VAMPYRE

By

Curtis James Coffey
FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - DAY


In the distance, a small town, bordered by mountains, sits along the backdrop of Big Sky Country.

A jeep cruises along. Red. Old. Battered. It fits right in with the atmosphere.

It pulls off the exit, heading for the small town.

EXT. MOTOR INN - DAY

Small motel, just on the outskirts of town. Run down. Open Vacancy. All of them. The only thing missing to make it cliche is a tumbleweed blowing across the parking lot.

INT. MOTOR INN - DAY

DANIELLE BRENNAR, a cute young woman of no more than 20, sits behind the desk, flicking through pages on the computer, sighing with boredom.

Her eyes light up briefly.

DANIELLE
Oh! John Lynch was arrested again last night for lewd behavior.
What’s that, like, the third time?

PATRICK(O.S.)
Haven’t you got anything better to do?

PATRICK HARRIS, a balding man of about 40, steps out of his office, pit stains on his faded checkered shirt.

Danielle looks around the empty office and out the window. Not a single car in the lot.

DANIELLE
You do realize where we live, right? Unless someone gets lost within the next twenty minutes, no. I don’t have anything better to do.
Patrick sighs, shakes his head.

PATRICK
Yeah. You might as well just go home for the day.

DANIELLE
No, that’s okay. I’d still rather collect a paycheck.

PATRICK
And I’d rather save the money. Go on. I think I can handle it on my own for the rest of the day.

EXT. MOTOR INN - DAY
The red jeep pulls up in front of the office. The driver steps out, revealing himself.

CHARLES RAINER, a travel-weary man in his late 50’s, perhaps even early 60’s, adjusts the glasses on his face and looks around, breathing in deeply.

INT. MOTOR INN - DAY
Both Danielle and Patrick look out the window at the stranger in shock.

DANIELLE
Look at that! It’s as if the Gods answered my prayers and sent me some job security.

Patrick rolls his eyes and Danielle sneers at him as he returns to his office, closing the door behind him.

The front door opens with the ring of a bell and Charles steps inside and approaches the front desk.

Danielle smiles.

DANIELLE
Good afternoon, sir. Welcome to the Motor Inn.

Charles nods curtly.

CHARLES
I need a room.
Absolutely. We have plenty of rooms available. How many beds do you need?

Just one.

And just for the night?

No.

Danielle raises her eyebrows.

Really? How many nights, then?

As many as it takes, I suppose.

Okay, well, I sort of need an idea so that I know how much to charge you.

Can’t I just pay you every day that I’m here?

Let me run it by my manager real quick.

Not a problem. Just have the money here by five o’clock each day.

And how much is it?
DANIELLE
Forty-nine dollars a night, or one ninety-five a week, plus tax.

CHARLES
Shouldn’t be here a week.

Charles takes out a pretty decent stack of cash – which Danielle notices – procures a $50 bill from it and hands it to her.

DANIELLE
Perfect. Now if I could just get some information from you and a signature, I’ll get your room key.

Danielle clicks a few things on the computer.

DANIELLE
Name?

CHARLES
Jack, uh, Smith.

Danielle hesitates, but doesn’t question.

DANIELLE
Cell phone number?

CHARLES
I don’t have one.

DANIELLE
Mmk. Date of birth?

CHARLES
...August nineteenth...fifty-five.

DANIELLE
And home address? Just in case you leave and we discover you trashed the place. Gotta be able to send you a bill!

Danielle chuckles at this and Charles doesn’t even so much as smirk.

CHARLES
I’m in between places at the moment.

Danielle pauses, looks Charles up and down for a moment.
DANIELLE
All right, then.

She prints out a piece of paper and hands him a pen.

DANIELLE
Just need your John Hancock and you’ll be ready to rock. We change your sheets once a week if you’re here that long. Fresh towels every day. Cable TV and Wi-Fi in the rooms, as well as a phone and mini fridge.

Charles scribbles out the name he signs on the form.

CHARLES
Apologies, I made a mistake.

Charles re-signs underneath the scribble, "Jack Smith."

Again, Danielle notices but does not question. She opens a lock box, removes a key and hands it to him.

DANIELLE
All set, Mr. "Smith." You’re three doors down on the left. If you need anything, just give us a ring.

CHARLES
Thank you.

Charles takes the key and heads for the door.

DANIELLE
Do you need help with your luggage?

CHARLES
I’ve got it, thanks.

DANIELLE
What about a wake up call?

CHARLES
Certainly not. I’d prefer to not be disturbed, if you please.

Charles exits, leaving Danielle sitting there biting her lip, eyebrow furrowed.

DANIELLE
What an odd old dude.
PATRICK(O.S.)
What’s that?

DANIELLE
Nothing!

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - DAY


INT. MOTOR INN - DAY

Danielle watches as Charles steps back out to his jeep and grabs his belongings – a standard suitcase followed by an antiquated, latched wooden case.

DANIELLE
He travels light.

PATRICK(O.S.)
Stop being nosy!

DANIELLE
There’s something weird about this guy.

PATRICK(O.S.)
I’m not listening.

Charles disappears back inside his room and Danielle continues to watch intently.

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - DAY

Charles sets the large wooden case on the dresser and the suitcase beside the bed.

He carefully locks the door and draws the blinds. He clicks on the light and opens the wooden case.

The top half of the case contains a wooden hammer, a crucifix, and six wooden stakes with silver tips, all neatly secured with leather straps.

The bottom of the case holds a Bible, a flintlock pistol, and two glass vials of clear liquid, resting nicely in red felt.
Charles removes the crucifix and clicks off the light before laying down on the bed. He rests the crucifix on his chest and closes his eyes.

EXT. MOTOR INN - NIGHT

Danielle and Patrick step out of the office. Patrick locks the door.

    PATRICK
    All right. Drive safe. I’ll see you in the morning.

    DANIELLE
    I’m off tomorrow.

    PATRICK
    Oh. That’s right. Nevermind.

    DANIELLE
    I mean if you need me, I don’t mind coming in -

    PATRICK
    We have one guest. I can manage. Nosey.

    DANIELLE
    Not me!

    PATRICK
    Uh huh. Leave him alone, Danielle.

Charles steps out of his room and makes his way into his jeep, wooden case in hand.

Danielle and Patrick stare. Charles doesn’t notice. Or pretends not to. He pulls away, heading towards town.

Danielle looks at Patrick.

    DANIELLE
    Where’s he going at eleven at night?!

    PATRICK
    I mean it.

    DANIELLE
    Come on!
PATRICK
No. Good night.

DANIELLE
Goodnight!

Danielle and Patrick head their separate ways.

EXT. BAKERSFIELD - NIGHT
Small town. Late night. Quiet. Dim. Empty. The type of town that shuts down by ten. A few stray cars still cruise around, probably headed home. Everything is closed. Streetlights are sparse.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT
KRISTIN steps out of the diner, untying the apron from her waist and folding it up before cramming it in her purse.

KRISTIN
Goodnight, guys!

Kristin walks down the street and cuts into an alley. It’s so routine she doesn’t give it a second guess.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT
The alley is dark. Dirty. Dumpsters and trash cans fleck the narrow path. Fire escapes dot the sides of the buildings. Steam rolls out of drains.

Kristin casually strolls on through, a dull expression on her face. She checks her cell phone and puts it away with a sigh.

SMASH!

Something hits a trash can behind her and she turns around with a start. The lid rolls loudly down the alley towards her before resting onto the ground with a loud bang.

KRISTIN
Someone there?

No response. Perhaps it was a raccoon.

She continues on, her pace quickening.

A menacing hiss shatters the silence, echoing through the night air.
KRISTIN
Josh, you shit! If that’s you, it’s not funny!

Silence.

Kristin shudders and continues on, her pace quicker still, heels reverberating off the brick walls.

A ladder from a fire escape suddenly drops down beside her with a squeal and a crash.

It’s too much. Kristin takes off on a full out run.

SNAP!

A heel breaks and she falls to the ground, ankle twisted. She cries out.

KRISTIN
Somebody help me!

Kristin clutches her ankle, crying. She forces herself to her feet, eyes wide, head darting every direction and hobbles along, trying to escape her unseen pursuer.

KRISTIN
Please. Just leave me alone. Please!

She stumbles, sobbing, and takes out her cell phone. She dials. Shadows close in.

KRISTIN
Mom! Mom, you have to help me! There’s someone after me! I’m walking home like I usually do but there’s someone here! Please! I hurt myself, you have to hurry!

The cell phone is suddenly whipped out of her hand and Kristin screams before a SHADOWY FIGURE pounces on her and takes her to the ground.

A spurt of blood splatters the wall and Kristin’s scream quickly turns into a gurgle and then cuts out completely.

Silence.
EXT. BAKERSFIELD - NIGHT

Just around the corner from the alley, the red jeep sits. Empty.

EXT. MOTOR INN - DAWN

The red jeep pulls up in front of room three. Charles steps out, wooden case in hand.

He quietly enters his room and disappears behind the door, locking it.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

SHERIFF CARLA BOOTH, strong features, late thirties, leans down over a body draped in a sheet and moves it aside - it’s Kristin.

A camera flashes and Sheriff Booth looks up at the FORENSIC PHOTOGRAPHER.

    SHERIFF BOOTH
    Jesus, Andy. At least wait until
    I’m out of the way.

    ANDY
    Sorry, sheriff.

She stands and walks along the alley, joins her partner, DEPUTY WAYNE COLSON, late twenties, horrible chops.

    SHERIFF BOOTH
    Kristin Hall.

    DEPUTY COLSON
    Yep.

    SHERIFF BOOTH
    You went to school with her, didn’t you?

    DEPUTY COLSON
    Sure did.

Sheriff Booth places her hand on Deputy Colson’s shoulder, gives it pat. His lip trembles.

    SHERIFF BOOTH
    You can go on home. You don’t need
    to be here for this. I’ve got it
    under control.
PARAMEDICS start to load up the body while a single REPORTER stands behind the caution tape, trying to catch a peek.

DEPUTY COLSON
It’s not right, sheriff. She was a sweet girl.

SHERIFF BOOTH
I’ll get to the bottom of it. Go on home.

DEPUTY COLSON
No. I’m staying.

SHERIFF BOOTH
You sure?

Deputy Colson nods his head. Sheriff Booth offers him a smile.

SHERIFF BOOTH
What have you found so far?

He points to the wall opposite of where Kristin was.

DEPUTY COLSON
Found her cell phone smashed over there. The heel of her shoe broke off about fifteen paces down there.

He points.

SHERIFF BOOTH
I just came from her mother’s place. She said she called last night shortly after eleven in a panic. Said there was someone following her.

DEPUTY COLSON
This kind of thing don’t happen here. Not in a quiet town like this. You see her neck? Looks like someone damn near tore her throat out. Ain’t nobody here capable of something like that.

SHERIFF BOOTH
You know the one thing I’ve learned after all these years as sheriff?
DEPUTY COLSON
What’s that?

SHERIFF BOOTH
The darkest darkness is the one that hides just below the surface.

Sheriff Booth walks away from Deputy Colson, leaving him pondering.

SHERIFF BOOTH
(to the Forensic)
All right, I want this place swept from top to bottom. Blood stains. Finger prints. Boot prints. I want her autopsy done immediately and I want her phone checked at the same time.

Sheriff Booth turns to Deputy Colson.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Hey! If you’re staying, we’ve got work to do, deputy!

DEPUTY COLSON
Yes, ma’am!

INT. MOTOR INN - DAY
Danielle sits behind the desk, staring out the window at the red jeep.

DANIELLE
He hasn’t moved all day.

Patrick steps out of the office, book in hand. He glances up.

PATRICK
Hm?

DANIELLE
"Jack." He’s been in his room all day. Where do you think he went last night?

PATRICK
None of my business. And none of yours, either.

Patrick heads back to his office.
DANIELLE
He hasn’t paid for another night, yet.

Patrick stops, turns. Sighs.

PATRICK
Go on and get it, then.

Danielle smiles, darts up from her chair, practically runs for the door.

EXT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - DAY

Danielle eagerly knocks on the door. A few moments pass. Disappointed, Danielle turns to walk away. The lock suddenly clicks and the door opens partway, the chain still latched. Charles peeks his head out.

CHARLES
What is it?

DANIELLE
Are you staying another night?

CHARLES
Yes.

DANIELLE
Payment is due then, like we agreed.

CHARLES
Just a moment.

Charles steps away and Danielle tries desperately to peer inside the small crack in the door to see what he’s got in his room.

Charles quickly returns and Danielle straightens up with a smile. Charles hands the money through the door and Danielle takes it.

DANIELLE
Thank you very much. Is there anything you need?

CHARLES
No.

Charles closes the door and locks it again.
DANIELLE
Okay, well, just let us know!

Danielle walks away.

DANIELLE
Weirdo.

INT. MOTOR INN - DAY

Danielle steps back inside and places the money in the drawer. Patrick steps out from his office.

PATRICK
Well? Is your curiosity satisfied?

DANIELLE
Not even close. He pretty much just handed the cash through the door and that was it. He’s like, I don’t know. Something is really weird about him.

PATRICK
Or maybe he just doesn’t want young girls snooping around his stuff.

DANIELLE
Maybe he murders young girls.

PATRICK
Oh, jeez. Here we go.

Patrick shuts himself back in his office again.

DANIELLE
You think it’s funny now, but I’ve seen it! I watch the news! That guy has creepy killer written all over him.

PATRICK(O.S.)
I can’t hear you!

Danielle smirks and clicks on the computer. She clicks around a bit, checking the local news website, until she comes across an article detailing the murder of Kristin.

DANIELLE
I knew it! You’ve gotta come see this!
With a loud groan, Patrick steps out of the office once more.

    PATRICK
    I’m trying to get some work done, you know.

    DANIELLE
    No you’re not, shut up. There’s nothing to do here. Look!

Danielle moves out of the way so Patrick can look at the article.

    PATRICK
    Oh, my.

    DANIELLE
    Right?!

    PATRICK
    She served me more meals than I care to say.

    DANIELLE
    Don’t you see?!

    PATRICK
    See what?

    DANIELLE
    Don’t you think it’s just a little bit odd that this guy shows up and the same night he appears, this girl ends up dead?

Patrick rolls his eyes.

    PATRICK
    Danielle, you’re bored. I get that. There’s nothing to do around here. But, please. Enough with the Scooby-Doo crap.

    DANIELLE
    Patrick!

    PATRICK
    Enough! It’s a tragic thing, but it happens. She was a pretty girl. Probably a jealous ex-boyfriend.
DANIELLE
Or a creepy old man.

Patrick sighs.

DANIELLE
Don’t you think we should call the cops?

PATRICK
And say what? "We finally have a customer, sheriff. He’s a sixty year old man who packs light and sleeps all day. He’s probably your murderer."

DANIELLE
At least a person of interest.

PATRICK
A person of interest to you. Don’t you dare scare off our only paying customer.

DANIELLE
Come onnnnn. We have to do something.

PATRICK
If you snoop around his room, you’re fired.

DANIELLE
I have to change his linens.

PATRICK
I’ll do that. Stay away.

Again, Patrick heads back for his office.

DANIELLE
You’re killing me, smalls.

PATRICK
I don’t understand that reference.

Patrick closes himself away and Danielle throws herself down in a huff back into her chair.
EXT. MOTOR INN - NIGHT

Danielle waits patiently in her car, staring at Room 3.

Charles finally steps out, wooden case in hand. He gets in the jeep and he’s off.

Danielle gets out of her car and quickly heads for the office.

INT. MOTOR INN - NIGHT

Unlocking the door, Danielle steps in and makes her way to the counter. She uses her set of keys to open the lock box and takes the duplicate key for Room 3.

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - NIGHT

With a click, Danielle steps inside the room. She takes out her cell phone and clicks on the Flashlight, mildly illuminating the room.

Quick as she can, she goes through the room, checking the drawers, under the bed, in the bathroom. She stops at his suitcase and opens it up.

She carefully goes through its contents - clothing. Socks. Pants. Shirts. Underwear. Nothing out of the ordinary at all. Until she reaches the bottom -

A picture frame. Housing a very old, worn picture of a WOMAN and a LITTLE BOY. They’re smiling. Happy. There’s a ferris wheel in the background of the photo.

With a sigh, Danielle puts everything back away and leaves Room 3.

EXT. MOTOR INN - NIGHT

As Danielle occupies herself with locking the door, SOMETHING creeps up behind her. She doesn’t notice and it gets closer and closer - the bottom lock won’t lock and she’s so consumed with getting it to lock that she doesn’t see the HAND reaching out behind her to grab her -

- she screams -

- it’s Patrick. He jumps back with a yelp as well, startled.
DANIELLE
Jesus! What the shit!

PATRICK
I’m sorry! I wasn’t trying to scare you. What are you doing?

DANIELLE
Nothing.

PATRICK
Uh huh. I had a feeling you were going to do this.

DANIELLE
Do what? I didn’t do anything.

Patrick glares at her and she sighs, rolling her eyes.

DANIELLE
Okay, fine. I went snooping. But I didn’t find anything.

PATRICK
I didn’t think you would.

DANIELLE
That just means that whatever he’s hiding is in the wooden case he takes with him everywhere he goes.

PATRICK
You just won’t give this up, will you?

DANIELLE
Sure won’t.

PATRICK
I told you I would fire you if you didn’t stay away from him.

Danielle hands Patrick the key.

DANIELLE
Patrick, we both know you’re not going to fire me. You won’t find anyone to take my position. Besides, I’m way too cute!

With a smile and a wink, Danielle heads back to her car.
PATRICK
I mean it, Danielle! Stay out of his room! He could sue!

She waves, climbs into her car, and drives away.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - MORGUE - NIGHT


Kristin lies on the metal table, a sheet covering most of her body. Her cheeks and eyes are sunken in. Her skin is an ashen blue.

CARL HARVIN approaches the body, ready to begin the autopsy. He turns on a tape recorder and sets it down on the tray beside him.

    CARL
    September the seventh, two thousand and fourteen. Dr. Carl Harvin to begin the autopsy of one Kristin Hall. Female. Caucasian. Twenty-six years old. The deceased has suffered massive blood loss from a severe laceration of the carotid artery. Currently, there are no other signs of injury or trauma.

Carl begins to move the sheet down a little bit. As he does, Kristin’s hand twitches - just a little. Just minor enough for Carl to not notice.

There is a sudden ringing of a bell.

    CARL
    Oh, for Christ’s sake.

Carl shuts off the tape recorder and leaves Kristin’s body. The hand twitches again, this time more fiercely.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

Carl opens the door and is met by Charles, wooden case in hand.

    CARL
    May I help you?
CHARLES
Good evening. I understand a young
girl was brought here this morning.
I was hoping to examine the body.

CARL
I’m sorry. Who are you?

CHARLES
Forgive me.

Charles bows.

CHARLES
I am Jack...Smith.

CARL
And you belong with which
department?

CHARLES
No department. I just have a uh,
well, a special interest in this
case, we’ll call it.

CARL
As does everyone else in this town.
Get lost, pal. I have work to do.

CHARLES
No, you don’t understand –

CARL
Shall I call the sheriff? You don’t
look familiar. Where are you from,
exactly?

CHARLES
I just want to help. If you would
only give me five minutes to –

CARL
Last warning.

With a huff and and another small bow, Charles leaves.

CARL
Weirdo.

Carl closes and locks the door.

Across the street, Danielle is huddled in her car, watching
Charles as he walks down the street a bit before turning
around and sneaking to the side of the morgue.
INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Carl returns downstairs to the morgue and freezes. Kristin is gone. His eyes widen.

    CARL
    Hello!

No answer.

Carl frantically looks around the morgue - under the table, inside the body drawers, there's no sign of her.

CRASH!

Something breaks upstairs.

    CARL
    Ms. Hall!

Carl runs up the stairs.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

Carl slowly moves through the softly lit funeral home. It's old. Probably hasn't been redecorated since the seventies.

    CARL
    Ms. Hall?

Eerie silence.

    CARL
    Kristin?

A soft, gentle sob breaks the quiet and Carl whips around, startled. There's nobody there.

    CARL
    I just want to help you! I can't imagine how scared and confused you are - but you need medical attention right away!

The sobbing stops.

    CARL
    Ms. Hall?

Carl enters the parlor, looking behind the horrid furniture for any sign of Kristin. There's nothing.
EXT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

Charles has made his way all the way around the building and can’t find a way inside. He sighs, defeated.

Across the street, Danielle watches, huddled in her car. She takes out her cell phone and dials a number.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

Carl has finished searching the first floor of the home. There is no sign of Kristin.

THUMP!

Something moves up on the second floor.

    CARL
    Kristin! Come on! I won’t hurt you!

Carl heads for the stairs and casually ascends.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

Carl makes his way around the landing and enters the first bedroom.

No sign of her.

    CARL
    Why are you hiding?

From down the hall comes the sound of a gleeful giggle. Carl turns to the direction of the noise, swallowing hard, suddenly a little afraid.

    CARL
    M-Ms. Hall?

Carl leaves the bedroom and slowly heads down the hall. He reaches for the door handle of the next room, arm trembling as he does so, and slowly opens it, stepping inside.

The room is dark. Shadows dance around the hall. The closet is open, a pitch black hole. The crying starts again, and it sounds like it’s coming from the blackness.

    CARL
    Kristin? It’s Carl. Carl Harvin. I run the funeral home. You were in a terrible accident and we thought —
The crying suddenly stops. Carl clicks on the lamp on the nightstand.

Kristin is sitting in the closet, naked, knees pulled into her chest, all huddled up and shivering, not looking up.

**CARL**

You poor girl.

Carl crouches down in front of her and smiles, gently offering her his hand.

**CARL**

It’s all right. Come on out. We’ll get you some clothes and get you some help and everything will be okay.

Kristin continues to shiver, rocking herself, not looking up.

**CARL**

Kristin?

She finally snaps her head up with a shriek – her eyes an awful shade of yellow, pupils black slits, her mouth a mangled mess of razor pointed teeth, purplish tongue – and lunges at Carl, sinking her teeth into his neck with a bloody splatter.

He cries out, and soon, just like Kristin before, the cry turns into a gurgle and then chokes out completely, his body twitching as she continues to feed.

**INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - NIGHT**

Charles enters his room, setting the wooden case on top of the dresser.

There’s a knock on the door. He answers it in a huff.

**CHARLES**

What!

It’s Sheriff Booth.

**SHERIFF BOOTH**

Evening, sir.

She looks behind him, into the room.
SHERIFF BOOTH
You wouldn’t mind following me back to the station to answer a few questions, would you?

CHARLES
Well, I really am quite -

SHERIFF BOOTH
Didn’t think so.

EXT. MOTOR INN - NIGHT
Sheriff Booth escorts Charles to the parking lot and climbs into her SUV. He gets in the jeep and the two drive off together, him following her.

INT. SHERIFF’S DEPARTMENT - NIGHT
It’s a small place. A front desk, an office in the back, a small kitchen off to the side, a bathroom, and two cells.
Sheriff Booth and Charles enter the building and she offers him a seat with a smile.

CHARLES
Am I under arrest?

SHERIFF BOOTH
Oh, no. Of course not. Not yet, anyway.

CHARLES
Am I being charged with anything?

SHERIFF BOOTH
That remains to be seen, doesn’t it?

Sheriff Booth sits down and continues to smile at Charles.

SHERIFF BOOTH
So, tell me, Mr. Smith, what’s your real name?

Charles sighs.

CHARLES
Charles Rainer.

Sheriff Booth types the name into the computer and presses search.
SHERIFF BOOTH
Why the alias? Running from something?

CHARLES
No.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Running from someone?

CHARLES
No.

SHERIFF BOOTH
You wanna tell me why you were hanging around Harvin’s Funeral Home?

Charles shrugs.

CHARLES
Curiosity.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Did you know the victim?

CHARLES
No. I am but a drifter, passing through.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Uh huh.

Sheriff Booth looks at the computer screen once it has done its search.

SHERIFF BOOTH
I see you lost your family a while back. I’m sorry to hear that.

Charles nods his head, looking at the floor. Sheriff Booth leans forward.

SHERIFF BOOTH
It must eat you up that they never caught the guy. Something like that...push a man to the edge.

Charles looks up at her, swallowing sorrow.

CHARLES
There’s a big difference between being pushed to the edge and going over it.
Sheriff Booth leans back in her chair.

     SHERIFF BOOTH
     Stick around for a few days. We’ll talk again soon. And stay away from the funeral home. People might get the wrong idea.

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - NIGHT

Danielle steps inside Charles’ room and clicks on the lamp.

Bingo. The wooden case is sitting on the dresser. She quickly makes her way over to it and unlatches it, eagerly opening it up.

As she gazes upon the strange contents inside, confusion and curiosity spreads across her face.

     CHARLES(O.S.)
     What are you doing in here?

Danielle whirls around, terrified.

     DANIELLE
     I, uh - uh.

Charles steps forward and immediately closes the wooden case.

     CHARLES
     You shouldn’t be here. Stay away from me. You’ve done quite enough.

     DANIELLE
     What is all that stuff?

     CHARLES
     Don’t concern yourself with it. Just leave.

     DANIELLE
     Are you some sort of vampire hunter or something?

     CHARLES
     Get out! You cannot be seen with me!

     DANIELLE
     What -
CHARLES
Out! Get out!

Charles lunges at Danielle and she ducks out of the way, rushing out the door.

Charles immediately closes it and sits down on the bed with a sigh, burying his face into his hands.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

It’s quiet. Too quiet. All the rooms have an uneasy emptiness about them.

Carl’s body lay motionless, a small puddle of blood pooling from his torn out neck.

The phone rings. The machine picks up.

CARL(O.S.)
(recording)
You’ve reached Harvin Funeral Home and Crematorium, where we see your loved ones off right. Please leave your name and a number you can be reached and I will return your call as soon as possible.

SHERIFF BOOTH(O.S.)
Hey Carl, it’s Carla Booth, here. Just want to know what else you’ve found. I know, I know, I’m impatient.

Carl suddenly rolls over, gagging. He slowly crawls towards the phone.

SHERIFF BOOTH(O.S.)
I talked to a weirdo tonight. Someone saw him hanging around. Might show up at your place again. If he does, give me a call.

Carl reaches out towards the phone. The line goes dead and with a gurgle, Carl lays still and does not move again.
INT. MOTOR INN - DAY

Danielle sits behind the desk, looking nervously out the window, tapping her pen against the keyboard.

Patrick steps out of his office to grab the paper from the front desk and looks at her.

PATRICK
What’s with you?

DANIELLE
Nothing.

PATRICK
You sure?

Danielle nods her head and forces a smile.

Patrick disappears back into his office, leaving the door open.

Danielle continues to watch as Charles steps out of his room and makes his way towards the office. She tenses and Charles steps through the door.

DANIELLE
Morning, sir.

Charles locks on and moves to the front desk.

CHARLES
Is the manager available?

DANIELLE
Um...well...

PATRICK(O.S.)
Send him on back.

Danielle pushes the buzzer and opens the gate to allow Charles to pass through.

With a final glare at Danielle, he closes the door.

Danielle closes her eyes, looking away.

DANIELLE
Shit.
EXT. BAKERSFIELD - DAY

A single police cruiser casually drives around town.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Deputy Colson is behind the wheel, looking around this way and that. His radio crackles.

SHERIFF BOOTH(O.S.)
Booth to Colson, do you copy?

Deputy Colson picks up his radio.

DEPUTY COLSON
Copy that, sheriff.

SHERIFF BOOTH(O.S.)
You still making your rounds?

DEPUTY COLSON
Yes, ma’am.

SHERIFF BOOTH(O.S.)
Do me a favor and stop over to Carl’s place, will you? Still haven’t heard back from him.

DEPUTY COLSON
Ten-four.

SHERIFF BOOTH(O.S.)
Thank you kindly, deputy.

Deputy Colson puts up his radio.

INT. MOTOR INN - DAY

Charles steps out of Patrick’s office and makes his way out without so much as a glance at Danielle.

DANIELLE
Have a good day!

Charles exits. Patrick steps out of the office, a stern look on his face. Danielle forces a smile.

DANIELLE
Okay, before you say anything, just remember how cute I am.
PATRICK
You’re fired.

She laughs. Half from surprise, half because she thinks he’s joking.

PATRICK
No, really. I’m not kidding. You’re done.

The smile quickly leaves her face.

DANIELLE
Patrick, what are you talking about? I mean, I -

PATRICK
Stop. I don’t want to hear it.

DANIELLE
But -

PATRICK
You were in his room last night. Again! And what’s more, he caught you. Saw you going right through his things. I can be sued. You can be sued, or even worse, put in jail.

DANIELLE
You can’t just -

PATRICK
I can and I am. You’re getting off lucky. I’m sorry, but I just can’t. Please give me your key, get your things and leave. I’ll pay you for the entire day.

She sits there a moment longer, frozen by shock, and tosses him her key - which he drops - and grabs her things out of the desk.

EXT. MOTOR INN - DAY

Danielle walks to her car while Charles heads towards his jeep, ready to depart for the day.

DANIELLE
I hope you’re happy. I just lost my job, asshole.
Charles casually looks over towards her.

CHARLES
I hope what you found in my room was worth it, young lady.
Hopefully, we will not meet again.
For both our sakes.

Charles gets into the jeep, starts it, and drives off.

Danielle throws her things into the passenger side of her car.

DANIELLE
Dickhead.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY
Deputy Colson steps up to the door and rings the bell. No answer.

DEPUTY COLSON
Hello! Carl?

He knocks.

DEPUTY COLSON
It’s Deputy Colson!

Still no response. He reaches out and opens the door, slowly making his way inside.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY
Deputy Colson closes the door behind him. The place is dim - the shades were never opened.

DEPUTY COLSON
Yo! Carl! You here?

Every step echoes through the house.

DEPUTY COLSON
Hello!
INT. FUNERAL HOME - MORGUE - DAY
Deputy Colson makes his way down the stairs.

    DEPUTY COLSON
    Carl! Did you hear me?

He looks around the morgue. It’s empty.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY
Deputy Colson returns to the first floor, looking around curiously.

    DEPUTY COLSON
    Hello!
He slowly makes his way up the stairs to the second floor.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - 2ND FLOOR - DAY
As soon as Deputy Colson reaches the landing, he sees the blood.

    DEPUTY COLSON
    Oh, shit.
Drawing his gun and flashlight, Deputy Colson slowly moves down the hallway, follows the smears and spatters of blood.

    DEPUTY COLSON
    Police officer! Anyone in here?
Foot by foot, he follows the trail of blood into the bedroom - and freezes, eyes wide.

    DEPUTY COLSON
    Fuck me.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY
PARAMEDICS load Carl’s body into the ambulance and cruise away.
Sheriff Booth and Deputy Colson remain on the scene while the Forensics Investigator makes his way inside the funeral home.
SHERIFF BOOTH
Any sign of the girl?

DEPUTY COLSON
None. She just disappeared.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Well, dead bodies don’t just decide to get up and start walking around.

DEPUTY COLSON
Killed the same way as Kristin. What’s going on here, sheriff?

SHERIFF BOOTH
I don’t know.

DEPUTY COLSON
We’ve got a serial killer on our hands.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Not yet. He’s got a few more victims to claim before he gets that title. I’m not going to let that happen.

DEPUTY COLSON
You got a plan?

SHERIFF BOOTH
Hit the streets. This is a small town. Someone saw something.

INT. DANIELLE’S APARTMENT - DAY

Danielle sits on the couch in the living room, drinking a wine cooler.

SARAH bursts inside, throwing her purse and a shopping bag onto the kitchen table.

SARAH
Oh, my god! Did you hear?

DANIELLE
Hear what?

Sarah looks at Danielle.
SARAH
Wait, why are you home?

DANIELLE
Got canned.

SARAH
What? No way! What happened?

DANIELLE
It’s a long story. Creepy guy was creepy so I did some snooping. He ratted me out.

SARAH
What an asshole.

DANIELLE
Yeahhhh.

Sarah grabs a wine cooler out of the fridge and sits down across from Danielle.

SARAH
Was he, like, super pervy or something?

DANIELLE
Just old and weird.

SARAH
Ugh! Those are the worst! Probably likes to touch little kids or something.

DANIELLE
Hey, can we focus? What did I miss? What happened?

SARAH
Oh! So, I was coming back from the mall in Grandeville - Forever 21 had the cutest tops on sale, I just had to get one - and as I was driving past that creepy funeral place, police and stuff were there. It looked like they were loading a body into the ambulance!

DANIELLE
What!
SARAH
I know, right? Like, again?

Sarah jumps up from the couch and grabs her shopping bag, taking out the top she bought and showing it to Danielle.

SARAH
Won’t this look so cute on me? You really should come shopping with us sometime, Danielle. It’s not good for you to just, like, hang around this stupid place.

Danielle sits there, flabbergasted.

SARAH
What?

DANIELLE
Um, hello? The funeral home? The crime scene? What the hell happened there?

SARAH
I don’t know! I’m not, like, a reporter or anything. Maybe it’s on the news.

Sarah disappears down the hall and Danielle turns on the TV and flicks on the local news channel, which details the scene of the crime.

DANIELLE
You know something.

SARAH(O.S.)
You keep waiting for something to happen around here, but it never will! Go out and make something happen.

Sarah returns to the living room, now wearing her new top.

SARAH
Or, like, get a boyfriend or something.
EXT. MOTOR INN - NIGHT

Wooden case in hand, Charles gets in his jeep and drives off.

EXT. BAKERSFIELD - NIGHT

Just as the jeep enters town, Danielle’s car pulls onto the road, staying just far enough behind it to not seem so suspicious.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The jeep pulls behind a large warehouse and Charles steps out, case in hand, looking around sharply before making his way to the back door.

He sets down the case and tugs on the door handle. Locked.

CHARLES

Damn.

Looking around once more, Charles takes a lockpick out of his coat pocket and begins to mess with the door. After a few moments, there’s a satisfying click and Charles grabs his case and quickly darts inside.

Danielle pulls up in her car, keeping a good distance away from the jeep and steps out, creeping as quickly as she can to the warehouse door and dipping inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Charles sets the wooden case down and opens it, taking out the crucifix and bottle of holy water. He places the holy water in his coat pocket and keeps the crucifix in his left hand while he carries the case with his right.

He weaves in and out of the warehouse aisles, the crucifix pointed in front of him. It’s quiet and dark, the few lights casting a haunting yellow glow.

Elsewhere in the warehouse, Danielle is also carefully weaving between the aisles, trying to stay hidden whilst keeping Charles in her sights.

Charles suddenly stops walking. He looks around and sniffs.
CHARLES
I know you’re here.

Danielle immediately ducks down behind a crate, eyes wide. She starts to tremble.

Charles takes a few steps forward and sets down the wooden case, taking the bottle of holy water out of his pocket.

CHARLES
Show yourself. You’re not afraid, are you?

Silence.

Danielle remains crouched down, her eyes wide, her hand covering her mouth.

CHARLES
Face me like a man!

CRASH!

A crate falls and busts open behind Charles and he turns with a start.

CHARLES
Tsk tsk. Not doing so well in your old age, are you?


The dim lights flicker. The shadows dance. Something hisses.

CHARLES
Enough of your games! Come out!

PLOP!

The body of a WORKER falls into Charles and he jumps away in a fright, raising the crucifix.

Composing himself, he looks at the body. His throat has been torn out.

Charles crouches down, placing the crucifix on the Worker’s chest. He then takes out the holy water and opens up the workers mouth, gently pouring some in.

There’s a hiss and white smoke billows out of the Worker’s mouth as the body violently convulses. Then, all is still.

Danielle watches this happen with wide, tear-filled eyes, biting down on her hand as hard as she can to not scream.
Charles places the holy water back into his coat pocket and takes up the crucifix into his hand again.

Footsteps suddenly begin to echo from the rafters above and Charles follows the sound, leading him around one of the aisles and right into -

Danielle.

Charles looks at her, startled, and she screams, falling backwards.

   DANIELLE
   I’m sorry! Please don’t hurt me.

   CHARLES
   You stupid girl. You don’t know what you’ve done.

A guttural laugh echoes from the shadows.

Charles and Danielle both look up.

SMASH!

One of the high up windows explodes outward, as if something just jumped through to the outside.

   CHARLES
   Goddamn it!

Charles looks down at Danielle, whom is now crying.

   DANIELLE
   What the hell is going on?

Charles sighs, trying to swallow the anger.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Charles rushes out of the warehouse, wooden case in hand, Danielle trailing behind him, wiping the tears from her face.

   DANIELLE
   Please. You have to tell me. What was that thing? Who are you? What the fuck is going on?

Charles places the case into his jeep and turns to her.
CHARLES
Forget everything you’ve seen here tonight. Forget what you heard. Forget my face. Forget my name. Forget this town. None of this exists for you anymore.

DANIELLE
I don’t understand. That man - he was...what did you do to him?

CHARLES
You must leave! Now! Drive as fast as you can and never look back. Do you understand me?

DANIELLE
Please...

CHARLES
You don’t know what you’ve done by following me here tonight. It will come for you. It will destroy everything you hold dear, and that is why you must flee! Do you understand? Go! Save yourself.

DANIELLE
Should I call the police?

CHARLES
Not even God can help you now. Heed my words, girl. Run.

Charles climbs into the jeep and speeds off, leaving Danielle standing there, confused and crying.

INT. DANIELLE’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Danielle slowly enters the apartment, closing and bolting the door behind her.

Sarah looks up at her from the TV.

SARAH
Jesus, Danielle. Are you okay? You look like you’ve seen a ghost.

DANIELLE
I’m fine.

Danielle shuts herself into the bathroom.
EXT. BAKERSFIELD - NIGHT

The jeep slowly makes its way through the streets. Charles carefully looks around, searching desperately for any sign of his foe.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

Charles pulls up in front of the funeral home, which is now caution taped off. He stares for a few moments.

Red and blue lights flash behind him and he puts the jeep in park.

Sheriff Booth climbs out of her SUV and approaches.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Evening, Mr. Rainer.

CHARLES
Evening, sheriff.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Didn’t we just have this conversation?

CHARLES
I was just driving on by. What happened here?

SHERIFF BOOTH
Funniest thing, I was kinda hoping you could tell me.

Charles shrugs.

SHERIFF BOOTH
You didn’t see or hear anything suspicious while you were here?

CHARLES
Can’t say I did. I spoke to the director last night and he shooed me off. That was that.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Uh huh. Awful late. This town shuts down early. What are you doing out and about?
CHARLES
Insomnia.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Might want to get that treated. Awful things happen from sleep deprivation. Or so I’m told. People just lose their minds.

Sheriff Booth eyes him sharply. Charles maintains eye contact and does not waver.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Go on home for the night, Mr. Rainer.

CHARLES
Yes, ma’am.

INT. DANIELLE’S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT
Danielle stares at herself in the mirror a little while, looking deep inside.

In a zombified state, she turns on the water for the shower, cranking the hot water all the way on. Steam swirls around the bathroom.

Undressing, she climbs into the water and sits down, curling into a ball. She sobs heavily.

INT. DANIELLE’S APARTMENT - NIGHT
Danielle steps out of the shower and freezes. Something isn’t right.

It’s quiet. The TV can no longer be heard in the living room. And it’s dark. All the lights are off.

DANIELLE
Sarah?

Wind rustles from somewhere in the apartment - a window is open.

As quietly as possible, Danielle creeps down the hall into her bedroom. She flips the light switch. Nothing happens.

Moving fast, she silently throws on pants and a shirt and walks out of the room, sneaking her way to the kitchen and grabbing a butcher knife out of the block.
DANIELLE
(whispered)
Sarah?

Still no answer. She tries the lamp in the living room. It’s no good.

Clenching the knife tightly, Danielle makes her way down the hall again towards Sarah’s room. She steps through the door, and, using the flashlight from her cell phone, she looks through the room.

She screams.

Sarah is sprawled on the floor, her neck ripped open.

DANIELLE
Sarah!

A SHADOWY FIGURE appears in the closet and takes a step out —

Danielle takes off running, rushing outside the apartment so fast that she doesn’t even bother to close the door.

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - NIGHT

Charles lies in bed, the crucifix resting on his chest, eyes closed.

There’s a rapid banging on his door and he gets up with a start, gripping the crucifix.

CHARLES
Who’s out there?

DANIELLE(O.S.)
Please let me in! Please! He’s after me!

Charles opens the door a crack, not removing the chain, and peers out at the frantic Danielle.

CHARLES
I told you to leave! To forget me and everything you saw!

DANIELLE
He killed her! Please! You have to let me in!

Danielle breaks down, sobbing again.
Charles isn’t sure he buys it. He sticks the crucifix out through the crack in the door.

    CHARLES
    Grab this.

Danielle looks at the crucifix, confused.

    DANIELLE
    What?

    CHARLES
    Grab it!

She does. Nothing happens.

    CHARLES
    Very well.

Charles opens the door for her and lets her inside.

With a quick looks around, Charles closes and re-locks and bolts the door.

Danielle paces back and forth around the small room.

    CHARLES
    Sit.

Danielle continues to pace.

    DANIELLE
    I don’t understand. She was there and she was fine and then she wasn’t -

    CHARLES
    I said sit!

Danielle sits down on the bed, shaking fiercely.

Charles watches her evenly.

    CHARLES
    You went home?

Danielle nods her head. Charles sighs.

    CHARLES
    Very slowly, very calmly, tell me what happened.
DANIELLE
She was watching TV like she does every night.

CHARLES
Who?

DANIELLE
Sarah, my roommate. And...I got into the shower...when I got out, it was dark and she was - she was -

CHARLES
Dead.

Danielle starts to sob again.

DANIELLE
What is going on? Who are you? Why is he -

Charles puts on his coat and grabs the wooden case.

DANIELLE
Where are you going?

CHARLES
Your apartment. Where do you live? There may still be time.

DANIELLE
What? Why?

CHARLES
Address!

DANIELLE
4419 Westchase Avenue. Apartment 4B.

Charles heads for the door.

CHARLES
Lock this behind me. Don’t answer it for anyone, you understand?

DANIELLE
No! Don’t go! You can’t leave me here alone!

CHARLES
You’ll be safe here. I promise.
Charles darts out, closing the door behind him. Danielle jumps up from the bed and immediately bolts the door. She lays down on the bed, crying.

INT. DANIELLE’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Charles steps into the open doorway and slowly makes his way through the apartment, brandishing the crucifix.

He carefully checks the living room and kitchen and slowly makes his way down the hall, first checking Danielle’s room, before making his way to Sarah’s.

There’s a light flickering from inside the room and very slowly, Charles pushes the half opened door.

The room is empty. Trashed, but empty. A bedside lamp lay on the floor and flickers intermittently.

CHARLES
Are you still here?

Something stirs in the now-closed closet. Charles snaps his attention to it.

CHARLES
In the name of God, I command you to come out!

Charles raises the crucifix and slowly inches towards the closet. Soft crying begins to echo from inside.

He reaches out to open it -

SMASH!

What was once Sarah - and is now a horrible, ashen-blue colored creature with sunken in features, yellow eyes and a mouth full of horrible, jagged razor teeth - bursts through the closet door with a horrible shriek and pounces onto Charles, knocking the crucifix from his hand.

Sarah rears her head back with a snarl and goes to take a bite out of his neck, but he manages to get a hand around her throat to stop her, struggling fiercely.

He punches her in the face with his other hand - once, twice, three times with little effect.

She still struggles violently to get at his throat and inches closer and closer to it with her snapping fangs.
Desperate and outmatched, Charles searches for the dropped crucifix. It lay beside him and he reaches for it with his free hand - it’s just out of reach.

CHARLES
In the name of God I command you to flee!

Sarah laughs - if you can call such a horrible sound a laugh.

Charles struggles for the crucifix - it’s just centimeters from the tip of his fingers.

By now, Sarah is a mere inch from his throat.

CHARLES
In the name of God, I command you back to Hell!

With a burst of strength, Charles is able to extend his arm just far enough to grab the crucifix. He swings it at Sarah’s face and it connects just over her eyes. There’s a hiss as it makes contact and Sarah shrieks, immediately jumping off of Charles and out the window.

Charles clutches his throat, coughing, gasping for air.

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - NIGHT

Danielle is fast asleep on the bed when the door unlocks. She jumps up in a panic as it opens, the chain catching.

CHARLES(O.S.)
It’s all right. It’s me.

DANIELLE
How do I know that?

Charles sticks the crucifix through the crack and Danielle immediately opens the door to let him in.

With a heavy sigh, Charles sets the wooden case down and takes off his coat before plunking down onto the bed.

DANIELLE
Well?

CHARLES
I was too late. She’s one of them.
DANIELLE
One of what? What the fuck is going on?

CHARLES
A young lady like yourself should not use such language.

Danielle stares at him blankly.

CHARLES
Sit.

She does. Charles gets up and opens the mini fridge, taking out a bottle of liquor. He pours himself a glass.

CHARLES
Why didn’t you leave like I told you to?

DANIELLE
I don’t have anywhere else to go.

CHARLES
No family?

DANIELLE
No.

Charles sighs, taking a drink.

CHARLES
There is nobody else?

DANIELLE
No one.

CHARLES
Very well.

He takes another drink and sits down in the chair beside the bed.

CHARLES
What I am about to share with you, I have never shared with anyone. Do you understand?

DANIELLE
Yes.
CHARLES
Forget the word "can’t." Forget the word "impossible." Forget all notions of everything you thought you believed about darkness. All right?

She nods.

CHARLES
The thing that killed your friends, the thing that I’ve been hunting for the last thirty years, is a creature of darkness.

DANIELLE
What do you mean?

CHARLES
Vampire.

DANIELLE
But that’s -

CHARLES
Don’t say it.

Danielle closes her mouth.

CHARLES
Is it really so hard to believe? Look how far back the legends go. Ancient civilizations tell tales of their loved ones returning from the grave to feed off of the living. Every culture from every period of time has a variation of the tale.

Charles finishes his glass and sets it on the nightstand. He motions to the wooden case.

CHARLES
You know where that came from? France. It’s a kit that was mass produced and sold, no differently than hunting gear at the sporting goods store today. It wasn’t fear of the unknown or paranoia - it’s reality.

Danielle sits there a moment.
DANIELLE
Then why isn’t their proof? Why hasn’t someone captured one and put it on display or opened it up to research? With all the technology now, someone would have to have something concrete.

CHARLES
And who is to say that they don’t? How many times has Bigfoot been sighted, only to be written off as a hoax? How many times have people been abducted by aliens and taken photos of UFO’s? Still, there is doubt. There will always be doubt because we refuse to believe in anything more than us.

Charles gets up and pours himself another glass.

CHARLES
We’re so smart, aren’t we? Look at us, the Masters of the Universe.

He stares off, thinking.

CHARLES
We’re nothing. Defenseless.

DANIELLE
I want to know everything. I want to know what you know. I want to do what you do.

CHARLES
No. I can’t.

DANIELLE
Look - I’m not asking you to take care of me. I don’t want you to be my father. I just want to be able to stop this from happening ever again.

Charles looks down at the floor.

CHARLES
A father. That is something I should never have been. Sleep. You’ll need your rest.
INT. SHERIFF’S DEPARTMENT - DAY

Sheriff Booth sits behind her desk, looking over Charles’ record.

She picks up the phone and dials.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Hi, there. This is Sheriff Carla Booth over in Bakersfield...Not too bad, how ’bout yourself? We’ve had a couple murders over the last couple days and they all started after this older fella came to town. I ran his record and it came up clean. I thought you’d be able to dig a little deeper for me. Last name "Rainer," first name, "Charles." 10/5/55...Much appreciated.

She hangs up. Deputy Colson walks by.

DEPUTY COLSON
You running that through the feds?

SHERIFF BOOTH
State. There’s more to this guy than he’s letting on. I don’t like it.

DEPUTY COLSON
You think he’s behind it all?

SHERIFF BOOTH
If he’s not behind it, he knows who is.

EXT. MOTOR INN - DAY

Charles and Danielle step out of Room 3, wooden case in hand, and approach the jeep.

DANIELLE
We going looking for him?

CHARLES
No.

DANIELLE
Why?
CHARLES
Because you’re not ready.

DANIELLE
But it’s daylight. That’s when you hunt him, isn’t it?

Charles places the wooden case into the back of the jeep. He eyes her, irritated.

CHARLES
What do you know of vampires?

DANIELLE
Just what I’ve seen in the movies.

CHARLES
Mhm. Get in.

Charles climbs into the jeep and starts it. Danielle follows.

DANIELLE
Where are we going?

CHARLES
Shut up.

They drive away.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Charles and Danielle stroll through the graveyard, Charles carries the wooden case.

DANIELLE
Are they really this cliche?

CHARLES
They prefer dark and underground. The location doesn’t matter.

DANIELLE
Good. I was going to say...

CHARLES
Now, tell me.

DANIELLE
Tell you what?

Charles stops walking and looks at her, almost a smile.
CHARLES
What you know of vampires.

DANIELLE
Okay. Um. They can’t go out in sunlight. Wooden stake through the head. Garlic. Holy water. Crucifixes. They drink blood. Can turn into bats and wolves and mists. Pretty much it, right?

CHARLES
Not bad.

He sits on a bench.

DANIELLE
Can we go find this son of a bitch now? We’re wasting daylight.

CHARLES
I admire your bravery, but you have no idea the gravity of what it is you ask. You really don’t understand what we’re up against.

DANIELLE
Well, why don’t you tell me so we can get him!

CHARLES
Firstly, it is not a him. Not anymore.

Danielle rolls her eyes.

CHARLES
I understand your impatience better than you realize. Perhaps if I had taken the time to educate myself on what I was up against when I began hunting thirty years ago, we would not be in the situation we are in today.

DANIELLE
What happened thirty years ago?

Charles stares off a minute, thinking deeply.

CHARLES
That’s not important.

He looks back up to her.
CHARLES
So. Vampires. Where did they come from? The truth is, nobody really knows. What we do know is this: they are the ultimate affront to God. He gifted us with free will and a limited time on Earth to earn our place in to Heaven. Immortality is the supreme defiance, which is why they are cursed so.

Charles opens up his case. Danielle sits on the bench beside him.

He takes out the crucifix.

CHARLES
The crucifix is the most basic protection against them. The sight of it can drive them back, and the lesser vampires cannot touch it with their skin, lest they be burned like fire.

Danielle takes the crucifix, examining it.

DANIELLE
I have one of these on a necklace at my place I could get. Seems simple enough.

CHARLES
Ah, and that’s where you’re wrong already.

Charles takes the crucifix back.

CHARLES
Not just any piece of material made into the holy shape will do. It has to be made from the type of wood that Jesus was crucified on.

DANIELLE
And that would be...?

CHARLES
Olive.

Danielle thinks for a moment.
DANIELLE
Are you sure? I’m pretty sure I heard a poem about that before. Some type of flower, I think. What was it?

CHARLES
Dogwood.

DANIELLE
That’s it!

Charles shakes his head.

CHARLES
Dogwood is not native to Israel, especially not during the time of Jesus’ crucifixion. But wood from the olive tree alone is not all. Without faith, it’s useless against a more powerful vampire.

DANIELLE
And if I’m atheist?

CHARLES
You better get to know God real quick.

Danielle reaches into the case and pulls out a silver-tipped stake.

DANIELLE
Wooden stake, of course. Smash it into the heart.

CHARLES
An ash stake. Tipped with silver.

DANIELLE
Why?

CHARLES
Jesus was betrayed by Judas for thirty pieces of silver. As we just discussed, a vampire’s very existence defies God and is a betrayal of His gift to us.

DANIELLE
Gotcha.

Danielle points at the glass vial.
DANIELLE
I saw you pour that into that dead man’s mouth. Holy water, I’m assuming?

Charles nods his head.

CHARLES
Holy water can be used to purge the demon from the host before it has a chance to settle it.

DANIELLE
Demon?

CHARLES
I don’t know what else to call it.

DANIELLE
Can it be used directly on them? Like in a squirt gun?

CHARLES
Afraid not. The only other thing it seems to be good for is snapping a familiar out of their hypnosis.

DANIELLE
Familiar?

CHARLES
Human servant, usually hypnotized.

DANIELLE
Ah.

Danielle reaches for the gun and Charles swats her hand away.

CHARLES
Don’t touch that. I’m saving that.

DANIELLE
What good is a gun going to do?

CHARLES
Silver bullet.

DANIELLE
I see. Will it work?

Charles shrugs and closes the case, latching it.
CHARLES
I don’t know. The French seemed to think so.

Charles gets up from the bench with a sigh.

DANIELLE
What now?

CHARLES
We might as well look for signs of vampires while we’re here. Check for signs of entry at the mausoleums.

Danielle gets up.

DANIELLE
Great.

INT. SHERIFF’S DEPARTMENT - DAY

Sheriff Booth does some paperwork at her desk. The phone rings.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Bakersfield Sheriff’s Department, Booth speaking...Is that so? Would you mind faxing those over? Great. I appreciate it.

She hangs up the phone. Deputy Colson looks up from his paper.

DEPUTY COLSON
Well?

SHERIFF BOOTH
The plot thickens.

EXT. BAKERSFIELD - DAY

Charles and Danielle roll through town in his jeep.

INT. JEEP - DAY

Danielle looks out the window, then back at Charles.
DANIELLE
So, theoretically, this place could be crawling with vampires by now, huh?

CHARLES
Theoretically, yes. Likely, no.

DANIELLE
What makes you say that? Your vamp bites someone, they turn, they bite someone, they turn. On and on we go. Like the zombie apocalypse except they can only come out at night.

CHARLES
It doesn’t work that way.

DANIELLE
What do you mean?

They come to a stop at a light. Charles looks at her.

CHARLES
Only a master vampire can sire other vampires. It takes time for a vampire to gain that ability. It’s like evolution...or something. The older a vampire becomes and the more it feeds, the more..."powers"...it unlocks.

DANIELLE
So, like, every time a vampire feeds off of enough people, it levels up?

Charles looks at her, confused.

CHARLES
I don’t understand what that means.

Danielle looks back out the window.

Outside, several PEOPLE are standing around, staring at them, faces blank.

DANIELLE
Something doesn’t feel right.

Another CAR pulls up beside the jeep on Charles’ side and he looks out his windows at it. The PASSENGERS are also staring, faces blank.
CHARLES
That’s for sure.

The light turns green and Charles immediately takes off.

DANIELLE
What about familiars? Can a new vamp make those?

CHARLES
Not usually, although history seems to suggest that is one of the first abilities earned. Still, a fresh vampire is nothing more than a ravenous child. However, they are still extremely dangerous and not to be taken lightly.

DANIELLE
Yes, sir.

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - NIGHT

Danielle pours herself a shot of Charles’ liquor and downs it with a heavy grimace.

DANIELLE
Ack!

She turns to Charles, who is preparing to leave again.

DANIELLE
Where are we headed next?

CHARLES
We are not headed anywhere. I am going out to continue my search. If I’m lucky, I can track one of the fresh vampires back to the lair. Obviously the warehouse is no longer any good.

DANIELLE
You’re not leaving me here again.

CHARLES
That’s exactly what I’m doing. Going out searching during the day is one thing, but at night...no. You’re not ready.
DANIELLE
And when will I be ready?

CHARLES
When I say.

Charles puts on his coat and grabs his wooden case.

DANIELLE
Wonderful. Don’t I get anything to defend myself in case someone comes knocking?

Charles sighs and opens up the case. He takes out a stake and a bottle of holy water and sets it on the nightstand.

CHARLES
You won’t have to worry. Remember, same rules as last night. Only answer for me. Nobody else. You understand?

DANIELLE
Yes, dad.

Charles looks away quickly.

CHARLES
Don’t.

Danielle’s face softens.

DANIELLE
Hey, look. I’m sorry, I -

CHARLES
I’ll be back by dawn at the latest.

Charles quickly dashes out, slamming the door behind him. Danielle carefully locks the place up and sits down on the bed, lost in thought.

EXT. BAKERSFIELD - NIGHT

Charles walks along the darkened streets, case in hand. Looking. Listening. He’s on the hunt.

Across the street in her car sits Sheriff Booth, also watching.
INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - NIGHT

Danielle steps out of the bathroom, wrapped in a towel. She looks at her dirty clothes and cringes.

DANIELLE
Definitely need clothes.

There’s a knock on the door.

Danielle creeps to the door and grabs the holy water. She peers into the peephole - It’s Patrick, though he’s looking down, his head obscured by shadow.

DANIELLE
Perfect timing, Pat!

She opens the door.

DANIELLE
You wanna do me a huge fa -

Patrick suddenly looks up with a hiss - ash skin, sunken in features, yellow eyes, gnarly teeth - and pounces on her, knocking the holy water from her hands.

Danielle pushes against his face with both hands as he bears down, gnashing his teeth.

DANIELLE
Patrick! Stop!

CHARLES(O.S.)
Back!

Patrick suddenly jumps off of Danielle, retreating towards the back of the room. Charles steps inside, crucifix held out in front of him.

CHARLES
In the name of God, I condemn you back to hell!

Patrick hisses and covers his face with one hand as if trying to shield himself from a blinding light.

CHARLES
Out!

With a roar, Patrick barrels forward, knocking Charles out of the way and darts outside. He disappears into the darkness.
Charles quickly gets up, closes the door, and bolts it. He stares down at Danielle, whom sobbs.

CHARLES
Goddamn it, girl!

DANIELLE
Patrick...

CHARLES
I told you not to answer the door for anyone!

Charles pours some holy water along the length of the door and says a blessing with the cross.

Danielle gets up and shuts herself in the bathroom.

EXT. MOTOR INN - DAY

Charles and Danielle step out of their room and Charles carefully locks the door.

DANIELLE
Is that necessary during the day?

CHARLES
You never know.

He heads for the jeep. Danielle tags behind.

DANIELLE
Where are we going?

CHARLES
You’ll see.

DANIELLE
What time is it?

CHARLES
Late. You slept most of the day.

The two climb into the jeep. She looks at him.

DANIELLE
I’m sorry about last night. I know I messed up.

Charles looks at her, almost smiles.
CHARLES
I know.

They drive away.

EXT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

Charles and Danielle step out of the jeep.

DANIELLE
Really? Ice cream? I don’t think we’ll find any vampires in here.

CHARLES
Precisely. I thought perhaps you might like something "normal." Who knows how long it’ll be before you can feel that way again?

Charles heads inside. Danielle stands there a moment, pondering his words. Her face drops a little.

INT. SHERIFF’S DEPARTMENT - DAY

Sheriff Booth pours herself a cup of coffee while Deputy Colson munches on a doughnut.

The fax machine beeps and Sheriff Booth rushes over to it.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Finally! Jesus. Not very timely, are they?

The sheets stop coming out and Sheriff Booth scoops them up to examine them.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Wow.

DEPUTY COLSON
What’s that?

SHERIFF BOOTH
Let’s go get ourselves a weirdo.
EXT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

Charles and Danielle sit at a table outside, enjoying their ice cream.

DANIELLE
Can I confess something to you?

CHARLES
I suppose.

DANIELLE
This is the first time someone has taken me for ice cream. I sort of feel like a little kid again. You’re the kind of dad I needed.

Charles looks down, his face suddenly sad.

CHARLES
A father...

Danielle looks at him, her face soft with compassion.

DANIELLE
What happened to you?

CHARLES
It was thirty years ago, and I still remember it as if it happened yesterday.

DANIELLE
What?

CHARLES
The night it came.

EXT. CHARLES’ HOUSE - NIGHT - 30 YEARS AGO


A familiar jeep pulls into the driveway and YOUNG CHARLES(30’s) steps out of it. He’s in a decent suit and whistles a tune as he walks up to the door. He suddenly freezes.

All the lights are off. The house is dark.

He slowly opens the door.
INT. CHARLES’ HOUSE - NIGHT - 30 YEARS AGO

Young Charles steps inside.

YOUNG CHARLES
Tara?


He quietly opens up the entryway closet and procures and baseball bat. He slowly makes his way through the first floor of the house.

YOUNG CHARLES
Hunny?

CREAK.

Something moves upstairs. Young Charles quickly - but quietly - makes for the staircase and slowly begins his ascent, step by painstaking step.

INT. CHARLES’ HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT - 30 YEARS AGO

As Young Charles makes his way down the hall towards the direction of the creak, all of the lights suddenly begin to dimly flicker, briefly illuminating the darkness and casting haunting shadows everywhere.

A lamp is on in the back bedroom, and that’s where Young Charles heads.

YOUNG CHARLES
Mary?

Young Charles slowly reaches out with one hand and pushes open the bedroom door.

On the ground lies a little girl, MARY.

YOUNG CHARLES
No, baby! No!

Young Charles rushes over to the lifeless body of the little girl and scoops her up into his arms. Her neck is soaked with blood, having been torn open. He sobs.

YOUNG CHARLES
No, no. Please. Please, wake up.
Please, Mary.
Suddenly, the soft sound of a muffled cry comes from behind Young Charles and he freezes, slowly turning his head with wide eyes.

In the corner of the room, bathed in shadow, is the MASTER VAMPIRE, holding TARA in front of him, its impossibly long fingers wrapped around her neck. From the silhouette, its long, pointy ears stick out, creating a haunting, dark image.

**YOUNG CHARLES**
What do you want with us?

The Master Vampire says nothing.

**TARA**
Please, Charles. Please help Mary.

Young Charles slowly stands up, his hands raised.

**YOUNG CHARLES**
Look, take whatever you want, just let my wife go.

**TARA**
Charles. Help.

**YOUNG CHARLES**
Stay quiet, hun. He’s not going to hurt you. Right?

Again, the Master Vampire says nothing.

**YOUNG CHARLES**
Please. Let her go. Let me take my daughter to the hospital. You can have everything else. Just don’t take them from me.

Tears fall down Young Charles’ cheeks as he pleas.

The Master Vampire suddenly laughs, if you can call it that. It’s a spine-tingling, vile sound.

Quick as a flash, it snaps Tara’s neck and she drops lifelessly to the floor.

**YOUNG CHARLES**
No!

Faster than expected, Young Charles picks up the baseball bat and charges the Master Vampire, swinging it with all his might.
The Master Vampire grabs the bat and tosses it aside like a harmless stick and grabs Young Charles by the throat. It slams him against the wall with a hiss, exposing very long, pointed fangs in the shadows.

As the lamp light flickers, Young Charles catches a glimpse of the Master Vampire’s face. Impossibly pale. Pointed ears. Long fangs. Slightly up-turned nose. Overhanging, furrowed forehead. Red eyes. It looks as though a bat were merged with an albino man.

YOUNG CHARLES
What...are you?

The Master Vampire roars and rears its head back, preparing to sink its teeth into Young Charles’ neck.

Young Charles reaches for anything at all - and wraps his hands around a crucifix on Mary’s wall. He stabs with all his might into the Master Vampire’s eye.

With a piercing howl, The Master Vampire releases Young Charles and jumps through the window, disappearing into the shadows.

Crying, Young Charles scoops up his dead wife and daughter and sits on the floor, holding them.

EXT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

Charles stares down, tears dropping onto his ice cream.

Danielle watches him, her eyes filling with tears as well. She reaches across the table and places her hand on his.

DANIELLE
I am so sorry.

Charles looks at her.

CHARLES
It was long ago. Nothing more can be done about it.

DANIELLE
And you’ve been hunting this thing that took your family from you ever since?

CHARLES
Yes.
DANIELLE
They were blessed to have a man like you in their lives.

Charles shakes his head.

DANIELLE
They knew how much you loved them. They died knowing that. I’d give anything to have someone care for me as much as you do them.

CHARLES
They’re gone. They know nothing of how I feel.

DANIELLE
Do you really believe that?

CHARLES
I don’t know anymore.

The two sit quietly, not looking at each other.

DANIELLE
I, uh. I was an orphan.

Charles looks up at Danielle.

DANIELLE
That’s why I don’t have anyone. That’s why I don’t have anywhere else to go. They dropped me when I was about three. I was there until I was eighteen.

CHARLES
They must have had their reasons.

DANIELLE
I tried to tell myself that for a while to make it seem better, you know? But I tracked down my father. He was a maintenance worker for some place in Vegas. Gave him a call. When I told him who I was, he hung up. I called back. Hung up again.

CHARLES
And your mother?

Danielle shrugs.
DANIELLE
Don’t know a thing about her. I’ll never find her.

Now it’s Charles’ turn to lean forward and touch Danielle’s hand.

CHARLES
Well, I think they missed out on an extraordinary young woman.

Danielle smiles, a tear rolling down her cheek.

SHERIFF BOOTH (O.S.)
Charles Rainer, we need you to come with us, please.

Charles and Danielle both turn to see Sheriff Booth and Deputy Colson standing by their squad car. Deputy Colson has his gun drawn and Sheriff Booth approaches, handcuffs out.

CHARLES
What’s all this about?

DANIELLE
Hey, wait! You can’t do this!

CHARLES
I thought we had this all cleared up?

Sheriff Booth cuffs Charles.

SHERIFF BOOTH
I strongly suggest you exercise your right to remain silent, Mr. Rainer.

DANIELLE
What are you doing? He hasn’t done anything!

Sheriff Booth escorts Charles to the back of the cruiser and places him inside, shutting the door.

Danielle runs over to them.

DANIELLE
Sheriff!

Deputy Colson pushes her back.
DEPUTY COLSON
Look, just calm down, Danielle. You
don’t know this man. He’s a liar.

DANIELLE
Sheriff!

SHERIFF BOOTH
You just sit your ass back down or
you’ll be joining him.

Sheriff Booth motions to Deputy Colson.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Take his jeep, we’ll need to search
it. Get out to the Motor Inn and
search the room.

DEPUTY COLSON
Yes, ma’am!

Deputy Colson climbs into the jeep while Sheriff Booth gets
into the cruiser. They both pull away, leaving Danielle
staring at the small group of people that have crowded
around.

DANIELLE
What the fuck are you all staring
at!?

INT. SHERIFF’S DEPARTMENT - DAY

Charles sits in front of Sheriff Booth’s desk, handcuffed.

She tosses some papers down in front of him.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Turns out you’ve got quite a
history, Charles. I can call you
Charles, can’t I?

Charles nods his head.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Thought so. Thirty years ago, you
come home to a prowler in your
home. Wife and kid dead. Remember
that?

Charles stares coldly at her.
SHERIFF BOOTH
You were questioned, had no motive, everything checked out, you’re free to go. Not that unusual. Your life ever since, however...

She leans forward, staring deep into his eyes.

SHERIFF BOOTH
It raises some suspicion. You never stay in one place for long and everywhere you go, you leave a trail of death in your wake. Now, some might just say you’re in the wrong place at the wrong time. What would you say about it, Charles?

CHARLES
I would say I’m in the right place at the wrong time.

Sheriff Booth sits back in her chair, a smug smile on her face.

SHERIFF BOOTH
What are you doing here? I mean, really.

CHARLES
Hunting.

SHERIFF BOOTH
There’s not much game around these parts. Though you already know that, don’t you?

It’s Charles’ turn to smile smugly.

CHARLES
Oh, there’s more game around here than you possibly realize.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Is that a confession?

CHARLES
There are things in this world that you know nothing about. Real evil, sheriff. A darkness you cannot comprehend.
You think I don’t know about evil? Let me tell you a story, Mr. Rainer. When I was a little girl, I lived in the city with my parents. Real shitty little apartment building. Drug addicts. Prostitutes. That kind of thing. My parents were poor, you see. Not because they didn’t work hard, but just because that was the hand that they were dealt at the time, you know?

She stands up and gets herself a cup of coffee.

Well, one night, both my parents had to work. Being as poor as they were, they couldn’t afford a babysitter, so I had to stay home alone. I was six years old. What could they do, though? Anyway, we had this sweet old man that lived two apartments down. Willy Shaw was his name. I’ll never forget it. He always used to bring over cookies and candies and stuff for me. Well, he knew that I was home alone that night.

She sits down down and sips on her coffee.

He came knocking. Now, both my parents had told me not to answer the door for anybody. But it was Mr. Willy. I knew him. He was so nice. I answered the door and he told me that he had some brownies getting ready to come out of the oven at his place. How could I resist? Off I went. Do you see where this is going?

Charles nods.

I do.

He beat me. He raped me. He cut me. He kept on singing this song while (MORE)
he did it. "Tonight You Belong to Me."

Sheriff Booth stares off a moment, her eyes hollow. She snaps back to reality, blinking away a tear.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Anyway, as luck would have it, a cop was on that floor for some drug sting and happened to hear me scream. Later on, they found body parts in his freezer. He would have killed me if it wasn’t for that cop.

Sheriff Booth sets down her coffee.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Late at night, I can still hear him singing that song.

She looks Charles right in the eyes.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Don’t tell me I don’t know about evil, Mr. Rainer.

CHARLES
I’m truly sorry.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Don’t be. It made me who I am today. I swore I would dedicate my life to be like that cop that saved me. To protect little girls like me from people like you.

CHARLES
Now, hold on -

SHERIFF BOOTH
We’re done for now.

Sheriff Booth stands up and escorts Charles over to the cell, locking him inside.
INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 -DAY

Deputy Colson opens a few drawers in the room. Nothing. He checks the bathroom, looks under the bed, opens the little closet. All bare.

He opens the suitcase and paws through it. Nothing but clothes. He finally comes upon the large case and opens it. His eyes widen.

DEPUTY COLSON
What the hell?

INT. SHERIFF’S DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Danielle steps through the door.

DANIELLE
Sheriff, you don’t understand.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Walk away, Ms. Brennar. You don’t want me to start on you.

Sheriff Booth pours herself a cup of coffee.

DANIELLE
You’ve got it all wrong. There’s something going on -

SHERIFF BOOTH
Oh, there’s something going on, all right. People are scared. They’re not leaving their homes. Not showing up for work. Not going to church on Sundays. There’s a killer on the loose. I’ve got him right there.

She points to Charles, who is calmly sitting in his cell.

DANIELLE
Sheriff, please...

SHERIFF BOOTH
Where’s Sarah, Danielle?

Danielle freezes.

DANIELLE
What?
SHERIFF BOOTH
Sarah? Your roommate? Seems she hasn’t been seen for a couple days. She’s not answering her phone, neither.

Danielle looks over to Charles.

SHERIFF BOOTH
What are you looking to him for? I asked you the question. You can’t answer it yourself?

CHARLES
Leave her alone, sheriff. The girl has nothing to do with it.

Sheriff Booth turns to Charles.

SHERIFF BOOTH
And what is "it" exactly?

CHARLES
You wouldn’t believe me if I told you. Leave it alone.

SHERIFF BOOTH
I’m afraid I can’t do that. Both of you know what’s going on here. One of you best start talking.

The door to the station bursts open and Deputy Colson steps in with the wooden case in his hand.

DEPUTY COLSON
I think you need to see this.

Deputy Colson sets it on Sheriff Booth’s desk.

She looks at Charles.

SHERIFF BOOTH
You want to tell me what I’m going to find in this case or am I going to have to look?

CHARLES
Be my guest.

Sheriff Booth walks to her desk and opens up the case. She looks over the contents, unsure of what to think.
SHERIFF BOOTH
Is this a joke?

She looks from Danielle to Charles.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Are you insane? Have you lost your mind? Both of you.

CHARLES
I told you, you wouldn’t believe me.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Let me just make sure I’m clear here. This is a vampire hunting kit.

Charles nods.

SHERIFF BOOTH
And you want me to believe that vampires have infested the town and are killing everyone and you two are the only ones that can stop it? Is that your official statement?

CHARLES
The girl has nothing to do with it. She came to me for help.

DANIELLE
Bullshit, I don’t have anything to do with it!

Charles stands up from his cot and stands in front of the bars.

CHARLES
Where are the bodies, sheriff? Why is nobody coming out during the day, and when they do, they seem...confused? Not themselves? How do you explain the sense of dread you’ve been feeling when night falls?

DANIELLE
Something killed Sarah. It ripped out her throat. It was in my apartment when I fled.
SHERIFF BOOTH
You’ve both lost it.

Sheriff Booth turns to Deputy Colson.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Lock her up. I’m calling for a transport.

Sheriff Booth picks up the phone. The lights suddenly go out.

DEPUTY COLSON
Uh. Sheriff?

The emergency lights flick on, barely illuminating the place.

CHARLES
They’re coming.

DEPUTY COLSON
Who?

CHARLES
You know who.

Sheriff Booth moves to a locker in the back of the building and unlocks it, retrieving two shotguns from it. She hands one to Deputy Colson.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Got your cell on you?

DEPUTY COLSON
Yes, ma’am.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Good. Call the State Police. Tell them we need backup and to get here immediately.

SMASH!

The window explodes in a shower of glass and everyone ducks down.

Kristin jumps through the broken window and is immediately on Deputy Colson, tossing him across the station into the emergency light, shattering it, bathing the entire place into total darkness.

Sheriff Booth immediately regroups onto Danielle, ushering them against a wall.
She takes out a flashlight and looks around for Kristin. There’s no sign of her. She flashes the light onto Deputy Colson, who is slowly picking himself up off the ground with a groan.

**SHERIFF BOOTH**
You okay?

**DEPUTY COLSON**
Peachy.

**SHERIFF BOOTH**
Regroup on me.

**CHARLES**
Let me out, sheriff. You don’t know what you’re dealing with.

**SHERIFF BOOTH**
Shut the fuck up.

Kristin giggles from somewhere in the darkness.

Sheriff Booth shines the flashlight frantically to try and find her.

With a hiss, Kristin pounces from underneath a desk. Sheriff Booth raises her shotgun just in time and fires, blasting Kristin across the station.

**SHERIFF BOOTH**
She’s down!

**CHARLES**
She’s not dead.

**SHERIFF BOOTH**
I said shut it!

**CHARLES**
Nor is she alone.

Deputy Colson is now fully on his feet and he staggers towards Sheriff Booth.

Out of nowhere, Kristin dashes in front of him and disappears into the shadows once more.

Deputy Colson freezes.

Sheriff Booth shines her light onto him.
SHERIFF BOOTH
What was that?

A long slice suddenly opens up across Deputy Colson’s throat, blood spilling freely from it as he drops to the ground with a gag.

Before Sheriff Booth can react, Kristin slams into her, sending her smacking head first against a filing cabinet.

Danielle screams out as Kristin pounces on her.

Charles beats furiously against his cell bars.

CHARLES
Hey! Hey!

Danielle struggles feverishly as Kristin lunges for her throat, gnashing her fangs and roaring.

Danielle punches her repeatedly in the face with her free hand, with little effect. Kristin is just too strong. She rears her head back to lunge down for the kill –

BLAM!

- and takes a shotgun blast to the side of the head, sending her flying off of Danielle.

Sheriff Booth cocks her shotgun, ejecting the spent shell, and rushes over to help Danielle up. She then darts over to Deputy Colson, checking his pulse.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Wayne...

CHARLES
Now would be a good time to let me out of here!

She runs over to his cell and begins to unlock it.

SHERIFF BOOTH
What the hell is going on?

CRASH!

The front doors burst open. The Master Vampire slowly steps in, flanked by Patrick and Sarah.

CHARLES
Now is not time. Run!
Sheriff Booth fires a couple rounds at the vampires as Charles grabs his wooden case and darts out the window with Danielle. She quickly follows suit.

EXT. SHERIFF’S DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Sheriff Booth, Charles, and Danielle pile into her SUV. She quickly turns in on and begins to back away when Patrick suddenly pounces onto the hood.

With a hiss, he punches right through the windshield and grabs onto Charles’ shirt.

DANIELLE

Go!

Sheriff Booth look behind to check for any oncoming traffic and freezes.

It seems like half the town has surrounded the sheriff’s department.

SHERIFF BOOTH

What the -

Charles, meanwhile, is still struggling with Patrick, who has a strong grip on his shirt.

CHARLES

If you wouldn’t mind!

Sheriff Booth quickly puts the SUV in gear and speeds away from the station in reverse, running into a few people as she does so, before whipping the car around.

Danielle hands Charles a stake, and with a powerful thrust, he drives the stake home, right into Patrick’s chest. With a shriek, Patrick falls away from the car.

The SUV speeds away, several people dodging out of the way while everyone else runs after the vehicle.

The Master Vampire steps out of the police station, watching them go.

He slowly steps over to Patrick, who thrashes about on the ground, black blood pouring out of his mouth. Casually, the Master Vampire rests his foot onto the stake and slowly finishes piercing Patrick’s heart with it.
INT. SHERIFF BOOTH’S SUV – NIGHT

SHERIFF BOOTH
Jesus! What the hell was that? Were they all vampires?

CHARLES
Familiars.

DANIELLE
Where are we heading?

SHERIFF BOOTH
As far away from here as we fucking can. Get the army. Come back and nuke this place! God, that smell...Do they always smell like that?

Charles furrows his brow, thinking.

CHARLES
No. No, they don’t. Sheriff, is there a sewage system that runs through the town?

SHERIFF BOOTH
Well, sort of.

CHARLES
What does that mean?

SHERIFF BOOTH
Well, I mean the town runs off of wells, but there are access tunnels that run underneath the town. Water filtration and stuff like that. Why?

CHARLES
I think that’s where they’re hiding. We can’t leave. Not yet.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Like hell we can’t!

CHARLES
Sheriff, I’ve been chasing this thing for the last thirty years. If we let it go now, it’ll just do the same thing to the next town. And the next. And the next. This is the darkness you’ve sworn to stand against all your life!
Sheriff Booth ponders for a moment.

SHERIFF BOOTH
So, what’s the plan?

CHARLES
Head back to the motel. We wait until dawn.

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - NIGHT

Charles finishes blessing the room with holy water and flops down on the chair, breathless.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Are we safe here?

CHARLES
As safe as we can be for now.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Not very comforting.

Danielle sits down on the bed, eyes wide.

DANIELLE
Patrick...is he...

CHARLES
I’m afraid so.

Danielle nods her head, blinking away a tear.

CHARLES
But that thing I killed was not Patrick. It might resemble him, but I assure you, it was not. Your friend is long since dead.

Charles stands up and gently places his hand on Danielle’s shoulder.

CHARLES
You’ll do well to remember that when the time comes to face your roommate.

Sheriff Booth peers outside behind the curtain, shotgun at the ready.
CHARLES
You girls might as well get some
sleep. I doubt we’ll have any more
trouble tonight.

TIME LAPSE

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - DAY
Danielle wakes up on the bed with a start. Sheriff Booth
stirs, asleep next to her.
Charles is gone.

DANIELLE
Shit!
Danielle rushes out the door.

EXT. MOTOR INN - DAY
No sign of the SUV. The lot is empty.

DANIELLE
Goddamn it!
Sheriff Booth comes racing outside, shotgun in hand.

SHERIFF BOOTH
You’ve got to be kidding me.

DANIELLE
He’s crazy.

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - DAY
Danielle re-enters the room and finds a note on the dresser,
held down by a vial of holy water.

It reads: DO NOT FOLLOW ME. I MUST DO THIS ALONE. IT IS MY
BURDEN TO CARRY, AND I CANNOT RISK LOSING SOMEONE ELSE I
CARE ABOUT. FORGIVE ME - CHARLES

With a sigh, she hands the note to Sheriff Booth, who reads
it.

SHERIFF BOOTH
He’s going to get himself killed.
DANIELLE
I hope not.

INT. SEWAGE SYSTEM - DAY

Underneath the streets of Bakersfield, it’s dark. It’s wet. It’s cold. The sounds of water running endlessly echo through the stone tunnels, masking the sound of Charles’ feet on the concrete.

He holds a stake in one hand and a cross in the other.

CHARLES
"As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil, for thou art with me."

It’s a maze, the paths constantly splitting, with ladders leading up and down and all around.

As Charles makes his way through, Kristin drops down silently behind him, half of her face blown apart from the shotgun blast.

Charles stops walking, sensing something, he quickly turns - just in time for Kristin to backhand him, sending him spiraling to the ground with a hard thud, knocking the stake and cross out of his hands.

No sooner does he land and she’s on him, trying desperately to get what’s left of her mouth around his throat.

Charles holds her at bay with one hand, keeping his hand wrapped tightly around her neck. She slashes at him with her claws, gouging into his chest and shoulders. He cries out in pain as she shreds his clothing and starts digging into his flesh.

He reaches out blindly with his other hand, struggling to find anything he can. He manages to just touch the crucifix enough to latch onto it and he swings it with all his might, bringing it up through the underside of Kristin’s chin into the roof of her mouth, effectively sealing her mouth closed.

She gasps and claws at her face, flopping around like a miserable fish.

Charles climbs to his feet, finds the stake, and stands over the flailing vampire, stepping on both arms to keep her as still as possible.
CHARLES
May God forgive you.

He raises the stake high and slams it home. With a ear-piercing scream, Kristin’s eyes immediately white-out and she decays rapidly into a state of decomposition she would have normally been in by now.

Charles pulls the stake from her chest, and with a sickening wrench, frees the crucifix from her mouth. He drops to the ground, propped up against the wall, gasping for breath.

CHARLES
Give me strength.

After a few moments of rest, Charles forces himself back onto his feet and presses onward. He climbs a ladder and at the top finds a door marked "AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY."

Ever so carefully, he slowly pushes it open and steps inside.

INT. SEWAGE SYSTEM - CENTRAL PROCESSING - DAY

All sorts of machines and turbines hum softly, processing water and sending it off throughout the town.

Charles weaves in and out of the machinery, examining it closely, searching for any sign of his nemesis.

His eyes finally rest upon a single coffin, tucked into the corner of the room.

Ever so carefully, he creeps over to the coffin and gently lifts the lid without so much as a sound.

The Master Vampire lies asleep inside, looking more vile than ever.

Charles raises a stake high in the air.

CHARLES
(Whispered)
God be with me.

The Master Vampire’s eyes suddenly open, locking onto Charles’, and he freezes.
INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - DAY

Danielle and Sheriff Booth pace around the room, Booth with her shotgun in hand.

SHERIFF BOOTH
I don’t like this. I hate waiting.

DANIELLE
I hope he’s okay.

There’s a knock on the door. Sheriff Booth points her shotgun at the sound.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Who’s there?!

CHARLES(O.S.)
It’s me.

DANIELLE
Thank God!

Danielle unlocks the door and whips it open.

Charles saunters inside, deathly pale, his eyes blank.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Jesus. What happened? Did you get him? Is it over?

Charles slowly turns his gaze towards her -- and punches her in the face extremely hard, dropping her to the ground.

DANIELLE
What the fuck are --

Charles turns to Danielle with a growl, stake in hand.

Danielle dives for the vial of holy water still on the dresser, but Charles is too fast and he knocks it out of her hand as soon as she touches it, shattering it.

DANIELLE
No!

Charles takes Danielle to the ground and the two struggle as Charles tries to jam the stake into her heart.
DANIELLE
Charles! Stop! You don’t want to do this! You’re stronger than them! You have to fight it!

Charles winces and begins to shake, as if battling himself internally.

Danielle, meanwhile, continues to fight for control of the stake in his hand.

Musterling all of her strength, she manages to flip over onto Charles, and in the process, drives the stake into his ribs.

Charles howls in pain and Danielle immediately jumps off of him and scurries back, eyes wide, watching.

Charles continues to shake and convulse and coughs violently until some black matter ejects from his mouth. He gasps for air and struggles to prop himself up against the wall.

He looks at Danielle, tears running down his face.

CHARLES
I am so sorry, my child.

Danielle crawls over to him and presses her hands around the stake in a feeble attempt to control some of the bleeding.

DANIELLE
Just hold on, we’ll get you some help.

Charles shakes his head.

CHARLES
There’s no help coming. I couldn’t do it. I wasn’t strong enough. This is all my fault. He’s underground in the processing facility.

Tears start falling from Danielle’s eyes.

DANIELLE
We’ll beat this.

Charles gently touches Danielle’s hand and they look into each others eyes.

CHARLES
You have to finish it. For me.
DANIELLE
I can’t.

CHARLES
You can. You’re stronger than you know.

Charles wraps both of his hands around her and makes sure they are snug on the stake.

More tears fall from Charles’ eyes.

CHARLES
I don’t know the kind of woman my daughter would have become, but I know I couldn’t be prouder if she had been like you.

Danielle weeps.

CHARLES
Finish it.

With a scream, Danielle shoves the stake deeper into Charles’ ribs.

She sobs.

EXT. MOTOR INN - DAY

Danielle and Sheriff Booth step out of the room.

SHERIFF BOOTH
You’re sure about this?

Danielle nods her head.

DANIELLE
We don’t have a choice.

The two climb into the SUV and speed off.

INT. SUV - DAY

In the passenger seat, Danielle goes through Charles’ wooden case.

She takes out the old pistol and examines it.
SHERIFF BOOTH
I thought bullets didn’t work?

DANIELLE
Charles said this one was special. He’d been saving it.

Sheriff Booth looks at Danielle and moment, then returns her eyes to the road.

SHERIFF BOOTH
He seemed like a good man.

DANIELLE
Save it.

SHERIFF BOOTH
I was just doing my job...

DANIELLE
I know. So was he.

EXT. BAKERSFIELD - DAY

The SUV pulls just into town and the two climb out of the vehicle, looking around.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Awful quiet again.

DANIELLE
They’re sleeping.

SHERIFF BOOTH
If we kill this thing...everyone goes back to normal, right?

Danielle shrugs.

DANIELLE
I guess we’ll see.

Danielle hands Sheriff Booth a stake. She keeps one for herself and sticks the pistol in her pants.

Sheriff Booth takes a crowbar out of the back of the SUV and the two girls make their way over to a manhole cover.

Sheriff Booth pulls it open with the crowbar.
SHERIFF BOOTH
How many of these things are there?

DANIELLE
Only one way to find out.

SHERIFF BOOTH
I still think I should call for backup.

Danielle begins to climb down.

DANIELLE
And say what? We’ve got a bit of a vampire problem here? They’ll lock you up just like you locked Charles up. Or worse. They’ll come unprepared and all end up vampires.

Danielle disappears into the darkness below.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Shit.

She slings the shotgun over her shoulder and climbs down.

INT. SEWAGE SYSTEM - DAY

The two slowly make their way through the tunnels, just as Charles did before.

It’s not long before they come upon Kristin’s corpse.

Sheriff Booth leans down to examine it.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Looks like we’re going the right way. Jesus, what a mess.

The two continue on.

SHERIFF BOOTH
So say we kill this thing. What then? It can’t be the only one out there.

DANIELLE
Probably not.

SHERIFF BOOTH
We have to tell people.
DANIELLE
Who’s going to listen?

SHERIFF BOOTH
Well, we have to do something.

DANIELLE
We are.

They come to the ladder and Danielle climbs up, Sheriff Booth quickly behind.

They stop at the door and look at each other.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Are you ready?

DANIELLE
No.

A tear streams down Danielle’s cheek. Sheriff Booth nods her head.

Sheriff Booth quickly pulls open the door and darts inside. Danielle follows suit.

INT. SEWAGE SYSTEM - CENTRAL PROCESSING - DAY

Sheriff Booth and Danielle slowly make their way through the room, looking around to and fro. Searching. Listening. Waiting.

SHERIFF BOOTH
(Whispered)
Maybe they’re still asleep.

With a hiss, Sarah suddenly pounces out of nowhere onto Sheriff Booth, causing her to fire the shotgun with a deafening blast.

Sarah roars as she tries to rip out Sheriff Booth’s throat with her fangs.

Danielle jumps onto Sarah’s back, her stake raised. With a fierce elbow, Sarah knocks Danielle away.

Sheriff Booth struggles to reach the shotgun just out of her grasp.

SHERIFF BOOTH
Oh, you little twat.
Sarah latches her mouth onto Sheriff Booth’s neck in an explosion of blood.

Danielle runs up from behind and slams the stake into Sarah’s back.

Sarah jerks upright with a shriek and begins to thrash around violently as she struggles to reach the stake and pull it out.

Danielle picks up the shotgun and shoots Sarah in the chest, sending her flying. She continues to twitch and thrash and moan on the ground, though it’s much weaker.

Danielle slowly approaches her, crying.

   DANIELLE
   I’m so sorry.

Sarah groans as if in response, lying on her stomach, the stake sticking up in the air.

   DANIELLE
   I’m so sorry, Sarah.

Using the butt of the shotgun as a mallet, Danielle completes the task of staking Sarah.

She watches in horror as Sarah decomposes, but not allowing herself any more time to grieve, she rushes over to Sheriff Booth, who is clutching her throat and gasping for air.

   DANIELLE
   Hold on. Please, hold on. Stay with me. You have to stay with me.

With a gurgle, Sheriff Booth stops moving.

   DANIELLE
   Please don’t go. I’m all alone.

But she’s already gone.

Something laughs, if you can call it that, behind Danielle and she turns around with a start, picking up the shotgun and pumping it.

The Master Vampire stands before her. Watching. Studying. Waiting. It seems very amused at the spectacle.

   DANIELLE
   Why? Why have you done this? Why?
The Master Vampire makes no attempt at a reply. Nor does it move. It doesn’t even blink. It just stares at her.

Danielle fires the shotgun, the slugs slamming into The Master Vampire’s belly. She pumps the shotgun again.

The Master Vampire spreads its arms, as if inviting her to shoot again. She does.

The bullets tear a chunk out of its chest, right where its heart should be. Again, Danielle pumps.

CLICK.

The shotgun is empty.

The Master Vampire smiles.

Faster than the eye can process, the Master Vampire closes the distance between itself and Danielle and backhands her, sending her spiraling across the room.

Before she can even react to the pain, the Master Vampire is almost back on her, scooping her up with one hand by her throat and holding her high into the air.

She looks it dead in the eyes.

    DANIELLE
    Do it.

The Master Vampire stares, almost confused.

    DANIELLE
    I’m not afraid. Bite me.

The Master Vampire briefly hesitates, and then rears its head back, ready to bite.

Danielle closes her eyes, preparing.

BLAM!

The gunshot rings out from nowhere, shattering the silence.

The Master Vampire freezes, staring at Danielle, unsure of what has just happened.

It slowly looks down at its chest. Danielle has the smoking pistol placed directly over the Master Vampire’s heart.

The Master Vampire drops Danielle to the ground and she gulps in air as it staggers back, clutching its chest.
It drops to its knees, shaking, and then on to all fours, convulsing as black blood oozes out of its heart like tar.

The Master Vampire looks over at the gasping Danielle, eyes wide, completely shocked by what has just happened.

Danielle slowly climbs to her feet and picks up a stake, making her way over to the trembling, dying creature.

**DANIELLE**

Go to hell.

The Master Vampire raises its hand in a feeble attempt to deflect Danielle as she drives the stake deep into its skull with all of her might.

The Master Vampire drops to the ground and continues to twitch, but otherwise does not move.

**EXT. BAKERSFIELD - DAY**

Danielle climbs out of the manhole and steps to the SUV, opening the back of it. She takes out a canister of gasoline, breathing deeply.

**INT. SEWAGE SYSTEM - CENTRAL PROCESSING - DAY**

Danielle splashes the gas all over. She takes a final look at her dead friends - Sarah. Sheriff Booth. Her eyes linger on the Master Vampire.

She lights a match.

With a roar, the Master Vampire lifts its head up, reaching for her, and she tosses the match, igniting everything.

There is a soul-tearing howl and Danielle steps back to watch everything burn away to dust.

**EXT. BAKERSFIELD - DAY**

Covered in blood and soot, Danielle walks to the SUV and opens the driver side door. She looks down the road.

Charles’ jeep is still parked along the street, in front of the police station.

Grabbing the wooden case out of the SUV, she staggers down the road towards the jeep.
As she does, the people of Bakersfield slowly shambole out, clutching their heads, rubbing their eyes. As if this was all a bad dream.

A MAN looks at Danielle.

    MAN
    What happened to you?

    DANIELLE
    Everything.

    MAN
    Are you all right?

    DANIELLE
    I will be.

She keeps on walking.

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - DAY


A jeep cruises along. Red. Old. Battered. It fits right in with the atmosphere.

FADE OUT.