

EXT. PARIS -- EVENING

The late summer sun is setting on the 17th Arrondissement.

INT. BANK -- EVENING

The last few remaining employees make their way out of the bank.

A SECURITY GUARD, FRANCOIS, slight and in his mid-thirties, gives them each a nod as they leave. His night is just beginning.

He makes his way over to the security desk in the center of the lobby. Almost without looking, he begins rearranging everything. Pens, log book, phone...he meticulously positions them all in their proper place. The task complete, he settles in for a long shift.

INT. BANK -- NIGHT

Francois has barely moved. But now he seems anxious. He taps a pen against the side of the desk. He glances up at the clock. 2am. Something's not right.

He gets up and goes to the front doors. Peers out into the dark night. Nothing. He looks again. And again. Finally, he turns away and starts for the coffee room.

Something catches his attention out of the corner of his eye. A woman. Walking down the street that was empty only a second before.

Francois quickly steps behind a wall that separates the doors so that she cannot see him.

The woman is ANGELIQUE. Mid twenties. She is a raven haired beauty with luminous, almost translucent skin.

She walks briskly and soon passes the bank, heading for the park.

Francois rushes to his desk and grabs his keys and a backpack.

He hurries out the front door and just catching a glimpse of Angelique before she disappears into the park. He locks the door and follows.

EXT. PEREIRE BLVD PARC -- NIGHT

Francois keeps a safe distance from Angelique who is now perched up against a rod ironed archway. She wears a miniskirt that leaves little to the imagination, heels, a tight fitting tank-top and strikes the alluring, yet unapproachable pose of a prostitute.

Francois stares, trance-like. Then a twig snaps under his foot drawing Angelique's attention. Francois ducks behind a tree, barely avoiding detection.

A pause and then Francois carefully peers out from his hiding spot.

He stiffens when he sees a MAN approach Angelique. He is heavy set and looks to be in his early fifties - the jacket he wears and the briefcase he carries, screams bourgeois.

Francois cannot hear what the man says to her, but in seconds, they are leaving the park together and making their way onto the dark street. He follows.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Francois has lost sight of Angelique and the Man. He continues gingerly down the street, then stops as he steps in something sticky. BLOOD. A trail of it in fact. It leads into an alley.

A chill runs down his spine. He places a hand on his gun and ventures towards the alley.

EXT. ALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER

Francois turns into the alley. The blood trail continues to the dead end. To where Angelique and the man are.

Francois takes a step closer. There's a struggle. But it's the man who's in danger, not Angelique. The blood belongs to him. His neck has been ripped open and at this moment, Angelique has her mouth pressed to the wound. She drinks his blood with voracious efficiency, for Angelique is a VAMPIRE.

Francois quickly presses himself against the wall and safely hides in the shadows. He is transfixed by the gruesome sight.

Angelique is too busy feeding to notice Francois, but the man does. He summons just enough of his quickly dwindling strength to mouth a "help". Francois recognizes the plea, but doesn't move. And in a few short moments, it's too late.

Angelique finishes the man off, then drops his lifeless body to the ground.

Francois keeps out of her view as she walks briskly past him and off into the night.

He waits a second, then satisfied that the coast is clear, Francois steps out and approaches the dead body. He opens his backpack, dons a pair of gloves and an apron and spreads a tarp over the ground.

Then he removes a hacksaw and sets about cutting the man's body into small pieces.

EXT. ALLEY -- NIGHT

Three garbage bags have been filled with body parts, tied and set to the side. Francois is on his hands and knees, collecting any and all remnants of the slaying and dumping them into a sewer drain. He has a bottle of water and a bottle of cleaning fluid close at hand that he uses to remove even the slightest trace of blood.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Carrying the garbage bags, Francois emerges from the alley and starts making his way down the street. The bags are heavy and he is constantly forced to adjust and readjust his grip.

A bag tumbles out of his grasp and lands in the street. As Francois reaches for it a POLICE CAR emerges from out of nowhere. It's headed right for him.

Francois quickly picks up the bag and ducks down another street.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET -- NIGHT

Francois breathes a huge sigh of relief as he listens to the police car passing. But now there's another sound. ANOTHER CAR.

Francois turns to see:

The glare from two headlights swing across his face. And then the sound of a horrible THUD.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Francois is grievously injured, lying prone in the middle of the road. The car is long gone. He opens his eyes. Barely. He's lost a lot of blood and he's getting weaker and weaker - the life quickly draining from his body.

He can't keep his eyes open. They shut. Then open once more.

Standing over him is Angelique. No expression. She kneels close to him and examines the fatal wound, running a finger along his chest. She stares at the blood that's collected on her fingertip. Then she tastes it.

Francois braces himself for the inevitable end of his life. He looks up at her. There is a great deal he'd like to say, but he's too weak. And too frightened.

Angelique bears her fangs.

Francois squeezes his eyes shut.

Then Angelique holds out her arm and bites into it. Hard. Blood spurts from her veins. She cradles the back of Francois's head and opens his mouth. The blood is for him. It pours into his mouth. He gags at first, but soon he is able to drink it more easily. He drinks. And drinks...

INT. BANK -- NIGHT

All is quiet. Except for the sound of a pencil being tapped against the side of the desk.

The pencil belongs to a NEW SECURITY GUARD -- a young man named DAVID.

He glances up at the front doors as Angelique struts by. But she is not alone. Trailing a few steps behind is Francois, his backpack slung over his shoulder.

David watches the odd couple as they disappear together into the night.

Fin.