

Darkness. Then the sound of a woman CHOKING...

INT. HOTEL VILLA DES TERNES -- NIGHT

ANGELIQUE sputters awake. She bolts up in bed and fights to catch her breath. After a few panicked moments, the coughing finally subsides. She moves to the edge of the bed and collects herself. Then she glances behind her where the outline of a FAT NAKED BALD MAN can be seen in the moonlight.

She turns back and stares into the darkness. Then a heavy sigh. Part shame, mostly sadness.

INT. HOTEL VILLA DES TERNES - BATHROOM -- LATER

She leans over the sink and splashes her face with water. It's only now in the light that we really see her - strikingly beautiful, skin like porcelain. But her eyes seem hollow and are framed by dark circles that no amount of make up can ever cover.

She's been cut. Deep scratches on her arms, neck and chest. A little blood. And there are bruises on her face and shoulders.

Angelique looks down at one of the uglier bruises. She tests it. Winces.

FLASHBACK:

The night before this one, the FAT BALD MAN squeezes her by the shoulders and throws her hard against the wall. She doesn't resist as he violently paws at her. But her stillness seems to inspire even more anger. He shoves her head into the wall. Again and again. Until finally, without ever changing the blank expression on her face, she draws her mouth toward his neck. Now we see her long jagged incisors. Fangs. Angelique is a vampire. And she attacks him with effortless ferocity. He tries to hold her off. But the best he can manage are a few scratches...

BACK TO PRESENT:

Angelique wipes blood from one of the scratches. The pained expression on her face doesn't come from the wound on her arm. She looks up at the mirror, but her reflection is nowhere to be found - only the image of the bed where the Fat Bald Man lies sleeping. The light from the bathroom illuminates him clearly more clearly now. We realize that he's not sleeping. He's dead. His throat has been ripped to shreds and he's covered in blood.

INT. HOTEL VILLA DES TERNES -- LATER

Dressed in the backless vintage dress from the night before, Angelique makes her way down the hallway and slips into a door marked "Employees Only".

EXT. HOTEL VILLA DES TERNES -- LATER

Angelique comes out through the service door and into the dark alley. She checks to see that the coast is clear before continuing on.

She doesn't notice the figure of a YOUNG MAN stepping out from the shadows.

INT. GARE ST-LAZARE -- NIGHT

It's a collection of the desolate, depressed and homeless that wanders around the train station at this late hour.

Angelique stands before a bank of lockers. She opens one. Inside are all her worldly possessions: a blood stained change of clothes, some cosmetics and pharmaceuticals.

She removes a wallet from her purse - takes out the handful of bills and a photograph. It shows the fat bald man with his beautiful young wife and three small children.

INT. GARE ST-LAZARE - BATHROOM -- LATER

Carrying her change of clothes, Angelique enters the filthy bathroom. She has to step over a trio of homeless women huddled together on the floor. A fourth has buried her face in one of the sinks. Angelique moves to the other one.

She turns on the tap and lets the water fill the bowl. Then she slips off her dress and places it along with the other clothes into the sink. The water immediately turns red.

She takes some soap to the clothes and starts scrubbing. She scrubs and scrubs. Harder and harder. But despite the growing intensity of her actions, the blood stains barely fade. Angelique's frustration mounts. For a moment, it looks as though she's going to lose it, but then a wave of sad resignation washes over her and she regains her blank, emotionless expression.

She squeezes the water from the clothing and holds them under the hand dryer.

EXT. GARE ST-LAZARE -- NIGHT

The young man from the alley is smoking a cigarette when Angelique comes out of the train station. Her dress is still a little damp and clings tight to her body.

He follows unseen as she heads out into the night.

Her eyes pointed downward, Angelique does her best to keep a distance between her and the handful of people still out on the streets this late. The sound of their beating hearts, and the red glow of heat that pours from their skin form a discordant symphony of sight and sound.

And as if that weren't bad enough, now SIRENS blare and emergency vehicles race past her.

She ducks into a bar. The young man waits outside and watches.

INT. LE DADA CAFE -- NIGHT

It's quieter in here. Wood-block carved tables, red walls and candlelight provide a soothing atmosphere. But Angelique doesn't fit in. This is a bar for the well heeled Parisian set and although they are only half a dozen strong tonight, their contempt for her is palpable. They glare as she passes. She's used to it. One guy sneaks a lecherous look when his date turns her head. Now it's Angelique who feels contempt. She finds a table in the back corner and orders a glass of wine.

She lights a cigarette, then she pulls out the photograph she had earlier of the bald fat man and his family. She stares at it. Soon, tears begin to well up in her eyes.

She strikes a match and holds it to the corner of the photo. It burns. She doesn't let go until it's all ash. The waiter brings her wine. She takes a sip. Then another.

Her hand is trembling. She tries to steady it.

EXT. LE DADA CAFE -- CONTINUOUS

The young man has been watching her every move. There is anger in his eyes. And pain. He moves away from the window to collect himself.

FLASHBACK:

With a smile stretched from ear to ear, the young man bounds down the hallway of a modest one bedroom apartment - he carries a bottle of wine and a bouquet of flowers. But when he turns into the bedroom, his expression changes.

Lying on the floor is a young woman. Her face is covered in blood. Her neck has been torn apart.

He hears a noise coming from the balcony, but when he turns, he sees only a shadow slipping away into the night.

He goes to the woman and cradles her in his arms. He buries her face into his chest. And sobs.

BACK TO PRESENT:

The young man has a knife in his hands. He carefully feels the sharpness of the blade. When he turns to look back inside the cafe, he's alarmed to see that Angelique has vanished.

INT. LE DADA CAFE -- CONTINUOUS

He races inside to her table, where money has been left for her drink. Then he looks to the back, finds a door and runs out.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

The young man runs down an empty street. Angelique is nowhere to be seen.

And then she appears. If only for a second. Up ahead, making her way into a park. The young man quickens his pace.

EXT. PEREIRE BLVD PARC -- NIGHT

Angelique makes her way down the stone walkway. She stumbles a little. Her hand is shaking quite badly now, and she squeezes her eyes shut to fend off a throbbing headache. But up ahead is salvation: a figure, sleeping on a bench.

She descends upon him, turns him over. He is barely conscious. She kneels down, folds open his shirt and then with that same silent resignation buries her mouth into his neck.

But just as she does, a leather belt is slipped around her own neck and immediately cinched tightly. She tries to yell, but her breath almost gone. She struggles to turn around and see who's doing this to her, but for the moment her attacker has the advantage.

It's the young man. He stands over her with steely determination in his eyes. He yanks up on the belt, creating a noose effect and causing Angelique to gag. Then he pulls out the knife.

In one lightning quick motion, he swings the knife down, rips the blade through his own arm, then shoves the open wound to her mouth.

Angelique doesn't understand what's going on, but her entire being is screaming for blood and she can't help but drink in the man's offering.

The life force begins to drain from the young man. He grows weaker and weaker by the second. He drops the belt.

And then he summons every last bit of strength he has and jabs the end of the knife into Angelique's throat.

She stops drinking and looks up.

Her face freezes. Angelique and the young man lock eyes. She wavers between confusion, joy and deep sorrow.

## FLASHBACK:

It's the scene from earlier. The young man is sobbing and cradling the blood soaked young woman in his arms. Suddenly, her eyes pop open, she gags, then sputters to life. We see for the first time that the woman is Angelique. And she is not dead anymore. The young man is overjoyed. His prayers have been answered. He beams. But there's something different about her now. Something empty about her. And then she opens her mouth to reveal fangs.

Both of them are frightened. And confused. Angelique starts to quiver. Her hand shakes. Her head throbs. They both try to make sense of what's happening...

She is drawn toward his throat. He doesn't know better to resist. She doesn't know better to warn him. She comes closer and closer. Just a breath away from sinking her teeth into his veins. Then she pulls back. And starts to cry.

She gazes at her soulmate and then makes the most difficult decision of her young life. She leaves.

It's all too much for the young man to handle. He can't move. He is frozen in shock and confusion. When he finally manages to drag himself to the door, Angelique is long gone.

## BACK TO PRESENT:

Neither Angelique nor the young man move an inch. But the young man is dying. He casts his gaze to the trickle of blood from where he punctured her skin with the knife.

Silence.

She offers her neck to him. He drinks her blood. When he has taken enough to survive. He pulls away.

YOUNG MAN

Never again.

The two lovers stare into each other's eyes. They are finally together. They kiss. Deep and slow. Like it will be their last.

INT. SOLARIUM -- MORNING

The young man and Angelique sit on a bench. Two vampires united in mutual solitude.

Their flesh begins to burn under the first rays of sunlight.

FIN.