

EXEC. PRODUCER: David Peckinpah  
EXEC. PRODUCER: Alan Barnette  
CO-EXEC. PRODUCER: Tony Blake  
CO-EXEC. PRODUCER: Paul Jackson  
PRODUCER: Mychelle Deschamps  
PRODUCER: Richard Compton  
CONS. PRODUCER: Josef Anderson  
EXEC. CONSULTANT: Tracy Torme'

Prod. Draft. 2/14/97 (F.R.)  
1st Pink Revs. 2/21/97 (F.R.)  
1st Blue Revs. 2/25/97 (F.R.)  
1st Yellow Revs. 2/27/97 (F.R.)  
1st Green Revs. 3/3/97 (F.R.)  
2nd White Revs. 3/5/97 (F.R.)

PROD. #K1827



"STOKER"

Written  
by  
Josef Anderson

Directed by  
Jerry O'Connell

REVISED PAGES:

1st Pink Revs. Full Script  
1st Blue Revs. Full Script  
1st Yellow Revs. Cast,19,29,29A,39  
1st Green Revs. 7,7A  
2nd White Revs. 10-12

- NOTICE -

THIS MATERIAL IS THE PROPERTY OF UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS, INC. AND IS INTENDED AND RESTRICTED SOLELY FOR STUDIO USE BY STUDIO PERSONNEL. DISTRIBUTION OR DISCLOSURE OF THE MATERIAL TO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS IS PROHIBITED. THE SALE, COPYING OR REPRODUCTION OF THIS MATERIAL IN ANY FORM IS ALSO PROHIBITED.

#K1827

SLIDERS

“Stoker”

CAST

QUINN MALLORY  
WADE WELLES  
REMBRANDT BROWN  
MAGGIE BECKETT

VAN ELSLINGER  
ANGUS RICKMAN

(X)

HARKER  
MORGAN  
RENFIELD  
MINA  
EDDIE SELK  
NURSE  
TECHNICIAN  
SECURITY GUARD

#K1827

SLIDERS

“Stoker”

SETS

INTERIORS:

NIGHTCLUB

GREEN ROOM

ANOTHER NIGHTCLUB SECTION

HOTEL

ROOM

COUNTY HOSPITAL

ROOM

BLOOD BANK

WAITING ROOM

LAB ROOM

GRAVE

MUSEUM

ROOM

MAYAN THEATER

LOBBY

CORRIDOR

JAIL

CAR

STATION WAGON

LIMO

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

EXTERIORS:

NIGHTCLUB

ALLEY

STREET

CORNER

(X)

EUROPEAN STREET

PARK

GRAVEYARD

MUSEUM

ENTRANCE

HOTEL

MAYAN THEATER

STATION WAGON

CAR

(X)

#K1827

CHRONOLOGY PAGE

SCENES 1 - 3A NIGHT #1  
SCENES 4 - 16 DAY #2  
SCENES 17A - 40A NIGHT #2  
SCENES 41 - 50 DAY #3  
SCENES 50A - 61A NIGHT #3

(X)

SLIDERS

"Stoker"

TEASER

FADE IN

- 1 OMITTED 1
- 1A EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT (N1) 1A
- We HEAR hard-driving ROCK MUSIC. A line of a dozen GOTHIC GANG STONERS, dressed in black, with pale faces, dark eye liner. (The Marilyn Manson look). (X)
- CAMERA FINDS VAN ELSLINGER, wearing a vintage Hawaiian shirt, Bermuda shorts, under a battered military trench coat. He flashes a press pass at the beefy DOORMAN, goes inside. (X)
- 2 INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT 2

Temporarily converted from an office. A couple of old couches, some food and beer laid out on a table. Three members of the band named "Stoker," JOHN, NATHAN, and HARKER, are listening to MORGAN, their leader, read a review. They are dangerously handsome young men. All have long hair, except for Harker who is bald. They wear tailored black leather and silver. John and Nathan are tuning their guitars.

MORGAN

(reading)

And second on the bill was a Gothic rock group, Stoker, who deserve the Alice Cooper award for trying.

HARKER

What'd he say about me?

MORGAN

He says you need drum lessons.

Harker grabs the review from Morgan, scans it.

HARKER

I'm gonna kill him.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Morgan crosses to open it.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

2

MORGAN

(teasing)  
You'd think after all these  
centuries you could handle a little  
criticism.

Morgan opens the door revealing their roadie, RENFIELD. (He resembles the singer, Meatloaf). He pulls a pretty young thing named MINA into the room with him. She's got some sheet music under her arm. She's wearing a halter top and miniskirt.

RENFIELD

This is Mina. She heard you were  
looking for a girl singer and she  
wanted to audition.

MORGAN

That's cool.

There's a look between Renfield and Morgan.

RENFIELD

So is she. Mina's a runaway  
without any relatives.

MINA

(looks around)  
This is awesome.

RENFIELD

Ten minutes, boys.

Renfield exits. The other band members stand up and surround her. Their hungry looks make Mina nervous.

MINA

I, uh, like, you want to hear me  
sing, or something? I brought a  
demo tape.

(X)  
(X)

MORGAN

Are these guys making you nervous?

MINA

No... I...

MORGAN

(to band)  
They're making me nervous. Go on.  
I'll be there in a minute.

The other band members smile at her as they pick up their instruments and walk out. Finally Morgan and Mina are alone.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED 2

2

MINA  
I, uh, want you to know, that I'd  
do anything to be in the band.

Morgan looks at her. Mina touches the strap on her halter  
top.

MORGAN  
That's not necessary.

MINA  
(relieved)  
Oh. Good. Because the last couple  
of bands were...

Morgan steps closer to her.

MORGAN  
It's not in my way.

CLOSE - MORGAN'S EYES

turn black.

ANOTHER ANGLE

CAMERA swings violently as Morgan attacks Mina, burying his  
face in her neck. She SCREAMS.

SMASH CUT

3 OMITTED

3

3A INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

3A

The audience SCREAMS as Harker starts the down beat on his  
drums. Spotlights find him and the other band members as  
they join in, rocking on a smoky stage filled with candles,  
Gothic images, statues of Gargoyles, a couple of coffins.  
The MUSIC is LOUD, chest-pounding rock.

Morgan appears from the smoke, takes center stage. A  
spotlight hits his face. His lips are blood red, his eyes  
nearly normal, his cheeks flushed with life. He looks  
magnificent, sensual, powerful, burning with a supernatural  
sexiness. He grabs the microphone, starts singing like  
Morrison reborn.

CONTINUED

3A CONTINUED

3A

MORGAN

(sings)

When you're sick of your  
frustration, And you're bored with  
your aggravation, And you don't  
know where you belong, And you  
don't know where you went wrong, A  
victim of your own affliction.  
Deadbeat. Deadbeat. Deadbeat.

ANGLE - AUDIENCE

Mesmerized by the sound and the power and the chaos. CAMERA  
finds VAN watching them. The young women beside him are in  
a rapture, watching Morgan perform. CAMERA MOVES TO

WADE

standing in the crowd, moving to the music, lost in the  
rapture like everyone else.

ANGLE - MORGAN

looking out over the audience. Then he settles his gaze on  
one person, clearly singing to her.

MORGAN

(sings)

When your hometown looks a bit  
rundown, Even the run of the mill  
is nowhere to be found, You don't  
know where you belong, You don't  
know where you went wrong, A victim  
of your own affliction.

ANGLE - WADE

feeling like Morgan is looking right at her, because he is.  
We HOLD on WADE, as she begins to mouth the lyrics along  
with him, holding his stare as we...

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

4 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY (D2)

4

The Sliders, minus Wade, are finishing up a room service breakfast. Quinn is looking over the morning paper.

MAGGIE

Maybe your timer's malfunctioned.

QUINN

The timer is working fine.  
Rickman is still here. There's no  
reading of a wormhole trail.

(X)

REMBRANDT

Then why can't we find him? You  
think somebody who needs to suck  
brain to stay alive would stick out  
in a crowd.

(X)

MAGGIE

Where are the coma patients he  
usually leaves behind?

(X)

QUINN

Maybe he's disposing of them now.

REMBRANDT

Or nobody's seeing the bodies are  
connected.

(X)

Rembrandt holds up a flyer. It's got pictures of four  
young adults and a headline, "Have you seen us?"

(X)

REMBRANDT

Shouldn't we warn the police?

(X)

MAGGIE

And tell them what? That we're  
from another universe, just sliding  
through, looking for a maniac named  
Rickman?

(X)

REMBRANDT

You got a better idea?

MAGGIE

Yeah. I say we split up, hit the  
hospitals, find out if they have  
any coma patients, see where they  
came from, follow the trail.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

REMBRANDT  
(conceding)  
Yeah, that's a better idea.

(X)

Wade enters from the bedroom. She slept in her clothes.

QUINN  
You get lucky or run over?

WADE  
You'll have to speak up. I think I  
blew a few frequencies last night.

REMBRANDT  
How was the concert?

(X)

Wade sits down, picks up a cup of coffee, drinks.

WADE  
The band was pretty hot.  
Especially the lead singer.

(X)

QUINN  
Not according to this review.

Quinn points to the paper he was reading.

MAGGIE  
You got something to report?

(X)

Wade picks up the flyer, looks at the pictures.

WADE  
I talked to some people last  
night. Two of these girls were  
seen at Stoker concerts before they  
disappeared.

(X)

MAGGIE  
You think Rickman's grabbing them  
during the encore? Get real.

REMBRANDT  
Makes sense. All those virgin  
brains with hardly a mile of  
thought on them.

Wade picks up a piece of toast, takes a bite. Quinn gets  
up.

QUINN  
(to Wade)  
Bring that with you. We'll fill  
you in on the way.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED 2

4

Maggie and Remmy get up.

WADE

If you don't mind, I'll catch up later. I didn't sleep much.

MAGGIE

I'd think you'd be willing to give up sleep if it meant finding Rickman. You don't get his timer, you won't have the coordinates to get home.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

WADE

I'm working the night shift, okay.

MAGGIE

You're going to rock concerts and having a good time.

WADE

I think there's something there. I'm gonna go back tonight.

QUINN

You want one of us to come with you?

WADE

No, I'll be careful.

Quinn, Maggie, and Remmy exit. We HOLD on Wade, who takes a sip of coffee, then starts HUMMING the tune to herself she heard the night before.

5 INT. COUNTY HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

5

Health care for the poor. A middle-aged MALE patient in a bed, comatose. The lights are low.

RICKMAN (O.C.)

You run along. I can let myself out.

ANGLE - THE BED

to see a NURSE and a PRIEST standing at the foot of the bed. It's "Father Rickman," wearing a collar, holding a large Bible.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

NURSE

It's so good of you to visit him.  
I'm sure he knows you're here.

RICKMAN

It's the least I can do for one of  
my flock.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

The nurse exits. Rickman moves to the man, sets the Bible on the bed. He opens up the Bible. It's hollowed out inside, holding his syringe gear. He begins to hum a spiritual, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," as he rolls the man's head over to expose the back of his neck.

ANGLE - THE MAN'S FACE

His eyes snap open. He realizes he's about to get tapped again. He's terrified, anticipating the pain, but he's also paralyzed, unable to scream. He forces his lips apart, but nothing comes out.

The man's eyes flare with pain, there's a brief spasm, then close again.

ANGLE - RICKMAN

as he packs up his syringe, turns the man's face back to look at it. Rickman tucks the blanket in about the body, pats him on the cheek.

RICKMAN

I'll be back to see you before I slide. Try and stay alive until then. It would make life so much easier for me.

6 OMITTED

6(X)

6A EXT. EUROPEAN STREET - DAY

6A(X)

A sign on the building reads "MUSIC EDGE PRESS." A door opens, a man, EDDIE SELK, music critic, exits, carrying some newspapers under his arm. He drops a couple of tape cassettes in a trash can.

EDDIE

Bad music. Bad music. Really bad music. Signal noise is more interesting than this crapola. I hate this job.

Eddie walks to his car, opens the door, gets in.

7 INT. CAR

7

Eddie puts the key in, grinds the starter. Nothing. Suddenly, all the door locks slam down. Click. He tries one of the doors. It won't open. He looks in the rearview mirror. He sees something.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

7

EDDIE

What the hell?

ANGLE - BACK SEAT

where Mina's drained body is sitting up, eyes open, staring at him.

8 INT. CAR - ANOTHER ANGLE

8

EDDIE

Oh, my God. Help! Help!

Eddie freaks, tries shoving on the door. Suddenly, Harker drops into view outside the windshield, but he's upside down.

HARKER

Who made you a music critic? What right do you have to judge? I mean, you play?

He flies up out of view. Eddie's too terrified to speak. The radio suddenly snaps on. LOUD, switching channels.

Harker floats into view by the driver's window. He's got drumsticks in his hands. He begins to beat on the window.

HARKER

What you wrote really hurt my feelings.

EDDIE

Oh, God, please, I'm sorry.

HARKER

So, I'm not Tommy Lee, but I never dropped a beat in my life. Let me show you. One.

The engine starts with a ROAR.

HARKER

Two.

The gear shift lever drops into drive on its own. Eddie tries to move the shift lever, but it won't budge. Eddie slams the brake down with his foot to stop the car from rolling forward.

HARKER

Three.

ANGLE - ACCELERATOR PEDAL

depressing on its own, racing the engine.

9 EXT. ALLEY

9

The brakes don't hold and the car burns rubber leaping down the alley way, heading for a brick wall about a hundred feet ahead.

HARKER

Four.

Harker turns and walks towards CAMERA, blocking our view of the car. He clicks the drumsticks in time as he walks...

HARKER

One, two, one-two-three-four.

We HEAR HARD-DRIVING ROCK MUSIC as his black figure fills screen. We HEAR the EXPLOSION in the distance.

10 INT. HOTEL - DAY

10

A single candle burns on the table. Wade is putting on makeup. She's wearing a black muscle T-shirt. The ROCK music underscores her actions as she applies dark eye shadow, dark lipstick. She's turning Gothic.

We HEAR MORGAN'S VOICE singing to her from the RADIO. Wade turns her head, smiles at the radio, touches it, connecting on some level. She checks her looks one more time in the mirror. She stares in the mirror. She blows out the candle.

11 OMITTED

11(X)

12 INT. COUNTY HOSPITAL ROOM

12

The coma patient in bed. Quinn enters carrying some flowers, looks back out the door to see if he's been observed. He crosses to the bed, sets the flowers down, examines the man's neck.

Quinn sees the recognizable needle marks at the base of his skull. The Nurse enters.

NURSE

What are you doing?

QUINN

Uh, just delivering some flowers.

NURSE

(dubious)

To him? He's a John Doe coma patient. Who'd be sending flowers to him?

QUINN

I guess everybody's got somebody.  
These need a little water.

Quinn hands the flowers to the nurse as he exits and before she can say anything. We HEAR DRIVING ROCK MUSIC.

13 EXT. STREET - DAY

13

There're a few posters for missing people plastered on a construction site wall. We HEAR the MUSIC continue to underscore.

CAMERA finds Wade walking down the street, singing along with the words to a song only she can hear.

13A INTERCUT - FLASHBACKS (FROM 3A)

13A

of the CONCERT the night before, the looks between WADE and MORGAN.

13B BACK TO SCENE

13B

She's caught up in the song, the memory. We HEAR a HORN HONK. The MUSIC stops. Wade shakes her head, trying to clear it. She looks in a store window behind her, sees something. She steps closer.

ANGLE - STORE WINDOW

filled with Gothic clothing, candles, gargoyles. Wade goes inside as we...

14 EXT. PARK - DAY

14

Quinn and Remmy walk and talk.

REMBRANDT

This doctor said he had three in one month. The first was about the time Rickman arrived. The most recent a couple of weeks ago. Two of the victims were living on Skid Row, the other one was a college girl.

QUINN

Three out of four are drunks. What do you make of that?

REMBRANDT

Rickman knows that if some bum disappears, nobody cares.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

14

QUINN  
That doesn't explain the girl.

Remmy spots Maggie approaching.

QUINN  
We're gonna go check out Skid Row.  
Wanna join us?

MAGGIE  
I've got something better to do.

QUINN  
Like what?

MAGGIE  
Dig up Rickman.

REMBRANDT  
From the ground?

MAGGIE  
I saw his name on a death  
certificate in the county records.

QUINN  
Why were you looking there?

MAGGIE  
I've been checking morgue records  
whenever I could. If he dies  
someplace, I want to know about it.

REMBRANDT  
I've done a lot of things since I  
started sliding, but I'm not up for  
grave robbing.

QUINN  
(dubious)  
What makes you think he'd use his  
own name?

MAGGIE  
All of us in the military have (X)  
special I.D. tattoos that only (X)  
appear at the time of death. (X)  
Name, rank and serial number. (X)

QUINN  
This still feels like a long shot. (X)

MAGGIE  
Don't you want to go home?

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED 2

14

QUINN

More than anything.

MAGGIE

Then we gotta dig him up to be sure. He might have the timer buried with him.

There's a look between the Sliders.

REMBRANDT

You better hope so.

15 INT. BLOOD BANK WAITING ROOM - DAY

15

CAMERA PANS a row of possible donors, sitting in the stiff, plastic chairs. There are several winos and a few Gothic rock fans waiting their turn. A LAB TECHNICIAN, wearing a white coat, processes some papers at the counter. He looks up, sees something O.C., nods discreetly, then turns and walks back through some doors leading to a lab behind him.

RENFIELD

is seated at a table with a couple of young Gothic types. The boy is reading over the paperwork. His girlfriend adjusts some of her piercing.

RENFIELD

It just says you're donating your blood to our favorite charity in return for the tickets to a Stoker concert.

The boy nods, signs the paper. Renfield hands him the tickets. They get up. Renfield smiles.

RENFIELD

Next...

15A INT. LAB ROOM - DAY

15A

The Technician hears a KNOCK on a door, opens it. Rickman enters, dressed as the Priest.

RICKMAN

How did you do?

TECHNICIAN

I've located five more donors that meet your DNA criteria.

CONTINUED

15A CONTINUED

15A

Rickman hands an envelope to the Technician, takes the list, looks it over. The Technician counts the bills in the envelope, stuffs it in his pocket.

TECHNICIAN

I'm gonna need more money.

RICKMAN

I thought we had a deal.

TECHNICIAN

That was before bad things started happening to the people on the lists I gave you.

RICKMAN

I see. But you could forget about that if the money were right?

TECHNICIAN

What you do with those lists is your business. Tell me how much we're talking about.

RICKMAN

Say, double what you're making?

TECHNICIAN

When can I get it?

RICKMAN

(an edge)

I'll see you get it as soon as possible.

Rickman exits through the door. We HOLD on the Technician.

16  
THRU OMITTED  
17

16  
THRU  
17

17A EXT. MAYAN THEATER - NIGHT (N2)

17A(X)

The alley is deserted, spooky. We HEAR ROCK MUSIC as a pair of black leather boots stride by the dark puddles of water that dot the asphalt.

CAMERA RISES to see Wade, dressed in black and silver, walking down the same alley we saw in the Teaser, hips grinding to the music she hears in her head. We HEAR the ROCK MUSIC continue as she goes to the door of the nightclub, tries it. Not locked. She pushes it open.

18 OMITTED

18

18A INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

18A

The MUSIC stops as Wade enters the empty room. She reacts to the silence. She looks around. Not a soul in sight. There's a work light near the stage. She crosses to the stage, climbs up to the piano. Wade looks out at the house. She can't help herself.

(X)

WADE

I'd like to introduce the members  
of my band...

She laughs, amused by herself. She sits down at the piano. Wade hesitates, plays a few halting notes. She gets self-conscious, thinks about leaving, then decides to stay. She looks out at the imaginary house.

WADE

This is a little number I wrote...

She plays a few chords, then starts to sing...

WADE

(sings)

If ever you were lonely, You never  
let on, You never let on. If it  
was up to you, And you only, You'd  
never be wrong, You'd never be  
wrong, 'Cause you were, Falling  
behind, The cracks were all too  
clear, Falling behind, Following  
days into years.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Wade finishes the song. We HEAR one person's APPLAUSE.

WADE

Who's there?

MORGAN (O.C.)

You got good pipes.

WADE

I'm sorry, I saw the piano and I  
had to... how long were you  
watching me

(X)

MORGAN (O.C.)

Since last night.

Morgan steps out of the shadows.

WADE

It's you.

(X)

CONTINUED

18A CONTINUED

18A

MORGAN

Long time since I heard someone like that. I'm looking for a singer. You wanna audition for the band?

WADE

Oh, no, I couldn't. I'm traveling now. Not staying in one place too long.

MORGAN

Sounds like you're already in a band.

WADE

(smiles)  
No. Always wanted to be.

Morgan moves closer.

MORGAN

Least you could do is meet the guys. They gotta hear that voice.

Wade can't resist.

WADE

Yeah, I could do that. Sure.

19 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

19

The motorcycle roars past CAMERA down the alley. VAN ELSLINGER steps into view, watches them. He becomes aware of someone behind him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

to REVEAL the beefy DOORMAN exposing a nice set of fangs. Van whips around and produces a small crossbow from under his raincoat. He fires a wooden bolt right into the Doorman's heart. The Doorman drops in his tracks.

Van looks back to see the motorcycle disappear in the distance.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

20 EXT. CLOUD-FILLED SKY - NIGHT (STOCK) 20(X)

We HEAR the SOUNDS of a SHOVEL digging in the dirt.

REMBRANDT (O.C.)

You know, there could be more than  
one guy named Rickman on a planet.

21 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT 21

Remy and Maggie are standing together, holding flashlights,  
pointing them down into the grave where Quinn is digging.

QUINN

It's a little late to bring that  
up, isn't it?

MAGGIE

I checked the phone books. Two  
Rickmans, all accounted for.

QUINN

How deep did they stuff him?

Quinn throws another shovel of dirt. He digs in. There's a  
thud.

QUINN

I hit something. Put your light  
over here.

Quinn kneels down and wipes the dirt from the top of the  
coffin to reveal a metal plate with numbers on it.

QUINN

Coffin number 7226.

MAGGIE

That's it.

Maggie picks up a small crowbar, drops down into the hole  
with him.

22 INT. GRAVE - NIGHT 22

They're both anxious about the discovery.

QUINN

I'll do it.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED

22

MAGGIE  
That's okay. I got it.

QUINN  
You sure?

MAGGIE  
I got it.

Maggie slides by Quinn to the head of the coffin. She wedges the blade under the lid, slams it with her fist.

MAGGIE  
Be there, you son of a...

She pops the faceplate back. They react to the stench. Maggie looks into the coffin.

MAGGIE  
It's not Rickman.

Maggie reaches into the coffin.

MAGGIE  
But he left a calling card.

She pulls her hand out. She holds a silver Colonel's insignia pin up to the flashlight beam.

REMBRANDT  
Pretty sick joke.

Quinn climbs out of the grave.

MAGGIE  
Where are you going?

QUINN  
I'm gonna check out Skid Row.

REMBRANDT  
What about the grave?

QUINN  
I dug it. You two fill it in.

Quinn exits. Remmy offers his hand, pulls Maggie up out of the grave.

REMBRANDT  
You planning on making a habit of this?

MAGGIE  
Only until I know he's dead.

(X)

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED 2 22

That's all the answer he's going to get. Maggie grabs a shovel, starts filling in the grave. Rembrandt picks up another shovel, joins her. We HEAR "CHOPIN."

23 OMITTED 23

23A INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT 23A

A room right out of Cher's catalog. Candles everywhere. Lots of velvet. Wade sits on a couch, cross-legged. She's sipping from a heavy, silver goblet. John, Nathan, and Morgan are draped on the furniture. They're all having a drink, listening to Morgan play on a grand piano. He finishes. Wade applauds.

WADE

Nice hands. Where'd you learn to play like that?

MORGAN

We all have classical training.

WADE

I sorta taught myself.

MORGAN

Doesn't matter how you learn. The only thing that counts is making music.

Morgan sits down next to her. He looks deeply into her eyes. Wade smiles. She's feeling something strange.

WADE

What's in this stuff?

MORGAN

It's an old family recipe. You want more Sangria?

WADE

A little.

MORGAN

Harker, take care of the lady.

ANGLE - HARKER

as he steps to a refrigerator, opens the door. He reaches in to get a glass pitcher filled with scarlet liquid.

On two of the shelves are cases clearly marked "Keep Refrigerated - Human Blood." Harker pokes in the boxes, seeing a few bags left.

CONTINUED

23A CONTINUED

23A

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Harker moves back into the room, fills Wade's glass. He looks at John.

HARKER

What's with Renfield? Can't he keep this place stocked. We're almost out of supplies again.

MORGAN

Maybe if you didn't drink so much, it would last longer.

HARKER

Hey, I'm the one running around all day gettin' business done.

MORGAN

Not in front of our guest, Harker.

Morgan's look is enough to silence Harker. Morgan turns back to Wade.

MORGAN

You know how it is, spend a lot of time with the same people, you start to get on each other's nerves.

WADE

I know that one.

MORGAN

Always nice to see some new blood come into a group.

The band members raise their glasses in a toast.

24 OMITTED

24 (X)

25 INT. BLOOD BANK WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

25

The young Gothic types take a clipboard from the Technician, who is manning the counter.

They look around for a place to sit, something away from the assorted characters that fill the room. The door opens, Quinn enters, looks around. He sees the winos and the young kids. He sees a poster that advertises Stoker tickets for blood.

(X)

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

On the walls are the rules for donors. Quinn reads them while he waits for a customer to finish talking to the Technician and step away. Quinn steps up.

QUINN

Excuse me.

TECHNICIAN

Fill out the form. You qualify, we pay twenty-seven dollars for a pint of whole blood. If you have certain antibodies, we pay forty-two dollars. We're not buying sperm this month.

QUINN

I'm not selling.

TECHNICIAN

Then you're in the wrong line.

QUINN

I just had a question.

TECHNICIAN

I'm not a medical doctor. But if you have any doubts, you should get tested.

QUINN

Well, that's what I'm wondering. What kind of tests do you do here?

TECHNICIAN

Standard blood workups.

QUINN

No DNA matching?

The Technician is alarmed, but does his best to hide it.

TECHNICIAN

It's not necessary for what we do.

QUINN

If I needed to get that done, where would I go?

TECHNICIAN

I wouldn't know. Excuse me. People are waiting.

Quinn steps away, looks at the ad for Stoker.

26 INT. BLOOD BANK WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

26

Quinn's on the pay phone. He looks at his watch.

QUINN  
Come on, Wade... Be there...  
(beat)  
Tell her I'll meet her at the  
Stoker concert.

Quinn hangs up. He looks at the ad for Stoker. Quinn walks over to one of the Gothic couples filling out forms.

QUINN  
You know where they're playing  
tonight?

27 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

27

Rembrandt and Maggie finish patting down the last of the dirt on the grave.

REMBRANDT  
You think we should say something?

MAGGIE  
Like what?

REMBRANDT  
A few words. We are burying  
someone.

MAGGIE  
Suit yourself.

Rembrandt looks at her.

REMBRANDT  
Would you mind bowing your head?

She does. Rembrandt thinks for a moment, then:

REMBRANDT  
Whoever you are, I hope this time  
you can rest in peace. Amen.  
(head still bowed)  
You want to say something?

MAGGIE  
Yes. I hope we get to make a phone  
call.

Rembrandt lifts his head to look.

THEIR POV - TWO POLICEMEN

guns drawn, twenty feet away. We HEAR DRIVING ROCK MUSIC.

28 OMITTED

28

28A INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

28A

Stoker is performing. The faithful jam the floor by the stage. Huge speakers pound the room. Wade is singing. She rocks.

ANGLE - STAGE

Morgan moves next to Wade, joining her at the mike for a riff. He's playing for her, seducing her with his eyes, his movement. Their eyes are burning holes in each other.

ANGLE - QUINN

standing in the crowd, seeing a side of her that's new to him.

ANGLE - WADE

caught up in the moment and the power, all those eyes on her, singing her heart out.

29 INT. JAIL - NIGHT

29

CAMERA TRACKS past a line of female perps to Maggie, talking on a pay phone. A large, menacing MATRON who looks like Broderick Crawford is watching her with interest.

(X)  
(X)

MAGGIE

Yes, I'd like to leave a message.

Yes, I'll hold.

(to herself)

Tell him if this gets as far as a strip search, I'll kill him.

(to operator)

Yes, I'm still here. Tell him I'm in Sybil Brand for grave robbing and I'd like to get out as soon as possible. Yes, that is the message. Seriously.

Maggie hangs up the phone, turns to look at the matron who is still staring at her. We HEAR a LOUDSPEAKER.

ANNOUNCER

All new inmates are to report to the shower rooms for inspection and delousing.

The Matron smiles at Maggie. We HOLD on her as we...

30  
THRU OMITTED  
30A

30  
THRU  
30A

30B INT. MAYAN THEATER - LOBBY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

30B

Some groupies hang out, smoking, talking, waiting for the band.

The stage door opens and some security men come out and push the crowd back. Then the band appears: John, Nathan, Harker, and Morgan with Wade on his arm. Quinn steps out.

QUINN

Wade, Wade.

Quinn pushes his way through the crowd to get closer. John and Nathan exit.

MORGAN

Who's that?

WADE

A friend.

Morgan nods to a Security Guard who lets Quinn pass.

WADE

What are you doing here?

QUINN

I need to talk to you.

WADE

This is Morgan and Harker.

Quinn offers his hand, but Morgan just nods and puts his right arm around Wade.

MORGAN

She's got a great voice, man.

WADE

I was singing with their band.

QUINN

I heard you. You were good.

WADE

Really?

QUINN

Can we talk? It's about Rickman.

CONTINUED

30B CONTINUED

30B

Wade takes step to Quinn, but Morgan holds her with his arm.

MORGAN

Can't it wait, man. We wanna go party.

Morgan leans over and kisses Wade hard on the lips. Quinn has mixed emotions watching them kiss. Wade looks at Quinn, a little pleased with herself. Morgan holds her close. It's apparent she's under his influence.

MORGAN

Why don't you join us, Quinn?

Quinn senses that would be a mistake, just as it would be to let her stay with this guy.

QUINN

No, thanks. Wade... are you all right?

WADE

Yeah. I'm having fun. And I haven't had fun in awhile. I'll see you later.

Wade, Morgan and Harker exit.

30C EXT. MAYAN THEATER - NIGHT

30C

A limo parked at the curb. A crowd of fans gathered. A couple of security guards clear the way for Morgan and Wade to exit. Quinn follows behind them, not about to give up.

QUINN

Wade, wait a minute.

Wade and Morgan dive into the limo. Harker turns around and waits for Quinn, grabs him by the throat and pins him to the wall of the building.

HARKER

She said later.

Harker releases Quinn, gets into the limo. Quinn rubs his throat as he watches the limo drive away. The crowd disperses, revealing Van Elslinger watching him. Van walks over, studies Quinn for a moment.

VAN

He could have killed you. He still might.

CONTINUED

30C CONTINUED

30C

Who are you?  
QUINN

Name's Van Elslinger. She your  
girlfriend?  
VAN

No.  
QUINN

That makes it easier. They may  
drain her. The less emotions here  
the better.  
VAN

Quinn starts for Van, backing him up, grabs him.

What do you mean, drain her?  
What's going on?  
QUINN

Take it easy. Come with me to my  
office. It's just around the  
corner. I'll explain everything.  
VAN

DISSOLVE TO

31 EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT (UPPER FLATS - BACKLOT)

31(X)

An old station wagon is parked by a street light. We HEAR a SHOO-BOP track.

That's what Stoker sounded like  
back in 1957.  
VAN (V.O.)

32 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

32

Van's whole world is packed inside the car, or tied to the roof. There're strings of garlic around the windows. He's got a folder of black and white photos open, showing them to Quinn. Van holds up an 8-Track tape.

But they called themselves the  
Goodtones. I got recordings of  
them on 8-Track and LP, a few 45's  
and some reel to reel.  
VAN

It's the same group?  
QUINN

(X)

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

32

VAN

I've done a frequency match on their voices. The same. I've found pictures of these guys going back to the civil war. They've always been musicians. Sometimes they've disappeared for years, probably going to some other country.

INSERT - PHOTOS

of four men in different bands, eras, outfits.

BACK TO SCENE

VAN

And everywhere they've gone, people have died, disappeared. They took my wife. Her name's Charlotte.

Van hands Quinn a picture.

INSERT - VAN'S WIFE'S PICTURE

a pretty woman in her early 30's.

(X)

BACK TO SCENE

Quinn looks at the picture, some newspaper clippings. Headlines speak of bodies, bloodless, strange findings.

QUINN

They're serial killers?

VAN

They're vampires.

(X)

QUINN

Like Dracula?

VAN

I don't know the reference.

QUINN

He's a famous vampire where I come from.

VAN

The best known bloodsucker around here was named Nixon.

QUINN

You're saying vampires really exist?

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED 2

32

VAN  
 Where you been? It's a felony since 1897. Maybe you prefer to call them the hematologically challenged?

QUINN  
 Why don't the police take care of them?

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

VAN  
 They can only do so much. People gotta look out for themselves.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

QUINN  
 Do you know where they've taken my friend?

VAN  
 They've been living in a museum that's closed for repairs. You come with me, help me kill them all, we'll get your friend back.

33 EXT. STATION WAGON

33

The rear hatch opens, Van leans inside. He stands up, turns to Quinn. He shows him a pistol crossbow, a couple of short wooden bolts.

VAN  
 Any piece of wood, right through the heart, does the trick.

Van pulls a bag open, lifts out some wooden stakes and a mallet, demonstrates for Quinn. Quinn picks up a paint ball gun.

QUINN  
 What's this?

VAN  
 Paint balls filled with holy water. Listen, we gotta do something. Fast. They're about to leave on a European tour. That's why they're stocking up on blood.

QUINN  
 (gets it)  
 They're keeping the blood they're trading for concert tickets.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

33

VAN  
Charity begins at home. Smart,  
huh? Four guys at a couple of  
pints a day adds up to a few  
bodies. Banking it lowers their  
profile.

Van tosses in the stakes and mallet, shuts the door.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

33

VAN

We gotta get Morgan today, before  
he makes your friend one of them.

(X)  
(X)

QUINN

Why do you think he's gonna do  
that?

(X)

VAN

Because if he wasn't gonna turn  
her into a vampire, she'd be dead  
by now.

(X)

We hold on Quinn.

(X)

(X)

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

34  
THRU OMITTED  
35

34  
THRU  
35

35A EXT. MUSEUM ENTRANCE - NIGHT (N2)

35A

Van's station wagon pulls up on the street outside, turns off the lights, cuts the engine, coasts to a stop near the gates.

35B INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

35B

Morgan sits on one of the couches with Wade. Morgan fills her glass with Sangria.

WADE

I've had enough, thank you.

MORGAN

You didn't answer my question.

WADE

I don't know how to answer. What's a perfect life? Doing what you like. Not being lonely. Living without regrets. What about you?

MORGAN

I want you to hear something.

Morgan steps over to an antique gramophone, turns the crank, sets the needle. We HEAR a scratchy, early recording of a woman singing.

WADE

She sounds like me.

MORGAN

I told you I'd been looking for a long time to find a voice like yours. A voice that touches me. It's the one thing that's been missing in my life.

He walks back to her.

MORGAN

Just like one thing has been missing in your life. I watched you on stage. You belong there.  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

35B CONTINUED

35B

MORGAN (CONT'D)

(beat)  
We could have the perfect life,  
Wade. Make music. Sleep all day,  
party all night. Stay forever  
young.

WADE

Bob Dylan.

MORGAN

Who?

WADE

You don't know the song?

MORGAN

No, but you can teach it to me if  
you come on tour with us.

WADE

Are you saying you want me to join  
the band?

MORGAN

Yes.

Wade struggles to contain herself. She's gotta shoot this  
down.

WADE

What'd the other guys say?

MORGAN

They want to sleep on it, but it's  
my band, and I get what I want.  
And I want you.

Morgan kisses her on the lips, sensual, lingering, wanton.  
They come up for air.

WADE

You don't know how good this makes  
me feel.

(beat)

And how bad I feel to have to say I  
can't do it.

MORGAN

I could show you Europe. I grew up  
there.

Morgan moves closer, his lips brush her neck.

CONTINUED

35B CONTINUED 2

35B

MORGAN

I think we still own a castle in  
the Balkans.

Morgan starts to bite her, Wade sits up.

WADE

I can't go with you. I'm leaving  
with my friends tomorrow night.

MORGAN

You could join them later.

WADE

It doesn't work that way.

Morgan's lips come to rest on her neck. Wade's eyes fill  
with pleasure. Wade gets up, crosses away from him.

(X)

WADE

I can't miss the slide.

Morgan licks a drop of blood from his lips.

(X)

MORGAN

What slide?

36 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

36

Van sharpens the point on one of his bolts, inserts it into  
his crossbow pistol as they talk.

VAN

I met my wife at a Joplin concert.

QUINN

Janis Joplin?

VAN

Yeah, we both liked those old  
hippie bands. The Stones, the  
Dead, Santana. Joplin's gotta be  
in her 50's. But she looks like a  
grad student. Real health nut.

Quinn looks out the window, sees something. A flashlight  
approaches. A uniformed figure stops by Van's door. It  
taps on the window.

VAN

We're just waiting for a tow.  
We're fine, thanks for checking.

The flashlight plays inside the car, looking at things,  
stopping on the crossbow and a couple of stakes.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED 36

ANGLE - ACROSS QUINN AND VAN

to the driver's window as the SECURITY GUARD lowers himself into FRAME. He's wearing a uniform, sunglasses. He takes off his glasses. His eyes are as black as the night. He's got fangs and he shows them.

SECURITY GUARD

You want to step out of the car, sir?

37 EXT. CAR - NIGHT 37

The Security Guard rips the door off its hinges, throws it to the side.

38 INT. CAR 38

Van reaches on the seat, trying to grab the crossbow pistol, but the Guard grabs him before he can and jerks him out of the car, throws him onto the lawn.

39 EXT. CAR 39

LOW ANGLE - VAN

on the ground, seeing the Guard coming for him.

SECURITY GUARD

The band always likes for me to make a final round before dawn. Just in case some jerk like you is in the neighborhood.

(X)

The Guard starts for Van. We HEAR a twang and the Guard stops in his tracks. He drops to his knees, revealing Quinn standing a few feet behind him, holding the crossbow. The Guard spews some horrible bile for a moment, some of it hitting Van, then convulses and falls over on his face.

Quinn stares at the crossbow.

QUINN

It works.

(X)

40 OMITTED 40

40A INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

40A

Renfield enters the parlor, wearing a robe.

RENFIELD  
Are you still up?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Morgan is sitting on the couch, watching Wade sleep.

RENFIELD  
Sunrise is in ten minutes.

MORGAN  
Do you know where she's from?

RENFIELD  
The mid-west?

MORGAN  
Another world.

RENFIELD  
Whatever you say, man.

MORGAN  
It's true. The guy named Quinn  
invented a timer that lets them  
slide to parallel worlds.

RENFIELD  
Cool.

MORGAN  
I'm tired of being hunted. We  
travel to another world, we'd be  
safe. At least for a few  
centuries. Then we could move  
on. I've told her to get the  
timer and bring it to me. She'll  
need your help. (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Morgan kisses Wade, starts out.

RENFIELD  
If we're leaving, what do you wanna  
do about the blood?

MORGAN  
Might as well pick it up. We'll  
have a blow-out before we split.

Morgan exits.

41 EXT. SUNRISE - STOCK (D3)

41

42 OMITTED

42

42A EXT. MUSEUM - DAY

42A

Quinn keeps a lookout up the driveway of the mansion, turning to watch something going on in the bushes by the wall near the gate.

QUINN

Would you hurry up.

VAN (O.C.)

Just one more...

We HEAR a THUD in the ground.

VAN (O.C.)

Got it.

Van emerges from the bushes with a shopping bag and a small bloody hatchet.

QUINN

I can't believe you did that.

VAN

Cutting off their heads is the only way to be certain they're dead. And I get a thousand bucks for every one I turn in.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Quinn sees the black van starting down the driveway.

QUINN

Car.

Quinn and Van step back into the bushes as the electric gate starts to open. The limo pulls out of the gate. Wade is riding in the front seat, wearing dark sunglasses.

(X)

ANGLE - QUINN

seeing her, torn about what to do. He turns to Van.

QUINN

I gotta follow them. Give me your keys.

VAN

I need you here, man. I can't do it alone. There's too many of them.

(X)

Quinn looks at the limo as it heads off down the street.

(X)

VAN

Come on.

CONTINUED

42A CONTINUED

42A

Van grabs his sack of stakes and his crossbow, runs inside the gate as it starts to close. Quinn takes a beat, then grabs his bag, makes a run for the gate, getting inside just as it closes.

DISSOLVE TO

43 INT. LIMO - DAY

43 (X)

Renfield is parked, listening to some tunes. The door opens, Wade climbs inside. She's under Morgan's influence now, no longer acting like Wade.

WADE

The timer's not in the hotel room.

RENFIELD

Who has it?

WADE

Any one of them could have it.

RENFIELD

Where can we find them?

WADE

I know where Rembrandt and Maggie are. They left a message. They're in jail.

RENFIELD

What'd they do?

WADE

Grave robbing.

RENFIELD

Cool.

He starts the engine, sneaks a glance at her. Don't judge a book by its cover.

44 OMITTED

44

44A INT. MUSEUM - DAY

44A

Dark, drapes drawn. Quinn and Van search in the museum, using big flashlights.

CONTINUED

44A CONTINUED

44A

VAN

See, you got your body and you got  
your soul, or spirit. If the  
spirit gets trapped inside the  
body at the time of death, it  
freaks out. To stay alive, it  
needs blood. So, you become a  
vampire.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

QUINN

Can the spirit ever get free?

(X)

VAN

That's what you're doing every time  
you put a stake in their heart or  
cut their head off. Setting them  
free.

QUINN

I never heard someone make  
decapitation sound so positive.  
Let's try over here.

Quinn pushes a door open. They shine their flashlights into  
the room.

45 INT. ROOM

45

A half a dozen coffins in the room. Candles burn. Quinn  
and Van enter.

QUINN

Aren't there only four guys in the  
band?

VAN

I told you they made some converts.

Van moves to a coffin, pops up the lid.

VAN

One of the missing girls.

Quinn opens a coffin lid.

QUINN

Got a band member.

Van opens a coffin.

VAN

Jeeze.

QUINN

Is it Morgan?

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

VAN  
It's Benji, the night clerk from  
the convenience store.

Quinn steps over, looks down into the coffin.

QUINN  
Do we have to kill all of them?

VAN  
Yes. Any one of them could  
convert your friend.

(X)  
(X)

Van takes out a stake, the mallet.

VAN  
Might as well start here. Quinn,  
if you find my wife while we're  
searching the museum, let me know.  
I want to free her myself.

He lifts the stake and places it in the coffin. He smacks  
the stake with the mallet. There is a horrible SCREAM. The  
night clerk snaps up to attention, bares his fangs, and  
falls back.

ANGLE - COFFIN

with John, a band member, in it. He's got his eyes open,  
but can't move. The only thing he can do is moan, beat his  
fists and heels against the floor of the coffin in protest.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The other coffins begin to rattle as the protest spreads  
through the room, and to other rooms in the museum. We're  
talking full occupancy. Quinn and Van exchange a look.

QUINN  
I think we're gonna need more  
stakes.

VAN  
Oh, yeah.

Van points to the ceiling. Quinn looks up.

ANGLE - CEILING

where three people are hanging by their heels from the  
rafters.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED 2

45

BACK TO SCENE

as Quinn moves to one of the coffins, picks up a stake, lays it inside, raises the mallet to strike...

46 EXT. STREET - DAY

46

Renfield leans against the limo, watching Remmy and Wade. They are standing in front of a release gate for the jail. Wade is wearing dark glasses. Remmy paces.

(X)

REMBRANDT

So, who is that guy?

WADE

I told you. He works for the band.

REMBRANDT

He gives me the creeps.

WADE

Hey, he loaned me the bail money. And he stood in line for three hours until they released you. He's okay.

REMBRANDT

I'll put him on my Christmas list. What's taking so long? It's gonna be dark soon. We slide in a few hours.

A matron escorts Maggie to the gate. She's got her personals in a ziplock bag.

MAGGIE

Well, it's about...

WADE

Do you have the timer?

The matron opens the gate. Maggie steps through.

MAGGIE

Nice to see you, too, Wade.

Wade grabs Maggie by the arm.

WADE

Where's the timer?

Maggie pulls away.

MAGGIE

I don't have it. Quinn's got it.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED

46

WADE  
We have to find him.

MAGGIE  
Is something wrong?

REMBRANDT  
Nobody's heard from him since last night.

MAGGIE  
He said he was going to hit skid row. You drop me off, I'll start looking there. You guys go back to the hotel, wait for me.

47  
THRU OMITTED  
48

47  
THRU  
48

48A INT. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

48A

A red coffin rests next to the piano. The top opens. Morgan rises, opens his eyes. He senses something is going on.

(X)

49 EXT. HOTEL - DAY

49

Remmy steps out of the limo, holds the door open for Wade.

(X)

REMBRANDT  
Wade?

WADE  
He needs me.

REMBRANDT  
Quinn needs all of us. Come on, get out of the van.

Wade turns to Renfield.

WADE  
Take me to him.

Wade pulls the door shut.

REMBRANDT  
Hey, wait.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The limo drives away, leaving Remmy standing in the street.

(X)

50 OMITTED

50

50A INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT (N3)

50A

We HEAR the vampire's noisy protest. Quinn walks up to a coffin, opens it.

QUINN

So happy to disturb you.

He shoots the bolt in. The NOISE STOPS. Van enters frame.

QUINN

I'm gonna guess this isn't a good sign.

Van looks at his watch.

VAN

Sunset.

QUINN

Boogy-time.

Quinn and Van run through a room. Coffins begin to open and vampires sit up, looking at them as they run past.

Suddenly, two figures DROP in front of them, blocking their way. One is Van's wife, Charlotte, the other a large vampire.

VAN

Oh my God, it's my wife.

Charlotte holds out her arms to Van, beckoning to him. The other vampire starts to counter to attack.

QUINN

Van...

VAN

I love you, Charlotte. Forgive me.

Van shoots her with the crossbow. Charlotte grabs her heart and falls to the floor. Quinn fires his crossbow at the other vampire but misses the mark. The vampire attacks Van, wraps his arms around him and cracks his back. Van cries out in pain.

The vampire raises his head, flashes teeth and black eyes, then buries his teeth in Van's neck. Quinn pulls a cross from his pack and presses it on the vampire's face.

The cross burns him and he shrieks and pulls back, grabbing his wound. Quinn wastes no time and reloads, sends cross bolt into his heart. The vampire drops dead.

CONTINUED

50A CONTINUED

50A

Van drags himself along the floor to be next to his wife. Quinn kneels by Van, who leans up on his elbow.

VAN  
I can't move my legs. He broke my back.

QUINN  
I'll carry you.

VAN  
No time. Get away.

QUINN  
I'm not gonna leave you here.

VAN  
I want to stay with her. Give me one of the guns. Go on, you know it's the right thing to do.  
(a beat)  
Get Morgan. It's the only way to save your friend.

Quinn hands Van a crossbow, some bolts. Quinn exits FRAME. Van tenderly strokes his wife's face, then turns to look

at the first vampires walking towards him. He loads a bolt in the crossbow.

VAN  
Lock and load, rock and roll.

Van raises his gun, fires the first bolt before they're on him.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

51 EXT. SKY - NIGHT

51

Filled with a full moon and spooky clouds.

REMBRANDT (V.O.)

She said, I have to go to him...

52 INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

52

Rembrandt watches as Quinn sorts through some of the weapons, crucifixes, crossbows, and paint ball guns left in the station wagon. He stuffs them back in a carry bag.

REMBRANDT

And they drove away. And that's the last I saw of her.

QUINN

We slide in five hours.

REMBRANDT

Five hours to find Wade and save her from a vampire.

QUINN

His name's Morgan. And this guy, Van, he told me we have to stake him before Wade makes her first kill.

REMBRANDT

Why?

QUINN

She takes blood, she's one of them. Forever.

REMBRANDT

I know we've seen a lot of things, but I'm having a hard time with...

QUINN

You come with me, I'll make a believer out of you.

REMBRANDT

Why'd she get herself into this mess?

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

52

QUINN (X)  
She's been feeling pretty bad since (X)  
Arturo died. Something comes along (X)  
that makes you feel better, you go (X)  
with it. She said she hadn't had (X)  
any fun in a while. (X)

REMBRANDT (X)  
Who has? (X)

Quinn gives him a look, then zips up the gear bag.

QUINN  
Where's Maggie?

REMBRANDT  
She went to skid row to look for  
you and Rickman.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

QUINN  
Maybe that's her.

Quinn opens it. It's Renfield.

REMBRANDT  
That's the guy who took Wade.

Remmy grabs Renfield.

RENFIELD  
Take it easy. Hey.

QUINN  
Where is she?

RENFIELD  
With Morgan. Let go of me.

Remmy lets go of Renfield.

RENFIELD  
I got a message from my master. He  
wants the timer. He'll trade you  
the girl's life for it. Be at the  
night club in two hours.

Renfield exits.

REMBRANDT  
Any garlic in that bag?

53 INT. BLOOD BANK - NIGHT

53

Maggie sits in the waiting room, observing. The Technician is at the desk, signing up some customers.

ANGLE - BIBLE - MOVING

coming through the front door of the blood bank, moving towards the counter.

ANGLE - THE COUNTER

as Rickman, dressed as the priest, steps up.

TECHNICIAN

What are you doing here?

RICKMAN

Why don't we go in the back where we can talk, my son.

ANGLE - MAGGIE

hearing that voice, like a shot through her. She looks up.

ANGLE - THE COUNTER

TECHNICIAN

But I have people waiting to sign up.

RICKMAN

And I've got your money.

The Technician considers, then turns a little desk sign around so it says "Closed."

Rickman follows him through some doors into the lab room. A beat, then Maggie gets up, moves to the counter.

54 INT. LAB ROOM - NIGHT

54

Rickman hands the Technician an envelope. He opens it, counts it.

TECHNICIAN

This is more like it. I do have some new names for you. I'll print out a list.

The Technician moves to a computer, sits down, starts typing in some information. He's not paying attention to Rickman, who moves to his back, opens the Bible up, puts his hand on the syringe. He's about to whack the guy when a back door springs open and Renfield enters, surprising them.

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED

54

TECHNICIAN

I thought you were gone.

RENFIELD

Got one case left.

Renfield gives them a curious look as he crosses to the refrigeration case, takes out a carton of human blood, starts back for the door. No one says anything. The PRINTER starts printing, giving them a start.

RENFIELD

Well, thanks for everything.

ANGLE - THE LAB DOORS

to see Maggie's face appear, looking in. She sees something.

MAGGIE'S POV - THE SYRINGE

in Rickman's hand, catches the light, enough to make her sure of who it is.

55 INT. LAB

55

Maggie slams through the door.

MAGGIE

Rickman!

Rickman turns to face her, exposing the syringe. He looks at her, then slams it into the Technician's neck.

RENFIELD

Whoa. What the...

RICKMAN

I knew you'd be the one to find me.

He pulls the syringe out, the Technician falls over.

MAGGIE

And the one to kill you.

RICKMAN

Not this time.

Rickman turns to face Maggie, pulls a gun from his jacket. He SHOTS at her.

ANGLE - MAGGIE

who is already moving, making a dive for cover.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

55

ANGLE - RICKMAN

who swings the gun after her, FIRING as he goes.

ANGLE - RENFIELD

who unfortunately finds himself suddenly in the line of fire as Maggie dives behind him to safety. A few bullets enter the carton of human blood he's holding before him.

ANGLE - RICKMAN

who clicks on a couple of empty cylinders.

ANGLE - RENFIELD

as the carton starts to bleed. Renfield drops it. The bullets passed through. His shirt has two patches of blood. He slumps to the floor.

ANGLE - THE ROOM

We HEAR people SCREAMING in the other part of the blood bank, scattering for cover. Rickman rips the list off the computer, runs out the door.

ANGLE - MAGGIE

on the floor, holding her arm. She's got a flesh wound. She pulls herself to her feet. We HEAR the sound of POLICE SIRENS coming closer. Maggie heads for the back door.

56  
THRU OMITTED  
57

56  
THRU  
57

57A EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

57A

The station wagon, minus a door, pulls up in the alley, stops. Quinn, Rembrandt and Maggie get out. Maggie's arm is bandaged now. Quinn pulls out the timer.

(X)

QUINN

One hour.  
(reads something)  
There's been a worm hole activated.

REMBRANDT

Bye bye, Rickman.

The news takes something out of Maggie. She slumps against the car, shakes her head.

CONTINUED

57A CONTINUED

57A

QUINN

You sure you're up for this?

MAGGIE

Don't worry, I only have one major screw up a day.

QUINN

Not your fault you missed Rickman.

MAGGIE

Next time I'll be armed and I'll shoot first.

REMBRANDT

What if you shoot the wrong priest?

MAGGIE

(wryly)  
I'd do extra Hail Marys.

(X)

Quinn hands Maggie a paint ball gun, Rembrandt a crossbow.

MAGGIE

What's in the paint balls?

QUINN

Holy water.

Maggie shoots one onto the wall. It leaves a wet spot.

58 OMITTED

58

58A INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

58A

The Sliders walk through the nightclub, side by side, weapons at the ready, flashlights illuminating the way.

There's a FLUTTER of WINGS that passes.

MAGGIE

What was that?

QUINN

Really big pigeons?

Maggie listens as something lands nearby, then swings her paint ball gun into the darkness and FIRES TWO SHOTS. There's a SCREAM.

Quinn flips his light on a fallen vampire, smoking from the holy water.

CONTINUED

58A CONTINUED

58A

QUINN

Stay here.

Quinn follows his flashlight to the vampire, raises his crossbow.

ANGLE - MAGGIE AND REMBRANDT

as we HEAR the "twick" of a string, and the vampire stops screaming. Quinn ENTERS SHOT.

QUINN

I make a believer of you yet?

REMBRANDT

Oh, yeah.

MAGGIE

That's affirmative.

We HEAR an ELECTRIC GUITAR, fuzztone, blowing out some runs. The Sliders exchange a look.

59 OMITTED

59

59A INT. ANOTHER NIGHTCLUB SECTION - NIGHT

59A

There's a figure on stage with his back to us, guitar slung low, playing some awesome lead. The speakers are pounding the room. Remmy and Quinn enter. Remmy is holding up a silver cross in front of him. They stand there for a moment, then the music stops. The figure turns around. It's Harker.

HARKER

I'm a little rusty. I been playing drums too long.

QUINN

Where's Wade?

HARKER

Show me the timer.

QUINN

I need to know she's all right.

HARKER

She's with Morgan.

Remmy holds up the cross.

CONTINUED

59A CONTINUED

59A

REMBRANDT

Bring her to us and you get the timer.

HARKER

Silver crucifix. Heavy metal. Very conductive.

Harker hammers his guitar and a bolt of electricity flies out of the end of the guitar and attaches itself to the cross Remmy holds. Remmy levitates six feet and is blown out of his shoes. Remmy slams down hard. Harker enjoyed that. He swings the guitar towards Quinn.

HARKER

Where's the timer?

MAGGIE (O.C.)

I've got it.

Harker turns his head. Maggie has him flanked. She racks off two paint balls, one hitting him in the side of his face. He goes down hard. Maggie moves in for the coupe de grace.

QUINN

Maggie...

Harker springs to his feet, swings the guitar into Maggie and sends her flying. But it's enough time for Quinn to get off a shot with the crossbow.

Harker takes one in the heart, falls over.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Quinn makes his way to Remmy, who rises slowly to his feet. He's shaken up.

QUINN

Maggie?

They look and see Maggie walking towards them. She's limping, her arm's bleeding again.

MAGGIE

I'm fine.

She stumbles, Rembrandt catches her. We HEAR a MOTORCYCLE start up.

REMBRANDT

We'll be all right. Go find Wade.

Quinn takes off.

60 OMITTED

60

60A INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

60A

Quinn stalks through the building. There's wires and debris in the long hallway. Quinn holds his crossbow at the ready.

QUINN  
I got the timer, Morgan. Here it is.

Quinn holds up the timer.

QUINN  
This is what you wanted. Let me see Wade.

We HEAR a motorcycle engine coming towards us, but the sound seems to come from every direction at once.

From out of nowhere a motorcycle hurls towards Quinn, blinding him with the headlight. Quinn raises the crossbow to shoot.

QUINN'S POV - THE MOTORCYCLE

and riding in front of Morgan on the seat is Wade, her body covering his chest, making a kill shot impossible.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the bike whips by Quinn and Morgan kicks him with his foot, sends Quinn flying.

END OF HALLWAY

Morgan slides to a stop, looks back.

MORGAN  
Give me the timer.

ANGLE - QUINN

on the ground, pulling himself together. His hand falls on something. He picks up a broken broom handle with a sharp point. Quinn struggles to his feet holding the broom handle behind him.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Quinn holds up the timer.

QUINN  
Here it is. Let her go.

ANGLE - MORGAN

who pulls Wade off the bike.

CONTINUED

60A CONTINUED

60A

WADE  
No. Don't hurt him.

MORGAN  
Stay here.

Morgan guns the engine and starts down the hallway at Quinn.

ANGLE - QUINN

holding out the timer, and holding his ground as Morgan bears down on him.

ANGLE - MORGAN - MOVING

on the bike, his hand reaching out to grab the timer.

ANGLE - QUINN

who waits until the last second, then raises the broom handle like a lance.

ANGLE - MORGAN

who also sees the broom handle, but a moment too late.

ANGLE - QUINN

holding out the broom handle like a stake that Morgan impales himself upon as he passes. Quinn is knocked down.

ANGLE - QUINN

as the bike crashes, he gets to his feet. He looks at Morgan.

ANGLE - MORGAN

His body morphs into a pile of ashes and a skeleton with the broom handle. Quinn enters, picks up the signet ring. He starts walking slowly towards Wade.

BACK TO SCENE

Quinn takes her in his arms.

QUINN  
Just my luck. I find somebody I like and he turns out to be a vampire.

Wade begins to cry.

WADE  
Oh, God, I wanted to go with him.

CONTINUED

60A CONTINUED 2

60A

QUINN  
It's all right.

WADE  
When I was with those guys, up there with the band, I felt like I belonged there. I didn't feel alone.

QUINN  
You're not alone, you've got us.

Wade looks at him.

WADE  
Do I?

QUINN  
Always. I'm sorry I haven't made that clear lately.

WADE  
Maybe I just need to hear it more often than some people, you know?

QUINN  
Maybe you're the only one willing to admit it.

Quinn kisses her gently on the forehead, puts his arm around her, walks away. We HEAR WADE SINGING.

DISSOLVE TO

61 OMITTED

61

61A INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

61A

Wade's voice plays over as Quinn opens the vortex. Maggie gets ready.

MAGGIE  
I hate to leave without getting Rickman.

QUINN  
We'll find him. It's just gonna take time.

MAGGIE  
He just made it harder, that's all.

Maggie jumps in the vortex. Wade takes one look back at the piano.

CONTINUED

61A CONTINUED

61A

WADE

Was I really good, or were you just  
saying that because you're my  
friend?

QUINN

You were that good.

(X)

Wade smiles, then dives into the vortex. Quinn looks  
around, smiles at Remmy.

QUINN

Maybe we'll come back to see  
Joplin.

REMBRANDT

I'd be down for that.

Remmy and Quinn dive into the vortex as we...

FADE OUT

THE END