

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

FADE UP ON

DAVID, mid-thirties, rumpled and depressed.

He strolls past quaint Parisian storefronts, lost in thought.

David turns the corner and freezes. He is standing in a pool of blood. The trail of red leads to a MAN, lying prone to the ground. A WOMAN, is bent over him, drawing blood from his neck.

The VAMPIRE becomes aware of David's presence. She looks up from her victim, her mouth rosy and glistening. In spite of the gore, she is stunning: an ivory-skinned beauty.

A silent understanding. David slowly backs away. She goes back to the business of feeding.

EXT. SAME STREET -- DAY

David walks past the same bakery, tailor shop and jewelry store, now bustling with business.

David comes to a stop at the spot where he saw the vampire. In the daylight, there is nothing unusual about it.

David bends down, examining a pocked cobblestone. He scrapes it with his fingernail. DRIED BLOOD flakes off the surface.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

David is standing in the alley where he saw the vampire. He blows on his cold hands.

David takes out a RAZOR BLADE. He slashes the palm of his hand. Blood flows freely from the wound.

David smears his blood on the alley walls. Then he sits on the cold ground. And waits.

EXT. STREET -- LATER

David is struggling to stay awake. He draws on a scrap piece of paper with his own blood.

We see what he's drawn: it's a heart.

CRASH! David drops the paper, turns. An alley cat springs out of the trash.

The cat is lapping his blood off the ground.

David becomes frightened. He tries to stem the bleeding. He wraps a cloth around his wrists.

David pulls himself up to his feet. He stumbles towards the mouth of the alley.

David weaves out into the street, directly in the path of an oncoming car.

BAM! David is struck by the car.

BLACKNESS.

FADE IN:

EXT. SAME STREET -- NIGHT

David comes back to consciousness. He's lying in the middle of the road, dying.

CLOP-CLOP-CLOP. The sound of high-heels draws David's attention. It takes all his effort to look back. He sees approaching, the Vampire.

She comes close to him bends down and dips her finger in his blood. Tastes it. Smiles.

She opens her mouth, exposing long fangs and for an instant it seems that she is going to bite David. Instead she chomps down on her own wrist. Blood spurts from the veins. And then gently presses it against David's mouth.

At first, David chokes on the blood, but soon he is able to drink. He drinks and he drinks...

EXT. SAME STREET -- NIGHT

The Vampire helps David to stand. Despite appearances to the contrary, he is healthy again.

He looks at her questioningly. She holds up his piece of paper: it's his drawing.

Slowly she comes close and they kiss.

The end.