

FEED HER

BY

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EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - ROAD - DAWN

Miles from civilization. A dead MEXICAN GREY WOLF lies in the centre of the road, guts spilled, dry blood caked through its matted fur.

Flies buzz as CROWS descend on the roadkill, squabbling and pecking.

Headlights emerge on the horizon with the growing roar of a diesel engine.

A cattle truck.

Old and worn as the rusted livestock cage rattles while the truck advances toward the roadkill.

The crows scatter.

Loud and dominant, the truck roars past. Its wheels narrowly miss the bloated canine.

Then silence.

Several beats pass when at the edge of hearing, humming of a soft, child-like voice fades in.

A little GIRL steps onto the road.

No older than four, her dress torn and tattered. Her blonde hair is disheveled, covering her face.

She approaches the carcass and squats beside it, stroking the blood-caked fur.

The child's done this before, completely at ease with the carcass. Flies land on her without retaliation.

She scrapes her index finger across dried blood and tastes it. She then wedges her fingers between the fangs and pries open the jaws, peering inside the throat.

The child then folds back the wolf's ear, looking deep into the canal.

She gets to her feet, picks up the stiff tail and tows the animal off the road, vanishing into the desert, humming the melody.

"FEED HER"

EXT. HALL HOME - MORNING

Light rain showers over a manicured cul-de-sac. American dream. The Hall house is the epitome of upper middle class. Antique bronze letters spell out "Hall" on the mailbox.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I'm not going.

INT. HALL HOME - KITCHEN

Modern. Every gadget imaginable. Meet DAVID HALL, 40, clean shaven with short hair. An educated family man. He speaks with blonde, 37, AMY HALL who loads the dishwasher.

DAVID

We spoke about this.
It's once a year.

AMY

I said I'm not going.

DAVID

Can you at least tell
me why?

AMY

Because I'm not.

DAVID

Amy --

AMY

-- Just stop, okay?

DAVID

Why are you trying to
erase her like this?

AMY

Excuse me?

DAVID

First the clothes. Then
the text messages --

AMY

-- I didn't delete the
messages. The Apple guy
said they automatically deleted.

Amy pauses.

AMY
Did you know we got
another notice yesterday?

David sighs.

AMY
That makes us seven weeks
overdue, David. Seven.

DAVID
I can go back to work
anytime. The counselor said --

AMY
-- I don't care what the
goddamn counselor said.

Amy storms into the...

INT. HALL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A well kept living room. David follows Amy. They walk past
the family pet, Sam the dog, a sleeping German Shepherd.

DAVID
Look, I know it's hard.
But it was her favorite
place --

AMY
-- That doesn't mean we
have to keep going back.

DAVID
It's once a year.

AMY
It's too much.

DAVID
But if we can just talk
about it then you --

AMY
No.

DAVID
You're not even listening.
Just stop for one --

-- Amy leaves the room and slams a door. David leans
his head against the door.

INT. HALL HOUSE - CLAIRE'S ROOM

A pink themed room. David sits on the edge of the bed, staring at a photo collage of his daughter, CLAIRE, five, blonde hair.

She's with her friends at the beach and with David and Amy. All snapshots of a happy, young girl. Forever smiling.

Tears form in David's eyes as his attention then turns to the bedside drawer, where he takes a baby book and opens it.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
My daddy is the best and
strongest and bravest
daddy in the world.

He smiles as tears spill...

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DAY

The sun scorches the desert as we pan over the peaks of a beautiful canyon.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
Nothing can scare my daddy.
Not even alllll the monsters
in the world. I love him so much.

We glide over a ridge, revealing the endless horizon beyond. A blank slate of nature with a single road slicing across. We pan down to the melting bitumen.

A Mercedes. The luxury car speeds across the open road as we continue down on the vehicle, getting closer until:

INT. MERCEDES

David drives, digging his hand into a packet of salt and vinegar chips, crunching them into his mouth.

A faint GROAN.

Sam. The mature-aged dog stares at David, his expression as articulate as any human voice. "Please?"

David takes a chip and hand-feeds it to Sam who crunches the treat in his mouth.

DAVID
No more. They'll give you gas.

He scrunches the chip packet and tosses it into the rear seat next to a duffle bag and a bouquet of roses.

David takes out a hip flask. He unscrews it and takes a generous sip.

Sam stares.

David shoots a look back but the dog holds his ground until David puts the flask away.

Satisfied, Sam lowers his head as David drives for several silent beats until...

... He sees something up ahead. A police jeep on the side of the road, lights twirling on its roof.

David takes the hip flask and hides it under his seat as the Mercedes slows.

Sam perks up, raising so that he now sits on the passenger seat as both man and dog look ahead.

As they approach, the scene becomes more distinguishable. A large animal sprawled in the middle of two lanes.

DAVID

What in the blue hell?

An antelope. Its bloated and bloodied carcass is invaded by a thick swarm of black flies.

Looping the hind leg with a rope is Sheriff WOODLOCK, mid sixties, sunglasses and cowboy hat with faded red bandana stretched across his nose and mouth.

David slowly navigates around the roadkill, exchanging looks with the sheriff who nods with a slight tilt of his hat.

David forces a smile and nods back as the BUZZING of flies can be heard bombarding the carcass.

Sam whines.

David raises the windows in an attempt to block the smell. He accelerates, watching the rear view mirror.

EXT. ALICE SPRINGS - ROAD

We see the dead antelope as the sound of a diesel engine roars to life.

After a beat, the rope tightens around the animal's leg and the swollen carcass is towed off the road by the jeep.

EXT. SAN DIEGO BEACH - DUSK

It's raining as David drives into the beach parking lot. He glances over, spots a cluster of parked cars. Across the sand are TWO dedicated SURFERS waxing their boards.

David stares, then keeps driving. Sam watches with peaked ears as David drives to the far end of the parking lot, off by himself and pulls over.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

Rain showers David as he stands along the edge of the beach as whitewash slashes up against his shoes.

He holds the bouquet of roses and stares into the ocean with Sam by his side.

Very slowly, David takes a single rose and drops it into the salt water below.

He stares as the rose is swallowed by a small wave, whitewash rolling over.

The bouquet slips from his fingers, splashing into the water. David remains frozen, holding his stare.

A beat...

He then slowly begins to walk into the sea, fully clothed as if in a trance.

Sam whines for his return but David walks deeper into the ocean.

Up to his waist now, David continues as a wave rolls over him and submerges him from sight.

Sam BARKS, pacing back and forth along the water's edge. Still, there is no sign of David.

The two surfers look across at Sam barking, running back and forth along the shoreline.

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

The two surfers drag David from the beach. He's coughing up seawater. Eyes glassy. But alive.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - HORIZON

The sun begins to settle as a flock of birds fly across the horizon, backlit by the descending ball of pale gold light.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT (TRAVELING)

The long drive back. David still wet from the beach. Sam lies on the passenger seat, staring up at him.

Several moments pass when David looks at Sam from the corner of his eye, feeling the dog's stare.

DAVID

Don't.

Sam stares.

DAVID

Don't. It was just...
It just felt... Look, it
was a stupid thing to do.

Sam stares.

DAVID

We're going home now. It's
done.... We did what we had
to do and it's done. You know
you're very opinionated for
a dog who eats cat food.

Sam lowers his head.

David sighs, rakes his fingers through his hair and continues to drive through the night.

LATER THAT NIGHT:

Several beats pass as David drives in silence while eating chips with Sam.

After a moment, David pauses mid bite before his face scrunches into a wince. He looks across at Sam. Sam looks back. Guilty.

DAVID

Oh, come on.

He lowers the window but the smell's so bad he's forced to reach in the back and take out some deodorant, spraying it.

David then tosses the deodorant in the back and returns his attention ahead when...

Dead Grey Wolf.

David quickly throws the wheel right as the Mercedes veers with a screech, narrowly missing the animal!

POP! *Buddoom buddoom*. The car slows to a stop on the side of the road. David kills the ignition, breathes.

DAVID

You good?

The dog pulls himself back onto the seat. David then activates the hazard lights and steps out.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - ROAD - CONTINUOUS

We're immediately confronted by a HISSING noise. David follows the sound to the rear tire - deflating.

He sighs and nudges the busted rubber with his foot before turning back to the middle of the road.

And there it is...

Illuminated by the faint glow from the hazard lights is the wolf, caked with blood, guts spilled.

David takes a few steps toward the roadkill, staring at the mutilated carcass.

MOMENTS LATER

David pops the trunk and lifts the flooring to reveal... An empty hole where the spare tire should be. He absorbs it, curses under breath.

David hits the top of the car with frustration, strides to the middle of the road.

DAVID

Shit! Shit! Shit!

He then turns back to give the deflated wheel a whopping kick. The impact nearly breaks his foot.

David drops to the bitumen, clutching his ankle.

Sam gives a puzzled look when a RUSTLING sound is heard. Both man and dog turn, looking into the darkness.

INT. MERCEDES

David rips apart a plastic container, revealing a ham and cheese sandwich on white bread.

DAVID
Better get comfy. We
could be here a while.

Sam tilts his head.

DAVID
Here, or there's road kill
back there if you'd prefer.

He extends half the sandwich to Sam who sniffs it before taking it in his mouth.

They eat in silence.

David looks directly into the darkness with a long sigh, lost in thought. He takes out his cell phone, dials a number and waits...

DAVID
*Hi yes, I've broken down
and need some assistance --*

Sam groans. David leans over and dangles a piece of cheese over Sam's snout. The dog takes it.

DAVID
*-- Sure, my membership
number is five, two, eight,
three, three, nine, six and
then D for David.*

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - ROAD - NIGHT

David now sits atop the Mercedes, legs over the front windshield. He's drunk as he takes a swig from a bottle of *Jack Daniels*.

Everything is still and quiet. David takes out his iPhone and activates the faceplate.

A digital wallpaper of himself and then five year old daughter, Claire. Faces pressed together, she's smiling.

Tears fill David's eyes. He scrolls through the main menu, selecting the media icon.

David swipes through pictures... one is of Claire who smiles at the camera with a party hat on.

INT. HALL HOUSE - DINING TABLE (FLASHBACK)

We're at the moment the picture was taken as CLAIRE smiles for David who takes the photo. PINK balloons fill the scene with vibrant color.

Family and friends gather around a table as Claire's birthday is underway with laughter, candles, balloons and presents.

David and Amy bring out a present.

DAVID

Okay, okay, okay. We want you to open this one first.

AMY

This is from daddy and me.

DAVID

Now, we know it's boring but you will appreciate it when you're older.

Claire opens the present, revealing a baby book with her feet imprinted on the front cover.

DAVID

That's your feet. See, you can put your whole life in this book. Anything you want.

Claire very gently touches her imprints with the tips of her fingers. Amy and David smile. A tender moment.

David kisses Claire on the head.

DAVID

Happy birthday, sweetheart.

Everyone applauds as Claire remains mesmerized by her footprints on the hardcover.

BACK TO REALITY.

David lowers his phone, looks up at the full moon before taking another swig of bourbon.

Meanwhile, Sam is restless in the passenger seat beneath him. Ears peaked as he focuses out the windows.

David screws the lid back on the bottle when Sam begins to growl from below.

DAVID

Sam!

Sam silences. Everything is still, quiet. Moments pass before eventually a noise fades in.

A rough, dragging noise...

Looking over his shoulder, David focuses on the noise as the sound grows louder when...

... A YOUNG GIRL (13-16), emerges from the night in a tattered white dress. She walks barefoot along the middle of the road, towing the dead wolf by the hind leg.

The headlights illuminate the girl as she walks away. Her wafer-thin figure masked in shadows, hair wild, face unseen.

David drops his bourbon bottle which slides down the windshield and hits the wipers with a - TONK!

The girl stops, slightly turns her head, hair and shadows mask her face. David tries to think of something to say...

DAVID

Hello?

Nothing.

DAVID

You okay?

But before he can even finish the sentence, she continues into the darkness, hauling the carcass behind her.

INT. MERCEDES

David gets in, locks the doors. He hits the hazard lights, illuminating the exterior in a blinking orange glow. Sam peers out the window, ears stiff.

DAVID

Relax, she's not your type.

David pulls Sam over and scratches under his RED COLLAR. Sam licks his face. David smiles. He looks back up to see...

...The girl.

She's standing at the very edge of the headlight beam, staring at her feet, eerily still. Her feral hair covers her face as she grips the animal by its hind leg.

INT/EXT. MERCEDES

David cautiously steps out, watching the mysterious girl in the distance.

DAVID

Hello?

She remains still.

DAVID

Hello?

Her breathing becomes visibly faster through her hair. David edges forward, backlit by the headlights.

She remains still.

Not even Sam's barking turns David's attention as he approaches the girl.

She remains still.

David gets to within a few yards and stops, unsure what to do. He slowly raises a hand to the girl who's head raises in time with his movement.

Sam barks.

David reaches out as the tips of his fingers gently touch the girl's shoulder when - BAM! She drops to all fours and GALLOPS toward the Mercedes!

More animalistic than human, the girl darts spider-like toward the vehicle's headlights as Sam barks.

But the girl doesn't slow. In fact, her speed only increases as she SLAMS FACE-FIRST INTO THE GRILL.

The impact drops her cold.

All sound disappears as the girl lies motionless in front of the now smashed grill.

David is stunned to silence, mouth agape. Sam then bursts out of the driver side door, barking. The dog runs into the darkness of the desert.

DAVID

Sam!

But the barking continues into the blackness. David hurries to the side of the road, calling for Sam's return.

He strides along the glow of the headlights,
staying in the security of the beams.

Barking, barking, then... a high pitched YELP
casts a deathly quiet through the night...

DAVID

Sam!

David backpedals, looks back for the girl who is now
GONE. He freezes. Every compartment in the Mercedes
is open. Doors. Glove box. Cup holders. Everything.

David edges toward the car.

Blood is everywhere, smeared along the side of the
vehicle, over the leather seats and steering wheel.

INT. MERCEDES

David locks the doors and closes the compartments
with trembling hands. He honks the horn, scanning.

DAVID

Come on, Sam. Come on.

At wits end, he keys the ignition. The engine roars
as David stomps the gas.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - NIGHT

The Mercedes revs as the rear tires spin, metal rim
digging into the dirt, car going nowhere...

INT. MERCEDES

David stomps down harder, desperately willing
the car forward. He punches the steering wheel.

DAVID

Shit! Shit! Shit!

BAM!! Like a bomb going off, the vehicle's rocked.
The suspension creaks. A thundering weight on the
roof. David ducks without thinking.

He's about to exit the car when what looks to
be BLOOD trickles down the windshield.

The distinct sound of eating. Bones crunching, flesh tearing. Slurping. Something's FEEDING above David.

DAVID
Oh Jesus Christ.

The suspension bounces back up as the weight releases off the roof and silence returns...

David scans out each window, confronted by a world of darkness. He whispers in urgent panic.

He hovers his hand over the door handle, willing himself to open it.

A noise. Like someone or something running across the bitumen. David spins with bulging eyes, scanning.

DAVID
Leave me alone!

He lowers the window a quarter and angles his head slightly outside.

DAVID
I have a gun so leave
me the hell alone!

David waits for a reaction as several beats pass. Everything is silent but for David's breathing when -

- BAM!!! A VIOLENT IMPACT T-BONES THE CAR, spinning the Mercedes as the driver side window SHATTERS.

Before David can get his bearings, the car jolts forward and SURGES into the darkness of the desert.

DAVID
Holy shit!

Something's pushing the car from behind. David spins but can't see anything through the rear window.

David screams.

The Mercedes builds in speed, bouncing over terrain as David STOMPS the brakes but the car just gets faster!

David bounces in his seat over the rugged terrain but the car still builds in speed until...

... The back of the Mercedes whips around violently before coming to a sudden stop.

Silence fills the scene as David gets his bearings. He opens the door, still woozy and collapses in the dirt.

Crawling, straining, murmuring... He suddenly stops, coming face to face with something that has no business in the desert. Bobbing in front of him, is a PINK balloon.

David looks with wet eyes as he gently reaches out to touch it with his finger tips.

POP! The balloon bursts as we cut to black....

EXT. DESERT/CANYON - DAY

The blinding sun as we enter a fog of images. David is being dragged with his head on its side as we briefly see someone silhouetted against the sun under the shelter of what appears to be an umbrella. David passes out again.

MAN (V.O.)

It's okay. Just breathe.

David's eyes open, blinking heavily. He's now facing a makeshift crucifix, planted crookedly in the dirt. David absorbs the cross, fading out...

EXT. CANYON - CAMPER TRAILER - AFTERNOON

David's eyes flutter back open. A wet rag soothes his forehead. He sits up, absorbing his surroundings...

... Tall arching cliff faces encase a beautiful oasis, casting shadows over a worn and weathered camper trailer which sits alone by a waterhole. A makeshift shade cover blocks out additional sun in the front of the home.

A heavily pregnant WOMAN (MARTHA MAY) waddles barefooted to the pond. At thirty, she holds an innocent beauty with long untamed hair and flawless skin.

Martha keeps in the shade of the cliffs with ASHLEY (5) by her side. Like Martha, Ashley's hair is long and disheveled.

MAN (V.O.)

Hello.

David spins to a MAN squatting a few feet away. Forties, maintained mustache but abnormally pale for his environment.

He wears a top hat and a weathered PINK bathrobe with a pair of breeches from what can only be the 1800's. Although outdated and not for this climate, he's still a very stylish man. He's also under the shade of an umbrella.

ABEL

The name's Abel. Abel
Kenneth Rogers.

DAVID

... David.

ABEL

Welcome back to life,
David. A pleasure.

DAVID

Where... Where am I?

ABEL

What you see is my home.
My family. Why don't you
come and say hello?

Before David can mutter a word, Abel pats him on the foot, winks and stands, walking to the trailer. David watches this stranger as he picks up Ashley and twirls the child.

ABEL

Supper time little one!

David looks at his surroundings. He staggers to his feet, trying to keep balance.

He absorbs this odd family who all gather around the table as Abel laughs and jokes with inaudible dialogue.

David takes a moment, not sure if he should stay or leave.

MOMENTS LATER:

Under the shade of the makeshift cover, David edges toward the family who sit at a weather worn plastic table in front of the trailer.

Abel sits at the head of the table in a weathered burgundy leather chair. He plays child-like with Ashley who is by his side.

Martha May serves food.

Seated on the other side of Ashley is older sister, RUBY ROSE, an adolescent girl with a haunting beauty. Deep blue eyes and long, tattered blonde hair. Like her family, she is also very pale.

Uneasy, David absorbs his bizarre surroundings to notice the family's living conditions in finer detail.

Scattered around are mismatched items probably salvaged from the trash: An old torn and weathered couch, a threadbare piece of carpet over the dirt, plastic pot plants.

Piles of weathered newspapers are stacked against the trailer with a rock to weigh each pile down.

ABEL

Don't be shy. Have a seat. This is my wife, Martha May.

Martha smiles.

ABEL

And those little angels are Ruby Rose and the littlest one here is Ashley.

David sits next to Ruby Rose who doesn't respond as she rakes her siblings long, tattered hair aside.

ABEL

Do you have children, David?

DAVID

Abel, how did I get here? What... What happened?

ABEL

We found you by the road. And in a bad way I might add.

DAVID

The road?

ABEL

Mmmm-mmm.

DAVID

I was attacked. Someone.... Something attacked me.

ABEL

By the smell of your breath I would say it was too much of the old liquor.

Abel winks.

DAVID

No, no. It wasn't that.
What about a dog. Did
you happen to see a dog?

ABEL

No dog.

DAVID

I need... I need to go
back. I need to go back now.

ABEL

I'll tell you what. We'll
go when the sun lowers.
Hhmm? How does that sound?

DAVID

How far away are we?

ABEL

Oh rather far. That's how we like
it. We don't integrate well with
society. Never have. Never will.

Martha serves him meat and sits with the family. David
looks down at his bowl to see raw, bloodied flesh.

He looks back up at the family as they link hands.
Ruby's pale white hand waits for David. He takes it...

ABEL

Oh, gracious be oh, Lord. We
thank you for this food. This
symbol of life. This symbol of
our ancient heritage. Life
sustains us and makes us strong.
Every breath and every drop of
blood is a celebration of what
we are...

David peeks up.

ABEL

... Let this be my constant
reminder as we feast. And let
the power encircle our souls
to immortality. Yours truly
forever, Amen.

The family begin eating with their hands, slurping
the blood, tearing at the flesh. David is taken aback.

DAVID

Look, Abel. Why don't you show me the way and I'll go now?

ABEL

In the middle of supper?

DAVID

I just need to go back. People are looking for me.

ABEL

And you will reunite with them after supper. So please, eat. Martha has taken some time to prepare this.

DAVID

Abel, I need to go now.

Abel stares.

ABEL

We're offering our home, our table --

DAVID

-- And I appreciate that.

ABEL

Then you will remain seated before you further insult my wife.

Abel stares.

David takes this in as the family eats. The sound of slurping and chewing loud. David looks down at his food...

... Flies land on the raw meat and blood. There's even some hair amongst the mess. David considers this a beat.

He senses something and looks up to see...

Abel STARING. A dark and penetrating stare. He's waiting for David to start eating.

David looks down, wills himself to just touch the meat. He takes a string of it as Abel watches.

David then pops it into his mouth and chews with a wince, trying not to throw up. Abel resumes eating with the family.

LATER THAT DAY

Naked and ghostly white, Martha May swims waist deep in the waterhole with Ruby and Ashley.

David is sitting in the shade watching with Abel next to him. David looks frustrated.

ABEL

Beautiful isn't she? There's not a day goes by I don't marvel at her perfection.

Abel stares at Martha.

ABEL

This will be our fourth attempt for a child. Do you have any children?

DAVID

I had a daughter. But... but she passed away.

ABEL

So we share the same pain. My deepest condolences. Martha is a strong woman but something's not right. Her organs just don't work.

DAVID

I'm sorry to hear.

ABEL

So am I, David.

A beat.

ABEL

To love someone throughout eternity is a gift not many experience.

DAVID

Abel, I don't mean to rush you at all but I need to go back.

Abel says nothing...

DAVID

Abel?

Several LONG beats pass as Abel stares at the children and Martha May in the waist-deep water.

ABEL
Tell me something, David.
What do you think of dancing?

DAVID
Dancing?

ABEL
Preferably the waltz.

DAVID
It's okay.

ABEL
Dancing is the hidden
language of the soul.

DAVID
Abel I really --

ABEL
-- Martha and I used to
dance frequently. These
days it's on special occasions.
Like that of intercourse.

DAVID
Abel, I should get going.

ABEL
Would you like to dance
with us, David?

David sighs.

ABEL
You're here. The sun is
setting. I would say that
marks a special occasion.

DAVID
Abel, I can't. I need to go
back to the road. Please --

-- Abel gets to his feet and approaches Martha
by the waterhole.

David sighs.

He watches Abel take his wife by the hand, leading
her out of the water into a graceful waltz.

Martha giggles.

David watches this very strange man lead his naked,
pregnant wife in the classical dance.

He sees Ruby who doesn't acknowledge the dance, staring blankly into the waterhole.

ABEL

Come, David. Show me what those feet are capable of.

DAVID

No, thanks.

ABEL

I'll tell you what. You dance through one song and we will go.

DAVID

Song?

ABEL

Dance less in the physical and more in spirit, then the song will play. And then we will go to the road.

David thinks. He then gets to his feet and walks over to the couple, standing awkwardly beside them.

Suddenly, and with the utmost of grace, Abel twirls Martha out into David's unsuspecting arms.

David clumsily accepts her, shuffling his feet left to right. Martha smiles, obviously shy in the moment.

Abel circles, studying them with a smile until he joins in, pressed behind Martha, sandwiching his wife in the middle.

The trio are intimately close as Abel closes his eyes as if listening to the rhythm in his head.

David is beyond awkward when he feels something jab into his torso. He looks down to see the outline of a SMALL FACE PRESSING OUT FROM MARTHA'S STOMACH.

DAVID

Jesus!

He pulls back and looks up at Martha now staring at him with FERAL BLACK EYES as she hyperventilates with arousal.

David jolts back further, falling on his ass as Abel laughs and twirls Martha around as the woman remains locked on David with those big black eyes.

Ruby remains staring abjectly into the water, as if she's grown accustomed to the scenario.

AFTERNOON

David waits at the dining table, watching as Abel sits by the water's edge with Martha between his legs.

Abel cups water with his hand and pours it over his wife's long, blonde hair while humming a gentle melody.

Ruby sits just over twenty yards away, along the waterhole with Ashley playing by her side.

At wits end, David paces toward Abel and stands a respectful distance away.

DAVID
Excuse me, Abel?

Abel ignores David who then looks back at the children before he turns and strides toward them.

DAVID
Excuse me. Do you know
which way to the road?

They say nothing.

DAVID
Do you understand what
I'm saying? I need to get
back to the road. I just --

RUBY
-- You're gonna die.

The words hit hard. He looks back over his shoulder at Abel who stares at him. Dark and penetrating.

EXT. CANYON - NARROW PATH

Running, David bounces off the rock walls in a narrow gorge. An environment formed by years of erosion. He skids to a stop, confronted by...

A fork in the gorge.

He makes a decision. Goes left. Along the walls are faded child-like illustrations, stenciled onto the rough surface.

Twelve stick figures, linking hands. The figures smile with a roughly outlined sun shining above.

Sprinting past more illustrations. More stick figures when David narrowly misses a rusted BEAR TRAP, jaws open.

He looks behind him, no sign of Abel. David continues, veering around a corner to be confronted with...

THREE makeshift crucifixes protruding from the dirt. Two crooked. One straight. All small. Random dolls and toys are scattered throughout.

David absorbs the grave site, mouth agape as he bends down.

He studies a small bracelet which hangs from one of the crucifixes. David ponders the moment when...

ABEL (O.S.)

David.

Abel, shirtless and glazed in sweat.

ABEL

I feel I owe you an apology. I can be a little too forward in my approach...

DAVID

What is this place?

ABEL

... A trait I inherited from my father.

DAVID

Abel.

ABEL

This is the place of my children, David.

Abel shoulders past him, squatting down over one of the three makeshift crucifixes.

ABEL

This is a quiet place. We must not wake them.

DAVID

They're buried here?

ABEL

But their souls are with God. That's what's most important.

Abel arranges a tattered doll beside one of the crucifixes, propping the toy up beside the cross as he softly sings...

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DUSK

The sun lowers over the horizon, casting beautiful streaks of orange and red across the land.

We look down from high above onto the open landscape, totally barren. In the middle of it all we see two figures.

Abel and David.

Nothing is said for the longest of time as they walk the flatland before eventually...

ABEL

How you feeling over there? You feeling okay?

David says nothing.

ABEL

Let me know if you need a break. I don't mind.

DAVID

How much further?

ABEL

Quite a way further. It's survival of the fittest out here. Kill or be killed, yes?

DAVID

What?

ABEL

I'll prove it to you. Would you kill me to get back to the road? Kill me right here and now?

David says nothing.

ABEL

Or... What if it was to save your little girl?

David gives him a look.

ABEL

There we go. That's my answer right there. You would. You'd kill me twice over and there's nothing at all wrong with that.

David looks over his shoulder at Abel as the two continue walking in silence.

Several beats pass as nothing is said. The evening sky streaking with vibrant pinks and reds. Then, very gradually, Abel slows so he lags behind.

It takes David a moment to realize...

DAVID
What are you doing?

ABEL
Excuse me?

DAVID
Why are you walking behind me?

ABEL
A problem?

DAVID
I just don't like you walking behind me.

David stops as the two stare at each other for several beats until...

DAVID
I just want to go home, Abel. Home to my wife.

ABEL
You're right. I apologize. I can be rather forward in my approach.

David nods, starts to walk.

ABEL
I'll give you a head start.

DAVID
Head start?

ABEL
Meaning if I catch you in... oh let's say twenty seconds, I'm going to kill you, David.

Abel stares at David who stares back.... David then quickly eyes the endless desert ahead, then back at Abel.

There's something different with Abel. He's eyes have grown suddenly BLACK as his adrenaline rises.

BAM! David's off.

But Abel remains still, like a cat ready to pounce, growing primal, animalistic in his appearance.

David is in a full-blown sprint, over a hundred yards away now. There's no way he can be caught.

Abel watches.

He takes his pink bathrobe off and neatly folds it, placing it by his bare feet.

Able then takes off his top hat and gently places it on top of the folded bathrobe.

BAM! Abel's off, dropping into a full-blown GALLOP as he explodes forward with INHUMAN SPEED.

Meanwhile, now well over a hundred yards ahead, David looks over his shoulder to see Abel running directly at him, CHURNING up dirt in his wake.

DAVID
Jesus Christ!

David steps sharply off his right foot in an effort to shake Abel loose.

It works as Abel's momentum sees him veer awkwardly in the dirt. We've seen this type of chase before. This is identical to a wildlife chase on national geographic. But instead of animals, it's men.

Chasing.

Dirt CHURNS up from Abel's wake as he turns sharply, trying to take down his prey.

DAVID
Help!

David's legs can't keep the pace as he trips and falls face first in the dirt. He gets to his feet, steps right...

... Abel blasts past him, half pouncing, half clawing as he SLAMS into the dirt.

Chasing.

David runs until Abel pounces again, this time locking onto David as the two violently smack the dirt.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM (FLASHBACK)

The aftermath of the birthday party as David embraces his daughter amid a mass of vibrant PINK balloons. They pop each one gently with a pin, laughing with each burst.

EXT. DESERT - DUSK

Abel tosses David like a rag doll across the desert, skimming him over the dirt, like a pebble on water.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM (FLASHBACK)

Each burst startles David and Claire as balloons sway around them. Another pop, another laugh.

EXT. DESERT - DUSK

Before David can regain his bearings, Abel shoulders into him like an express train, sending David tumbling backwards with a POP sound from the previous scene.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM (FLASHBACK)

Bracing for the burst, David and Claire tap another balloon with the pin. Blood begins to trickle from Claire's nostril.

She looks down to see a red stain on her blouse. David also notices but before he can react, Claire falls.

EXT. DESERT - DUSK

David tries to stand but collapses, blood flowing from his nose, similar to Claire.

DAVID (V.O.)
Get up! Come on!

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM (FLASHBACK)

Surrounded by the pink balloons, David kneels over his unconscious daughter, tapping her face.

DAVID
Wake up, baby! Look at me!

EXT. DESERT - DUSK

Abel circles his prey as David staggers to his feet. Abel then LUNGES at David!

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DUSK

A flock of birds fly across the arid landscape, beautiful in their flight.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

My daddy is the best and strongest and bravest dad in the whole world. Nothing can scare my daddy. Not even alllll the monsters in the world. I love him so much.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER - MIDNIGHT

We see a series of shots as the campfire flickers a warm, sedated glow through the trailer site.

Everything is still and silent. The dining table holds dirty plates, knives, cartilage and meat scraps.

One of Ashley's dolls lies in the dirt, face faded to a near white by the fire.

David's face.

Pressed in the dirt. He awakens in front of the trailer, along the edge of the shade-cloth. He's in his underwear with a thick, rusted shackle clamped around his neck.

David feels the cold restraint. He reaches down, following a chain that's linked to the outer support pole of the makeshift shade cloth.

He gets to his feet and grabs the chain, pulling with growing desperation.

DAVID

No, no, no, no.

David frantically searches his surroundings. He glances at the table, then the trailer, wait - the table.

David leans forward, focusing beyond the knives, pots and bowls at a RED DOG COLLAR.

David absorbs it, looking over the cartilage, bone and meat scraps with sickening realization.

As it hits him, he dry retches, dropping to his hands and knees when something gets his attention just beyond the fire.

David leans forward, squinting to see the faint outline of Martha May squatting in the dirt just beyond the flames.

She watches him. Her large eyes reflecting light in the warm glow of the fire, like an animal's - GLOWING.

She begins to crawl toward him.

David murmurs in panic, worming backwards until his chain jerks him to a stop in the dirt. His perspiring body shines in the glow of the flames as if glazed in oil.

Martha crawls, her swollen belly dragging in the dirt as she arrives in front of David and studies his body, noticing dried blood crusted to his thigh.

She licks the crusted blood off his skin with an EERILY LONG TONGUE.

David whimpers from the sensation as Martha then slowly crawls up to his stomach when...

... FANGS grow from her mouth. Long fangs, a little over the size of an index finger.

DAVID
Jesus Christ!

As the pregnant mother rises, her mouth opens wide, like a snake dislocating it's jaws before feeding.

David yells as Martha becomes face to face with him, STABBING her long fangs into his shoulder.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - MORNING

The sun creeps up over the horizon as David's screams carry over.

INT. SHERIFF'S JEEP (TRAVELING)

Woodlock drives along the open highway, crunching through a half eaten apple. He spots something ahead.

He takes off his sunglasses to see what looks to be tiny shards glistening on the side of the road.

He slows to a stop, tosses the apple out the window and exits the vehicle.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Woodlock approaches what is now seen to be shards of glass on the road. His boots crunch on the breakage.

The sheriff takes a large shard, examines it. This is from the Mercedes.

He walks along the gravel where bitumen meets dirt and hears the faint sound of a ringing cellphone.

Woodlock picks up the iPhone as it silences. He follows a set of footprints out into the desert, looks ahead at the shimmering horizon and releases a long sigh.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER - MORNING

The children rummage through David's bag at the dining table, tossing out clothes and other personal items.

Ruby takes out a wallet and opens it to reveal cards, money and a photo of David and Claire. Both father and daughter are smiling. Faces pressed together.

Ruby absorbs the photo then looks over at David who lies sprawled in the dirt, chained to the pole, dry blood crusted on his body.

She leaves the table and edges over to him with caution before squatting over his prone figure.

Ruby stares, head slightly tilted, perhaps seeing a father for the first time. She checks the trailer, then looks back at David.

A beat. Then:

Ruby reaches out and very gently touches his face. David's eyes blink open - He's alive.

They hold eye contact.

ABEL (V.O.)
Ruby Rose, you take Ashley
and go inside for bedtime.

Ruby holds her stare then walks inside the trailer with Ashley, leaving Abel and David alone.

David weakly whimpers.

Abel wanders around the table, takes the bottle of *Jack Daniel's*, studying the label closely for a beat.

ABEL
I cannot remember the last
time I enjoyed the satisfaction
of alcohol. Back then it was
called moonshine.

Abel carefully places the bourbon next to David, beside a bowl with fly-ridden meat and a glass of murky water.

ABEL

Those were different times.
Better times. Horses were
cars. Blacks were slaves.
People still prayed. Our
species thrived.

DAVID

What the hell are you?

ABEL

Well I didn't come from hell
if that's your suggestion.
Though many would like to
think so. I have had various
labels through the centuries.
Monster, demon --

DAVID

-- Centuries?

ABEL

-- Cannibal, Dracula or the
most commonly used term --

DAVID

-- Stop. This is insane.

ABEL

(smiles)

What's insane is being
forced to live out here.

Abel picks up the red dog collar, absorbs it.

ABEL

The greatest predators in
existence living like scavengers.

Abel tosses the collar, refocusing on David.

ABEL

It wasn't always like this.
I once owned a plantation in
Mississippi. A hundred workers,
endless crops. We were happy...
Maybe too happy. Martha acquired
a taste for slave blood, and soon
whispers grew loud and we were
forced to flee out here...

Abel turns and looks at his old trailer home as David
tries to comprehend this with incoherent murmurs.

ABEL

...Hidden away for ninety two years. Away from an advancing society. There is no more magic left in the world, David. That includes vampires. And like any endangered species, we are trying to repopulate our way back.

DAVID

What do you want from me?

ABEL

That will come soon. But first you must listen.

DAVID

What do you want?!

ABEL

Did I tell you that my Martha's been pregnant three times?

David doesn't answer.

ABEL

Three times spanning over two hundred years? Two hundred years and all three failed. Our entire species depended on her womb.

DAVID

Just tell me...

ABEL

I AM telling you, David. See, I know now.... It's the nutrients. The animals out here, they don't provide enough for her pregnancy. She requires a richer form of blood.

David looks, stunned...

ABEL

That's why we can't repopulate. We need you. You're going to provide her with the nutrients she needs..... Every night, until she delivers.

Abel lets David absorb this. The doctor is speechless, mouth agape, horrified. He begins to whimper.

ABEL

You've lost a lot of blood
and will continue to do so.
But during the day, you will
replenish and be ready when
she wakes.

DAVID

Jesus Christ. Listen to what
you're saying!

ABEL

Calm down and breathe. Give
yourself time to rest. You must
keep that heart of yours strong.
Our species depends on it.

David's speechless, murmuring.

ABEL

She wakes soon.

Abel walks to the trailer where Ruby watches from
the door. The girl vanishes inside as Abel nears...

INT. CAMPER TRAILER - DAY

Sandwiched between a sleeping Martha and Abel, Ruby Rose
lies, listening to David crying and murmuring outside.
She is looking at the photo of David and Claire, mimicking
the five year old and for the first time, we see her smile.

We pan back, revealing the family's cramped conditions,
packed in like sardines. David's struggle heard outside.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER - DAY

David is weak but manages to take the fly-ridden string
of meat from his bowl. He considers it in his grip,
knowing he needs it. David chews on the meat.

He dry retches and makes an awkward grab for the water
which topples over, soaking into the dry earth.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DAY

The jeep drives through the flatlands of the
desert at a snail's pace, driver side door wide open.

INT. SHERIFF'S JEEP (TRAVELING)

Woodlock peers out the door at the passing dirt,
carefully following a set of tire prints.

The sheriff glances ahead to see that he's approaching a ditch.

WOODLOCK

Shit!

He slams on the brakes as the jeep suddenly stops. Woodlock sighs with relief, kills the engine.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Woodlock steps out of the car, eyes never leaving the tire markings. He takes an apple from the centre console, crunches it in his mouth.

He chews the fruit as he follows the tire tracks on foot, leading him towards...

... The ditch.

The sheriff edges toward the shallow ditch to see the Mercedes below, windows shattered, ceiling dented.

Sheriff Woodlock sighs.

He navigates the drop and climbs down before approaching the car. He looks inside the vehicle, scanning for clues.

Dry blood is smeared through the interior as flies BUZZ around. Woodlock leans against the car with a sigh.

He rakes his hair back and looks up at the sky as late afternoon grows thick in the air when suddenly...

A noise.

Coming from the crumbled vehicle. Woodlock turns, whips his pistol out.

More noises. Someone or something is definitely in the car as the sheriff edges toward the front door.

He grips the handle, pulls the door open.

A jack rabbit darts out of the car, sending Woodlock stumbling backwards.

WOODLOCK

Shit!

Woodlock signs, holsters his weapon and kicks the door closed. He begins to walk to the hood when...

...Something has his attention on the roof of the car. He reaches out and plucks what appears to be a SINGLE FANG from the vehicle.

Woodlock closely examines the sharp tooth pinned between his thumb and index finger.

INT. JEEP

The sheriff gets back inside the jeep and leans across to pop the glove compartment open.

He rummages inside, pulling out adult magazines and sunscreen until retrieving a plastic zip lock bag.

He holds the bag up to reveal over twenty single FANGS ranging from small to big.

Woodlock absorbs his collection up close.

He then takes the fang from the Mercedes, opens the plastic zip-lock bag and pops it in with the others.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DUSK

The sun begins to lower into the barren horizon as the police jeep drives off into the sunset.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER - DUSK

Half chewed meat draws flies in the dirt. The once half bottle of bourbon is now smashed into shards.

David sits, propped up against the support pole that binds him to the earth as...

... Ruby studies him from a safe distance while drawing in a sketchpad.

David labors to lift his head, eyes meeting hers which are just visible over the top of the sketchpad.

DAVID

Hey.

Ruby stops as David gingerly waves her over. After a moment, she gets to her feet, approaches.

David reaches for the sketchbook but Ruby steps back, shielding the book against her chest with a wary expression.

David holds his hand out, keeping eye contact with the young girl. After a beat, Ruby tosses the sketchpad at him.

... THE SKETCH captures him perfectly in the dirt, with a great sense of the humanity in the moment, way beyond the skill of a normal teenager.

DAVID
You did this?

Ruby stares. David turns back a page to see another drawing of him and Claire from the photo. A beautiful copy.

David is touched.

This brings a faint smile across Ruby's face before David turns back another page to see an overweight WOMAN sitting where David is. Same pose. Same chain. Same pole.

The moment suddenly turns to dread as David realizes he is looking at a previous victim.

David looks up at Ruby, seeing straight through her painful expression as she stares back.

Another page...

... Another beautiful portrait of another victim. A BLACK MAN crying in the dirt, chain around his neck.

Another page...

Another victim. This one is an elderly MAN, face contoured with pain.

DAVID
Who are these people?

David flicks through the sketch pad to see over fifteen victims, each one expresses a piece of humanity.

DAVID
Ruby, who are these people? Where are they?

The trailer door SLAMS open, revealing Abel who's energized from a full day's sleep. Ruby snatches the SKETCHPAD back.

ABEL
Well, well, well. Good to see you up. You look better.

Abel looks at David's half chewed food.

ABEL

I'll have Ruby gather
you up some more food.
Ruby, make sure David's
bowl is full.

DAVID

Abel, listen to me --

ABEL

-- And water. Make sure
he has plenty of water
before we leave.

DAVID

Abel, listen.... Where
are you going?

ABEL

We've finished your dog,
David. But now we hunt.

Abel picks up Ashley.

DAVID

Listen to me. I won't last
another night. I can't --

ABEL

-- I suggest you lower your
voice. You don't want to
wake Martha.

David glances at the trailer.

DAVID

(whispers)

I can help you, Abel. I've
been thinking and -

ABEL

-- She requires restful sleep.
Isn't that right, Ashley?

DAVID

(whispers)

Abel, listen to me. You want
blood? Imma doctor, okay.
I'm a doctor, Abel. I can get
you blood. As much as you want.

Abel plays with Ashley.

DAVID

(whispers)

I'm serious. I work in a hospital. I do transfusions all the time. I can get all the blood you want. An endless supply, Abel. Think about it.

Abel plays with Ashley.

DAVID

Jesus Christ! Please! Don't you see what you're doing! This is wrong!

Bam! Before you know it, Abel has David around the neck, SQUEEZING tight as he whispers...

ABEL

You are prey. You run. You hide. That is your purpose. That is not wrong. That is nature.

David chokes.

ABEL

I don't need your charity like I don't need to turn you. I could build an army with your retched kind but I won't. You don't deserve such an honor. I will do this the way God intended. So be ready. She's going to be thirsty.

Abel releases him and walks away as Ruby places a bowl of meat beside him. She and Ashley then follow Abel.

NIGHT

The full moon bathes the flatlands of the desert in a rich glow as we're with a herd of antelope.

Everything is still and quiet but the herd look on edge. Spooked. And we see why...

... Abel stalks from over thirty yards away, eyes jet black, movements controlled and skilled.

The herd slightly shuffles, senses peaked.

Abel edges closer to the animals, staying as low to the dirt as possible. His movements are purposeful and graceful.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER

David digs around the support pole with the plastic cup, trying to free himself.

The campfire casts an eerie orange glow as David scans, senses peaked. Similar to the herd of antelope.

Something draws David's attention as he slowly cranes his neck to see...

... A figure crawling lightly on top of the shade-cloth.

David follows the figure until it reaches the edge of the shade-cloth. Martha's head peeks down. Feral eyes. She releases a violent ROAR.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT

Abel explodes into a GALLOP toward the herd as the antelope dart off.

The chase is on.

Abel speeds up beside the herd, veering the animals away when, from nowhere...

... Ashley ambushes the heard, LUNGING straight into the pack, clamping strong jaws into an antelope's throat as child and animal crash to the dirt.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER

Martha bites down on David's shoulder. He FLAILS MADLY. The utter terror in his SCREAMS is excruciating -- like the primal squeal of the antelope experiencing that sudden, incomprehensible realization it's being slaughtered.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT

Abel and Ashley feed like a family of lions, but Ruby doesn't. She watches the savagery as we hold on her face.

INT. CAMPER TRAILER - MORNING

Still on Ruby's face as she stares up at the ceiling for several beats before she sits up.

Ruby is squashed in bed with her family. All of them are covered in blood as flies land on them without retaliation.

Ruby however is fairly clean as she edges off the dirty queen sized mattress.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER - MORNING

David is sprawled in the dirt. Dead or as close to death as we've seen. His upper shoulders show four fang marks from two nights of feeding.

Ruby squats over him.

She takes the water and gently guides it to his mouth, helping him drink.

David very slightly moves as he drinks from the cup. A tender moment between the two.

David finishes as Ruby places the cup aside, when very faintly, we hear...

DAVID

Ruby.

She reacts to her name, staring down at this helpless man, caked in blood and dirt.

Ruby gently strokes his hair as he weakly looks up at her. The two hold eye contact until David notices...

... TWO OLD FANG MARKS visible on Ruby's neck.

She sees him looking and jerks away, covering them with her hair before hurrying back to the trailer, leaving David to absorb what he had just seen.

INT. CAMPER TRAILER - DAY

Ruby sits on the edge of the mattress, staring at the family. All sleeping and covered in blood and dirt. Ruby absorbs Ashley who cuddles up to Abel.

EXT. ARIZONA HIGHWAY - DAY

The police jeep parked on the side of the road.

INT. JEEP

Woodlock stares down at a sheet of paper. The word "MISSING" written above with David's face beneath.

Sheriff Woodlock then places the piece of paper on the passenger seat and eyes the desert horizon.

EXT. ARIZONA HIGHWAY

Woodlock shuffles his belt buckle as he veers around the jeep and looks out onto the horizon.

We hold on the sheriff, staring into the endless flatland. He spits in the dirt, then strides back toward the driver's door.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER - MIDDAY

A pan across the fly-ridden table, covered with meat scraps and cartilage. As we continue, we hear the distinct sound of heavy breathing.

David digs around the support pole, using the cup to shovel the dirt from the earth.

By now he's nearing the bottom end of the pole as he frantically shovels while whispering.

DAVID

Come on, come on.

Face contorted with effort when a creaking sound spins David to the trailer with bulging eyes.

INT. CAMPER TRAILER

The family are packed on the queen sized bed, bloodied arms and legs entangled on the mattress.

Ruby's sleeping face is positioned beside Martha's swollen, pregnant belly when...

... Movement is seen SWIRLING BENEATH HER NIGHT GOWN. Ruby's eyes spring open.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER

David keeps digging, drenched in sweat, glancing back and forth from the trailer to the hole.

Another creak.

David stops, looks back at the trailer as an eerie silence casts over the trailer site.

INT. CAMPER TRAILER

Ruby's now on her knees, staring down at Martha's belly when again, a swirl of movement is seen beneath the gown.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER

David keeps digging around the pole, expression tense and focused when....

... Abel casually steps out of the trailer home, wearing his top hat as he adjusts his bathrobe.

David's eyes close.

ABEL

Don't stop on my account.
I couldn't sleep. Your heart
is like a drum, beating with
your every breath. Like an
orchestra of desperation.

David slowly sighs.

ABEL

Oh don't be disheartened.
There's nothing shameful
about fighting for survival.
I've seen it many times.
Before I was turned, I was
a soldier. Ironic isn't it?
I've killed more men as a
human than as a "monster".

DAVID

Why are you telling me this?

ABEL

Excuse me?

DAVID

Are you lonely? Is that it?
Is that why you come out here
and bore me with your bullshit?

Abel stares...

DAVID

I don't want to know. I don't
care where you've come from or
what the fuck you are...

Abel stares. Then chuckles, a chuckle that turns into a laugh. David turns to Abel who is laughing hysterically.

David looks at his feet to see the broken bottle of bourbon. He eyes it as Abel continues to laugh...

-- SMASH! David slams the broken end of the bourbon bottle into Abel's jugular.

With bulging eyes, Abel grabs at the bottle, but his blood makes it too slippery. He can't pull it out.

Abel stumbles backwards, choking on his own blood. He falls to one knee then collapses on his back.

Silence...

David doesn't know what to do next. He eyes Abel in the dirt, then he looks at the trailer.

He quickly takes the plastic cup and continues digging around the pole.

Silence...

David's never worked so hard as he glances back at Abel, still sprawled motionless in the dirt.

David digs with frantic pace when movement is heard behind him. David freezes, looks back to see Abel still sprawled in the dirt.

The doctor continues digging, sweat shines on his face when... BAM! Abel's all over him, straddling David in the dirt, dripping blood and saliva over his face.

ABEL

Bravo! Bravo! I didn't
think you had it in you!
Bravo, David! Good boy!

Abel's blood spatters on David. He tries to shake Abel off but can't.

David slaps at him, recoiling from the blood. Abel spits and laughs.

Abel then rubs his bloodied face into David's face, smearing blood all over him.

David grunts with desperation.

Blood dribbles out of Abel's mouth, splattering David who tries his best to defend himself, covering his face.

INT. CAMPER TRAILER

Ruby stares at Martha's belly with growing panic when again, movement is seen in the sleeping woman's abdomen.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER

Abel's bloodied mouth grows wide over David, exposing his growing FANGS when suddenly, a DEAFENING SCREAM explodes from the trailer. Half roar, half scream.

Everyone stops.

Abel spins to the mobile home as Ruby and Ashley hurry out of the trailer.

ANOTHER SCREAM. Painful and raw. Abel stands and for the first time, we see him concerned.

The trailer buckles violently.

Silence fills the scene when Martha spills out of the trailer door.

The pregnant woman staggers out a few paces, BLOOD trickling from between her legs, puddling the dirt.

Swirls of movement are seen in her belly. More aggressive now. She gives an ANGRY BESTIAL ROAR and drops to the dirt.

ABEL

Martha?

Abel paces toward his wife, leaning over her unconscious state. He begins to panic, gripping her shoulders.

ABEL

Wake up!

David watches as Abel tries to shake his wife back to life before very timidly...

DAVID

I... can... help.

Abel looks at him.

DAVID

I'm... I'm a doctor.

Abel looks at him.

DAVID

Abel, I'm a doctor and I can help! If you let me go, I will help her.

Abel looks down at his wife as blood pools between her legs, soaking into the dirt. He looks back at David...

SECONDS LATER

Abel drags David to an ailing Martha. Almost shoves him into her. David takes a look at what he's dealing with.

DAVID

Okay. Okay. So.... Let's...
let's get her on the table.

Abel lifts Martha as she bursts to life with a ROARING CRY. He drops her. David helps Abel carry her to the table.

DAVID

I need water. And towels...
Lots of towels or rags.

David moves past Abel, his eyes move to the knives on the table. He looks at a clearly nervous Abel and then to Martha.

David's hands land on the hunting knife. He looks down at Martha, then at Abel.

DAVID

Say it. Say you'll let me
go if I can save them.

Abel nods.

David extends his hand. Abel shakes it before David gets to work, feeling Martha's stomach, studying her expression.

DAVID

I think something's ruptured.
Or the baby may be breeched.
Take these knives and clean
them. Just in case.

ABEL

In case of what?

DAVID

I need you to breathe, Martha.
Nice and slowly for me, okay?

He props her legs up and pushes her dress up. He feels her stomach, causing her to ROAR in pain. He then sticks his hand between her legs.

DAVID

Jesus, she's so cold. Is that
normal? Is she suppose to be cold?

Abel nods.

David continues feeling inside Martha, overwhelmed is an understatement as Ruby and Ashley watch.

DAVID

I think it's her uterus.
I think is ruptured.

ABEL

What are you going to do?

DAVID

I have to cut her open.
Give her a C-section.

Abel stops David.

DAVID

It's the only way to
save the baby.

Their eyes meet. Abel lets him go, allowing David to continue. Martha screams.

DAVID

Get a sponge and wipe down her
forehead. She also needs
something to bite down on.

David takes a pair of rusty scissors and runs them up the middle of Martha's dress.

Abel gives Martha a stick to bite down on. She snaps it in her jaws. He caresses her forehead. Martha SCREAMS another roar catching them all off guard.

ON MARTHA'S STOMACH:

The outline of the baby's face presses against her stomach. Abel leans over David's shoulder.

DAVID

Give me room!

David makes an incision with the smallest knife. Martha May ROARS as Abel holds her down. David drags the knife across her stomach, opening it. Quietly barks at Abel.

DAVID

Towel.

Abel hands him one. David presses it against Martha's incision. The towel grows red with blood.

David cuts inside Martha who ROARS. Abel backtracks a few steps. David remains focused.

DAVID
Abel! Come over to my
left. I need you.

Abel does.

DAVID
Stand over there and hold
these two sides apart.

Martha SCREAMS, propelling David and Abel back a few steps. The woman's in agony. David continues working as more blood spills off the table.

DAVID
Come on. Come on.

ABEL
She's losing too
much blood.

DAVID
There you are.

David puts the knife down and reaches in. He pulls the baby out butt first, wrapping it in a bloodied towel, wiping the face clean, cleaning the airways.

Silence.

Something's wrong. Martha ROARS but the baby doesn't. David panics, his face says it all.

ABEL
Is it okay?!

David, focused and calm, works feverishly on the baby. Abel presses the towels against Martha.

DAVID
Come on. Come on.

David continues to work feverishly.

DAVID
Breathe. Just breathe.

ABEL
Is it okay?! Show me!

David ignores Abel, continues to try and revive the baby as Ruby looks on with concern.

Martha's breath fades. Her body begins to slow.
David glances over, continues to work on the baby.

ABEL

David?

David says nothing.

ABEL

Say something!

David works on the baby when it slowly begins to CRUMBLE
TO ASH in his hands. He's speechless, mouth agape.

Abel is mortified.

David turns, absorbing his stunned reaction when - BAM!
He makes a break for it past Abel, knocking him down.

Running.

In only underwear and covered in blood, David runs toward
the narrow pathway of the gorge as Abel gets to his feet.

ABEL

David!

Abel crash-tackles David hard into the dirt and
straddles him, wrapping his hands around David's neck.

Abel chokes David, about to bite his face, fangs growing.
David opens his palm to reveal the small knife he made
incisions with.

He shoves the knife into Abel's neck, pushing him
off. Abel releases a roaring cry.

Running.

He nears the narrow pathway of the gorge when Ruby
blocks his way, holding Ashley's hand.

Her eyes plead with him. David brushes past them
onto the pathway and out of the trailer site...

Abel rips the knife from his neck and looks at
his choices - from David to Martha.

Martha is wheezing on the table as if any weak
breath could be her last.

EXT. NARROW CANYON PATHWAY - DUSK

David runs unbalanced and awkwardly, barely keeping to his feet. He runs past more child like illustrations then stumbles and falls.

He scrambles back to his feet.

He runs past toy dolls and crooked crucifixes embedded in the dirt, fueled by the sound of Abel's raging roars.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER

Abel tries to put Martha back together, cupping handfuls of blood back into her open wound.

He murmurs in panic as he frantically packs his wife's insides together.

Ruby and Ashley watch from a safe distance as Martha wheezes, blood bubbling out of her mouth.

ABEL

Heal! Damn it! Heal!
Come on, sweetheart!

Abel works on Martha.

ABEL

That's what we do!
Immortal! We're immortal!

A breeze sweeps through the camp, fanning the baby's ashes on Abel's hands, chest and face.

Abel freezes...

He stares at his bloodied hands peppered with his child's ashes.

Abel gently presses his forehead against hers as he kisses her, torment soaked into his expression.

He looks up and ROARS...

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DAY

The roar carries over as David staggers across the flatland, faltering under the intensity of the sun.

His legs can't keep up as he stumbles and falls. He pushes himself up, keeps going.

LATER THAT DAY

We pan down over a vast stretch of desert to see in the middle of it.... David.

The arduous trek has taken its toll. David's pace is slow, sluggish. He's drenched in sweat.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
My daddy is the best and
strongest and the bravest
daddy in the whole, wide world.
Nothing can scare my daddy.

In only his underwear, covered in blood and with his neck shackled, it's a helluva sight.

LATER

The sun blazes. David, lips parched, continues. He gazes blankly across the horizon.

He approaches a dead antelope as crows peck at the corpse. Half of the torso is gone, claw marks rip across the remaining half.

David walks past.

LATER

Staggering, barely keeping upright. David stumbles through the arid wasteland in his underwear.

LATER

On all fours, David crawls in the dirt when he collapses, laboring his head up to see...

Hard solid bitumen.

He's made it to the road. David grunts and manages to stand. He looks left to right at the endless lanes.

David spots a faded *Coke* can on the side of the road. He staggers toward it, holds it over his mouth - nothing.

David rubs his face, trying to stay focused when the roar of a truck advances. - A *Kenworth* truck.

Roaring forward on the horizon. Chrome and steal, shining brightly under the sun. David's eyes widen with new found hope. Is this real? He staggers toward it.

DAVID

Hey!

The truck honks it's horn, not slowing down. David's arms wave skyward, begging the truck to stop.

But it doesn't. In fact, it increases speed as it swerves around him, passing the bloodied man.

DAVID

No! No! Please! Come back!
Please! Just come back...

David drops to his knees exhausted.

LATER

Walking along the side of the shimmering road, David continues. So close to rescue. He can't go on.

He lowers to the side of the road, dropping down on his ass where he sits and then lies on his back.

The sun scorches over him as David closes his eyes, saving any strength he has left. He manages to turn his head when he sees Claire smiling at him. David weakly smiles back.

LATER

Advancing down the highway is the police jeep. The vehicle speeds past David before easing to a stop, reverses back.

Sheriff Woodlock gets out and strides around to David who is hallucinating in the dirt, barely coherent.

WOODLOCK

Well I'll be damned.

INT. JEEP (TRAVELING)

David lies sprawled across the backseat as Woodlock drives. The sheriff looks over his shoulder at David.

WOODLOCK

Gave you some Vicodin
to take the edge off.
Might feel a little woozy.

David is so weak he can barely talk.

WOODLOCK

You're lucky to be alive.
Few more minutes in this heat,
you'd be well and truly gone.

DAVID

Where...

WOODLOCK

What?

DAVID

Where are you taking me?

WOODLOCK

Back to the station. And
from there a hospital.

DAVID

My wife --

WOODLOCK

-- She knows you're coming.
Meeting us at the station. You
just relax, okay? What the hell
happened out there anyway?

David doesn't speak

WOODLOCK

Well whatever it is, we'll get
to the bottom of it. This is my
desert. Lived out here my whole
life. That's sixty one years --

DAVID

-- Vam...

WOODLOCK

Huh?

DAVID

Vam... Vampire. She was
drinking. Drinking me.

Woodlock looks at him via the rear view mirror.

DAVID

Had to drink it for the
baby.... Needs blood.

Woodlock absorbs these words with growing concern.

EXT. ARIZONA HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

The sheriff's jeep veers off the open road and into
the desert as the afternoon sun beams down.

INT. JEEP - AFTERNOON

David lies down with his eyes closed as the jeep bounces over the rough terrain. He gingerly wakes and manages to peer out the window at the passing desert.

DAVID

Where... where are we going?

WOODLOCK

This is a short cut to the station. Cuts off 'bout an hour.

DAVID

No, no, no, no.

WOODLOCK

Just lie down. You're safe. I know this land, okay?

DAVID

Go back. Go back to the road. Go back now.

WOODLOCK

Are you goin' to listen or do I need to restrain you?

DAVID

You don't know what you're --

David leans over the gear stick.

WOODLOCK

-- I'm only going to say it one more time. Lie the fuck back down! Right now!

For the few seconds David is up, he catches a glimpse of his PHONE on the passenger seat next to his 'MISSING' report. He eases back down, mind racing.

Woodlock murmurs.

David then notices the sheriff's lowered sun visor. Strapped beneath it is a piece of paper with child like illustrations.

-- Five stick figures, linking hands. The stick figures smile with what looks to be a trailer drawn beside them.

David absorbs the artwork, similar if not identical to the drawings at the camper trailer.

Woodlock studies him through the rear view mirror before quickly flipping the visor back up.

WOODLOCK

You do know I saved your life,
don't you? Least I can get is
a bit of damn respect.

DAVID

Sorry.

WOODLOCK

I'm tryin' to get you there
quicker. See that wife of yours.
That's what I'm tryin' to do.

DAVID

Okay.

WOODLOCK

Okay then. So you need to just
sit tight and get some rest.

Silence returns to the car as David thinks, studying Woodlock while lying across the backseat.

A beat.

David slowly reaches around the front, trying to reach his phone on the passenger seat.

The jeep bounces over the terrain, making it difficult as David's hand slips between door and seat.

The sheriff drives, oblivious to David's hand feeling for the phone.

Woodlock eyes David in the mirror but can only see a partial view.

David strains, arm fully extended as he feels the phone with the tips of his fingers.

WOODLOCK

Hey.

David pulls back, heart pounding as he looks at Woodlock via the rear view mirror.

WOODLOCK

Water?

David shakes his head as Woodlock continues driving through the desert. David eases back with a sigh.

Suddenly, David springs forward, reaches around the front seat and takes his phone.

WOODLOCK

Hey!

Woodlock turns but it's too late. David is leaping out of the moving jeep.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - AFTERNOON

David lands hard on the ground. He looks up to see his phone a few feet ahead in the dirt.

He glances at the freshly cracked screen to see the battery at a mere 3 percent.

The jeep speeds around David, creating a swirling dust cloud that engulfs everything.

David coughs, runs blindly through it with only the sound of the jeep's engine heard.

INT. JEEP - AFTERNOON

Woodlock spins the wheel while scanning for David through the dust cloud.

WOODLOCK

Where are you, you sonofabitch? Come on!

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - AFTERNOON

David explodes out of the dust cloud, sprinting across the flatland when...

... The pickup bounces up into view behind him, roaring in angry pursuit, churning more dust in it's wake.

David runs towards a tight cluster of eroding hills isolated in the barren desert.

He gets to the first series of rocks and staggers up when KA-BAM! Shotgun rounds SMACK beside David.

The jeeps skids to an abrupt stop as Woodlock gets out with a shotgun and takes chase.

EXT. HILLS - AFTERNOON

Woodlock enters between two eroding rock wall faces. He walks through, slowly scanning with his shotgun.

WOODLOCK

I saw your fang marks. She's
been feedin' on you ain't she?
Drainin' you every night.

Woodlock walks...

WOODLOCK

You know we can be turned by
them? We can have endless life.
We can have it all. But only by a
male. Her bite does not nothin'.
Ain't that a kick in the balls?

Woodlock walks...

WOODLOCK

Now, I've been askin' Abel but
that bastard won't budge. He
despises humans too much. My
grandchildren however, well
that's a different story. What
you think of Ruby and Ashley?
Greatest gift a grandfather could
give is immortality. Free of pain.
They'll appreciate it one day.

Woodlock walks....

WOODLOCK

Took me a while to wear Abel down
on it. But I guess he's a sucker
for children. Shame about his own
though. Tragic. Tragic shame.

Meanwhile, David hides behind a boulder. He looks at his phone which is now dead. David sighs, tosses it.

WOODLOCK (V.O.)

Also a shame they're forced to
hide out here. The last miracles
of God right in my backyard. What
are the odds?

David edges out, trying to find an escape...

WOODLOCK

... What are the odds?

... BAM! The sheriff SMACKS him with his shotgun butt, sending David crashing to the dirt.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER - AFTERNOON

The aftermath of the chaos as we see a series of shots starting at the trailer, Martha unconscious on the table and then, the small ash pile.

Abel sits in front of the remnants of his child, two soot lines smudged under each eye.

ABEL (V.O.)
*Goddess to our father, to
 our immortality. Allow my
 child a passage to your kingdom
 through your eternal red river.*

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER - AFTERNOON

Dead rodents are scattered beneath Martha who's still unconscious on the table, body healed but taunt.

ABEL (V.O.)
*Allow the moonlight to drink
 from the sun so that we may
 rise with our brothers again in
 all their eternal glory. Allow
 your cup of blood to be full.*

EXT. CANYON GRAVESITE - AFTERNOON

Abel kneels in front of a fresh grave, his eyes are wet and smudged with ash, similar to a woman with running mascara.

Ruby and Ashley stand side by side and watch as Abel pours the ash into the grave...

ABEL (V.O.)
*Save us O'Lord. Guide us so that
 we may resurrect in your honor.
 So that we may resurrect in your
 endless thirst. Guide us...*

LATER THAT AFTERNOON - DUSK

Abel is slumped in his throne, staring blankly ahead at Martha's corpse on the table. Her body is taunt, roughly stitched as Woodlock stands nervously close by.

WOODLOCK
 I'm sorry about your child,
 Abel. But don't worry bout
 Martha. She's a strong woman.

Woodlock dry swallows.

WOODLOCK

Now I'll always appreciate what you did for my grandchildren, that goes without sayin'. But you can't snatch people off the road like that. It's too risky. I had to do a lot of cleanin' after you.

Abel stares blankly.

WOODLOCK

This is why we have rules. Rules that protect you. He has a family. A wife. People who are looking for him. Now, my job is to get livestock and I will. I know it's been slow but these things take time.

Abel stares blankly.

WOODLOCK

Just so you know, I got my eye on this drifter. A junkie no one knows about. Who's safe. Who'll draw no attention. Oh, and I also got you...

Woodlock tosses a pouch of tobacco on the table.

WOODLOCK

... Know you like the smell. Anyway, look. Don't concern yourself with any of this now. Everything will be okay. I fixed it. No one knows.... Now, while I'm here and with your permission of course, I'd like to have a moment with my granddaughter. It's been awhile.

Abel stares blankly.

WOODLOCK

I'll take that as a yes. So I'll just go and.... I'll just get her.

Woodlock is awkward as he backtracks over to Ruby by the waterhole.

He arrives, standing over her. She looks up as he takes his granddaughter's hand and guides her.

Abel remains staring blankly, oblivious as Woodlock guides Ruby into the privacy of the trailer home.

INT. CAMPER TRAILER

Ruby backs away from Woodlock who blocks the exit, moving toward her, edging her to the queen sized bed.

WOODLOCK

It's okay. Granddaddy's here.
Jesus, you're beautiful.

She edges back.

WOODLOCK

I mean, of course you are. You never age. Your mind grows wise but your body remains young, tight. The perfect woman.

She edges back until her backside sinks into the edge of the mattress. Woodlock approaches.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER

David is hanging upside down from the clothes-line. He's weak, limp, but alive as...

... Thin tubes transfer BLOOD from his neck into a bucket that's positioned below.

He half chuckles, half cries, murmuring incoherently as if delirious.

Abel remains blank, holding a thousand yard stare at Martha's corpse.

David continues to half cry, half chuckle when the trailer suddenly jolts, silencing him.

INT. CAMPER TRAILER

Woodlock now has his shirt off, kissing Ruby's shoulder. He spins her on the mattress, giving him access to her back.

Ruby winces from his touch, noticing the photo of David and Claire in the dirty bedsheets.

WOODLOCK

Remember Ruby, I'm an old man now so be gentle.

He strokes her hair as Ruby keeps wincing, staring at the photo as the sheriff moves in for a kiss.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DUSK

The sun gently lowers over the desert horizon.
Another gorgeous sunset, casting pinks and oranges.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER - DUSK

A full bucket of blood. Abel takes it from beneath
a now VERY PALE AND WEAK David who hangs upside
down, murmuring incoherent death threats to Abel.

Abel carries the bucket to Martha. He then takes
a FUNNEL, inserts it into his wife's mouth and
gently pours the blood directly down her throat.

The trailer door slowly opens as a shirtless
Woodlock walks down the three step entrance.

He wipes his brow, glazed in post sex sweat as he
rakes his fingers through his thinning, greasy hair.

WOODLOCK

Goddamn it's hot in there. Good
thing you're cold blooded, Abel.
Or you'd be out of here quicker
than a fart in the wind.

Abel smokes from a vintage resin enchase pipe.

WOODLOCK

It's like a damn sauna in there.
That heat just won't let up. Ain't
that right you sorry sack a shit?

Sheriff Woodlock approaches David who continues
to weakly chuckle. The sheriff squats opposite.

WOODLOCK

Boy, you are one mosquito bite
away from death... Hey, Abel.
Why he laughin' like that?

ABEL

The loss of blood has caused
a state of delirium

WOODLOCK

You mean, made him crazy? I
don't know why you just don't
cut his throat and save the time.

The sheriff takes a seat at the table.

ABEL

Kill him and kill the supply. But even with his heart pumping, there still isn't enough. She requires more or she will die.

WOODLOCK

Let me see what I can do. Like I said, there's a drifter in the cells --

ABEL

-- She requires it now.

WOODLOCK

Okay, okay. Suppose I could fetch him for you now then.

ABEL

That won't do, sheriff.

WOODLOCK

Well I can't just pull him outta my damn hat.

ABEL

You could offer some of yourself.

WOODLOCK

Me? You really want an old fart like me? My old ticker couldn't handle it.

ABEL

It handled Ruby.

A beat.

ABEL

Even right now I can hear your heart pumping faster. Stronger.

WOODLOCK

Look, she's going to be okay. Martha, she's a strong woman.

Ruby exits the trailer as Abel and Woodlock both watch her before Abel joins Woodlock at the table, smoking his pipe.

ABEL

Do you know what they call
us, Sheriff. Call my kind?

WOODLOCK

I don't --

ABEL

-- Monsters. They label us
monsters. Have done for
centuries. We're depicted in
books and picture films as
nothing more than savages.

WOODLOCK

You a miracle of God.

ABEL

Yes.

Abel stares. Then...

ABEL

In my long life, I have
witnessed humans be far more
monstrous. We kill for food.
You kill for hate, power,
greed. Our bodies reproduce
at a responsible rate while
you breed like a disease,
choking the planet.

WOODLOCK

Abel --

ABEL

-- You molest your offspring.

WOODLOCK

Now wait just a minute --

ABEL

-- Pierce their bodies with your
own. You know all about that.

WOODLOCK

I think maybe it's time
I should get a move on --

Abel stands with authority.

Woodlock lowers back down. Scared now. Abel then
walks, takes the bucket from beside Martha and
positions it back below David.

ABEL

Did you know, there is not
one animal in existence that
molests it's offspring?

WOODLOCK

I love my grandchildren.

ABEL

Oh I know you do, Sheriff.

WOODLOCK

Now wait a minute. You just
remember what I do for you.
I'm your link to the world.

Woodlock stands.

WOODLOCK

And I'll have a body for you
tonight. You have my word on
that. Now, if you'll excuse me.

Abel stares at him.

ABEL

You're completely right,
Sheriff. It's getting late.
Perhaps you should be going.

WOODLOCK

Thank you. And... and thank
you for your hospitality.
It's been a pleasure.

ABEL

The pleasure is all mine.

WOODLOCK

You take care of Ashley won't you,
Ruby? You be a good big sister now.

Woodlock quickly strides away.

Abel eyes Ruby. In the glow of the campfire his expression
is tense as he then gives a consenting nod toward Woodlock.

The sheriff paces when he stops...

He slowly turns to see Ruby right behind him, eyes
black, fangs visible... She LUNGES at him.

David weakly watches with heavy eyes. Even with his
upside down perspective he is still weakly chuckling.

LATER THAT NIGHT

The family eat around the table, flesh and blood everywhere. Martha is propped up in a chair. She's improving but is extremely slow and weak.

David remains hanging upside down, staring at the family eating, staring at Woodlock's hat on the table.

INT. HALL HOUSE - DINING TABLE (FLASHBACK)

David and Amy eat at their own table. The mood is tranquil when...

DAVID

Mmmm. Where did you say
you got this again?

AMY

The butchers down the
street. Opened last week.

DAVID

It's delicious. So anyway,
I was thinking --

-- She sighs.

DAVID

What?

AMY

Nothing. Tell me, what were
you thinking.

DAVID

I was thinking it would be
good for us if we go to
Santa Monica this Tuesday.

AMY

Good for us.

DAVID

It's better than staying
here in silence.

AMY

Maybe I like the silence.
Did you ever think of that?

DAVID

I'm trying here, okay? At
least I am trying. You think
this is easy for me?
You don't think I wish it
was me instead of her?

AMY

This isn't... Something has to change here. Because I can't do this...like this. It's too hard.

DAVID

What does that mean?

AMY

I don't know.

DAVID

Look, I'm sorry. I thought it was a nice idea. That's all. I was trying to make things nice.

AMY

Well you can't. I'm sorry. But things aren't "nice" anymore.

Amy's cell rings.

We snap back to the table to see David still seated but now shirtless, dirty and bloodied, chain clamped around his neck.

DAVID

Amy, you have to pick up the phone. It's me. I'm in trouble. Pick up the phone now.

Amy eats, ignores David.

DAVID

I don't have much time. I need you to pick up the phone! Pick it up! Pick up the damn phone!

David swipes the table.

BACK TO SCENE

David hangs in a daze as the family eat in front of him. Abel chews a piece of Woodlock, looks at David.

David chuckles. Abel eats the sheriff when he turns to David, hanging up side down, pale but chuckling.

Abel sighs.

David chuckles even harder which frustrates Abel. He pops some more sheriff in his mouth.

ABEL

Is it too much to ask that
you die quietly?

DAVID

I'm sorry. It's just... It's
just that you really have no
idea.

ABEL

Idea.

DAVID

I'm staying alive just
to watch your species end.
You're going to die, Abel.

ABEL

Is that so?

DAVID

You're going to die and you
don't even know it. Your
fate has been decided.

ABEL

My fate you say? And tell
us David. What is my fate?

David chuckles.

DAVID

A phone call with three
percent battery...

David chuckles.

DAVID

... She answered.

Abel looks confused as he stands and approaches
David who is now laughing.

Abel studies David intently as Ruby and Ashley
watch from the table.

DAVID

You're gonna die. They're
coming and you're gonna die.

David laughs and for the first time, Abel's
confused.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER - NIGHT

Abel, now under the harsh helicopter spotlight, takes it all in. His eyes jet back, his fangs growing. Battle ready.

HELICOPTER

The copter soars high over a sea of activity, locking it's spotlight on Abel.

SWAT (V.O.)
 Visual on a white male in
 a pink bathrobe. Repeat,
 white male in a pink bathrobe.

EXT. NARROW CANYON PATHWAY

A five-man squad, all in bullet proof vests, move toward the trailer site. They move fast but carefully under the moonlight, covering every angle with their automatic weapons.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER

Ruby and Ashley run into the safety of the trailer as Abel stands over Martha, gently kissing her forehead.

ABEL
(in latin)
 Forever my love. Forever.

She looks up at him with a weak expression. Abel looks at her and winks, a calm before the storm. He then strides to the centre of the camp, de-robing while looking up.

ABEL
 You come now?! You're
 ninety two years late!

SNIPERS

A line of sharpshooters aim down, locking their crosshairs on the shirtless man.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER

David hangs from the clothes line as SWAT charges in, guns leveled as they bark orders at Abel while surrounding him.

The SWAT team edges closer to Abel while aiming their guns when, without warning...

... Martha May RISES BEHIND THEM, eyes pitch black, long fangs, face taunt and primal as hell.

SNIPERS

Along the edge of the canyon, peering down through their high-powered scopes to see a sudden surge of panicked gunfire and movement as if the camp has suddenly become an all out warzone.

HELICOPTER

The copter circles as the rifleman also peers down to see the flashing strobe lights and gunfire.

SWAT (V.O.)
What the fuck's going
on down there?!

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER

The slaughter has begun... Right in the centre of the massacre. Abel and Martha rip through the army of SWAT with graceful, violent speed and precision.

Ripped out jugulars, gushing blood, all seen in the intermittent flashing of the strobe lights and bursts of automatic gunfire, as if to stylize the killings.

The SWAT is beyond terrified as they're ambushed by waves of animalistic violence.

They fire blindly into the night but they're too slow for the couple who take a few hits, sure, but appear to be utterly oblivious to them.

David watches in stunned terror as...

Abel lunges from SWAT member to SWAT member, tearing through flesh, bone and arteries in a dominate display.

INT. CAMPER TRAILER

Ruby and Ashley cower, sitting with their backs against the end of the mattress, listening to the screams and gunfire outside.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER

More SWAT spill into the trailer site as the carnage grows. Bodies carpet the dirt with pools of blood.

Abel uses the rock wall to propel off and smash into the fresh batch of SWAT, tearing through them.

A bloodbath.

Martha is incredible. Leaping, slashing and biting her way through the SWAT even criss-crossing with Abel.

SWAT (V.O.)
Get us outta here!

It's like two lions jacked on meth. Their savage dominance is absolutely brutal.

SWAT fire in all directions, helpless and panicked as they fumble and try to flee.

Martha lunges and sinks her fangs into a SWAT member when, without warning...

... KA-BAM! A shotgun fires close range into the side of her head, decapitating her instantly, EXPLODING HER TO ASH.

At the far end of camp, Abel sees this and is hit with absolute anguish. He ROARS as bullets rip across his legs.

Abel drops to one knee as a single bullet from a sniper rips through his shoulder, dropping him to all fours.

INT. CAMPER TRAILER

Ruby watches through a torn section of the trailer as Abel is surrounded by SWAT who shower him with bullets.

Ruby gasps and looks back at Ashley who's nowhere to be seen. The older sister panics and looks back outside with dread.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER

Abel's now a mutilated corpse as SWAT keep firing into him, taking no chances when...

... Little Ashley glides into them all, battle ready, ripping off limbs!

Ashley's faster, lighter and even more agile than Abel as SWAT are slaughtered one by one.

A SWAT member aims his assault rifle at Ashley when Ruby rips her way into the attack with all the violence of a lioness.

HELICOPTER

The helicopter circles above, rifleman peering down, trying to distinguish what the hell's going on.

SWAT (V.O.)
Get us outta here! Get us
the fuck out --

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER

A single SWAT member remains, streaked with blood, hyperventilating. He scans the area with his assault rifle.

Bodies litter the ground in blood pools, all illuminated in the glow of the campfire and the random strobe light.

SNIPER (V.O.)
Alpha blue, do you copy?
Alpla blue respond, over.

Torsos, arms and legs.

SNIPER (V.O.)
Alpha blue, what is your
position. Do you copy, over?

Through the bloodbath, the SWAT member approaches the trailer, bullet ridden with the shade cloth torn off.

Blood smears the mobile home as the SWAT member scans along the clothes line to see David hanging off it, bullet holes punched into his torso.

The SWAT member inspects the small buttons of red carnage, looks down at David's face, eyes closed, mouth slacked open.

He's dead.

A noise. The SWAT member spins around, gun trembling in his grip, raking from side to side until he sees...

... Ashley, sitting amongst the corpses. Covered in blood and terrified. The SWAT member slowly advances.

As he does this, we see Ruby Rose watching from the shadows, her face a mask of drying blood.

She approaches David as Ashley attacks the final SWAT member, easily overpowering him.

Ruby arrives in front of David, absorbing his corpse as Ashley slaughters the SWAT member behind her.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - NIGHT

Ruby and Ashley walk across the open flatlands of the desert. Ruby tows David's corpse with them.

The girl then stops and looks back at David's body. She veers over him and kneels down.

She then buries her face into his chest.

Ashley watches as the sound of the helicopter is heard in the distance.

Ruby moves her mouth so that it's inches from David's ear and softly whispers...

RUBY

I'm sorry.

And with that Ruby partially lifts David's upper body, exposing his limp neck to...

Ashley.

Who looks at it, then back at Ruby, who consents with a nod.

Ashley slowly kneels down next to Ruby, cautious but guided by the older sister.

RUBY

Go on.

Ashley looks at her.

RUBY

Do it.

Ashley looks at the pale neck being offered when, THE CHILD SUDDENLY CLAMPS DOWN.

Ashley drinks David.

Ruby begins to stroke her little sibling's disheveled hair as the child feeds. Ruby then softly whispers...

RUBY

Good boy.

And with those two words, we now realize that Ashley is in fact, MALE as he sucks on David's neck with Ruby by his side, stroking her little brother's long tattered hair.

Ashley feeds, eyes rolling into the back of his head as Ruby then notices...

David's fingers twitching. Then his foot. Ruby continues to stroke her brother's hair.

RUBY

Drink.

Ashley grunts mid feed as Ruby closes her eyes and hovers her ear over David's chest.

A HEARTBEAT...

At first, it's weak and slow but doesn't take long before it's beating faster, stronger, reviving.

The VEINS in his arms grow thick...

David's hand snaps to life and grips Ashley's back, his eyes open revealing them to be feral, jet black.

David pushes Ashley off, gasping for breath. He writhes around in the dirt, eyes bulging as...

He manages to balance on all fours when he looks across the horizon with heightened senses.

Ruby watches as David transforms. He opens his mouth, revealing two fully developed fangs.

DAVID

Arrghhh! Jesus! Stop!
Stop! Stop! Just stop!

RUBY

I'm sorry.

DAVID

Make it stop! Just make it
stop! Jesus! Make it go!

Ruby lowers her head.

David looks at Ashley, at the blood down his chin. David's speechless. Stunned with realization.

DAVID

What have you done? What...
what did you do to me?!

He half ROARS, half SCREAMS. He looks at the THICK VEINS in his forearms, he hears his heart THUMPING VORACIOUSLY.

Ruby kneels down in front of him, caressing his face as David hyperventilates. Ruby then nods to Ashley.

Ashley gallops away, engulfed into the darkness as Ruby turns back to David.

DAVID
What's happening?

RUBY
You're changing.

DAVID
No, no! Why?! Why
did you do this?!

RUBY
To save you.

DAVID
No, no. Make it stop!
I want to die. Please.

RUBY
To take us away.

DAVID
Listen to me! Let me
die, Ruby! I want to
die! Oh God, make this
stop! Make it stop!

RUBY
You need to drink.

David freezes..

RUBY
You must drink now.

David glares at her.

RUBY
You need strength...

David's panic raises as he sees Ashley crawling back with a dead rabbit locked in his jaws.

DAVID
No, no, no, no.

He drops the warm little fur of carcass at David's feet. David swipes it away.

DAVID
Get that away from me!
You get that away!

RUBY
Please.

DAVID
You're crazy. This
is... this is crazy!

RUBY
Drink.

DAVID
No!

RUBY
Drink before the sun,
Doctor David. We hurry.

David looks at the horizon.

RUBY
It's coming. You have
to take us away.

David absorbs this.

RUBY
The sun is coming. We
have to go. Go now.

David absorbs this.

Ruby goes to take his arm but David brushes her off,
focused on the horizon.

She reaches for him a second time but David turns to
her and ROARS her backwards.

Ruby stumbles on her ass as David returns his stare toward
the horizon. He sits cross-legged, getting comfortable.

This is the moment we realize David's not going to make
it. Ruby gets to her feet, eyes watering.

She stares at David a beat then takes Ashley's hand
and walks ahead as the siblings leave David.

David turns back but they're gone, just two sets of
footprints trailing off into the night.

He absorbs the little prints side by side. He crawls
over, face inches away...

INT. HALL HOUSE - CLAIRE'S BEDROOM (FLASHBACK)

We're back when David was sitting on the edge of Claire's bed reading her baby book.

He turns another page to see a hand-written note glued in and written in third grade scroll.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
My dad is the best and
strongest and bravest
daddy in the world.

David cries.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
Nothing can scare my daddy.

David cries.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
I love my daddy so much...

.. David closes the book to reveal the TWO BABY FOOTPRINTS imprinted on the front cover - Claire's prints.

He smiles at the prints, gently touching them with his index finger as tears spill onto the hard cover.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - NIGHT

David stares at the footprints in the dirt, tears in his eyes. He grips a handful of soil, clenching it.

He hits the earth once, twice, three times. The impact is like that of a sledge hammer.

David roars.

He lowers his face into the dirt and weeps uncontrollably.

A beat. Then:

He looks back at the dead rabbit. He crawls over to the animal, taking it in his hands, absorbing it.

He takes another look at the horizon, then back at the animal in his grip, nearing a decision.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Side by side, Ruby and Ashley walk along the flatland when they simultaneously stop. They slowly turn to see...

... David.

He's standing there, eyes red and puffy, blood down his chin. He takes a moment before...

DAVID

Where are we going?

RUBY

The sun is coming.

DAVID

I have an idea but we need to move fast. Can you do that?

Ruby then stares at the horizon. David does as well. A mutual understanding between the two.

MOMENTS LATER

David, Ruby and Ashley GALLOP across the flatlands at inhuman speed. David exchanges eye contact with Ruby as all three race through the desert.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - HIGHWAY - DAWN

The faint tint of morning light stains the sky as we slowly pan down to...

A road sign - "WATCH FOR ANIMALS".

David, Ruby and Ashley wait impatiently beside the sign. David looks along the endless bitumen, hoping for a set of headlights.

He whispers to himself, trying to calm his inner fear before he looks at the distant horizon.

DAVID

Come on, come on.

Ruby stands shoulder to shoulder with her brother, watching David pacing back and forth.

David's fists are clenched, his face focused. Every second closer to the sunrise as he turns to the siblings.

DAVID
Anything that passes
we stop, okay? Anything.

RUBY
The sun.

DAVID
Someone will pass. Then
we'll be okay. We just
need someone to pass.

RUBY
The sun.

DAVID
I know. But it's not here
yet and someone will pass.

Several beats. Then:

DAVID
... Hide in your clothes.
Cover your face and neck.

Ruby looks at David.

DAVID
I'm serious, Ruby. Make sure
you're both covered. Do it
now, okay?

David starts pacing, waiting another few
agonizing beats until...

DAVID
Come on! Jesus Christ! Gimmie
a car, a truck! Anything!!

David sighs when, fading in - an engine. The trio
simultaneously look down the highway...

A motor bike.

The two wheeler advances, speeding past the trio
as David watches, mouth opened in stunned silence.

David sighs with frustration and walks into the
centre of the road, watching the bike speed away.

Meanwhile, Ruby slowly turns toward the desert with new found terror. She starts to hyperventilate.

Ashley also looks into the desert, both staring at the arid flatland.

RUBY
(whispers)
No.

David remains focused on the road before he eventually turns to the children.

DAVID
Someone will pass --

-- And there's Abel, standing behind Ruby and Ashley with a hand on each shoulder.

ABEL
Glorious morning for a
cremation don't you think?

DAVID
Abel.

ABEL
You smell different, Doctor
Hall. Still weak but
different. Seems my little
Ashley has been a bad boy.

DAVID
Let us go. They can stay with
me. I'll take care of them.

ABEL
You can't even take care of
yourself. Besides, I don't want
us to miss the sunrise. I feel
it's going to be one to die for.

David looks over his shoulder at the horizon, more light faintly grows in the clear sky.

ABEL
Can't you feel it getting warmer?
That light sting on your face?

David looks at his arms, his hands. He can feel it as Abel laughs before kissing Ruby and Ashley.

The roar of a diesel engine. Headlights on the horizon. A truck is advancing. David and Abel exchange looks.

David remains in the middle of the road as the truck advances, HONKING it's horn.

But David won't move, standing defiantly when BAM! Abel crash tackles him.

The impact is brutal as both men land on the other side of the road in the dirt. Abel gets to his feet as the truck roars past.

ABEL

What do you think is out there for you?! Huh?! A home? A family? Friends?

David staggers to his feet.

ABEL

You have no home! No family! nothing! You have nothing anymore! You are no one!

DAVID

I'm gonna kill you.

ABEL

Yes! That's it! Scream it louder! Roar it!

David SNARLS.

ABEL

Come on, David! Your final words! What are they?!

David SNARLS.

Abel ROARS back as the two LUNGE at each other....

... Passing in mid-air, each delivering a flurry of strikes and bites before they both land opposite each other again.

David has a savage claw mark across his face while Abel is untouched. David panics before it begins to heal, smoothing out and is whole again.

Abel smiles, having been alive for decades, anything that generates excitement now is welcomed.

David's face shows his fear. This is his first fight, not just his first vampire fight.

ABEL

Yes, that's it. Come at me,
David. I will not let the
sun take my last kill.

David wails a war cry, a sound foreign even to his own ears as he lunges at Abel a second time.

The two collide in the centre of the road, landing hard on the dividing lines as they wrestle, bite and punch.

It's fast and frantic stuff.

Abel manages to straddle David's back, grabs the back of his head and starts POUNDING it into the bitumen.

SMASH! SMASH! SMASH! With each impact, gravel shatters like glass under David's face.

Abel glances at the horizon as he keeps driving David's face into the deepening pot hole.

Ruby and Ashley watch from the side of the road.

Abel snaps David's neck to the side so that he's facing the horizon. Abel whispers inches from what's left of his ear.

ABEL

Can you see it? It's coming.
In all it's glory it's coming
for us, David. Beautiful don't
you think?

Abel releases David's limp head and gets to his feet, eyes on the horizon as the morning light grows.

He takes a few steps toward the horizon, leaving David and the siblings behind him, mesmerized by the sun's promise.

His eyes water in the realization that after hundreds of years, it's now all going to end.

A faint murmur.

The sound snaps Abel out of his trance as he turns to see David staggering to his feet. Face bloodied but now healed of any damage.

David sways on his feet with barely any strength as Abel circles him.

ABEL

Over two hundred years and
yours is the last corpse I will
see. How disappointing.

Abel approaches David, blocks a feeble punch and counters with a stiff knee to the stomach. David drops.

Abel grabs David's head, squeezing and pulling simultaneously in an attempt to rip it off!

David screams!

Ruby watches with panic as David's neck is heard breaking with sickening cracks.

BAM! Ruby LUNGES on Abel's back, biting his ear clean off. Abel spins in shock but Ruby won't let go.

The struggle moves onto the dirt where Abel rips Ruby over his shoulder and into the dirt.

Abel then tosses Ruby like a rag doll, skimming her body across the dirt like a pebble on water.

He turns back toward David when CRACK - the ROAD SIGN smacks him across his face, sending him to the ground.

David doesn't let up. He attacks Abel in the dirt until the sign is bent and broken.

David then rips him to his feet and tosses Abel back on the road, trenching him to a stop.

All over him, David lifts Abel's battered corpse off the road, not giving it a chance to heal as he punches over and over -- *BEEEEEEEEEP!!!*

David turns, bathed in the harsh headlights of a *Ford Mustang*. David and Abel break over the hood as the car screeches to a sudden stop.

The driver, a mid thirties bald MAN. Gets out and inspects the bodies on the road with rising panic.

DRIVER

No, no, no. I am so sorry.

The driver edges over David's corpse. Twisted and broken. He hears movement and turns to see Abel struggling to his feet.

The driver hurries over as Abel's bones click back into position with sickening sounds.

DRIVER

Jesus Christ, man. Are you
okay? Sit back down and don't --

-- Abel BREAKS the driver's NECK before striding toward David who starts to move.

Abel charges the doctor when he suddenly stops as SMOKE starts to coil from his skin.

He turns back to the horizon as the very tip of the sun peeks over the arid flatland.

ABEL

It's time.

Smoking, Abel strides over to David, places his foot over his neck, pinning him to the road.

David begins to smoke and sizzle with Abel. He looks across at the girls who also start to burn.

ABEL

(whispers in latin)
Forever my love. Forever.

David struggles under Abel's weight, punching his shin bone, once, twice. Abel laughs. David punches again...

A sickening crack.

Abel's eyes bulge. He drops to his knee allowing David up where he grabs Abel's neck and snaps it.

DAVID

In the car!

Ruby and Ashley run toward the *Mustang* as David, now burning with specks of flames, unloads HAYMAKERS on Abel.

Over and over, David punches, breaking every bone in Abel's face while roaring a bestial war cry.

David's now literally ON FIRE! He releases Abel and staggers to the car, flames GROWING, skin SIZZLING.

David's jerked back...

He turns to see Abel gripped onto his ankle, holding David in the flames. David kicks Abel's head, SNAPPING his neck again.

INT. MUSTANG

David leaps into the driver's seat, skin sizzling.
He closes the door, encasing him in the shade of
the sport car's tinted windows.

David keys the engine - *VRROOOOM!*

He stomps the gas as Abel CRUNCHES on the roof, looking
at them through the windshield while engulfed in flames!

Ruby and Ashley scream.

Abel ROARS and starts head-butting the front windshield,
cracking the glass with his burning head!

David STOMPS the brakes as Abel is propelled forward,
DE-MATERIALIZING INTO DUST before he even hits the road.

Silence... David holds still as his burn marks begin to
heal and smooth over. He's trembling. Weak. But alive...

EXT. ARIZONA HIGHWAY - DAWN

The *Mustang* slowly begins to accelerate, driving off
into the beautiful sunrise.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

David begins to enter civilization as he passes the odd
house through the heavily tinted windows.

He looks back at Ruby and Ashley sprawled on the backseat
asleep. Two children. Two blood thirsty killers.

David's expression is a mixture of sympathy, care and
what the hell am I going to do with these two kids.

FBI AGENT (V.O.)
Okay, Dr. Hall. Let me see
if I understand all this.

EXT. CAMPER TRAILER - DAY

The aftermath of the bloodshed. Forensics and cops
examine the crime scene as bodies are transported out.

FBI AGENT (V.O.)
In your statement you wrote
that the seventeen special force
troops all fell to one man and
his wife, who were both unarmed.

Forensics bag and seal Ruby's SKETCHPAD.

INT. CAMPER TRAILER - DAY

More forensics and cops examine the scene. A cop studies an old photo from the 1800's. The photo is of Abel and Martha, staring at us, side by side

FBI AGENT (V.O.)

And that these same people
have been alive for centuries
and possess super human abilities.
People we have no DNA profile
on. People you say are now dead,
with any evidence of them in ashes.

EXT. CANYON GRAVE SITE - DAY

Forensics analyze the four makeshift crucifixes.
All dug up with nothing in the graves.

Pan across to the child like stencils on the wall
as we see more forensics photographing the artwork.

FBI AGENT (V.O.)

You also state that there were
children on site. Yet have no
knowledge of their whereabouts.

INT. INTERROGATION OFFICE

David sits opposite a smooth looking FBI AGENT.
The doctor is ghostly pale, expression unbreakable.

FBI AGENT

Look, I know it's late so I'm
going to make this quick. What
do you think will happen if we
release this? That there's some
supernatural family? A lot of men
have died with a lot of families
wanting answers. Answers you don't
seem to have.

David says nothing. The agent slides over
some photos of what looks to be a mine shaft.

FBI AGENT

Your car broke down. You got drunk
and wandered five miles east where
you discovered an abandoned
mineshaft. You required shelter and
went inside where you became lost.

A beat.

FBI AGENT

After three days, you managed to receive phone signal and make contact. From there, special forces conducted a rescue mission. However tragically, during the operation, the shaft collapsed, killing them all.

A beat.

FBI AGENT

That's what we can explain, Dr. Hall. That's what happened.

The agent slides a pen and paper across the table. David looks at it. He is expressionless.

TITLE CARD: ONE YEAR LATER

EXT. HALL HOUSE - DUSK

Soft rain gently drops as we see a series of shots from the maintained garden bed to wind chimes on the porch. The antique bronze letters spell out the surname of "Hall" proudly on the mailbox post.

INT. HALL HOUSE

Inside is just as appealing, from the fresh flowers on the dining room table to the heavily tinted arched windows overlooking the suburban street.

We pan past a series of framed photos of David and Amy. Most are taken at night with the few day photos under the shade of an umbrella.

RUBY (V.O.)

I'm not going.

A HEAVILY PREGNANT Amy stands at the bottom of the stairs, looking up at a very different and very pretty Ruby Rose.

AMY

It's not open for discussion young lady. Now get ready.

Ruby sighs as David arrives beside his wife with what looks to be a glass of red wine in hand.

DAVID
Ladies, ladies --

AMY
-- She doesn't want to go.

RUBY
I just woke up and you're
dragging me to grandma's?

DAVID
First of all it's once a month
and secondly, how often do
you get to see anyone else?

RUBY
Her cooking is gross.

DAVID
Would you rather roadkill?

Ruby flips him off.

DAVID
Look, I took some fresh bags
from work last night. Have
some before we go and, I don't
know, hide what she gives you.

Ruby walks down the stairs.

DAVID
Wait.

She stops. David leans in. She kisses his cheek with a roll
of the eyes and does the same to Amy. Ruby then leaves.

AMY
Ahhhh. The joys of teenage
parenting.

DAVID
Except she's a twenty three
year old teenager.

AMY
Right.

DAVID
Here, this will take the edge
off. It's O-Negative.

Amy raises her eyebrows, impressed at the blood type
as she takes David's "wine" and has a sip.

INT. KITCHEN

Ruby enters the kitchen and opens the fridge to see neatly stacked blood bags in all the trays. She takes a decorative glass bottle filled to the top with blood.

Ruby then takes out some cereal, shakes it in a bowl before pouring the thick blood over the lot. David pokes his head in...

DAVID

Ruby, have you seen
the dog?

Ruby shakes her head.

DAVID

Okay, finish up. We
leave in five, sweetie.

Ruby nods her head.

EXT. BACKYARD - DUSK

The sky is streaked with beautiful pinks and reds as light rain continues to fall.

David rakes open the patio door, steps outside and looks up at a treehouse.

DAVID

Let's go, buddy.

Nothing.

DAVID

Ashley, it's time to
go. Grandma's waiting.

Nothing. David looks a tad confused. He begins to walk toward the treehouse when...

... Ashley, looking bright and cheerful, pokes his head out and smiles. He climbs down, wearing a nice shirt and dress pants. David hugs him tightly.

DAVID

You like it up there,
don't you?

He nods while still embraced by David. The pair then turn and walk back inside the house.

INT. TREEHOUSE

As the two walk away, we pan up into the treehouse, passing stacks of books and toys, a *Hotel Transylvania* movie poster until we arrive at a...

... plastic tea set on a small table. Action figures are set up, ready for the tea party. On the table is a bloodied DOG with its GUTS TORN OPEN...