PETER
You're kidding...
I mean, this is a joke, right?

Priest shakes his head.

PETER
'The Saint' did a deal with the
Devil at the crossroads, but,
instead of just getting his guitar
chops, he also got life
everlasting, as some sort of
Goddamned bonus?

PRIEST
The Devil takes many forms, in the
snake, the wolf, in us.

PETER
Hang on. I didn't come here for the
usual litany of sins and
absolutions.

PRIEST
Before Luke Modine and Kirsta
Arnaud disappeared from New
Orleans, there was a rash of young
women murdered. They were found
with their necks ripped open. Now
that's happening here.

PETER
Whoa, and you think Lucas and
Kirsta are doing them?

PRIEST
Let me finish. Have you seen either
of them during the day? In
sunlight?

PETER
(thinking)
No. But what does-

PRIEST
Only one type of creature lives by
night, kills for the blood of its
victims and never grows old.

They stare at each other.

PRIEST
...Nosferatu.

Peter explodes, leaping up from his chair.

PETER
Vampires!
Jesus Christ! You've gotta be
kidding! A few coincidences and you
get blood sucking, night of the
living dead, Boris Karlof,
vampires! Man, they are going to
love this!

PRIEST
(lunging forward)
For God's sake, don't tell them! It
would be your life!

PETER
Right, and if they don't want me,
maybe their friend the Wolfman
will? And I really thought I was
going to get some advice from you,
something that would help me...
(sarcastic)
Well, thank you...thank you very
much...

Peter shakes his head and leaves.

PRIEST
Peter, this isn't a joke! Stay away
from them! You can be saved!

Peter shakes his head in disgust and leaves. Priest stares
after him, trying to figure out what to do next.

INT. TAXICAB - SUNSET

Peter sits in the cab. The sun sets over the city.

PETER
You know where the Sun Tower is?

The cabbie nods and takes a corner.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kirsta makes tea in the kitchen. The doorbell rings. Kirsta appears like she just woke up. Which she did.

KIRSTA

Door!

No one comes out to answer it. She frowns as the doorbell rings again. She sighs and goes over. It's Peter.

PETER

I've missed you.

KIRSTA

...I'm feeling better, now.

They move out into the living area.

KIRSTA

(calling out)

Lucas, it's Peter.

No answer.

KIRSTA

You want some tea?

PETER

Yeah, please.

Kirsta goes to the kitchen. Peter sits on the couch.

KIRSTA

So how have you been?

PETER

Had a lot on my mind.

KIRSTA

Me too.

She works on making tea, getting cups, sugar, milk.

PETER

(laughing it off)

I even went to see a priest.

Kirsta snaps the handle off a coffee cup.

KIRSTA

(trying to stay
controlled)

Why'd you do that?

PETER
Too much Catholic upbringing, I
guess.

KIRSTA
(cagey)
What did you talk to him about?

PETER
(shrugging)
You. Rachel. Stuff.

Kirsta stares at him, observing, reading him intently.

PETER
(embarrassed)
A couple of nights ago, after Tony
died, I found a photo of Luke 'The
Saint' and the girl he ran off
with.

KIRSTA
(unintentionally)
Kirsta Arnaud.

PETER
(nodding)
You know.
I was tired, I was confused. I
thought something--weird--was going
on with you two. I mean, Lucas
looks so much like his grandfather,
and you and Kirsta Arnaud could be
twins.

KIRSTA
And you told the priest this?

Peter nods. Kirsta bites her lip and goes across to Lucas' room. She slips in without knocking.

Peter sits and waits as the kettle whistles. And whistles. Peter glances over at Lucas' closed door for a moment and shuts the kettle off. As soon as he shuts it off, Lucas and Kirsta come out of his room. Serious. Intense.

PETER
Lucas, hey.

LUCAS
What did this priest have to say,
once you told him about--the
coincidences? Did he say anything
specific?

Peter worries, maybe it isn't as much of a joke as he thought.

PETER
Whoa, I didn't think you'd mind. I mean-

LUCAS
(insistent)
What did he say?

PETER
Well, he made some phone calls, to another priest in New Orleans.

Lucas and Kirsta react to him saying New Orleans.

PETER
...who did some research and then, he called me up, just now, and told me that he believes you two are vampires! Isn't that wild?

Lucas and Kirsta don't laugh, their eyes go cold.

PETER
So much for me and the Catholic Church..vampires...God...and I thought I had problems.

Peter continues making tea. Lucas and Kirsta exchange powerful dialogue in silence. Peter glances up and they stop.

PETER
Anyone want to go for food?

INT. SUN TOWER ELEVATOR

Peter, Lucas and Kirsta.

PETER
...this priest actually told me--in a church--that you were vampires. The living dead. Nosferatu!

Lucas leans over and hits the stop button on the elevator. It jerks to a stop.

PETER
Hey...what...

LUCAS
Peter, we have to talk.

Peter glances at him, questioningly, then over to Kirsta.

LUCAS
What do you think this priest is going to do now? Since he clearly believes that we're vampires?

PETER
 (joking around)
 I don't know. Go buy some wooden
 stakes, or something.

Kirsta and Lucas confer within an intense silence.

KIRSTA
 Peter.
 Sometimes in your life, you have
 your decisions made for you. Then
 you have to live with the results.
 Whether you like them or not, you
 learn to deal with them.
 Do you understand what I'm saying?

Peter glances between the two of them, not understanding.

PETER
 Are you two mad, because I went to
 a priest? If you-

KIRSTA
 Peter, why are you a bluesman?

PETER
 (thrown by the topic
 change)
 I don't have a choice. I heard it,
 and I was breathing full for the
 very first time.

KIRSTA
 You weren't given a choice. And you
 don't regret it.

PETER
 No. But it isn't really preparing
 me for a quality retirement.

Peter laughs, trying to lighten the mood. It doesn't work.

LUCAS
 (powerful)
 Peter, listen. I am Luke 'The
 Saint' Modine. In the flesh. I was
 born sometime in April 1879.

Peter interrupts but Lucas continues.

LUCAS
 As soon as I touched my first
 guitar, when I was six, people
 called me good. I could play just
 about any song, pretty well.

But I didn't want to just play pretty well, I wanted to be the best Mississippi seven stringed stainless steel blues guitar player...ever. But having that kind of drive just isn't enough. I tried, tried for a long time, but I just didn't have it... Well, in 1910, I got given the chance to get those skills...

PETER
(trying to take it all in)
The crossroads. They're real?

LUCAS
(dismissive)
Please, whatever Robert Johnson did, or said he did, he wasn't talkin' to Satan. The Devil may be behind all of us, in the end, but that doesn't concern me.

Peter glances at Kirsta for moral support. No luck.

LUCAS
I was young and green. A cocksure punk. And I met a Buja woman. You've read about them, Peter?

Peter nods. Lucas nods in agreement.

LUCAS
I'd never seen her before. But she knew everything about me. Everything. I was Goddamned open book.

Lucas remembers and laughs to himself.

LUCAS
I thought I knew so much. She said she could make me a bluesman. She did. But she made me something else.

PETER
(quietly)
What?

LUCAS
She made me a vampire, Peter.

Peter stares at him. Lucas nods. Peter glances at Kirsta.

KIRSTA

And when I ran away with The Saint,
he made me one, too.

Peter stares at them in disbelief. He realizes he's in an elevator with them. Peter shakes his head in disbelief.

Lucas sighs and, together with Kirsta, opens his mouth to show their long fangs. As Peter stares into their mouths, his jaw drops open.

INT. SAVOY DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter sits, in shock, Kirsta beside him. Lucas tunes his guitar. The room ripples with tension.

PETER

You've taken all my...everyone that
I look up to, all those bluesmen..
Robert Johnson, Peetie Wheetstraw,
Blind Lemon...
All those stories--deals with the
devil...
Were--are--they all vampires? All
still alive on some island in the
Caribbean?

KIRSTA

What if they are? Does that change
the music they recorded? That they
created?

PETER

Yes!

Lucas glances up. Kirsta shakes her head.

KIRSTA

The music wouldn't change, Peter.
Just your perception of it. That's
what would change.

Peter stares at her.

INT. SAVOY

Peter and Lucas up on stage, serious, playing. The blues they play has taken a serious turn. The mood is much more foreboding, ominous and the crowd realizes it.

Kirsta at her table, drinking, serious. At the back James leans up against a pillar, unshaven, looking a lot more like a bluesman. He watches, knowing something's wrong.

LATER

The set ends and the band move off into the audience. James tries to get through the crowd to Peter but Peter joins Kirsta and Lucas and the three of them exit by a side door. James stops as Peter glares him, before leaving.

INT. TAXICAB

Peter, Kirsta and Lucas in the back of a taxi. Silence. Awful music blares out of the stereo.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

The faint murmurs of sex come out of Kirsta's bedroom. The apartment is silent and dark otherwise.

INT. KIRSTA'S ROOM

Kirsta and Peter on her bed, grappling with each other. Peter stops and rolls off her. He slumps back onto the bed, depressed and stares at the ceiling.

PETER

Sorry, I...

Kirsta rolls onto her side and gazes at him.

KIRSTA

Peter. It's all right. I understand.

Peter glances over at her.

PETER

You think?

Kirsta nods. Peter pauses, shakes his head.

PETER

No. You couldn't understand.

He returns to staring at the ceiling.

KIRSTA

What's the matter?

PETER

What isn't?

Kirsta rolls away, hurt.

PETER

I'm sorry, I just start thinking about you--and Lucas--about you and me. What am I doing here?

Kirsta rolls over to consider him.

KIRSTA
You're here with me.

PETER
But who exactly are you?

They gaze at each other.

KIRSTA
I'm a woman who loves you--not for
what you've done, or where you've
been, but for what you are, right
this moment, flaws and all.

PETER
That's just how I want to feel
about you but...

KIRSTA
But what?

PETER
But, flaws and all, you're still a
vampire. You can't go out in the
sun. You can't ever grow old. You
can't...

Kirsta leans over and stops him with a kiss.

KIRSTA
I can love you. That will never
change.

Peter stares at her.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Silent, empty apartment, except for the sound of a lone
guitar playing the blues - slow, mournful, aching.

INT. KIRSTA'S ROOM

Kirsta sleeps restlessly, her arm over Peter, who's lying on
his back, staring up at the ceiling. Kirsta stirs beside him
and moves her arm. Peter eases out of the bed to get dressed.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

Peter comes out of Kirsta's room and, carrying his shoes,
shirt and jacket, lies down on the couch, covering himself
with a blanket.

LATER

Peter sleeps on the couch. He rolls over, squishes his face into the back of the couch, and wakes up. He rolls back, trying to get the taste of the couch out of his mouth. He gets his bearings and sits up.

INT. LUCAS' BATHROOM

Peter turns on the light and squints into the mirror while he pours a glass of water. Taking a drink, he gargles and spits.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

Peter comes out of the bathroom, the toilet flushing in the background. He wanders over and checks on Kirsta. She's asleep. He shuts the door and checks his watch. It's five-thirty.

Peter lies back down on the couch, on his back with his eyes shut. His eyes jerk open. Above him, hanging in the loft, is Lucas. Lucas grins down at him, fangs glistening in the faint light. Peter stares up, in shock.

Lucas floats down towards him. Lucas drifts closer, saliva dripping off his fangs.

LUCAS

It's time, Peter. Time to join the
eternal night. Surrender to me. Die
to me...

Lucas swoops down on Peter as Peter screams. Peter shoots his hand out, slamming it into Lucas' face. Lucas spins over the couch and Peter jumps up, hunting around in panic for something to protect himself with. Lucas regains his feet.

LUCAS

Come now, Peter.
You're not going to make this an
effort, are you?

PETER

(nodding)
Uh huh...

Peter spins around and Kirsta floats across the room into his view wearing a flowing white gown. She has huge dripping fangs. Peter stops with a jolt and backs up. Kirsta moves towards him. Peter glances around and sees Lucas moving in behind him. He's trapped.

KIRSTA

A painless little bite, Peter. Then
you can mine forever...

You can learn to live without
seeing the sun...you can
learn...you'll get to live the
life...

She lunges forward, Peter falls back, over the coffee table onto the couch. Kirsta and Lucas rush in over top of him.

Peter jolts upright on the couch, sweating. Alone. He glances around the apartment. Wiping his face, Peter goes into the kitchen for a drink of water, pushing the nightmare out of his mind.

He finishes the glass and lies back down on the couch. He tries to go back to sleep but hears the creak of something moving near him. He eases open his eyes, staring straight up.

Kirsta and Lucas hang from the ceiling, upside down, wearing white. Peter jolts upright again. But he's already awake. They sleep above him. Peter grabs his coat and shoes and tiptoes to the door.

Taking one last glance up at the two, he leaves.

EXT. HARO STREET - PREDAWN

Peter hurries along, hunching his shoulders from the cold, in the almost morning light.

He pauses in the empty road, looking east towards the impending sunrise, considering the coming dawn.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - DAY

With the blinds closed, Peter sleeps on the couch. A pounding on the door jolts him awake, scanning the room for vampires. The pounding continues.

VOICE (O.S.)
Open up, police!

Peter rises and goes to the door. He opens in and James smiles at him. Peter groans and stumbles back.

JAMES
And it's damn good to see you too.

James shuts the door and wanders into the apartment. Peter wipes his eyes, trying to wake up.

JAMES
You look like hell.

Peter avoids his gaze.

JAMES
Haven't seen you in a while.

PETER
Well, I've been busy, you know.
With the band...Kirsta...

Not much of an explanation.

JAMES
Yeah.

They stare at each other.

JAMES
I got kicked off the case. The
murders...

PETER
That sucks.

JAMES
Yeah.

They stare at each other for a long time.

PETER
Scotch?

JAMES
OK.

Peter pours a couple glasses of scotch. They sip in the early morning light.

PETER
If I die--for whatever reason--you
want the record shop?

JAMES
What are you talking about?
You think you're gonna die?

PETER
No. I don't know. Sooner or later,
yeah. Nobody knows how many
sunrises they get to see.

James stares at Peter, confused by his talk.

PETER
And when I do, you want the record
shop? It's got no debt, not a lot
of excitement, but you're the only
one-

JAMES
Jesus, why are you talking about
this?

If you die, I'm probably gonna be
right beside you in the fight.

James laughs but Peter doesn't. He realizes Peter's serious.

JAMES
Sure. I'll look after the shop.

PETER
OK. Thanks.

He lies back down and shuts his eyes. James stares at him.

JAMES
You all right?

PETER
...Yeah.

James doesn't believe that, but isn't going to push it.
Silence.

JAMES
I better get out of here.

But Peter has fallen asleep.

JAMES
Take care of yourself, Petey.

Peter shifts on the couch and James leaves.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Priest on the phone. It rings at the other end.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT

Peter comes to, notices his ringing phone, and rolls over,
covering his head with a pillow.

INT. PRIEST'S OFFICE - SUNSET

The Priest flips through a magazine until he finds an
advertisement for "Lucas 'The Reverend' Martine and his band
at the Savoy". Through the open door a Sister moves by. The
Priest sees her.

PRIEST
Sister Margaret?

She stops and glances in the door.

SISTER
Yes, Father.

PRIEST
Could you find me some Holy Water?

EXT. SAVOY - NIGHT

The rain pours down on the streets outside the Savoy.

INT. SAVOY

Peter, Lucas and the band move through a number. They're almost having a good time. Peter relaxes a bit, faint smiles pass between him and Lucas.

Kirsta watches from her table, almost enjoying herself. James talks animatedly to a woman in a black leather jacket at the back of the club.

INT. PRIEST'S OFFICE

The Priest goes over to a cabinet and removes a wrapped flat wooden box. He opens it, carefully, and removes a polished wooden stake, ornately carved, an ornate vial and a sack of dirt. He puts everything into the pockets of his overcoat.

INT. SAVOY BACKSTAGE

Lucas, Kirsta and Peter after the show.

LUCAS
It still raining?

Peter nods. Lucas frowns and gazes at his precious guitar.

LUCAS
I don't wanna leave her here. But even with the waterproof case. She hates getting wet.

KIRSTA
Oh, come on, a little rain's good for you.

Her attempt at a joke lightens the strain in the room. Lucas and Peter smile at her.

EXT. SAVOY ALLEY

The three come out and stay in the doorway, trying to keep out of the rain. Lucas doesn't have his guitar with him. Kirsta laughs and just steps out into the alley.

KIRSTA
See? It's just rain-

From out of nowhere, a dripping wet figure in an overcoat lunges at her!

PRIEST
Venit finis tuus, pedalis
praecisionis tuae!

The Priest throws the contents of the vial at Kirsta but Peter gets in the way. Lucas leaps back and Kirsta drops to the ground.

The Priest realizes he's missed and struggles to pull another vial out of his pocket. Peter charges, knocking him down. The Priest scrambles to his feet, shoving Peter back into a pile of trash.

A vial comes out of the Priest's pocket as Peter flings a broken chair, knocking the vial out of his hand, shattering it. The Priest glares at them and races off.

Kirsta stumbles to her feet, and the three stare down the alley, adrenaline coursing through their veins.

LUCAS
We've got a problem.

EXT. SUN TOWER - NIGHT

Strategic lights outline the building against the night.

INT. KIRSTA'S BEDROOM

Peter lies on his back in the bed with Kirsta curled up against him. Peter strokes her hair.

KIRSTA
Peter...

PETER
Yeah.

KIRSTA
...I'm scared.

PETER
Me too.

He continues to stroke her hair.

INT. CHURCH

The priest, all wet, goes through the white pages at his desk. He stops and writes down Lucas's address.

INT. KIRSTA'S BEDROOM

Peter lurches upright in the bed, covered with sweat. He's had a nightmare. He gazes down at Kirsta. She opens her eyes and bares her fangs.

KIRSTA
Time to become one of us. Peter,
ready to live forever?

PETER
No...

She lunges at him, he rolls away and wakes up screaming.
Kirsta wakes up, terrified.

KIRSTA
Peter! What's the matter?

Peter regains his breath, eyes whipping around.

PETER
Nothing.
(Beat)
I--I've got to go. I'm sorry...

He climbs out of bed and gets dressed. Kirsta watches,
saddened.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

Peter crosses the living room, peering up. Lucas hangs there,
asleep, gently swaying.

INT. SUN TOWER LOBBY - PREDAWN

Peter wanders across the lobby, lighting a cigarette.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

Kirsta comes out of her room, wearing a long white gown,
checks out the empty room, sighs and floats up to hang from
the ceiling beside Lucas.

EXT. SUN TOWER - DAWN

Peter leans against the building, the morning sun tracking
down the building, just reaching his head when a taxi
arrives. He climbs in and the taxi heads off.

INT. TAXICAB

Peter slouches in the back seat. The sun glares off a window
and he turns the other way, spotting the Priest, walking down
the sidewalk towards for the Sun Tower. Peter watches him.

PETER
Hey, turn around!

CABBIE
Can't, buddy, one way street.

PETER
Then loop the block, quick!

The cabbie swings the cab to the left.

INT. SUN TOWER LOBBY - MORNING

Priest comes in and pushes the elevator button. The doors open.

EXT. SUN TOWER

The cab arrives and Peter jumps out.

INT. SUN TOWER ELEVATOR

Priest kneels on the floor, praying.

PRIEST
In domino laudabitur anima mea,
audiant manueti, et laetentur.
Magnificate dominum il mecum, et
exaltemus nomem ejus in idipsum.

INT. SUN TOWER LOBBY

Peter runs in and eyes the indicator. It stops at the top floor. Peter pushes the button, over and over.

INT. SUN TOWER HALLWAY

Priest tries the door to the apartment. It's locked. He frowns and digs into his bag.

INT. SUN TOWER LOBBY

Frustrated, Peter waits as the elevator slowly comes down.

INT. SUN TOWER HALLWAY

The priest goes over to the window at the end of the hall. A ledge circles the dome to other windows. He opens the window and climbs out.

INT. SUN TOWER LOBBY

The elevator arrives and Peter rushes inside.

EXT. SUN TOWER LEDGE

The Priest eases around the ledge to one of the windows, breaks a pane of glass and swings it open.

INT. SUN TOWER ELEVATOR

Peter pushes the top floor button repeatedly, tense.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

A burning beam of light breaks across the living room as the Priest climbs inside. He quickly opens the other drapes, letting three huge beams of morning sun to cut across the room. He strides to the middle of the room, murmuring a prayer under his breath.

INT. SUN TOWER ELEVATOR

Peter pushes the button.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

The Priest searches for Kirsta and Lucas. Then he stops, and slowly stares up in horror. There they are.

INT. SUN TOWER HALLWAY

The elevator arrives and Peter rushes out and over to apartment door. He fumbles with his keys. The sound of a crashing pane of glass from within spurs him on.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

Empty. The Priest drags the huge mirror out of the bedroom. He struggles to get it into a beam of sunlight, to direct it up at Lucas and Kirsta. Peter comes crashing through the door and races across the room to tackle the priest as he's moving the beam of sunlight across the ceiling towards Kirsta.

PRIEST

You!

Peter knocks him over and they fight. The mirror shatters. Above them, Kirsta and Lucas sway in the slight breeze caused by the open windows.

PRIEST

They are the undead!
For God's sake, let me finish them
off! We can't let them live! What
about your faith, what about your
God!?

Peter ends up on top and in control.

PETER

That's your God.

PRIEST

Peter, this is a sin against God.
They must die, or they will
continue to feast on the flesh of
the living...

The Priest is frantic. The sun moves across the apartment and a reflection off one shard of mirror shifts towards Kirsta's face. Only the Priest can see this.

PRIEST

All my life I've searched for the proof of the existence of Satan, and above you, sleeping the sleep of the undead, is that proof. I must finish what God started!

Peter frowns because the Priest stares past him. He turns to see and the Priest punches him in the face. Peter falls back off him and spots the mirror shard.

PETER

Damn you...

Peter grasps for the shard but the Priest holds him back.

PRIEST

The undead aren't worthy of this earth, Peter. They belong in Hell!

PETER

(furious)

No!

Peter breaks the Priest's hold just as the light touches Kirsta's hair, making it smoke, and he slams the Priest back against the coffee table, knocking him unconscious.

Peter lunges and knocks the shard out of the sun, cutting his hand open. He lies on the floor, trying to catch his breath.

LATER

It is dark again, the windows covered. The Priest comes too, leaning against the couch. He glances around, in fear, clutching his rosary beads. He lurches to his feet. Peter waits across the room from him.

PRIEST

Am I--Oh Lord Jesus, our Savior...

PETER

Stop. You're not a vampire.

The Priest collapses in relief.

PETER

(angry)

I came to you for confession.

PRIEST

And what did you expect? Absolution? For this...abomination?

As long as they walk on God's
earth, I can not sit back-

PETER
Neither can I!

Peter rakes his hands through his hair in exasperation.

PETER
Damn it, you could have walked away!

PRIEST
How could I? I took an oath, a vow!

PETER
You could have walked away.

PRIEST
So could you.

PETER
I will kill you if you come near
them again.

PRIEST
That's a mortal sin.

PETER
We are well beyond a place of
mortal sins, father.

The Priest stares at Peter. Both conflicted. Both right.

PETER
Get out.

PRIEST
You can't let them live. The Lord-

PETER
I said get out.

PRIEST
Our Savior-

PETER
Now.

The Priest gazes at the two hanging forms. He crosses
himself.

PETER
Last chance. I swear to God...

PRIEST
You do this, you never 'swear to
God' again. For eternity.

Peter doesn't relent. Finally, the Priest grabs his bag and leaves, glancing in fear back at Peter. Peter stands motionless, a statue.

INT. PRIEST'S OFFICE - DAY

The Priest, at his desk, hair all askew, considers events.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY

Outside Chief's office. James strolls down the hall.

CHIEF (O.S.)
(yelling)
...now get the hell out of here and
don't come back until you have
something to show me, or you've
finished your letter of
resignation...

The door opens and the aide steps out, unshaven, looking like hell. James smiles to see him falling apart.

JAMES
How's the case?

AIDE
...Shut up.

Aide rushes off down the hall and James smiles to himself.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

Peter plays guitar on the couch - heartfelt, emotional, conflicted. Occasionally, he glances up at the sleeping forms of Kirsta and Lucas swaying above him.

INT. CHURCH

Priest strides up the aisle. A Sister comes by and spots him.

SISTER
Father! What in Heaven happened to
you! You look like death!

PRIEST
(calmly)
I'm fine, Sister.

SISTER
But...

PRIEST
I'm going out, to the police
station.

SISTER
When will you be back?

PRIEST
(wearily)
God only knows, Sister.

He passes her.

EXT. POLICE STATION

People entering and exiting. The Priest strides up.

INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY

The Priest moves through the crowded precinct area to the front desk. The cop at the front desk glances up at him.

COP
Yes, Father, what can I do for you?

PRIEST
I want to talk to someone about the murders--all those women...

COP
You've some information?

Priest nods and the cop spies James across the room talking to another cop.

COP
(calling)
Hey Gillard!

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

Peter turns on the phone machine and puts on his coat.

INT. POLICE OFFICE

James studies the priest from behind his desk. The priest stops explaining to a dubious James.

JAMES
Let's see if I've got this straight...
Lucas Martine and Kirsta Arnold are vampires, from New Orleans, who are now living in Vancouver, who sleep all day and kill hookers at night, except when Lucas is fronting his all star blues revue.

PRIEST
Yes, exactly, but we've got to-

JAMES

What, go and get some garlic, a couple of wooden stakes, some dirt from the grave of another vampire and then kill them, while you quote certain passages of the Bible...am I correct?

Priest nods. James leans back.

JAMES

You really think I'm gonna get clearance to join you in this -- escapade?

PRIEST

Look, I've already tried twice. But the man who brought them to my attention stopped me both times. And if we don't move fast, they'll get away! And I--we'll lose them!

JAMES

Hang on, who told you about all this?

PRIEST

A man named Peter Norris, he's-

James struggles to deal with this as the Priest continues.

PRIEST

Under the spell of the woman and controlled by the man and his music.

EXT. CHURCH

Peter climbs out of a cab and into the church.

INT. CHURCH

An old woman prays at the front. Peter moves off to the side and into the Priest's office.

INT. POLICE STATION

Hallway. James and the Priest charge down the hall, intent.

PRIEST

We've got to hurry! If we don't get there by sundown, they'll be awake!

JAMES

Right, of course.

INT. PRIEST'S OFFICE

Peter glances around the empty office. A sister passes the door and stops.

SISTER
Are you looking for the Father?

PETER
Yes, I am, do you know where he is?

SISTER
He's gone down to the police station. I'm not sure why. Is there something I can help you with?

PETER
(worried)
Oh, no...thanks...uh, could I use the phone for a moment?

Sister nods and points to the phone on the desk. Peter moves around to dial.

PETER
Uh..it's private...

The Sister smiles and leaves.

INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE

James, Priest and Aide. James smiles as the Aide reacts to the whole story.

AIDE
You're joking, right? I mean, this is a joke, huh?

James shrugs. The priest leans forward.

PRIEST
The undead are no joke, son. When they die, they die the most horrible way the Lord could have created. Imagine growing old, as old as their true age--hundreds of years in moments, their bodies literally disintegrating...

James reacts to the comment about disintegrating.

JAMES
Like the body in the cupola of the Sun Tower.

The Aide rolls his eyes.

AIDE
Give it a break, James. Maybe they
have a stash of illegal voodoo
dolls too.

The Priest glares at the Aide. Silence from James as he
thinks.

AIDE
Look, if you want to go over there
and try arrest these two on the
charge of being vampires, go ahead.
Have some fun with it... Take
garlic.

The Aide laughs. James glares at him.

JAMES
(to Priest)
I'll get some uniforms.

He leaves and the Priest follows.

AIDE
This is going to look great in the
union newsletter, Gillard!

EXT. CHURCH - SUNSET

Peter strides along the street, people moving out of his way.

INT. COP CAR

James and the Priest, with a cop driving, stop and start in
traffic on a downtown street.

PRIEST
Oh Lord, the sun's setting! Hurry!

The cop glances at James and James nods. The cop accelerates.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT - EVENING

Kirsta listens to classical music and sips her tea. Lucas
enters from his bedroom, smoking.

LUCAS
Any messages?

KIRSTA
I haven't checked yet.

Lucas heads over to the machine.

LUCAS
A big three.

KIRSTA
I bet I got all of them.

LUCAS
Five bucks says you haven't.

KIRSTA
Dinner.

LUCAS
You're on.

Lucas pushes the replay button.

EXT. SUN TOWER

Two cop cars arrive and stop. An unmarked police car stops on the other side of the street and James gestures it to stay. He, the Priest and four uniforms enter the Sun Tower.

EXT. PENDER STREET

Peter rushes along, the Sun Tower visible in the distance.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

Kirsta and Lucas contemplate the machine.

MACHINE (O.S.)
(female voice)
Hi Kirsta,-

KIRSTA
(over top)
One for me.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
-it's Sarah, call me later on,
unless you're heading to the Savoy
tonight...

INT. SUN TOWER ELEVATOR

James, Priest and cops.

PRIEST
Magnificate dominum il mecum, et
exaltemus nomem ejus in idipsum.

The cops glance at each other, worried.

EXT. PENDER STREET

Peter rounds the corner and spies the cop cars parked outside the lobby. He stops and leans against the wall, frowning, staring up at the tower. He lights a cigarette and watches.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

Kirsta stands in the kitchen and Lucas by the machine.

MACHINE (O.S.)
(Peter's voice)
Kirsta, Lucas,-

KIRSTA
Two for me.

LUCAS
Hey, it's for me too.

MACHINE (O.S.)
-it's about four o'clock. We've got
a problem.

A knock on the door.

KIRSTA
(calling out)
Who is it?

MACHINE (O.S.)
-that Priest isn't going to give
up. I went by the church.

JAMES (O.S.)
Police, could you open the door.

Kirsta and Lucas stare at each other in shock.

INT. SUN TOWER HALLWAY

The cops and Priest consider the closed apartment door.

PRIEST
Lord help us, they're awake. We're
too late!

JAMES
(louder)
Open up the door, please.

Silence. Everyone tenses. Things don't look too good.

EXT. PENDER STREET

Peter leans against the wall watching the two cop cars, not seeing the unmarked one.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

Empty, still. The door shatters open on its hinges and the cops storm in, followed by James and the Priest. He waves his cross in front of him, rather scared now.

James gestures to the cops to spread out and they do, searching the place quickly and efficiently. The Priest glances up at the loft but it's empty and dark.

James and the Priest walk over to the phone machine, its lights flashing. James turns on the machine.

MACHINE (O.S.)

(Peter's voice)

...that Priest has headed over to the police station. I don't know whether they'll believe his story, but if they do, you better get packed and get out of town, as fast as you can. I'll try and make it over before sunset to cover for you.

James shuts off the machine. His friend has just aided in the escape of Lucas and Kirsta. The Priest wanders off. The cops return from searching the apartment.

COP

The place is empty, sir.

JAMES

Then where'd they go?

COP

(shrugging)

Out a window?

James gestures to the cops.

JAMES

You stay and wait for the lab to show up, I've gotta get out the APB's.

James opens the phone machine and grabs the tape.

JAMES

Where's that priest?

Cops glances around.

COP 2

Don't know. Guess he split.

JAMES

If a guy names Peter Norris shows up, arrest him. Conspiracy.

James heads out, the other cops following him. The remaining cop considers the apartment, bored.

EXT. PENDER STREET

James and the cops exit the building. Peter slips back around the corner, out of sight. James gestures to the unmarked car to remain. As James gets into his car, Peter leans back around the corner.

The cop cars leave and Peter strolls down and into the building, casually, not noticing the unmarked car.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The cop reads a magazine on the couch. A noise from the kitchen. He frowns and gets up. As he's walking across the room, Kirsta floats down from the loft wearing a sheer white flowing gown.

KIRSTA
Looking for something?

The cop whirls around and Kirsta smiles at him.

COP
Hey! What the fuck...don't move...

KIRSTA
Who's moving? Am I moving?

She does a graceful ballet twirl. The cop watches her.

COP
Where'd you come from?

Kirsta smiles sweetly and Lucas floats, silently, down behind the cop. Directly behind the cop. His fangs extended and glistening.

LUCAS
Hell.

The cop tries to escape but Lucas bites his neck. Kirsta stands there watching. Suddenly, from the bathroom, the priest bursts out into the living room carrying a vial of Holy Water, screaming.

PRIEST
Benedicite, anima mea, domino!

Kirsta screams and whirls around just as the Priest hurls the vial of Holy Water at her. Lucas is tied up with the dying cop. Kirsta tries to deflect the bottle but the water splashes onto her arm. Her skin violently bubbles and hisses. She screams and drops to the floor.

The Priest moves to attack Lucas, cross outstretched. Lucas tries to free himself from the twitching cop's body but can't.

Lucas backs across the room using the body as a shield. Kirsta shudders on the floor and the Priest keeps getting closer to Lucas.

PRIEST
(taunting)
Is it true that you will grow old
instantly when I kill you? How
agonizing that must be...

PETER (O.S.)
No!

The Priest swings to the doorway, where Peter stares at Kirsta's slumped body.

Once distracted, Lucas drops the cop's body and lunges for the Priest. The cross flies onto the floor as Lucas propels the priest fifteen feet across the room to smash into the far wall.

Lucas leans down to finish him off but pauses, lifts up the Priest's arm. He lets it flop back down onto the ground. The Priest is dead. Peter rushes to Kirsta.

LUCAS
Peter, she'll be all right. Just
let her rest.

PETER
(worried)
But look at her arm. My God-

LUCAS
That's right. Your God.

Peter glances at Lucas. Lucas storms into his bedroom. Peter kneels beside Kirsta while the blood of the cop stains the white carpet.

EXT. SAVOY

Line up. Two cop cars park outside.

INT. SAVOY DRESSING ROOM

James searches the dressing room. Another cop stands by the door watching him.

COP
Any luck?

James shakes his head and pulls out the ornate guitar case. He opens it and they consider what's inside.

COP
Shit. Now that's one hell of
guitar.

James leans down and picks up the guitar. Lucas' amazing
seven string stainless guitar.

INT. LUCAS' APARTMENT

Kirsta huddles on the couch, Peter beside her. Lucas moves
around to a number of wall safes. He pulls the contents out
and tosses them into a valise.

PETER
(to Kirsta)
You all right?

Kirsta nods, but she's hurting.

KIRSTA
Thanks for saving us.

Before Peter can answer she leans over and kisses him. Lucas
strides into his bedroom.

LUCAS (O.S.)
You better get ready. The police
lab will be here any minute. I
don't want to be around when they
arrive.

Kirsta sighs, grits her teeth and attempts to stand up. Peter
stops her.

PETER
I'll get your stuff.

KIRSTA
There's bags packed, second drawer
in the bedroom, the first shelf in
the bathroom. Done this before...

Kirsta smiles weakly, Peter sighs and goes into her room.
Lucas storms out of the bedroom, searching everywhere for
something clearly important.

LUCAS
What happened to my guitar? Where
is she?

KIRSTA
It's at the Savoy. You didn't want
to get her wet.

Peter comes out of Kirsta's room. They all stare at each
other for a moment. Lucas grabs a coat from the closet.

KIRSTA
What the hell are you doing?

LUCAS
Stay here, I'll be back in a few minutes.

KIRSTA
Oh no you don't!

Kirsta grits her teeth and grabs the bag of bonds and deeds. She takes a sweater off a chair and follows him out the door. Peter stands alone in the apartment. Kirsta leans back in.

KIRSTA
You coming, or what?

Peter crosses the room, glancing at the body of the priest.

INT. SUN TOWER HALLWAY

Kirsta and Peter just make the elevator as the door shuts.

INT. SUN TOWER ELEVATOR

LUCAS
Any police out front?

Peter shakes his head.

LUCAS
I hate moving...

Lucas and Kirsta glance at each other, weary. Peter very out of place.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR

The two cops in the unmarked car watch the three come out of the building and round the corner.

COP 1
Show time.

He starts the engine.

INT. SAVOY DRESSING ROOM

James plays Lucas' guitar, depressed, confused, bored. He's not too bad a player.

EXT. SAVOY ALLEY

The three of them arrive at the back of the Savoy. Lucas approaches the fire escape door.

PETER
That door's got an alarm.

LUCAS
Unless you've got a key.

PETER
How'd you get that?

LUCAS
(grinning)
It's my building. Bought in 1943.

He opens the door and enters. Peter pauses and follows.

KIRSTA
Peter...

Peter stops in the doorway.

KIRSTA
Do you have a cigarette?

PETER
You don't smoke...

KIRSTA
No, I don't.

Peter smiles nervously, and tosses her the pack. He slips inside and the door shuts behind him. Kirsta lights a cigarette as the unmarked cop car rolls into view behind her.

INT. SAVOY HALLWAY

Lucas and Peter slip along the hallway.

PETER
What else do you own?

LUCAS
Shhh.

They stop. Someone plays blues on a guitar in the distance.

EXT. SAVOY ALLEY

Kirsta leans against the wall, smoking, cradling her hurt arm. The cop car eases up beside her.

COP 2
Excuse me, miss?

Kirsta jolts and drops the cigarette.

INT. SAVOY DRESSING ROOM

James continues to play Lucas' guitar. Now he's singing. 'The Preachin' Blues'.

JAMES

(singing)

"Now I met the blues this mornin'
walking just like a man
o-o-o-oh, walkin' just like a man
I said good mornin' blues,
now give me your right hand."

Peter and Lucas enter in silence.

JAMES (CONT'D)

"Now it ain't nothin' now baby
Lord, that's gon' worry my mind
O-o-o-oh Lord."

LUCAS

Nice chops.

James spins around.

LUCAS

If you could you pass across the
guitar, now? I've got to get along.

James glances at Lucas and at Peter.

JAMES

Can't do that.

LUCAS

(coldly)

Oh?

PETER

Lucas, this is James Gillard. He's
an old, old friend.

Lucas relaxes.

LUCAS

Oh. You're not too bad on that box.

Lucas notices that James and Peter aren't relaxing.

LUCAS

...a little more practise and you
could take over for Petey...

James reacts to Lucas' use of Peter's nickname.

LUCAS
(coldly)
Now, pass her to me.

James shakes his head.

Lucas stares at James, confused, then over at Peter.

LUCAS
I thought he was your friend.

PETER
He is. My friend the cop.

Lucas spins around to James. Instead of the guitar, James now holds a gun and the guitar leans against the wall. James nods.

EXT. SAVOY ALLEY

Kirsta up against the wall, spread-eagled, being frisked.

KIRSTA
Hey, you don't have the right to
frisk me...Hey!

Cop 2 spends too much time frisking her inner thighs while
Cop 1 leans against their police car, enjoying the show.

COP 1
(leaning against the car)
Jesus, you sure she's got nothing
hidded there?

Cop 2 finishes frisking her and slaps her ass.

COP 2
Yeah. She's clean.

He leans up.

KIRSTA
Wrong.

She grabs him from behind and rips his neck open. He gasps, faintly and drops to the ground, spilling blood all over the alley. Cop 1 stares at her in shock. He struggles to pull out his gun.

COP 1
Jesus...you...freeze!

Kirsta moves flowingly across towards him. A nice smile on her face and blood on her lips. She shakes her hair back and lunges at him. The gun goes off, loud.

INT. SAVOY DRESSING ROOM

James, Peter and Lucas react to the gun shot. Lucas blurs across the room, grabbing the gun out of James' hand. He flings it across the room and dive tackles Lucas.

James and Lucas roll onto the floor, fighting. But James can't fight against the super human strength of a vampire. Peter doesn't know what to do. Lucas pins James on his back and smiles down at him.

LUCAS

You can't be a cop and a bluesman.
You should know that.
You should have picked the blues.

Lucas sighs a world weary sigh of regret.

JAMES

(struggling)

And you should have picked a different city to fuck with. This place is surrounded with cops, customs is waiting at the airport, the harbour and the border.

James stops struggling.

JAMES

(calmly)

So let me up and we can talk. You kill me and you're never coming out, alive.

LUCAS

(resigned)

I hate to say this, James, you seem like a nice enough guy, but I'm not alive now.

Lucas bares his teeth and leans down to bite. James struggles, frantic. A hand wrenches Lucas back from James' neck. Peter.

PETER

No. You do anything else you want, but not that.

LUCAS

(glaring at Peter)

Then what am I gonna do with him?
Make him pinkie swear not to tell anyone?

PETER

Is it true about the cops?

Weakly, James nods.

JAMES
They also know about you, Petey.
You shouldn't leave incriminating
phone messages.

They all stare at each other.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
The Savoy is proud-

EXT. SAVOY ALLEY

The cop car sits alone, empty, no bodies, no movement.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
-to present an evening of the music
of Robert Johnson...

An audience cheers.

INT. SAVOY STAGE

A young white man comes out with an electric guitar. He plays Robert Johnson's "Me and the Devil Blues". The song continues over the next scenes.

INT. SAVOY BAR

The cops lean against the bar, not allowed to drink. Another cop arrives.

COP 3
Where the hell is Gillard?

The cops at the bar point towards the dressing rooms.

INT. SAVOY DRESSING ROOM

Lucas, on top of James, glances up at Peter, enquiring. James begs with his eyes. Peter stares at James, at Lucas, at the guitar leaning against the wall, looks inside himself. Peter nods. Lucas leans down and Peter averts his eyes.

INT. SAVOY HALLWAY

As Cop 3 swaggers down the hall, people staying clear.

INT. SAVOY DRESSING ROOM

Moments later. James sprawled out on the floor, still. Lucas packs up the guitar. Peter stares at James. Lucas gestures him towards the door. Peter glances back at James.

EXT. SAVOY ALLEY

Lucas and Peter come out the fire exit. The alarm goes off.

INT. SAVOY BAR

The cops react to the fire alarm going off and race out the front exit. The guitarist plays on.

INT. SAVOY DRESSING ROOM

Cop 3 shakes the still body of James.

COP 3
Gillard! Gillard!

He rolls James over and sees the bite on his neck.

COP 3
Oh Jesus...

EXT. SAVOY ALLEY

Lucas and Peter search for Kirsta. Peter finds the blood stains on the ground and looks to Lucas in confusion.

LUCAS
The blues are coming, big time...

EXT. SAVOY ENTRANCE

Cops run out and confer with other cops. They split up and go off around the building.

EXT. SAVOY ALLEY

Kirsta pops up in the front seat of the cop car.

KIRSTA
Peter!

She gestures for them to get in. Lucas hops into the car in a flash. Peter pauses. He's going to stay behind.

KIRSTA
Peter, please...

LUCAS
Decision time!

A cop car comes around the corner, headlights on high beam. Kirsta and Lucas are lit up.

Peter stares at the Savoy, considering. He makes his choice and jumps into the back seat. Kirsta guns the engine and races off down the street before the door's shut. The police race after the car.

INT. KIRSTA'S CAR

PETER
Where are we going?

KIRSTA
(concentrating)
Away.

EXT. SEEDY CITY STREET

Kirsta's car races by followed by one-two-three police cars.

EXT. RIVER'S EDGE

Kirsta's car jumps over a rise and takes a sharp corner onto a road paralleling the river.

INT. COP CAR

Two cops racing after them. They negotiate the tough corner.

COP
Jesus, that's one hell of a
driver...

They drift around another corner at high speed.

INT. KIRSTA'S CAR

The cars race along the river bank. Rotten logs jut from the water. It's a lot like the Mississippi Delta, unnervingly so.

Kirsta and Lucas stare at each other, serious. Utterly world weary, and resigned to what's happening and what's going to happen.

EXT. RIVER ROAD

Kirsta's car races along, all of a sudden veering onto a road heading straight for an empty river ferry jetty.

INT. KIRSTA'S CAR

PETER
Hey, wait a minute...Kirsta!

She glances back at him.

KIRSTA
I love you, Peter.

She smiles grimly. Peter stares ahead, incapable of responding. Lucas reaches over and holds Kirsta's hand. They stare at each other, communicating more in that stare than possible.

INT. COP CAR

Cop spot them racing down towards the jetty. He rounds the corner and races after them.

COP
Oh shit...

EXT. FERRY JETTY

Kirsta' car races up the ramp, not slowing down, and launches out over the river, smashing down into the water.

The other cop cars skid to a stop. The cops rush to the edge of the jetty to watch as the car sinks in the rapid current.

The car goes under and no one comes to the surface.

EXT. FERRY JETTY - DAWN

A barge struggles to stay steady in the rapid current and dredge. James stands upon the bank, observing. He's got a bloody bandage on his neck and mud all over his jacket. The dredgers catch something and pull it up.

James watches and smokes. A sodden log breaks the surface. All the bargemen stare up at James. Should they go on? James squints as the morning sun breaks across his face, shakes his head and limps away.

INT. POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

The chief reads a newspaper with the headline, "Three dead after car chase".

CHIEF
Well, it couldn't have been wrapped up any tighter than that. Except we're never gonna find the car in that current. Maybe in ten years, maybe thirty miles down river. Maybe never...

He tosses down the paper and addresses James. James wears the clothes he had on at the river bank.

CHIEF
You did a good job, Gillard, I shouldn't have pulled you off the case.

James tosses a letter onto the desk.

CHIEF
What's that?

JAMES

I'm out.

James strides out of the office and down the hall.

CHIEF

(calling after him)

What? You're out? Get back here!
You want a promotion? You got it!
You haven't made pension yet,
Gillard! What are you going to do
with your life?

A single guitar playing the blues comes up.

EXT. RECORD SHOP - DAY

A hand reaches over to turn the 'Closed' sign to 'Open'.

INT. RECORD SHOP

James, seventy-five years old, leans against the counter playing slow blues on Peter's battered guitar. On the counter is a bottle of scotch and a full ashtray. The door bell rings and a couple of ten-year-old kids enter.

JAMES

(with a raspy voice)

Yo, how ya doin'? How can I help
ya?

KID 1

We got told that you're the man to
talk to about the blues...

James grins and lays down a mean blues riff.

KID 2

(amazed)

Wow...

JAMES

What about the blues you wanna talk
about?

KID 1

Blind Lemon Jefferson. We have to
do a report on him for school.

JAMES

You grab yourselves a drink and
hang on...

James heads over to the record racks. The kids move for the bottle. James smiles to himself.

JAMES
I meant Pepsi.

The kids back away from the booze bottle.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Paris airport, forty-five years in the future.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
(French accent)
Madames et monsieurs, United /
Aeroflot flight 2435, direct from
Tokyo-

INT. CONCOURSE

ANNOUNCER
...has arrived at gate 162 on the
Jerry Lewis Concourse. Merci.

A pair of old faded boots in faded jeans stride along the
concourse. Swinging beside is a tattered leather guitar case,
hand tooled. Beside him, a girls legs in a mini skirt and
another man's legs.

Lucas, Kirsta and Peter.

The same age as they were forty-five years ago.

Kirsta holds Peter's hand. They smile at each other as they
stroll across the concourse.

FADE OUT.