

DEAD MAN'S PARTY

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FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - EARLY MORNING

The sun has just begun to rise. An ANCHOR WOMAN is front and center. Silhouetted against a backdrop of twirling police lights.

A hysterical SCREAM pierces the dawn. An ambulance and four police cars have pulled up near the apartment building, which is cordoned off with yellow police tape. Near the scene, VICTOM'S PARENTS are crying.

ANCHOR WOMAN

As Halloween excitement overtakes the city, it seems not even night fall is required for the justly shocking horrors to commence. For groups of teens and young college students, what began as pre Halloween celebration, ended up in gruesome slaughter...

A MOTHER screams and begins beating the ground with her fists as three stretchers are being loaded into multiple ambulances.

ANCHOR WOMAN

Local accounts suggest loud music isn't exactly a new problem in this college town, but witnesses report the *howling* was an entirely new phenomenon. Shouting matches echoing across town had citizens worried for their safety. And what was originally a call for officers to impede the party, ended up being a shocking discovery at a murder sight.

News trims roll onto screen: Photo's of injured and deceased persons.

ANCHOR WOMAN

As further news roll from the authorities, the school administration has decided that today will be a unstructured day of support and remembrance.

The cameraman continues to widen on the location, when, with closer detail, a HUMAN FIGURE slowly approaches. Dazed, it goes unnoticed by everyone, stumbling across the walkway. Away from the crowd.

ANCHOR WOMAN

With a total of nineteen students deceased—we encourage children and teens to take extra special precautions in tonight's Halloween activities.

In the distance, the figure sprints off, becoming a dot on the horizon. There's an echo of a mother's plea.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Nobody will ever know how this happened.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

PANDEMONIUM! Groups of girls cling to each other, cowering, as two unseen forces CLASH in a brawl. The rapidity of battle is too quick to scrutinize anything specific. But there is blood all over.

MILEY(17) stands amongst the chaos, looking ghostly pale. Her clothes tattered and stained--her entire front is soaked in blood. Her eyes portray a complete loss of hope.

Feral screams and battle cries surround her as she keels forward. And in one massive breath, she lets out a horrifying banshee SCREAM, wailing at the top of her lungs.

The object of her horror is something unseen, laid out before her.

BLACKOUT. SUPERIMPOSE: FIVE HOURS EARLIER

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

A brick building is completely covered with graffiti. Two dark female figures lurk past the vacant borough. KRYSTA and MILEY, pretty girls of sixteen years, rummage around the grimy territory.

MILEY

I don't know why nobody hangs out here. It's not creepy *in the least*.

KRYSTA

You know what, we're almost there. So please cut the sarcasm. Anyway it's not that bad. Nothing's gonna happen.

MILEY

You by any chance turn on a television? Last night an entire clique of college kids got sliced up by some cannibal group. My mom saw it on the news.

KRYSTA

Eww, who watches *the news*? What a quick way to get depressed.

MILEY

It's literally nine blocks from here.

KRYSTA

You know they just say that to stop teens from getting laid. It's a national cock-block overhaul by commercial television. Why do you always overreact?

Suddenly, Krysta makes out a figure across the street, unaccompanied, staring above into the sky. THE MALE stands beneath a lamp post, silhouetted against the dark concrete.

KRYSTA

Hey, I think that's him. Hey Lance!

MILEY

You don't yell out at strange men on the street!

KRYSTA

It looks like Lance.

MILEY

It **looks** like a rapist!

The man dashes off, makes way for a derelict building.

KRYSTA

Stop worrying. That's Lance, lets go.

MILEY

(freaking out)

Don't tell me stop worrying. Because two girls, walking along a random dive-like hobovill, at MIDNIGHT!... It's not uncommon for a girl to *not* be worried! In fact you're the loser for not freaking out.

KRYSTA

We're losing him!

Krysta snatches her hand, and pulls her to pursue, when,

A VOICE

HEY!

The two, frightened, spin to see: LANCE, 21, handsome frat nearing the two. He's dressed in a cloak costume.

LANCE

You girls look beautiful. Where were you going?

MILEY

Apparently to our deaths!

KRYSTA

Calm down Miles, we found him right.

MILEY

Then who was that!?

Lance kisses them hello, on the cheek. He's all the gentleman.

LANCE

Sorry about the creepy setting. It's the only place cops wont try to break up the party. We fix up a total ditch and make it ours for the night. Our frats theme this year is to dress up as Fang bangers. Aka Vamps. Thus my apparel.

KRYSTA

That's so innovative.

MILEY

Or entirely sketchy.

The guys walk on. While going unobserved is A DRIFTER some space away, pacing, treading along water puddles. He suddenly comes to an abrupt end in front the concrete building they just entered. The drifter looks down, at the many footprints on the ground. He lowers himself, SNIFFS DEEP.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The gang climbs a staircase, following a trail of streamers, Lance leading the way. An echoing trail of rock music can be heard above.

LANCE

So my directions didn't help?

MILEY

No- they would have, but we just couldn't tell one eerie street corner from the other.

LANCE

And how's your Halloween so far?
Get any candy?

Krysta eyes Lance's exceedingly toned buttocks.

KRYSTA

Maybe later.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The place is teeming with the hip young crowd. The roof decked out in various holiday adornments. Pre recorded spooky noises emanate from a stereo. Lance and the girls come through the door...

LANCE

And let the horrors begin.
(handing them drinks)
No way this party will disappoint.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

The moon is full up, illuminating the rooftop. The party crowd has diminished, but the bash is still pulsating. Miley's benched on a ledge, wearily focusing on the moon above.

When suddenly she sees a flame imminent from a neglected warehouse some yards away. It flickers. Once. Then twice. Miley discerns a pattern from them, seemingly morse code.

... there's an unexpected HUMMING from behind.

Miley spins, finds nobody. But her awareness centers across the space, behind the crowd: Where a striking MALE, nineteen, sits, thoughtfully looking out brooding at the exceeding moonlight. Her interest rests on him, when,

The mystery man's attention turns right on her! She flinches in shock, but she's too dumbfounded to overlook his gaze. The two sustain a shared moment. A suspended gaze. While the party continues to play out before them.

Miley nervously breaks the connection first, and moves further into the party- where Lance and Kayla mingle.

MILEY

What up, Lance.

LANCE

Hey Miley, how's everything?

MILEY

Great, I was hit on by two older guys
Just now. So I'm kind of kicking
myself for not bringing my mom's
rape horn.

There's an awkward moment between the three. Miley and Krysta stare down...

KRYSTA

Excuse me. Us girls need to
use your john.

LANCE

Sure. It's over th-

The girls only walk five steps until they halt.

MILEY

Can we vacate this premises please.

KRYSTA

What's your deal?

MILEY

It's boring as hell! Why couldn't we go to Karin's Halloween party? I wanted to T.P. a house, dress up as little red riding hood.

KRYSTA

It's the same type of crowd.

MILEY

Except college parties have brothels, naked limbo contests, and jello shots.

KRYSTA

You *would* think that. You're such a JV. Ya know, other girls would love to be invited to a college party. With *older* guys. Why are you such a social disease?

MILEY

Gee, tell me how you really feel.

KRYSTA

All I'm saying is you have to let the fun in, and I promise it's good times galore.

MILEY

Do you really want to date some perverted frat with a hard-on for jailbait?

KRYSTA

He's not that type.

MILEY

If he's a male, he's the type.

Krysta notices something, and it distracts her.

KRYSTA

Okay, don't look now. But what exactly is up with you and that guy? He's like raping you with his eyes.

Mailey takes a glimpse, sees its mystery man, observing the two.

MILEY

That's all he'll be doing.

KRYSTA

He's looking cute to me. You should find out what the story is "down there."

MILEY

You're not getting rid of me that easy.

LANCE

Hey Kayla, I want you to meet some friends of mine.

KRYSTA

Okay!... So I'm off. Wish me orgasms.

Krysta dashes off, leaving Miley drained and upset. She says under her breath:

MILEY

Gee, I'm sorry for trying to be a good friend!

MILEY spins to see, Mystery man, suddenly head to head in front of her, imposing. She's shaken but keeps a burly stance.

MILEY

What?

He gazes her with a fierce intensity, his eyes fixed in an unblinking, unsettling stare.

MYSTERY MAN

(urgent)

I need to talk to you.

MILEY

Was that a hit on, cause it
wasn't very good.

He grasps her arm. Pulls her away.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

It's dark, vacant, and incredibly eerie.

MILEY

Well this isn't entirely uncreepy.

MYSTERY MAN

You have to take your friend
and leave.

MILEY

Excuse me, if I want to hang here
then I'm sure as hell going to- but
actually I don't want to be here so...
Wait who are you?

MYSTERY MAN

These guys, how do you know them?

MILEY

Hello, how about a name before
the interrogation.

He's taken aback, considers.

EMILE

My name's Emile.

MILEY

Well, Emile, I *don't* know them.
They showed at my school, my guess
was they were scamming for tail.
And my friend Kayla just happily
Put it out there.

EMILE

You need to get out of here.

MILEY

I heard you the first time. Why?

EMILE

...Look out that window.

She stares through dim mucky windows. She's able to make out some drifters on the streets.

EMILE

In three minutes those guys will be crashing.

MILEY

So some rival frat is gonna pull a major prank.

EMILE

Yeah, and they don't play, so go now.

MILEY

Umm, no... something's up, what's the jist?

EMILE

You wouldn't believe me.

MILEY

Try me.

He remains hushed. She becomes impatient.

MILEY (CONT'D)

SPILL!

INT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Lance and Krysta slow dance along with other couples. Two figures pale in the moonlight. She reaches to caress his face, and there's a connection between them. Love.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Back on Miley; taken aback, stunned, the only phrase she can muster is:

MILEY

A what? Doing what with a what?
I don't believe you.

EMILE

I don't care if you do. Just leave,
It's probably started already. And
Most likely too late to save your
friend now.

MILEY

How can you say that?...

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Krysta placidly shuts her eyes, unwinds her arms around
Lance's shoulders, and reclines herself on his chest. Lance
draws her closer in his grasp.

MILEY (V.O.)

Do you know what a friend is?

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Miley strides furiously up the stairs.

EMILE (V.O.)

She won't know what's going on.
Nobody will. They've done something
to sooth them, a sedative.

MILEY (V.O.)

They spiked the punch?!

EMILE (V.O.)

It's been like this for three
years straight. You can't stop it.

MILEY (V.O.)

Watch me.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Kayla and Lance sway slowly way for awhile. Until Krysta
pulls herself to say something... with overwhelming happiness.

But her face goes frozen, than panicked, as she sees:
Lance... with bare sharp VAMPIRE FANGS! She scrambles back,
but is hoisted by Lance's grip. She can't wrestle his grasp.

He BITES. Sinks his teeth in deep.

Around him, the FRAT BOYS all gleam with sinister smiles. The corners of their mouths revealing razor-blade FANGS.

Their grins becomes full-blown beams as their mouths close over the girls necks - a great rush of air from everyone as the life is being sucked.

The GIRL'S eyes go into panic, shock, then become slack, their lifeless arms falling to their sides.

Almost before the life is completely depleted, a Molotov cocktail HITS the table, igniting it in a ROAR OF FLAME.

The vamps HISS in panic, dropping their prey to the ground. They bear their fangs completely.

Coming up from building's fire escape are FACTIONS of WARRIORS. The men enclosing around the vamps, throwing their arrows and stakes to the ground, snarling. Both parties stare down.

The moaning from the men turns into a growling. Soon the faction of males transform, taking the shape of full-on WEREWOLVES!

And their loud HOWLS are merged with the vampires HISSING.

Suddenly, wolves SPRINT across the tables, HURTLE over the vamps, and PIN them hard on the ground.

Some vampire necks are hoisted off their bodies, as the decapitation turns them into ash. While others defend the wolves off.

Both species fight with potent vigor. And WE'RE BACK on the opening scene with Miley. The crying. The chaos. The shouting. What Miley kneels before is horrific: Kayla's limp body on the ground. Kayla's eyelids flutter to consciousness.

KAYLA

What am I missing?

MILEY

Some **major** Anne Rice creature feature of the week.

KAYLA

Oh my god, that smell is vomit inducing. I'm sorry.

MILEY

(veiling her tears)
No, don't be sorry. You don't smell.

The FLAMES spread to tables and ornaments. Reaching closer to them. Kayla's eyes close, and her face relaxes. She's slowly gone. Miley screams to no avail, curling herself around the body. Emile comes up from behind, vital.

EMILE

There's no time, he probably turned her.

MILEY

(tearful, but resolute)
Then turn me too.

EMILE

It won't work. You two... will live enemies most likely. This war, it's what your world would become.

MILEY

Do you know what a friend is?...

There's a lost girl in that plea. Emile stares, despair draining out of him. He chooses, and SLOWLY alters... into the wolf. Miley reacts, but stays brave. Mid bite into her, we FLASH TO-

EXT. WOODS - DAY

On the first faint flush of sunlight. There's dead silence, as two figures curl beneath a tree, reflected in a mirrored lake. It's KRYSTA and MILEY, in human state, awakening, just taking in their surroundings, and the fact they're wearing no clothes.

KRYSTA AND MILEY

Woah.

FADE OUT.