

Outlaw Blood

by  
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EXT. HILLTOP MONASTERY - DUSK

SUPER: "Shagov Monastery, Bucharest - 1476"

The isolated hilltop monastery juts ominously above the thin veil of fog that engulfs the forest below. A crumbling wall surrounds its ancient cemetery, simple monks' dormitories, and small chapel.

EXT. UPPER HILLSIDE - MONASTERY - DUSK

A lightly armored SCOUT (20s) of the Royal Romanian Army swiftly and stealthily snakes down through the fog and brush, a small, silver crucifix glistening around his neck.

EXT. LOWER HILLSIDE - MONASTERY - DUSK

SIX SOLDIERS anxiously await the Scout in a natural alcove. They too wear silver crucifixes and the armor of the Royal Romanian Army.

Leading them is LORD VLAD'MIR (30s), handsome and intense. Vlad'Mir looks up as the Scout joins them. The Scout gestures, "Three tall, five small." Silently, Vlad'Mir assigns three men with swords to the "tall" and the other three with crossbows to the "small."

Taking a quick glance at the nearly setting sun, Vlad'Mir makes the sign of the cross, grabs his silver-tipped lance, and leads the quiet assault up the steep hill that leads to--

EXT. HILLTOP MONASTERY - WALLED PATIO - DUSK

TWO TALL GYPSY SENTRIES, wearing disheveled clothing and deadly sharp scimitars, their eyes ringed by dark circles and their skin unnaturally moist, toss raw rat meat to the FIVE MALNOURISHED WOLVES they hold tethered with chains. They LAUGH as the wolves fight and GROWL for every juicy morsel.

A THIRD GYPSY SENTRY, with the same dark circled eyes and moist skin, throws a log on a nearby campfire.

The Romanian Soldiers with swords attack with quick, machine-like precision, incapacitating the three Gypsy Sentries before any of them can react.

Simultaneously, the Romanian Archers fire on three of the five Wolves, while Vlad'Mir skewers the last two together with a quick, powerful thrust of his lance.

Vlad'Mir frees his lance and gives another silent signal to his men. With practiced efficiency, each Soldier removes a small axe from his pack and, in a quick series of CHOPS, decapitates the fallen man or beast nearest him.

The Soldiers gather the severed heads and throw them into the dying campfire.

Vlad'Mir checks the sun again. Lower yet. He motions to his men to split up, pairing them off in search teams.

They grab small flaming logs and branches from the campfire to use as torches in the dimming light.

INT. HILLTOP MONASTERY - MAUSOLEUMS - DUSK

In short order, the Soldiers find four assorted wood and stone coffins. They throw back the lids and expose an eerily luminescent MOTIONLESS VAMPIRE lying within each.

Using silver spikes and wooden mallets, the Soldiers quickly impale the sleeping Vampires.

Each awakens with a SHRIEK, revealing their tell-tale fangs and bloodshot eyes. The spikes instantly poison the vampires' blood, causing their veins and blood vessels to turn dark, a darkness that quickly spreads throughout their bodies.

Even as the Vampires SHRIEK, squirm and GURGLE blackened blood, WHACK! the Soldiers behead them and gather the heads by the hair.

EXT. HILLTOP MONASTERY - ANCIENT CRYPT - DUSK

The Soldiers drop the decapitated heads into the now-raging campfire, as Vlad'Mir emerges dejected from one of the other crypts. One of the older Soldiers pauses at the fire to say a silent prayer.

The Scout hurries towards Vlad'Mir, nodding with deference. They speak in Romanian, indicated here by enclosing brackets. Onscreen, this text will appear as SUBTITLES.

SCOUT  
<Lord Vlad'Mir, you must come.>

VLAD'MIR  
<Is it him?>

The Scout shakes his head "no" and rushes into one of the more distant dormitories. Vlad'Mir is right on his heels.

INT. HILLTOP MONASTERY - DORMITORY HALLWAY - DUSK

After several turns, Vlad'Mir emerges in a corridor, where the Scout's PARTNER stands, towering over another dead, decapitated Gypsy Sentry. The Scout shrugs.

SCOUT  
<I missed one.>

VLAD'MIR  
<So I see.>

The Scout takes a step towards the room the Sentry was guarding. He turns back to Vlad'Mir with concern.

SCOUT  
<It is not pleasant.>

INT. HILLTOP MONTESTARY - DORMITORY ROOM - DUSK

The bodies of three dead MONKS are scattered around the room. Vlad'Mir and the Scout enter, swatting away flies and avoiding the sticky blood on the floor. Each Monk has a slit wrist.

Vlad'Mir picks up a shard of broken glass.

VLAD'MIR  
<Better to choose death than  
undeath.>

SCOUT  
<Still, the church will not  
appreciate their sacrifice.>

Vlad'Mir crosses himself when a slight WHIMPER from a nearby cabinet draws their attention. Vlad'Mir points his blood-tipped lance as the Scout grabs the door handle of the cabinet. The door swings open to reveal a frightened, frail young woman, ZOYA (19).

ZOYA  
<Please don't kill me.>

Vlad'Mir says nothing until he checks the woman's neck, then her eyes. Satisfied, he lowers his lance.

VLAD'MIR  
<You are safe now, child. The  
demons have been destroyed.>

ZOYA  
<You're the one they call "the  
Impaler"??>

VLAD'MIR  
<I am Vlad, yes.>

ZOYA  
<The monks hoped you would come.  
But they could not wait, did not  
want to be forced to perform the  
ritual.>

VLAD'MIR  
<Ritual?>

ZOYA  
<He was waiting for the night of  
the full moon. I was to be the  
Master's sacrifice.>

VLAD'MIR  
<You have seen the Master?>

ZOYA  
<Yes, he is here. In the crypt  
beneath the raven.>

Vlad'Mir and the Scout turn to each other with a look of disbelief. Excited, they race outside, leaving the stunned Zoya behind with the Scout's partner.

EXT. HILLTOP MONASTERY - CEMETERY AREA - DUSK

Only a few slivers of sunlight remain. Vlad'Mir rushes towards his men. He shouts.

VLAD'MIR  
<He is here! We must look for-->

Then he sees it: an ancient crypt with a stone raven perched menacingly above it. He runs for it, quickly finding a stairway hidden by brush behind it. His team follows.

INT. HILLTOP MONASTERY - UNDERGROUND CRYPT - DUSK

Vlad'Mir and the Scout rush down the crumbling steps, past the cobwebs and debris, and arrive in a chamber where they find a massive stone coffin.

Vlad'Mir brushes away dust to reveal the embossed plaque bearing the Dra'Ghoula family crest: a prominent "D" engulfed by a taloned raven. The Scout hands Vlad'Mir his simple silver spike.

Vlad'Mir shakes his head, reaches in his own pack and withdraws a cloth wrapped, ornate silver spike.

The Scout and another Soldier slide open the heavy coffin lid to reveal DRA'GHOULA (40s), Prince of Darkness, lying motionless inside. His skin is tinged with the same luminescent glow as the other vampires, but his dark hair and handsome, regal features strongly resemble Vlad'Mir's.

With solemn reverence, Vlad'Mir removes Dra'Ghoula's armored breastplate. He then takes a mallet from his pouch and places the silver spike over Dra'Ghoula's now-bare chest. He makes the sign of the cross and pulls his mallet back.

VLAD'MIR (CONT'D)  
<Forgive me, my brother.>

He swings. SPLUNK! Blood splatters as the spike pierces flesh and bone. A second SPLUNK drives the spike deeper yet. Dra'Ghoula's eyes pop open, bloodshot and filled with hate and a fiery red glow. The veins on his face, chest and hands turn dark as the poison quickly spreads.

His mouth opens, gasping dark blood, but Dra'Ghoula does not shriek. He tries to grasp the spike, his strength waning fast as his body darkens. The fading light catches the "D"-crested ring he wears on one finger.

Dra'Ghoula locks eyes with Vlad'Mir, holding his gaze. Finally the glow in his eyes, and the hatred, both flicker out. Dra'Ghoula collapses in his coffin with a final HISS.

Vlad'Mir wipes a tear and turns away. The Scout hands his axe to Vlad'Mir.

SCOUT

<You must finish it, my liege, or his soul will never rest.>

VLAD'MIR

<No. Whatever beast he became, he is still my brother and our beloved prince. We will not desecrate his body.>

SCOUT

<But, sir, his soul-->

VLAD'MIR

<--Is in God's hands now. Only He can decide if the measure of a man is the sum of the deeds of his lifetime, or simply the actions of his final days.>

SCOUT

<I fear history will only remember him for the demon he became.>

VLAD'MIR

<Let us hope God shows a little more charity.>

Vlad'Mir spots a shiny gold locket in the coffin. He removes it and gently closes his brother's now-vacant eyes. They slide the heavy coffin lid closed.

VLAD'MIR (CONT'D)

<Bring some chains. And tell the others the nightmare is over. Dra'Ghoula is dead.>

The last rays of the sun fade from view.

FADE TO:

EXT. YUMA TERRITORIAL PRISON - NIGHT

SUPER: "Yuma Territorial Prison, Arizona 1886  
Over 400 Years Later"

A tumbleweed rolls past a foreboding prison complex on an otherwise barren stretch of desert. The moon above is not quite full.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Hardened criminal BROCK TANNER (30s), solid, with eyes like cold steel, is exercising on the floor of his dirty, spartan cell.

Seated on one of the bunks is his wiry, bespectacled cellmate, CHARLIE (40s). They both wear torn and faded striped convict uniforms.

KRUMP (40s), an imposing guard, saunters up to the outside of the cell with an envelope.

KRUMP  
Brock Tanner. Got a letter for you.  
Warden says it's from the appeals  
board.

Brock says nothing; he just continues doing crunches.

KRUMP (CONT'D)  
I ain't got all day. Warden wants  
you to have it.

BROCK  
Then leave it.

KRUMP  
You're taking it if I have to cram  
it down your goddamn throat.

Charlie nervously watches as Brock stops his workout. Glaring back at Krump, Brock rises and takes the envelope. He crumples it unread and tosses it in the corner, turning his back to Krump.

Krump is furious. He reaches through the cell bars and locks Brock in a chokehold. Charlie starts in alarm.

CHARLIE  
Brock!

KRUMP  
Not so tough now, are you?

Brock struggles against the towering Krump.

KRUMP (CONT'D)  
Still got a few days to knock the  
sass out of you before you hang,  
you sorry son of a bitch.

Brock is turning beet red.

BROCK  
Warden...ain't gonna like it if you  
cheat the hangman, Krump.

Krump loosens his grip and Brock drops to the floor.

KRUMP  
I can't wait to piss on your grave,  
Brock Tanner.

INT. PRISON - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Krump bangs his night stick on the cell bars and saunters down the hallway, banging on other cells as he walks. He smirks.

KRUMP (CONT'D)  
Lights out in five, girlies.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Brock massages his neck. Charlie scurries to the corner to grab the crumpled envelope. He tears it open as he adjusts his mangled wire-framed spectacles with one broken lens.

CHARLIE  
It don't do no good to get Krump  
mad like that, Brock. This could be  
good news.

The crumpled, typed letter inside is clearly a Stay of Execution.

BROCK  
It ain't, Charlie.

Stamped inside the fold in bold red letters is the single word "DENIED". Within the body of the letter we can also read words like "hang by the neck until dead".

CHARLIE  
How'd you know?

BROCK  
It don't matter. I'm leaving  
tonight.

Charlie coughs, wiping blood into a dirty rag. A stray drop spills on the letter. Brock stuffs his tattered spare blanket in the rough shape of a body in the top bunk.

CHARLIE  
Breaking out? But how?

Brock reveals a ring of keys he's been clutching in his hand.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
You let Krump grab you?

BROCK  
Ain't about to meet my maker,  
dancing from the end of a rope.

CHARLIE  
Hot damn! We're making a break! Uh,  
you is taking me with ya', ain't  
ya', Brock?

Brock says nothing.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I might be scrawny, but I can track  
like a hound dog and climb like a  
polecat.

BROCK  
You'd slow me down, Charlie.

CHARLIE  
(thinking quickly)  
There's, uh, there's a treasure. We  
could split it if you take me with  
you. Hell, you could have most of  
it.

Charlie coughs more blood.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
It's easy pickin's, and it'd be  
right on our way.

BROCK  
I ain't said where I'm going.

CHARLIE  
South; I figure it's got to be  
Mexico. Get yourself a pretty  
little senorita, lie low for a  
while.

Another cough.

BROCK  
Wouldn't hurt to have a little  
spending money, I guess. Where is  
this treasure of yours?

EXT. WILCOX STAGE DEPOT - DAY

STUMPY (late 50s), a crusty, crotchety, old coot of a cowboy  
with a wooden peg-leg, leads a team of horses and a  
stagecoach towards a small bench, shouting to anyone in  
earshot.

STUMPY  
Sulfur Springs, Tombstone, and  
Bisbee! Climb aboard!

Behind him, EL DORADO KID (20s, Hispanic) struggles with some  
saddle bags and a bag of mail. He is athletic, attractive,  
and greener than he'd care to admit.

Seated at the bench are three passengers: the prim and proper  
PRUDENCE BEAUMONT (mid 30s), her precocious son, TAD (10),  
and the scholarly ABE (40s, thick Irish accent).

Prudence is wearing a sash that reads, "REPENT AND YE SHALL  
BE SAVED", Tad struggles with his too-tight collar and tie,  
and Abe adjusts the leather pouch that carries his ever-  
present, well-worn notebook.

Abe's bushy red hair, wild moustache and tall, brutish countenance seem at odds with his gentle demeanor.

They all turn at Stumpy's approach, gathering their things.

STUMPY (CONT'D)

Hope you all got a chance to stretch your legs and visit the privacy, 'cuzz we're ready to get back on the trail. That sound alright?

ABE

In the colorful vernacular of you Colonials, I think the appropriate response is: "Time's a-wasting."

Prudence and Stumpy share a look as they start to load in.

In the distance, GINA (20s), stunning in her colorful red dress, rushes through the drab, bustling crowds towards the stagecoach, carrying a suitcase and parasol. A LUGGAGE PORTER scurries behind her, struggling to balance her other bags.

GINA

(shouting to Stumpy)  
Excuse me, excuse me, sir!

STUMPY

What's the hurry, miss?

GINA

The gentleman at the train station said you might be going near Sulfur Springs?

STUMPY

Yes, ma'am. It's our next stop.

GINA

Excellent. Might I book passage with you, then?

STUMPY

Reckon we got room for one more, if you don't mind sharing your seat with a bag o' U.S. Mail.

GINA

The mail and I shall be dear friends by the end of our journey.

Gina smiles and motions to the Luggage Porter to come forward. El Dorado Kid, wanting to impress, reaches for Gina's nearest bag, which is heavier than it looks. The other passengers load in.

TAD

She ain't taking my window seat, is she, Mama?

PRUDENCE

No Tad, she "isn't." There's a window for everyone. Now come along. We've got a long ride.

STUMPY

That we have, Miss Prudence. It's a full day to Sulfur Springs.

ABE

And how much farther to Tombstone, my good man?

STUMPY

Another day on top of that, if'n we don't get scalped by Injuns.

Abe turns pale. Tad is excited. Gina hands some coins to the Luggage Porter, who nods and walks away.

STUMPY (CONT'D)

I'm just funning with you, Abe. Not much Injun action in these parts since Geronimo surrendered. We'll get you all to Tombstone as sound as an old church bell.

TAD

Then we'll see Papa?

PRUDENCE

If this rickety contraption will hold, son.

Stumpy winces. He holds the door for Gina.

GINA

I thank you ever so much for accommodating me, Mister...?

STUMPY

Stumpy! Folks just call me Stumpy. That young buck riding shotgun for me is--

EL DORADO KID

(tipping his hat)

--The Eldorado Kid, at your service.

GINA

No relation to that rascal Billy the Kid, I trust?

EL DORADO KID

No 'mam, he's definitely no kin of mine. And don't let the nickname fool you neither. I assure you I'm all man.

Prudence rolls her eyes. Stumpy shakes his head as he mounts the stage.

GINA  
I'll have to take your word for that.

ABE  
I don't believe we caught your name, lass?

GINA  
Heavens, where are my manners? I'm Miss Gina Harker. Well, Harker for a few more days, at least.

El Dorado Kid kisses the back of her extended hand.

EL DORADO KID  
Mighty pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Gina Harker.

Once she's safely seated, El Dorado SLAMS the door closed. Stumpy CRACKS the reins, driving the stagecoach forward and knocking the passengers back in their seats.

El Dorado Kid waves at the departing coach until he remembers: he's not on board! Stumpy laughs as El Dorado Kid scrambles to catch up. Gina stifles a giggle.

El Dorado Kid grabs the side of the coach and makes an impressive acrobatic swing into the bench next to Stumpy.

EL DORADO KID  
She saw that, didn't she?

STUMPY  
'Course she did. He yaw!

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Brock, still wearing his prison uniform, quietly rushes through the woods.

Charlie is resting on a tree stump nearby, surrounded by ragged brush and trees. There is an old barn several hundred yards off.

Suddenly, Brock's hands come out of nowhere, cover Charlie's mouth, and yank him to the ground. Brock keeps his voice to a menacing whisper.

BROCK  
Two men, by the barn on the other side of those trees. Here's the plan. Don't fuck it up.

EXT. OLD BARN - OTHER SIDE OF TREES - DAY

TWO COWBOYS load bales of hay into a rickety wagon, their TWO HORSES tied to a nearby post. A rifle protrudes from the saddle of one horse. In the distance, Charlie comes running forward, screaming madly, naked as a jaybird.

CHARLIE  
Help, help!

COWBOY #1  
What the hell?

Both Cowboys stop what they're doing and rush towards Charlie.

COWBOY #2  
Jesus, Mister, what happened to you?

CHARLIE  
Some bushwhackers jumped me! Took my clothes, everything.

COWBOY #1  
Hell they did! Pete, let's get the rifles. We'll take care of 'em for ya.

COWBOY #2  
Heyaw! Time for some Texas justice!

The Cowboys turn -- to see Brock complete his mad dash to their horses. In one smooth, graceful motion, Brock grabs the rifle, cocks it, and BLAM! BLAM!

The Cowboys fall to the ground, a huge, gaping hole in each of their foreheads. Charlie is stunned.

Brock comes forward, the rifle still smoking in his hands. Charlie is slack jawed and giddy.

CHARLIE  
Dang! That was some fine shooting.

Brock exchanges clothes with one of the dead Cowboys.

BROCK  
Did what needed doing, that's all.  
Now get dressed.

Charlie heads over to the other dead Cowboy.

CHARLIE  
I mean, BLAM! BLAM! I almost pissed myself with excitement.

BROCK  
I get no joy outta killing. Just  
Don't like having to ask for  
nothin'.

CHARLIE  
You pert' near shot their heads  
off!

BROCK  
Didn't want no bloodstains or  
bullet holes. Now move it.

Charlie hustles with the shirt.

A twig SNAPS behind them. Brock turns and BLAM! he fires at a  
SHADOW hiding in the barn. Another dead body hits the ground.  
Brock quickly scans the area then goes back to dressing.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
So what is this "treasure" anyhow?

CHARLIE  
Oh, we'll be set for life!

BROCK  
Specifics. Sulfur Springs, you  
said. A bank?

Brock is almost dressed. Charlie's clothes are about a size  
and a half too large. He pulls the pants tight with the belt  
he has to tie.

CHARLIE  
Better than that. A funeral parlor!

BROCK  
Shit, Charlie, stealing gold  
fillings off of corpses now? Gimme  
those boots.

Charlie takes the boots off his dead Cowboy and hands them to  
Brock, then looks at the beat-up boots on the other Cowboy.

CHARLIE  
No, no, it ain't like that! There's  
this foreigner runs this place,  
see? He's got this big fancy box he  
keeps locked up tight as a school  
marm on a Saturday night, but it  
ain't guarded good.

BROCK  
Don't sound like much.

CHARLIE  
Oh, it's something, alright! You  
should o' seen the look he gave me  
when he saw me eyeing it.

Brock rifles through the pockets, finding a handful of change, a few bills, a pocket watch and a small, collapsible spyglass.

BROCK  
Well it better be something. These losers were 'bout as broke as we are.

CHARLIE  
I'm gonna go check that other guy, see if his duds fit any better.

BROCK  
We ain't headin' to no fancy ball.

Charlie scurries to the dead body in the barn. Brock finds a holstered revolver on one of the horses.

CHARLIE (O.S)  
Brock! Come quick!

INT. OLD BARN - DAY

Brock rushes over as he fastens on the holster. He whips out the revolver and sees...Charlie hovering over a dead COWGIRL. Her shirt is unbuttoned and breasts nearly exposed, a gaping wound in her torso where Brock shot her.

BROCK  
Shit! Never shot a girl before. This ain't good.

CHARLIE  
What's the difference? A killin's a killin'.

BROCK  
No, it ain't.

Charlie is down on his knees, perversely touching her.

CHARLIE  
She's still a little warm, Brock. We could, you know...

BROCK  
She's dead, Charlie!

CHARLIE  
So?

Brock turns in disgust.

BROCK  
We're leaving. Now.

Brock walks toward the horses.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Stumpy's stagecoach hurries along a deserted stretch of dirt road, with no towns or buildings for miles and miles.

EXT. STAGECOACH - DAY

Stumpy drives the horses hard. El Dorado plays his harmonica.

INT. STAGECOACH - DAY

Tad is staring out the window, fidgeting in the seat next to his mother, who is knitting. Abe writes in his notebook.

TAD

Are we there yet, mama?

PRUDENCE

No, son, and please stop asking every few minutes.

Tad makes a face. Gina smiles. Abe says a silent "thank you".

EXT. STAGECOACH - DAY

El Dorado glances back toward the passengers. Gina looks up and catches El Dorado eyeing her. Another smile.

STUMPY

She is quite the looker, that one.

EL DORADO KID

Ahh, she ain't that much.

Stumpy grins. El Dorado Kid yawns and stretches, pocketing his harmonica.

EL DORADO KID (CONT'D)

Maybe I should go make sure they're all...settled in down there.

STUMPY

You do that.

In another daring show of acrobatics, El Dorado Kid swings down from the top of the moving stagecoach.

INT. STAGECOACH - DAY

El Dorado Kid swings inside the coach, landing in the seat between Gina and Abe and a sack of U.S. Mail.

EL DORADO KID

Howdy, folks.

TAD

Whoa, teach me to do that!

EL DORADO KID  
Maybe later, Tadpole!

TAD  
It's TAD!

PRUDENCE  
Be respectful of your elders,  
Thaddeus, even if they are  
incorrigible.

El Dorado Kid turns to Gina.

EL DORADO KID  
Miss Prudence try recruiting you  
yet?

GINA  
Recruit me for what?

EL DORADO KID  
That group she's starting in  
Tombstone. Sisters of Temperament  
or something,

PRUDENCE  
Temperance.

EL DORADO KID  
She's fixin' to be a regular Wyatt  
Earp.

He smiles at his joke, but Prudence isn't laughing.

PRUDENCE  
Hardly. Firearms and brute force  
will not rid that foul city of  
liquor and vice. The only certain  
cure is like-minded women with the  
courage of their convictions.

ABE  
Amen, Sister Prudence. One must  
always be wary of the "evils" of  
alcohol.

PRUDENCE  
So says the Irishman.

EL DORADO KID  
Irishman? I been trying to peg that  
accent o' yours. Whatcha doin' way  
out here, Abraham?

El Dorado Kid snatches Abe's notebook, absently thumbing  
through the pages.

ABE  
Abe, please.

Abe grabs his book back.

EL DORADO KID  
You a writer or somethin'?

ABE  
Writing is only a hobby of mine.  
I'm a scholar actually. Philosophy,  
metaphysics, literature, medicine.  
You might say I'm a modern day  
Renaissance man.

EL DORADO KID  
In these parts we might say you was  
a jack of all trades--

PRUDENCE  
--And master of none, I'd wager.

ABE  
Touché, Madam. Truth to tell, I was  
hoping this Wild West holiday would  
help inspire my vocational  
indecision.

EL DORADO KID  
You sure got a way with words for a  
feller who ain't a writer, Mr. Abe.

Gina laughs. El Dorado Kid smiles.

GINA  
And you Mr. El Dorado Kid, might we  
have read any of your exploits?

EL DORADO KID  
My gunslingin' career's just  
gettin' started, but I'll make a  
name for myself one day, you'll  
see.

Prudence rolls her eyes. El Dorado turns to Gina, a twinkle  
in his eye.

EL DORADO KID (CONT'D)  
Now pardon my French, ma'am, but  
why's a pretty little gal like you  
heading to a shithole town like  
Sulfur Springs?

Tad perks up. Prudence flashes a scathing look.

GINA  
Why, I'm going to meet my husband.

El Dorado Kid's grin fades. He looks with curiosity at Gina's  
bare wedding hand.

EL DORADO KID  
Oh, didn't realize you was married,  
Miss-Misses-Ma'am.

Gina discretely covers her hand.

GINA  
I'm not married--not yet. We'll  
have our nuptials in Sulfur  
Springs. I'm what you'd call a mail-  
order bride.

PRUDENCE  
Fresh out of that newfangled Sears  
& Roebuck catalog? Ought to be  
ashamed.

GINA  
It's a little more respectable than  
that, I assure you, Miss Prudence.  
Why, it's all the rage in the big  
city.

EL DORADO KID  
Well, where is this would-be-  
husband of yours, anyhow?

GINA  
We were supposed to meet at the  
train station tomorrow, but I got  
into town early, so I thought I'd  
surprise him by taking your coach.

PRUDENCE  
Rather impetuous, don't you think?

GINA  
It is, isn't it? This whole  
adventure has been gloriously  
impetuous.

ABE  
Ahh, the exuberance of youth. I  
dare say, what kind of work does  
your chap do?

GINA  
Well, my girlfriends think this is  
perfectly ghastly, but my fiancé is  
the town undertaker.

The stagecoach hits a big bump, bouncing everyone.

EXT. SKORZENY FUNERAL PARLOR - DUSK

NICOLAI SKORZENY (30s, Romanian accent), the amiable town  
undertaker, bears a slight resemblance to Vlad'Mir. He loads  
a few bags onto a funeral buggy parked in front of his  
weathered shop at the outskirts of town.

EDNA (60s), a sturdy pioneer woman, is standing near, studying the painted portrait in a small antique gold LOCKET.

A FLASH SHOWS VLAD'MIR HOLDING THE SAME LOCKET.

BACK TO SCENE--

Given the age of the locket, the image inside is remarkably well preserved. The woman in the portrait is the spitting image of Gina; an identical twin from another era.

EDNA

So this is the gal you're fixin' to marry? She's lovely, Nicolai.

She hands the locket back to Nicolai.

NICOLAI

That locket is of my great, great Aunt Katrina, actually. But the resemblance to my Gina is uncanny.

EDNA

You don't say?

NICOLAI

By chance, I spotted her photograph in a catalog, and I knew instantly we were meant for each other.

EDNA

If'n you say so, Nick. You Romanians got some strange ways.

Edna glances over at Nicolai's funeral buggy.

EDNA (CONT'D)

You ain't fixin' to ride out tonight, is you?

NICOLAI

It's a cooler ride in the evening. Besides, if I don't leave tonight, I'll miss my Gina's train when it arrives tomorrow morning. I'll be back in a few days.

EDNA

Want Wilbur and me to check in on your shop while you're gone?

NICOLAI

Could you, please?

EDNA

It'd be our pleasure.

NICOLAI

Just...

EDNA

...I know, "keep away from that box in the back." Don't know why you keep that musty old thing around, anyhow.

NICOLAI

It has been the legacy of my family for hundreds of years. When Miss Gina and I have a son, it will be his legacy too.

EDNA

Like I said, you sure have some peculiar ways. Anyhows, bring that pretty new wife to supper one night, you hear? Lord knows this town don't get much fresh blood these days.

She gives Nicolai a pinch on the cheek and departs.

EXT. RIDGE OVERLOOKING FUNERAL PARLOR - DUSK

Brock and Charlie lie on their stomachs, their horses tied nearby. Brock watches with the spyglass as Edna leaves.

Nicolai looks at the locket one last time and steps back inside the funeral parlor. Brock speaks in a hushed voice.

BROCK

I still say he don't look like much.

CHARLIE

He's a foreigner, Brock. People like them don't believe in banks and shit. They hide their money under the bed or lock it up in a box. The treasure is going to be something else, you'll see.

BROCK

I ain't holdin' my breath.

Brock scans the area and spots a telegraph pole.

BROCK (CONT'D)

We'll wait till it gets a bit darker out. Shimmy up that pole there and cut those telegraph wires.

Charlie makes a face.

CHARLIE

Last time I did that, I was picking splinters out of my pecker for days.

BROCK  
 You're the one who said he could  
 climb like a polecat. Now git!

Charlie scrambles toward the pole.

EXT. STRETCH OF REMOTE PRAIRIE - DUSK

Stumpy's stagecoach is pulled off to the side of the road.

Stumpy, El Dorado Kid and Abe try to fix a wagon wheel as  
 Prudence, Gina and Tad look on. Tad kicks the dirt.

TAD  
 Shithole, shithole, shithole, shit!

PRUDENCE  
 Thaddeus Quincy Beaumont, what did  
 you say?

TAD  
 Just practicing my French, mama.

Everyone laughs, except Prudence, who eyes El Dorado Kid with  
 a stern expression. El Dorado Kid shrugs.

STUMPY  
 Back to work, everyone. On three.  
 One. Two. Three.

They push with all their might, but they still can't lift the  
 stage high enough to mount the wagon wheel on the axle.

The sound of APPROACHING HORSES draws their attention. El  
 Dorado Kid reaches for his nearby shotgun. He turns to see..

...Two mounted US CALVARY SOLDIERS approach.

SERGEANT FRANKS (40s), a tough, bigoted career Army soldier  
 has point. PRIVATE "USELESS" EUSTACE (30s), his crude,  
 tobacco-chewing subordinate is right behind, leading a third  
 horse with Apache Indian LONE WOLF (20's) hog-tied to the  
 back. The Indian's muscular, bruised and bloody back is  
 exposed, revealing a number of vicious welts from a recent  
 whipping.

FRANKS  
 Seems you folks got a problem here.

El Dorado Kid lowers the shotgun.

EL DORADO KID  
 Pin broke. Having trouble mounting  
 the wheel.

Frank does a quick survey of the group. His eyes stop on  
 Gina.

FRANKS

Looks like you could use some real muscle.

STUMPY

Be mighty grateful if you men could lend us a hand, Sergeant...?

FRANKS

Franks. Sergeant Franks. That's Private Eustace there. We just call him Useless.

Useless spits a wad of chewing tobacco; leaving the juice to dribble down his well-worn flannel undershirt.

USELESS

We got to get the prisoner here to Tucson, Sarge. The Major said: "No delays!"

FRANKS

Afraid of breakin' a little sweat, Useless?

Franks hops off his horse, his saber jangling. Useless reluctantly follows; a bloody whip coiled around his saddle horn. He secures Lone Wolf's horse to the rear of the stagecoach, spits, then joins the other men.

Tad is the first to notice Lone Wolf.

TAD

Is that a Indian?

ABE

By Jove, an honest to goodness American Red Indian?

Prudence and Gina hesitantly approach Lone Wolf.

FRANKS

Careful, ladies; Lone Wolf there's a renegade Apache.

PRUDENCE

What happened to this poor savage?

FRANKS

You could say he tripped on a whip.

USELESS

Yeah, ours, hehe.

GINA

Gracious! What's he done?

FRANKS

He's an Injun. Ain't that enough?

EL DORADO KID  
Let's heave, men.

As the men heave and work to mount the wheel back on the axel, Lone Wolf looks up to the ladies with pleading eyes.

LONE WOLF  
Water. Please.

GINA  
You speak English?

Lone Wolf nods. Prudence brings a canteen, then hesitates.

PRUDENCE  
Is it safe? Letting a heathen drink  
from our canteen?

Gina takes the canteen from the reluctant Prudence.

GINA  
Don't be silly.

LONE WOLF  
Thank you.

WHAM! Stumpy pounds in the pin. The men lower the coach.

STUMPY  
There! Good as new. Much obliged.

Abe and Tad quickly join the women near Lone Wolf.

FRANKS  
Aw, come on! Ain't none of you seen  
an Injun before?

ABE  
Only in photographs, constable.  
These wounds should be bound.

FRANKS  
Why bother? He's just gonna be  
hanged, or worse, relocated.

ABE  
Has anyone got some cloth we could  
use for bandages?

GINA  
Here.

Gina hikes up her dress a wee bit to rip some of her plentiful petticoat off. Prudence tries to shield the men from viewing.

PRUDENCE  
Not sure it's wise to expose your  
ankles to these hooligans.

GINA  
I'm sure these boys have all seen  
an ankle before.

From the look on each man's face, not an ankle quite as shapely as Gina's. Even Tad is fascinated. Prudence sighs. Abe takes the ripped fabric and makes strips he uses to bandage Lone Wolf.

Franks sneers at Abe.

FRANKS  
You some kind of doctor? Or just  
some Injun lover?

GINA  
Just a man with some compassion,  
I'm sure.

Gina smiles at the bashful Abe and then turns to Stumpy.

GINA (CONT'D)  
It's getting late, Mr. Stumpy.  
Think we'll still make it to Sulfur  
Springs?

STUMPY  
Not tonight, I'm afraid, Ma'am. It  
ain't safe to ride in these parts  
after dark.

FRANKS  
We could give you an escort if you  
like. We're passing that way  
anyway.

STUMPY  
Thanks for the offer, but we  
oughtta make camp and get an early  
start in the morning.

FRANKS  
Then we'll join you. Keep an eye on  
your perimeter.

But it's not Stumpy's perimeter he's interested in.

EXT. SKORZENY FUNERAL PARLOR - NIGHT

Brock and Charlie walk up to the door, just as Nicolai puts his "CLOSED" sign in the window.

NICOLAI  
I'm sorry, gentlemen, but my shop  
is closed. I'm getting ready to---

BROCK  
---This is an emergency, Mister.

NICOLAI  
It's always an emergency. Oh well,  
step in, please, and tell me who  
has passed.

INT. SKORZENY FUNERAL PARLOR - NIGHT

As Nicolai closes the door, Brock draws his gun, aiming at Nicolai's stomach.

BROCK  
That would be you if you don't  
cooperate.

He nods to Charlie to go in the back room.

NICOLAI  
Excuse me? What do you want from  
me?

BROCK  
The treasure you keep in the back!

NICOLAI  
I don't know what you have heard,  
but I am a humble...

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
I found it, Brock.

NICOLAI  
No, no. There's no treasure here--

BROCK  
--Guess we won't be needing your  
help after all.

BLAM! Brock fires. Nicolai grabs his stomach and collapses on the floor. Brock holsters his gun and steps over the body to join Charlie.

INT. SKORZENY FUNERAL PARLOR - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie pulls a fabric covering off a large, very solid stone coffin secured with rusty old chains. Brock approaches.

CHARLIE  
Gotta be something in here. Look at  
these chains!

BROCK  
Looks more like a fancy coffin than  
a treasure chest. I swear, if we've  
come all this way..

CHARLIE  
You wouldn't lock it up so tight if  
it was just a coffin.

Brock brushes away some of the dust to reveal a crest with an ornate "D" in the center. It is the same coffin Dra'Ghoula was impaled in four hundred years earlier. Charlie coughs with excitement, dribbling a little blood.

BROCK  
This box ain't been opened in ages.

They both tug and pry on the chain and padlock when Nicolai staggers in, a trail of blood behind him.

NICOLAI  
Stop! You don't understand! The box  
must never be opened!

BLAM! Brock shoots him again and then, BLAM! once more for assurance.

BROCK  
Some folks just won't stay dead.

Brock turns his attention back to the coffin.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
Now, let's see just what all the  
fuss is about.

BLAM! He fires into the padlock and the rusty iron chain falls to the floor.

Brock and Charlie struggle to move the lid. At last, it budes and slides open with a HISS of escaping air.

Inside the coffin, remnants of deteriorated clothing cling to the badly decayed skeletal remains of Dra'Ghoula. Though dulled now from age, the ornate silver spike still protrudes from his chest.

Brock YANKS out the spike and pokes around the coffin, searching the weathered lining for hidden treasures. Charlie pries the "D" crested ring free from a bony, skeletal finger. Brock tosses the spike to the ground.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
Damn fool gave his life for  
nothing; some trinkets and a pile  
of dirt!

Brock picks up Nicolai's bleeding body, resting him over the coffin. He rifles through his pockets and pulls out a few bills and coins.

Charlie puts the ring on his own finger and then grabs the spike from the floor, looking it over.

CHARLIE  
I-I'm sorry Brock. I thought this  
was the mother lode for sure. Maybe  
the silver?  
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Might be worth a few drinks and a couple o' dance hall girls.

BROCK

Some treasure. Be glad I don't toss your sorry ass in the box with this loser.

Frustrated, Brock pushes Nicolai's body into the coffin. He quickly scans the room, seeing a wall lined with a few dozen simple pine coffins, but nothing of any value.

BROCK (CONT'D)

I need one of them drinks.

The two men exit while Nicolai's blood seeps down through the dirt and dust in the bottom of the coffin.

Debris CLINGS to the blood and REANIMATES. Flesh and bone take the form of a man, OLD DRA'GHOULA, a pale, aged version of the earlier Dra'Ghoula. Suddenly, his eyes pop open with a hint of an unearthly glow.

Nicolai's body is flung from the coffin, landing with a THUD on the floor.

Naked, Old Dra'Ghoula rises out of his coffin, his back to us. He is gaunt and thin with blotchy skin and a shriveled patch of white hair on his head.

His bones CREAK and CRACK as the dislocated bones of his frail body SNAP back into place. He WRITHES in agony.

Old Dra'Ghoula pauses over Nicolai's dead body. He pulls him up to his face, their profiles very similar.

He extends his finger, the nail growing supernaturally long. He slices Nicolai's cheek with the sharp nail tip and tastes Nicolai's blood. He speaks in a weak whisper.

DRA'GHOULA

<The blood of the Ghoula is strong in you. A nephew or great nephew, perhaps? No matter.>

He tosses the body aside and heads toward a coat rack, where some dark clothes hang.

DRA'GHOULA (CONT'D)

<You and your village will suffer greatly for my brother's sentimental folly. He should have destroyed me while he had the chance.>

He passes a full length mirror.

POV OLD DRA'GHOULA -

He casts an even more gruesome reflection, and sees himself as an evil BAT BEAST.

BACK TO SCENE--

To us, he is just a shriveled old man. Old Dra'Ghoula smashes the mirror and grabs the clothes. He painlessly steps on the shards of glass as he exits.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

The nearly full moon dominates the clear western sky. Brock and Charlie slowly ride their horse down the quiet, occasionally gas-lit street. They pass many closed and boarded up businesses in the dying, dilapidated town.

EXT. IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

Brock and Charlie pull their horses up to a post and dismount outside the two-story saloon, one of the larger establishments on the street, but just as run down as everything else.

FAINT PIANO MUSIC filters out from a badly tuned piano inside. A sign above them reads "Ike's Saloon, The Friendliest Bar in Town." A smaller sign near it reads: "No Injuns, Chinks, Darkies or Irish allowed".

BROCK

One drink. Then we part company.

INT. IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

Brock and a dejected Charlie enter the swinging doors of the saloon. Two wagon wheel chandeliers hang from the high ceiling. One wall is decorated with a faded, life-sized painting of a voluptuous full-figure nude woman.

The SHERIFF, (40s), sits in a darkened table with his back to the door. IKE, (50s), the imposing bartender, polishes a glass with spit and a rag behind the bar. Two or three BAR PATRONS are playing cards.

LACY, (30s), the buxom, pretty, no-nonsense madam, plays the upright piano while JULIE BELL, (20s) another saloon girl, though more frail and petite, stares off into space.

Brock goes directly to the bar. Charlie follows.

BROCK (CONT'D)

A couple of whiskies.

SHERIFF

Howdy, boys. Don't think I've see you round these parts before.

Brock doesn't look up. He gulps down his drink.

BROCK  
We're not much on small talk...

Mid-gulp, he glimpses the Sheriff's shiny badge reflecting in the long mirror that lines the wall behind the bar. The Sheriff's gun is resting on the table in front of him.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
...Sheriff.

Brock bites his lip and forces a smile, discretely keeping his face in the shadows.

SHERIFF  
I know you?

BROCK  
Don't think so. Just got one of them faces.

SHERIFF  
Could be. What brings you into town?

BROCK  
We're just passing through. I needed a drink, and my buddy here had other needs.

LACY  
I'll bet Julie Bell here can take care of your friend's needs just fine.

Lacy signals to Julie Bell, who takes Charlie by the hand and leads him to the stairs. Charlie turns to Brock for approval. Brock grunts. Lacy sashays over to Brock.

LACY (CONT'D)  
Now you on the other hand, well, I wouldn't mind polishing your six-gun myself.

BROCK  
When my guns need polishing, I'll be sure to let you know.

Ike shakes his head at Lacy. The Sheriff watches Brock with keen interest.

EXT. SULFUR SPRINGS CEMETERY - NIGHT

Old Dra'Ghoula passes a row of tombstones. Suddenly -- a RATTLESNAKE bites him! The vampire continues unscathed as the snake slithers away.

He spots a small farm house with a light on.

EXT. WILBUR'S FARM HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Old Dra'Ghoula approaches the house. A MANGY DOG barks, rushes at him and then turns tail and runs YELPING the other way.

WILBUR (60s), an old farmer, aims his rifle from the doorway as Old Dra'Ghoula approaches.

WILBUR  
Just hold it right there, mister.  
We don't cotton to strangers in  
these parts. Why don't you...

Wilbur's jaw drops as the moonlight hits the stranger.

WILBUR (CONT'D)  
Jump'n G. Jehosivat, you look like  
death warmed over. Whatcha doing  
out here in the middle of the  
night?

Old Dra'Ghoula grabs his own throat.

WILBUR (CONT'D)  
Thirsty? Might have some coffee  
inside. Warm up that tired old bag  
of bones.

Wilbur moves to help Old Dra'Ghoula up the walkway to his home. When he touches him, Wilbur's hand pulls back.

WILBUR (CONT'D)  
Jeez, your skin is cold. We better  
get you inside right away.

Old Dra'Ghoula grabs Wilbur with surprising strength. He pulls him close, opening his mouth to reveal hideously decayed teeth.

His incisors extend into TWO RAZOR-SHARP YELLOW FANGS. He sinks them deep into the startled Wilbur's neck, gorging himself on the blood.

As he drinks, Old Dra'Ghoula's hands TRANSFORM, becoming less frail. His body inflates with muscle and vitality.

Wilbur stops struggling, white from loss of blood. Old Dra'Ghoula's face is not so old; his weathered skin is smoother, his thin patch of hair a shiny silver mane.

--BLAM! A gunshot sounds. Dra'Ghoula, stunned, drops Wilbur and turns to face Edna, now standing on the porch, a shotgun in her hands.

EDNA  
Leave my Wilbur alone! I ain't  
afraid to use this.

Dra'Ghoula advances... BLAM! She fires; Dra'Ghoula jerks back, a look of surprise as his hands go up to his chest, where a red blood stain appears.

DRA'GHOULA  
<What manner of weapon is this?>

He removes his hands to reveal a wound that is already healing. Panic spreads on Edna's face. BLAM! She fires again, but Dra'Ghoula braces for it this time and barely budes.

He grabs the shotgun from the dumbstruck Edna and pulls her tight. He puts the bite on her, and his silver hair turns a vibrant black. His skin becomes even more smooth, but the unearthly glow remains.

He drops Edna's blood-drained corpse and examines the rifle before he snaps it in two with his bare hands.

He turns, drawn by the light and modest sounds of Main Street, Sulfur Springs.

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF SULFUR SPRINGS - DAWN

A red sky looms ahead as Franks and Useless escort the stagecoach over the rough road. They pass a sign that reads "Sulfur Springs, 2 miles ahead".

STUMPY  
"Red skies in morning, sailors take warning".

EL DORADO KID  
What's that?

STUMPY  
Just thinking of something my pappy used to say.

EL DORADO KID  
Oh, was your pappy a pirate too?

STUMPY  
How many times I got a tell ya?!  
Havin' a wooden leg don't make me a pirate. Whoa!

They pull to a stop as they near a MEXICAN MAN (50s) and a LITTLE GIRL (6) walking aimlessly along the trail, both in a state of shock.

MEXICAN MAN  
Diablo. El Diablo.

El Dorado Kid jumps off the coach and approaches the man. The two Soldiers remain seated on their horses, indifferent.

EL DORADO KID  
Its OK, mister, sit down.

MEXICAN MAN  
El Diablo.

EL DORADO KID  
The demon?

MEXICAN MAN  
Si. El Diablo.

The Mexican Man falls face first to the ground, dead. Abe rushes forward to examine him. Gina comforts the Little Girl. Prudence stays in the coach, holding back her son.

Stumpy watches as Abe closes the Mexican Man's eyes.

STUMPY  
You really know something about doctoring?

ABE  
A wealth of theoretical knowledge, Mr. Stumpy, but very little practical experience. No stomach for blood, I'm afraid.

FRANKS  
It don't take a doctor to see the fool died of fright.

Gina shields the Little Girl from watching.

GINA  
You OK, sweetheart?

The Little Girl stares off into space, holding a handmade stuffed toy bear with a half-ripped-off head and a dangling button eye. Abe checks the Little Girl next.

ABE  
She appears catatonic. Whatever frightened them was disturbing, indeed.

EL DORADO KID  
We'd best get her inside.

FRANKS  
Useless, strap the Mexican to the back of the coach. Someone in town oughtta know who he is.

Gina takes the girl as Useless and El Dorado Kid secure the dead man to the coach.

Stumpy motions to a distant hill.

POV STUMPY -

Three SIOUX INDIAN MEDICINE MEN: ONE FEATHER, TWO TREES, and the oldest, THREE BEARS, sit on horseback at the edge of the distant hill. They stare solemnly off at some distant point.

BACK TO SCENE--

Quickly back on their horses, the Soldiers ride with caution. El Dorado Kid turns to Stumpy, he clenches his rifle.

EL DORADO KID  
War party?

STUMPY  
Renegades, more likely.

Useless eyes Lone Wolf, now bandaged, but still hog-tied to the back of a horse.

USELESS  
Maybe they want to rescue their  
buddy here?

FRANKS  
Wrong tribe. They look like Sioux  
to me. The Sioux hate the Apache  
worse than they hate us.

LONE WOLF  
Medicine men. Not braves. They  
sense bad spirits ahead.

FRANKS  
Ain't no bad spirits...

POV LONE WOLF -

They follow the Indian's gaze...

...What appears to be a DARK CLOUD hanging over the town  
disperses into a large flock of fluttering black BUZZARDS and  
CROWS.

BACK TO SCENE--

Stumpy cracks the reins on the horses-- hard. Useless spits  
another wad of tobacco and holds tight to the horse holding  
Lone Wolf.

USELESS  
Gonna be a hell of a day.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

A dozen or more dead BODIES litter the streets of the deathly  
quiet town, all frozen by rigor mortis in agonizing poses.  
Buzzards and crows hungrily devour their exposed remains.  
Some birds scatter as Franks' leads the group into town.

STUMPY  
Jesus H. Christ.

All the horses are reluctant to move any further.

Franks dismounts, tying his skittish horse to the nearest hitching post. He cocks his rifle and scans the area for trouble.

El Dorado Kid jumps off the coach to join Franks. He shows off with a couple of fancy quick-draw spins of his very polished pistols. Franks is not impressed and turns to Useless with a hushed voice.

FRANKS  
Useless, keep an eye on that Injun.

USELESS  
Whatcha want me to do with him?

FRANKS  
I don't care. But if he makes any racket, shoot him.

Useless spits another wad of tobacco, dismounts and roughly grabs Lone Wolf and some rope. They head for a hitching post near Ike's Saloon.

Franks and El Dorado Kid slowly move down the street, eyeing buildings and tops of buildings, but avoiding the bodies.

EL DORADO KID  
Think it was them Injuns?

FRANKS  
They still got their scalps. But it sure stinks of Injun.

EL DORADO KID  
No arrows or spears, though.

FRANKS  
No horses neither.

EL DORADO KID  
Run off I reckon, like ours want to.

FRANKS  
Like maybe you wanna?

More birds scatter as the men walk closer, but most continue to nibble on the pale-skinned corpses, fighting for scraps of flesh or a dangling eyeball.

EXT. STAGECOACH - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

The passengers huddle to one side, peering out with equal parts fear and morbid curiosity.

Stumpy can't get the horses to settle. He grabs his shotgun and drops down, still keeping his voice low.

STUMPY

These horses are scared something fierce. Y'all ain't safe in there.

PRUDENCE

You aren't suggesting that we stay here, are you? Can't we go on to Tombstone and let the soldiers handle this?

The Little Girl clings to Prudence. Tad and Abe are fascinated.

STUMPY

Now that wouldn't be too Christian, 'mam. We gotta look for survivors. Find that beau of Miss Gina's.

GINA

Yes, Nicolai! He could be lying right here. I don't even know what he looks like.

ABE

If he's here, we shall find him, miss.

They exit the coach with trepidation, except Abe, who breaks from the group and heads for the nearest dead BODY.

STUMPY

Hold on, fella! You'd best stay back with us till we know what we's up against.

ABE

The answers may be obvious if we only examine the dead.

STUMPY

I wouldn't go touch'n nothin'! If it ain't the Injuns, it could be the pox.

ABE

I'll be sure to rinse with vinegar when I'm through.

Abe moves past Stumpy and quietly shoos away some birds. He shields his mouth and nose with his handkerchief as he rolls over the lifeless male Body lying face-down in front of him.

More birds fly away SQUAWKING overhead, making everyone jump or cringe. Prudence turns to Stumpy, sternly.

PRUDENCE

And where do you suggest we wait?

Stumpy motions towards Ike's Saloon.

STUMPY  
Well, for starters, there's--

Prudence becomes loud and indignant.

PRUDENCE  
--A saloon! Those vile dens are no  
place for God-fearing women and  
children.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

Franks and El Dorado Kid are several paces ahead of the others. Franks turns back towards Prudence, his voice quiet yet harsh.

FRANKS  
Quiet back there!

STUMPY  
(under his breath)  
Not like we could wake the dead.

FRANKS  
What was that?

STUMPY  
Nothin'.

ABE  
We'll need linens of some sort to  
cover these bodies.

STUMPY  
I'll put 'em on my grocery list.

EXT. STAGECOACH - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

Prudence takes in the corpse lined street and then looks over at the quiet, inviting saloon. She, Gina, and the little girl follow Stumpy towards it. Tad lingers near Abe.

PRUDENCE  
Perhaps the Lord will forgive us  
this once.

STUMPY  
I don't think He's been payin' much  
never-mind.

Before Prudence can reply Stumpy cocks his rifle and disappears inside the Saloon.

Prudence notices Tad lagging behind, fascinated as he watches Abe turn over another dead body. She whispers loudly.

PRUDENCE  
Thaddeus! Come along, the men have  
work to do.

TAD  
I can help 'em, Mama.

PRUDENCE  
This is not the time to argue.  
Come!

EXT. IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

Useless shifts his weight as he stands guard over Lone Wolf.  
Gina notices the "unwelcome" sign out front.

GINA  
What kind of people live here?

Useless chuckles and spits.

USELESS  
Lived here, hehe, lived here.

Gina moves closer to Prudence. Stumpy pokes his head out.

STUMPY  
All clear, 'cept for all the glass  
on the floor.

PRUDENCE  
Might as well grab a broom and make  
the best of this... Is there coffee?

INT. IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

They enter, Gina holding the little girl tight. Seeing the  
near-nude painting on the wall, Prudence gasps and quickly  
turns to Tad, who's still fuming.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)  
On second thought, son, maybe you  
should go out with Abe and the men.  
Be careful what you touch. Now  
shoo!

Tad smiles and runs out. Prudence turns back to the painting  
and crosses herself.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

Abe turns yet another body over as Tad joins him. Face up,  
the body shows no sign of bullet wounds or other trauma  
except for two small punctures on the neck.

Up ahead, Franks is curious too. He uses the end of his rifle  
to turn over a body near him.

He traces the rifle tip up the body, slows at the tin star on the Sheriff's chest, and pauses at the twin puncture wounds on the his pale white throat.

FRANKS  
You seeing any marks?

ABE  
Twin puncture wounds near the  
jugular?

Tad tentatively steps up and takes a look.

TAD  
Dang! They been bit?

Abe nods.

EL DORADO KID  
Maybe some kind of poison?

ABE  
Exsanguination.

TAD  
Exsangu-whutchit?

ABE  
Drained of blood. From the looks of  
it, nearly every drop.

TAD  
Then where'd all the blood go?

They scan the ground surrounding the bodies. There is surprisingly little blood on any of the pasty white corpses or anywhere around them.

EL DORADO KID  
And who -- or what -- drained 'em?

FRANKS  
My money's still on some Injuns.

LONE WOLF  
Nightfeeder.

ABE  
Come again?

LONE WOLF  
Old tribal legend.

USELESS  
Ain't no one wants to hear about  
your superstitious bullshit, Injun  
Joe. Now, shut up before I shoot  
you like Sarge ordered.

INT. IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

Stumpy sweeps the floor as Prudence uses a needle and thread to sew. Gina holds the Little Girl as they both watch intently. Behind them, a sheet now covers the nude painting.

GINA

I hope to God my fiancé is alright.

PRUDENCE

Don't take His name in vain, child.  
It's times like this when you need  
Him most.

Prudence makes a final stitch on her unseen handiwork.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)

There! Good as new.

She holds up the freshly mended bear and hands it to the Little Girl who smiles and pets it tenderly. Gina, Prudence and even Stumpy smile until the Little Girl takes the bear and savagely bites its neck. Stumpy is visibly shaken.

STUMPY

I'll see if I can find that coffee!

EXT. SULFUR SPRINGS - MAIN STREET - DAY

Franks picks up a gun from the holster of one of the dead cowboys and checks the chambers.

FRANKS

This one never even got off a shot.  
Irish, you ever shot a gun before?

ABE

My good friend Buffalo Bill Cody  
showed me once. Why?

Useless spits a wad of chew.

USELESS

Buffalo Bill, right!

ABE

We're quite good friends, actually.

USELESS

So are me and Santy Clause. Har!

Franks hands the gun to Abe.

FRANKS

We all oughtta be armed till we  
figure out what happened here.

ABE  
 Let me see if I remember this  
 correctly...You just pull this lever  
 here, and then--

Abe pulls back the hammer and BLAM! BLAM! He accidentally fires  
 twice, the recoil knocking him on his Irish arse. A stray  
 bullet pierces Useless' hat.

USELESS  
 Why, you limey shit!

FRANKS  
 So much for keeping quiet.

Stumpy pokes his head out of the saloon.

STUMPY  
 Everything OK?

FRANKS  
 Irish here was just showin' off his  
 shootin' skills. We weren't  
 impressed.

Muted SHOUTING comes from down the street.

FRANKS (CONT'D)  
 You hear that?

EL DORADO KID  
 From the jail, I think.

Franks turns back towards Useless. He no longer whispers.

FRANKS  
 Useless?

USELESS  
 Yeah, yeah, "keep an eye on that  
 Injun."

FRANKS  
 Enchilada, Irish, with me.

EL DORADO KID  
 It's "El Dorado."

FRANKS  
 Whatever.

Franks checks the chambers in his gun as he hastily leads the  
 El Dorado Kid and Abe towards the Sheriff's Office. He sees  
 Abe still fumbling with his gun.

FRANKS (CONT'D)  
 Better holster that thing, Irish.  
 Don't want no more accidents.

Abe looks at his gun with distaste, sticks it in his pouch, and takes out his notebook and pencil instead.

FRANKS (CONT'D)

That's just great. We run into some trouble, you can beat it with that book of yours.

Tad runs to join them.

FRANKS (CONT'D)

Ain't this my lucky fucking day?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

A small office with a desk in front and a small iron cell cage in back. The cell is crowded with surviving TOWNSFOLK, all talking at the same time as Franks and crew enter.

We see Lacy, the saloon matron, ORVILLE (40s) the thin, nervous, stuttering telegraph operator, and MOSES (30's, Black), the towering, muscular, stoic blacksmith. Moses has a scar down one side of his face and an off-putting albino eye.

LACY

Thank God someone's come.

MOSES

We've been stuck in here all night.

FRANKS

We just got here. Heard your shoutin'.

LACY

Them gunshots? Was it him? Is he back?

EL DORADO KID

What are you talking about?

MOSES

The shots? The man?

ORVILLE

You gotta get us out of here! We gotta, gotta leave town before t-that man--

EL DORADO KID

What man? There ain't no "man" out there; just us, a couple ladies, and a...whole mess o' dead folks.

The survivors hold still for a moment--then panic some more. Franks shakes his head at El Dorado.

FRANKS

You're good at this.

El Dorado grimaces, Franks turns to the crowd and BLAM! fires a shot into the ceiling.

FRANKS (CONT'D)  
 Alright, everyone, calm down;  
 you're getting on my nerves! I'm  
 gonna send this boy out to find the  
 key to your little bird cage.

TAD  
 Me?

FRANKS  
 Yes you, squirt. I seen the sheriff  
 laying out there; should have a  
 ring of keys on him. Bring 'em.

Tad is clearly not comfortable with the idea.

FRANKS (CONT'D)  
 You got a problem with that?

Tad shakes his head no, turns to leave, then turns back and salutes. He rushes outside as Franks turns to his captive audience.

FRANKS (CONT'D)  
 In the meantime, I want you to tell  
 me -- one at a time -- what  
 happened here last night.  
 (turns to Abe)  
 Irish, you best write it all down.

ABE  
 I'm really not a writer.

Franks looks at him, and without another word, Abe readies his pencil to write.

FRANKS  
 Now then, what's this talk about a  
 "man"? You sayin' one man did all  
 the killin' out there?

MOSES  
 Wasn't a man. Couldn't have been.

LACY  
 He was a demon.

A QUICK FLASH.

EXT. SULFUR SPRINGS - MAIN STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

It's the night before; Dra'Ghoula is walking down Main Street into town.

HORSES rear as he approaches, some knocking RIDERS to the ground, others pulling free of their hitches. PEDESTRIANS panic as the horses charge off in all directions.

A small buggy careens down the street, knocking its PASSENGERS out of their seats. A MOMMY and her daughter (the Little Girl with the teddy bear) try to move out of the way, but the buggy crashes into them, injuring the Mommy. The Little Girl cries, trying desperately to move the buggy.

All along Main Street, TOWNSFOLK come out to check on the commotion, curious and frightened of the pale-skinned Dra'Ghoula and the panic-stricken horses. His eyes blazing with bloodlust, Dra'Ghoula revels in the chaos, grabbing the man closest to him and pulling him in for the kill, his arms flailing as his life force drains.

Elsewhere, several townsfolk, including the Mexican Man from before, flee for the simple run-down, wood-frame church further down the adjacent street.

They POUND desperately on the church doors, but the doors stay shut, and then the shutters get SLAMMED tight too.

Back in the main street, Dra'Ghoula goes for the easiest prey: Mommy, still trapped under the buggy. Dra'Ghoula casts the buggy aside with one hand, then effortlessly lifts Mommy from the ground. He sniffs, tracing her neck with his nostrils. Mommy shivers in fear and feints.

DRA'GHOULA  
<Shhh. Suffer no longer.>

Dra'Ghoula smiles and goes for her jugular. The Little Girl, a few feet away, SCREAMS in terror.

The Mexican Man, still POUNDING on the church door with several others, hears the girl's scream. He rushes over, picks her up, and flees from town on foot.

The Sheriff hurries out of Ike's Saloon, leading an impromptu posse consisting of Ike and TWO OTHER COWBOYS from the bar.

SHERIFF  
Hold it right there, mister. Drop  
the lady and turn around slow.

The Sheriff fires a warning shot. Dra'Ghoula stops, turns to face the posse, and drops the body, blood dripping from his mouth. He licks his lips and glares at them all.

DRA'GHOULA  
<You dare to interrupt my feast?>

The Sheriff steps forward, his gun raised.

SHERIFF  
Don't know what language you're  
speaking, mister, but you been  
warned!

The Sheriff fires another shot, this time directly at the vampire. Dra'Ghoula flinches, but continues to advance.

Astonished, the others join in the gunfire. Several of the men back away, but the Sheriff holds his ground. Dra'Ghoula smiles, blood on his teeth.

DRA'GHOULA  
<I commend your courage, warrior,  
though it does you little good!>

Dra'Ghoula grabs the Sheriff and pulls him in for the kill.

Ike tries to beat Dra'Ghoula from behind with his rifle butt, but Dra'Ghoula hardly notices.

IKE  
What the hell are you?

Dra'Ghoula throws the Sheriff's limp body out into the street and grabs Ike's rifle in mid-swing. He throws that too, and then seizes Ike in a deadly grip.

QUICK FLASH CUT:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Orville is shaking his head.

ORVILLE  
Son, son, son of a bitch was  
unstoppable.

LACY  
We'd all be dead if that drifter  
hadn't saved us.

FRANKS  
Drifter? What drifter?

Lacy and the others move away to reveal...Brock, all his past bravado lost, huddled in the corner of the small cell.

BROCK  
Last night I danced with the devil,  
and got a real taste of hell.

EL DORADO KID  
El Diablo.

QUICK FLASH CUT:

EXT. IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT- FLASHBACK

Brock, Lacy and a couple of the Bar Patrons come out to see what all the commotion is. Orville has flattened himself against the nearest wall, cowering but unable to turn away. Brock immediately notices the horses are gone.

BROCK  
Our horses...?

Moses helps someone who's trapped under a wagon.

MOSES

Gone. All over town, they ran off.

Moses turns, and Brock is taken aback by his discolored eye.

Dra'Ghoula notices Brock and his group watching him. He advances on them, and they instinctively back up.

ORVILLE

Aw, shit! This ain't real. This ain't happening'!

Brock spots the Sheriff's office across the street.

BROCK

Sheriff keep more rifles?

LACY

He's got a rack of them. But they ain't doin' no good!

BROCK

Shoot enough holes in anything and I promise you, it'll go down.

Brock makes a dash for the Sheriff's office. Moses, Orville, and Lacy follow. More townsfolk run the opposite way.

A moment later, Charlie comes wandering out of the saloon, fastening his too loose pants. Brock shouts at him from across the street.

BROCK (CONT'D)

Charlie! Get over here, you fool!

Charlie is fixated on Dra'Ghoula, standing slack-jawed as Brock and the others enter the Sheriff's Office.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Brock rushes in first, grabbing several rifles off the rack. He tosses one to Moses and another to Orville, then takes one for himself. SCREAMS and GUNFIRE continue from outside. Brock turns to Lacy.

BROCK (CONT'D)

You better stay back.

LACY

Hell I will. I can out-shoot, out-ride any man in town. And I know I'm more a man than Orville here. Goddamn brass pounder!

She grabs a rifle and cocks it like an expert. Orville is still fumbling with his. Moses finds some boxes of ammo.

MOSES

Hey, wait a minute! Orville, can you telegraph for help?

ORVILLE

Can't! The, the damn line's been down for h-hours.

BROCK

Less chatter!

Brock bolts the front door closed and uses his rifle butt to smash the glass in the barred store-front window.

ORVILLE

How's he still sta-sta-standin'?

BROCK

Knew a lawman in Pecos once who had an iron vest.

MOSES

Yeah, that's it. Body armor!

LACY

Son of a bitch!

BROCK

We'll aim for the head.

EXT. IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Charlie retreats back inside as Dra'Ghoula follows.

INT. IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Charlie finds the place deserted except for Julie Bell, the saloon girl, who ducks into in a cubby hole behind the bar. Charlie spots her and tries to squeeze in beside her.

JULIE BELL

We won't both fit!

CHARLIE

Too bad for you.

Charlie roughly forces her out and works himself into the tight space. Julie Bell cowers in tears.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Now, git!

Julie Bell frantically looks for another hiding place when Dra'Ghoula enters and spots her. She backs up slowly towards a small broom closet, terrified.

Dra'Ghoula advances, but something in the way she trembles and bites her lip touches him. The red blood lust in his eyes flickers away for a moment.

DRA'GHOULA  
 <Such lovely eyes. Do not tremble  
 so.>

JULIE BELL  
 Don't hurt me mister, please. I...

DRA'GHOULA  
 Shhh.

He quickly sniffs her neck.

DRA'GHOULA (CONT'D)  
 <A pity you are not a virgin. I  
 have need of one.>

He bares his teeth and gently sinks them deep into her neck.  
 Her eyes flutter, and she dies.

Dra'Ghoula gently pushes her into the closet and closes the  
 door. He then looks around for Charlie, the red glow  
 returning to his eyes.

Charlie still cowers behind the bar, stifling a cough.  
 Dra'Ghoula sniffs the air. Charlie holds his breath, fearing  
 to move a muscle. He tries to use the long mirror behind the  
 bar to see the reflection of Dra'Ghoula.

POV - DRA'GHOULA - REFLECTION IN MIRROR -

Once again, this is no ordinary reflection. Dra'Ghoula sees  
 himself as a horrific bat creature. He effortlessly picks up  
 a table and throws it at the mirror.

CHARLIE'S POV OF THE MIRROR -

Charlie only sees Dra'Ghoula in his mortal form an instant  
 before the table hits the mirror, smashing it into pieces.

BACK TO SCENE--

Dra'Ghoula sniffs the air and heads out of the bar.

A bead of sweat pours down Charlie's forehead. He pulls a  
 piece of broken mirror glass from his cheek, the "D" ring he  
 stole from the coffin visible on his finger. A little blood  
 trickles from the wound.

Dra'Ghoula smells the blood instantly. His nostrils flare.  
 His blood-shot eyes sparkle as he unerringly reaches behind  
 the bar and grabs Charlie, pulling him over the counter with  
 one hand. Charlie SCREAMS.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Brock and the others hear Charlie's scream.

BROCK  
 Dumbass Charlie. Always did scream  
 like a schoolgirl.

LACY  
He shoulda come with us. You told  
him.

Brock steals a glance out the window and sees Dra'Ghoula exit the saloon, headed their way.

BROCK  
Remember, the head.

They take their positions, their fingers itching on the triggers. Dra'Ghoula steps into range.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
Blast him back to hell!

They all fire at the same time.

Dra'Ghoula takes three, four, five direct hits to the head. A chunk of ear goes flying. His body is riddled with more bullets, ripping through his clothes, revealing no iron vest, just bare, bullet-ridden pasty-white flesh.

Faint glimpses of moonlight shine through the holes in his body until, at last, the shooting stops. Dra'Ghoula staggers and collapses with a THUD to the ground.

Brock turns to take a breath. Shell casings litter the floor everywhere. Lacy is still staring, riveted.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
A man. Only a man.

Brock catches something in Lacy's eye and turns to face the window again. Dra'Ghoula slowly rises to his feet, his body impossibly contorted from all the wounds.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
What the...?

They stare in disbelief as the wounds on Dra'Ghoula's face and chest HEAL right in front of them.

Dra'Ghoula squints as three bullets pop out of his forehead, the wounds sealing behind them. Dra'Ghoula spits out a bloody mouthful of more bullets. He smiles, exposing his fangs.

DRA'GHOULA  
<Fools. Petty, mortal fools.>

He moves towards them, but is momentarily stopped by the barred window. He finds the door locked and YANKS it off the hinges. He moves inside.

BROCK  
Fucking shit!

They back up, with nowhere to go except into the cell. They fire until they expend the last of their ammo. KLANG!

Brock slams the cell door shut in front of him, keeping Dra'Ghoula just out of reach.

Brock throws his empty pistol at the advancing vampire. Dra'Ghoula snatches it out of the air.

DRA'GHOULA  
<Useless playthings!>

Dra'Ghoula tosses the gun and pulls on the bars of the cell. Brock notices the distinctive "D" ring he is now wearing, the one Charlie found in the coffin.

To Dra'Ghoula's surprise, the steel bars hold. He smashes a chair against the bars, but it does no good. The cell is built solid, and strong as the vampire is, he can't bend steel with his bare hands.

QUICK FLASH CUT:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Brock is finishing the story.

BROCK  
...He finally gave up on us and  
headed back into the street.

LACY  
We heard screaming, glass breaking  
and gunfire all night.

MOSES  
And then it just stopped. We  
thought he'd come back and finish  
us off. But it was quiet once the  
sun come up.

LACY  
Dead quiet. Until you folks came  
into town.

FRANKS  
That's some story, folks. If it  
weren't for a street full of dead  
bodies outside, I'd say you was all  
full of shit.

MOSES  
Trust me, we're all hoping it was  
all some damn nightmare.

Tad rushes in with a ring of keys. He presents the keys and the Sheriff's tin star to Franks.

TAD  
Found the keys. Got his badge too,  
if you need it.

FRANKS  
Thanks, boy. You keep the star. You  
folks step back.

Franks unlocks the door as Tad pockets the star.

ORVILLE  
Hurry up, man! He, he could still  
come back! Ain't safe, ain't safe.

BROCK  
Just settle down, Orville.

ORVILLE  
S-Settle down?! You know what he  
did! We gotta get OUT of here,  
RIGHT NOW...

EL DORADO KID  
'Fraid that ain't happenin' just  
yet. Too many folks; not enough  
horses.

ABE  
Certainly the women and children  
should be evacuated.

TAD  
The girl can go. I'm staying.

Orville's eyes glaze over, he starts sweating and pacing.

ORVILLE  
"W-Women and children," hell! No,  
no, no. Not now.

MOSES  
Orville...

ORVILLE  
No. F-Fuck this. Every man for  
himself!

With surprising strength, Orville pushes past Franks and  
bolts out the door. El Dorado Kid is the first to follow.

FRANKS  
Jesus! That fool is wound tighter  
than a two bit pocket watch.

Brock is the last one out of the cell. Franks stops him as  
the others all exit.

FRANKS (CONT'D)  
You look familiar.

BROCK  
I get that a lot.

Franks frowns, unconvinced, but lets it go as he follows Brock outside.

On the wall, next to where they were standing, are a number of faded wanted posters, including one of Brock Tanner: "WANTED FOR MURDER, ROBBERY AND ASSAULT." Brock is a little younger in the drawing, but it's obviously him.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

Orville makes a bee-line for the soldiers' horses. El Dorado Kid is hot on his heels.

Stumpy and Gina are lining up the sheet-covered bodies. Prudence is on the saloon porch with the Little Girl, who is now more sedate. Lone Wolf is still tied nearby as Useless lazily watches him.

All eyes turn as Orville speeds toward them. Stumpy recognizes Orville and waves.

STUMPY

Hey, Orville! You still handling the mail 'round here?

EL DORADO KID

He's gone loco, Stumpy. Grab him!

But Orville is already too far along for Stumpy to catch him. El Dorado Kid picks up some speed.

Back near the Sheriff's office, Franks and the others are watching the chase. Franks brings up his rifle and takes aim. He shouts at El Dorado Kid.

FRANKS

Hit the dirt, Enchilada! You're blockin' my shot!

ABE

I say, you don't really intend to shoot that man?

FRANKS

Them horses is U.S. gov'ment property. It'd be legal.

Moses grabs the rifle barrel and points it upwards.

MOSES

But it wouldn't be right.

The two men stare each other down.

FRANKS

We gonna have a problem, boy?

MOSES

We will if you call me "boy".

El Dorado Kid leaps at Orville, but Orville counters and kicks the Kid in mid jump. El Dorado goes down, but he blocks Orville from reaching the nearest horses. Frantic, Orville heads for the stage coach instead.

STUMPY

Ahh, shit!

Jumping up into the driver's bench, Orville grabs the reins. The already-frightened horses take off with a vengeance, trampling over Stumpy's neat row of dead bodies and narrowly missing Gina.

Franks pulls the rifle away and fires, which only makes the horses and Orville more desperate to flee.

The stagecoach doesn't get far when it hits an overturned cart in the street, sending the stagecoach careening on its side. Still, the horses will not stop. They break free from their harnesses, jolting Orville from his seat.

He lands with a loud THUNK as he hits the ground dead.

The townsfolk rush to check the damages, the horses still running strong, far into the distance.

FRANKS

'Been a helluva lot better if you folks just woulda let me shoot him.

Moses is the first to reach El Dorado's side.

MOSES

You OK, kid?

El Dorado Kid picks himself up off the ground.

EL DORADO KID

Caught me unexpected is all.

He dusts himself off, too embarrassed to look in Gina's direction.

BROCK

It that all the horses you got left?

FRANKS

Yeah, just the three. 'Less we find more when we finish scouting the town.

STUMPY

So, like it or not, we're stuck here till we get some help.

FRANKS

That's the way I figure it.

Brock eyes the horses, bites his lip a little.

BROCK  
 One of us should go for help. If he  
 rides hard, he could make it to  
 Tombstone before nightfall. Maybe  
 make it back by morning.

FRANKS  
 Useless?

USELESS  
 Sarge.

FRANKS  
 I need you to go to Tombstone, get  
 a wire to Major Davies.

USELESS  
 Ain't there a telegraph here?

FRANKS  
 No good. Dead Dumbass told us the  
 lines are down.

USELESS  
 Well, what'll I say?

FRANKS  
 Just tell them we got into town,  
 there was some kind of massacre and  
 to send reinforcements.

Useless chews on it a moment and spits a wad of tobacco.

USELESS  
 That's a pretty long haul, there  
 and back by morning.

EL DORADO KID  
 If he can't do it, I can.

FRANKS  
 He can do it. Get back quick as you  
 can.

Useless nods, spits another big wad, and heads to one of the  
 last three horses. He rides off and doesn't look back. Gina  
 turns to Brock.

GINA  
 Maybe you know my fiancé? I need to  
 find him.

BROCK  
 Don't really know anyone here,  
 lady.

LACY  
 I do. Who is this fella you're  
 looking for sweetie?

GINA  
Nicolai, the town undertaker.

Brock is motionless for a moment. Lacy puts a comforting arm around Gina.

LACY  
Well, you must be Nicky's mail order Missus! He was all excited about you coming.

GINA  
You...know Nicolai?

LACY  
Not in the Biblical sense, if that's what you're worried about.

GINA  
No, I...

LACY  
His place is on the outskirts of town; could be he got through this OK. Can you come with us, Brock?

BROCK  
Might not be good to bring the girl, just in case he's...

GINA  
No, no, I'll be strong. I just...need to know.

Franks watches Brock leave with Gina and Lacy. He turns to the others and shoulders his rifle.

FRANKS  
The rest of you: let's pair off, spread out, and see if anyone else is still breathin'. Meet back here in an hour. Grampa, you mind keep'n an eye on the Injun?

STUMPY  
I ain't your Grampa, but yeah, I'll make sure he's all comfy and cozy.

FRANKS  
Not too comfy.

EXT. ROAD TO SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

Useless is riding away from town. A shadowy FIGURE moves into frame, a RIFLE in his hands.

SIGHTS OF THE RIFLE

Useless riding as fast as he can.

BACK TO SCENE--

BLAM! Useless falls to the ground, his horse racing on.

The figure turns slightly... It's Charlie. He's no longer wearing his glasses or coughing, but the dark circles under his eyes and the unnatural sweat betray a growing sickness of another sort.

A MOSQUITO lands near his face. Charlie snatches it quickly in his fingers and eats it with a loud CRUNCH.

EXT. OLD CHURCH - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

Abe and Franks head for the weathered church. The large silver cross on the uppermost steeple sparkles in the sun. They pass fewer bodies as they move away from the center of town.

FRANKS

Well, Irish, what'd you make of that story back in the jail?

ABE

I've made a study of the metaphysical sciences, and I am quite convinced there is much in this world man does not understand, nor will he ever.

FRANKS

Don't you ever just speak English?

They approach the door. It's locked, covered in scratches.

FRANKS (CONT'D)

It's bolted from inside. Someone must still be in there.

Franks beats on the door. Abe looks for another entrance.

FRANKS (CONT'D)

Padre! Padre, you in there? It's safe now.

They hear a CRASH inside.

INT. OLD CHURCH - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

A black-garbed figure scurries across the dusty, cobwebbed, dimly lit church.

EXT. OLD CHURCH - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

Abe comes back toward Franks with a panicked thought.

ABE  
 What if it's him? That bloody "El  
 Diablo"?

FRANKS  
 Whatever he was -- and I ain't  
 saying I buy all that shit -- he's  
 long gone, or we'd all be buzzard  
 bait by now.

FATHER RUPERT, "PADRE" (40s), peers out of the door's peep-hole. He is unkempt, dressed in wrinkled black, with a soiled white clerical collar. A wooden cross on a golden chain hangs from his neck.

PADRE  
 Who's out there?

FRANKS  
 Howdy, Padre. We too late for  
 Sunday school?

Franks forces his rifle inside the peep-hole and aims it in Padre's face.

FRANKS (CONT'D)  
 Just open the door. My trigger  
 finger's been a little itchy  
 lately.

PADRE  
 Please, please, no more violence.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

El Dorado Kid and Moses peek inside a small house, their guns drawn. Every mirror inside is smashed to pieces.

EL DORADO KID  
 Look at these mirrors. Everywhere  
 it's the same thing. Guess that  
 "Diablo" ain't big on vanity.

Seeing no one inside, he leans back out and joins Moses on the street.

MOSES  
 You wouldn't be joking if you'd  
 lived through what we did last  
 night. Lots of good people didn't  
 make it.

EL DORADO KID  
 Sorry, Moses. I always crack wise  
 when I'm nervous.

He points off the nearby ridge.

EL DORADO KID (CONT'D)  
 What's down that way?

MOSES

An old gold mine. Place has been abandoned since the cave-in back in seventy-nine. Town's been dying ever since.

They come to the last house on the left. It's run down, but has a feminine touch. The door is ajar.

EL DORADO KID

What's the story with this place?

MOSES

This is Old Lady Ling's place. She runs...ran the dry goods store.

INT. LING'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

El Dorado Kid tenses as they enter.

EL DORADO KID

Jesus! What's that smell?  
Definitely somethin' dead in here.

MOSES

No, no, that's her cookin'. Old Lady Ling liked some weird shit; fish heads, cow guts.

EL DORADO KID

Swell.

INT. LING'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

The two men slowly enter the bedroom. HANNA LING (80s, Chinese) lies motionless in bed, her neck surrounded by a ring of garlic cloves.

Her eyes and toothless mouth are gaping open. Her false teeth float in a glass on the bedside table.

EL DORADO KID (CONT'D)

Whew! What's up with the necklace?

MOSES

Garlic, one of Old Lady Ling's Oriental remedies. She tried to get me to wear some last time I took sick.

El Dorado checks her neck.

EL DORADO KID

Looks like it kept Diablo from biting her, so maybe it was good for something.

MOSES

That guy survived more bullets than Gettysburg; I doubt he's afraid of some vegetables.

EL DORADO KID

Now look who's cracking wise.

MOSES

Hee, yeah. Poor thing was probably already dead when he came through, bless her soul.

They turn to leave when Hanna blinks a single blink.

EL DORADO KID

Did you see that?

MOSES

See what?

EL DORADO KID

She blinked. I'm sure of it.

They both stare at her a moment. Another blink. El Dorado Kid aims his guns. She blinks again repeatedly, then wakes up.

HANNA LING

Who is it? What are you men doing in my home? Did you violate me?

The men look at each other.

HANNA LING (CONT'D)

Turn around while I fetch my teeth.

EXT. IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

It's quiet; no sound but the BREEZE. Prudence brings a pot of hot coffee out to the porch, pouring a cup for Stumpy and another for Lone Wolf.

PRUDENCE

What do you make of all this, Mr. Stumpy?

STUMPY

One man couldn't a' done all this. No how, no way.

LONE WOLF

Nightfeeder.

STUMPY

Would you hush up with that Nightfeeder already?

Stumpy sips the coffee.

STUMPY (CONT'D)  
How's that little girl getting  
along?

PRUDENCE  
I think she's finally calmed down.  
Tad is playing a little game with  
her.

INT. IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

Tad leans against the far wall near the counter, now wearing the tin star he found. His eyes are closed as he counts out loud.

TAD  
Eight, nine, ten. Ready or not,  
here I come!

Tad opens his eyes and easily finds the Little Girl standing a few yards away, staring into the now-opened broom closet.

TAD (CONT'D)  
You know how to play, right?

She nods her head yes. He approaches her.

TAD (CONT'D)  
Why didn't you go and hide, then?

She slowly raises her free hand, pointing straight ahead. Curious, Tad approaches her, looks in the closet, and sees--

Julie Bell, dead and stiff as a board. She teeters and falls between Tad and the girl, landing with a THUD.

TAD (CONT'D)  
MOMMM!

EXT. SKORZENY FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY

Brock enters first, Lacy and Gina following close behind.

INT. SKORZENY FUNERAL PARLOR - FRONT ROOM - DAY

There is a trail of blood leading to the back. Gina sees it and stifles a gasp.

BROCK  
I... I tried to warn you.

GINA  
I just need a moment.

BROCK  
I'll check the back.

As Brock exits to the back, Lacy comforts Gina.

GINA  
Did you lose anyone special?

LACY  
Me and Ike was pretty close.  
He's...He owned the saloon. Guess  
I'll be running the place now.

INT. SKORZENY FUNERAL PARLOR - BACK ROOM - DAY

Brock enters the back room. He sees Nicolai's body on the floor, but not where he left him.

Dra'Ghoula's coffin is missing too. Only a dust outline and fragments of the broken chain and lock mark where it rested. Brock drops to his knees, holding the chain.

A FEW QUICK IMAGES from his earlier raid on the coffin.

BACK TO PRESENT--

Brock scans the room and notices that all the coffins on the opposite wall are also missing.

Lacy and Gina enter and see Brock kneeling; Lacy spots Nicolai's body. She gently closes his eyes and then notes the three bullet holes in his torso.

LACY (CONT'D)  
That's odd. He's been shot; he  
ain't bit like the others.

GINA  
The poor soul.

Brock looks away.

BROCK  
What did I unleash?

LACY  
Don't be too hard on yourself. You  
couldn't have stopped that thing.  
No one could. We all tried.

Gina notices Nicolai is clutching something in his hand. She unlocks his fingers to reveal the gold locket. She opens it to find the picture of Katrina, her splitting image. Her eyes go wide in confusion and surprise.

INT. OLD CHURCH - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

Padre's head is bowed as Franks and Abe question him.

PADRE  
Yes, God forgive me. Some of the  
people, they did seek sanctuary.  
The pounding. Those screams. I am a  
man of God. I'm not a soldier.  
(MORE)

PADRE (CONT'D)

There was nothing I could do for them but pray.

FRANKS

You could have let a few in. You made it okay.

PADRE

My flesh was weak. I must live with my shame for a long time.

FRANKS

Yeah, but at least you're livin'. All them folks outside, well, they ain't so lucky.

PADRE

"Judge not, lest ye--"

FRANKS

Save your sermonizing for someone who gives a shit, Padre.

Franks looks over to a nearby half-empty cup of sacramental wine, then back at Padre.

FRANKS (CONT'D)

You been drinkin'?

PADRE

I... I was preparing the sacrament.

FRANKS

Yeah, I bet.

(beat)

Alright then, grab your Bible and pull yourself together.

PADRE

I beg your pardon?

FRANKS

Gonna need you sober for the funeral.

Padre nods and moves towards the back of the church.

EXT. BOOTHILL CEMETERY - MONTAGE - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

The sky turns pink in the late afternoon. Gina sings in a beautiful voice as a MONTAGE OF IMAGES punctuates the burial of the dozens of dead townsfolk of Sulfur Springs.

GINA (O.S)

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound...

The grim and sweat-covered faces of Brock, El Dorado Kid, Stumpy, Lacy, Moses, Franks, Tad and Abe dig a huge mass grave as the Padre, Bible in hand, looks on. Lone Wolf is tied to one of several empty carts nearby.

GINA (O.S.)  
That saved a wretch like me...

Prudence, Gina, Hanna and even the Little Girl help bind the sheets which cover each of the dead bodies. An arm slips out of one of them.

GINA (O.S.)  
I once was lost, but now am found...

Padre sermonizes as the survivors stand with their heads bowed, hats in hand. Padre makes the sign of the cross and tosses a handful of dirt into the grave.

GINA  
'Twas blind, but now, I see.

They shovel the last of the dirt on the corpses. The Little Girl places a yellow dandelion on the massive grave...and they solemnly head down the hill, the sun now very near the horizon.

On the distant hill behind them, the three Indians have barely moved from where they stood earlier. Padre stays back as everyone heads away from the cemetery towards Main Street.

Once they're out of sight, Padre opens his Bible to reveal a hidden silver flask of liquor. He takes a swig and then blesses himself.

EXT. IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

The townsfolk are gathered in front of the door. Lacy blocks the entrance, holding a rifle.

El Dorado Kid carries the Little Girl on his shoulders as he stands near Gina. Lone Wolf's hands are tied behind his back, and Frank is leading him.

LACY  
No, no, no. It ain't right! Ike's rules still got to be followed.

BROCK  
Jail might be safer anyway.

FRANKS  
No way we'd all squeeze in there. It was tight with just the four of you.

BROCK  
Still, this guy comes back...

FRANKS  
Nah, your Diablo's whatever he was, is long gone. I'm more worried about those Injuns up on the hill.

LONE WOLF  
I told you...

FRANKS  
Shut up, Lone Wolf.

PRUDENCE  
The church, then; plenty of room  
there.

STUMPY  
You ever try sleeping on a pew? I'm  
with Sarge, the saloon makes most  
sense: lotta rooms upstairs, plenty  
of grub.

LACY  
Ike'd roll over in his grave if he  
knew I let just anyone in.

GINA  
Look, Miss Lacy, you said yourself  
this is your place now. Your rules.

LACY  
All right, maybe the old ways do  
gotta change. Hanna Ling, Moses,  
you can come in. The Injun too, I  
guess.

ABE  
And the Irishman?

LACY  
You? I gotta think on.

The group, except for Abe, gives a quick chuckle. Frank takes  
a last look back toward the three Indians on the hill, then  
starts barking orders.

FRANKS  
We'll board up all the doors and  
windows. Just in case them injuns  
are plannin' a night attack.

STUMPY  
Seems like they're just watchin',  
waitin' for something to happen.

FRANKS  
Better grab some extra ammo too.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS - SULFUR SPRINGS - DUSK

The sun sets, leaving the town in moonlit darkness. The  
Medicine Men watch from above. Three Bears nods to the others  
and they all unroll cloth-wrapped instruments.

INT. IKE'S SALOON - NIGHT

The windows are boarded up. The piano blocks the door. Stumpy is keeping a lookout through the slats in the front window.

El Dorado Kid is playing a sorrowful Spanish-influenced tune on his harmonica.

A wind rustles through the saloon as Lacy walks down the stairs with a few blankets. Nearby, Prudence is dishing out stew with a ladle. She sets a couple of small plates on a table where Tad is playing a card game with the Little Girl.

PRUDENCE

Put the cards down, dear. They're  
the tools of the devil. And eat  
your food before it's cold.

She ignores Tad's protests and moves through the crowd, slopping out small portions of stew. Lacy wraps a blanket around Hanna, who's sitting near the pot-bellied stove.

LACY

You feeling better now, Miss Ling?

HANNA LING

My fever's broke, but my heart  
still hurts for all those poor  
souls we buried. Town ain't gonna  
be the same.

Prudence hands a plate of stew to Franks, who nods thanks. She then slops some on Brock's plate. He grabs her ladle hand before she leaves.

BROCK

More.

TAD

Mama says you always gotta say  
"please."

Prudence stares Brock down.

PRUDENCE

Now son, not all grown-ups were  
brought up with your good manners.

BROCK

She means I ain't used to askin',  
kid.

Stumpy chuckles and cuts between Brock and Prudence. He spoons a big portion of stew off his own plate.

STUMPY

Take some of mine. I only got one  
leg to fill, anyhow.

Gina feeds Lone Wolf, who is now tied to a chair. She turns to look with everyone else. Abe looks up from his notebook.

ABE

That's a rather haunting melody, El Dorado. Do I detect a bit of a Spanish flavor to it?

EL DORADO KID

I hear it's the song Davy Crockett was playing at the Alamo.

TAD

Didn't everyone die at the Alamo?

El Dorado strikes a sour note and stops playing. There is a moment of silence. Stumpy turns from the window.

STUMPY

Shhh. You hear that?

Moses and Brock are seated at a table, loading their guns.

MOSES

I don't hear nothin'.

STUMPY

That's just it. No crickets. No owls. Even them buzzards seemed to run off like they had more good sense than we do.

The horses are tied up in front. They WHINE and make noise. Brock turns to Franks.

BROCK

You sure them horses are secured?

FRANKS

Good and tight. They ain't goin' nowhere.

Stumpy turns back to the window.

POV STUMPY - EXT. IKE'S SALOON - NIGHT

Out the window- SNAP! The hitching post breaks under the strain, and one of the horses runs off, leaving just one terrified horse.

BACK TO SCENE-

Brock and Franks share a look. Then the DRUMS start. The Little Girl suddenly bolts upright. She grips her bear tight. The drums beat louder.

EL DORADO KID

War drums?

FRANKS  
Must be.

LONE WOLF  
Not war drums. Medicine drums, to  
ward off bad spirits.

PADRE  
God help us all.

LONE WOLF  
White man's magic is no match for  
this.

A coyote HOWLS in the distance.

EXT. HILL TOP - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

One Feather and Two Trees are beating their drums. Three  
Bears waves a medicine spear and CHANTS.

EXT. BOOT HILL CEMETERY - NIGHT

The mass grave they dug earlier. HANDS scratch and claw and  
reach up from the dirt. The drums grow louder.

INT. IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

People nervously sit and listen.

LITTLE GIRL  
Mommy...I hear Mommy!

Everyone turns to look at the Little Girl. It's the first  
words she spoken since they found her.

PRUDENCE  
No, Mommy has gone to Heaven.

The Little Girl moves to the door and BANGS on the piano to  
move it out of the way.

LITTLE GIRL  
Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!

FRANKS  
Sit her down, woman!

BROCK  
Easy, Sarge.

Prudence tries to calm her, but the Little Girl keeps banging  
on the piano.

PRUDENCE  
Let's...open the door and show her no  
one's out there!

Stumpy peeks through a slit in the window.

POV STUMPY- EXT. IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT -  
 No one is outside. It's deathly still.

BACK TO SCENE--

Stumpy turns back to the group.

STUMPY  
 Couldn't hurt, I reckon.

El Dorado Kid helps Abe move the piano, then opens the door to reveal...Mommy! She's pale white, with a scarf around her neck and face.

LITTLE GIRL  
 Mommy!

STUMPY  
 What in the Sam Hill? Where'd she come from?

Mommy walks inside. The Little Girl rushes to meet her, but stops a few feet short of her.

MOMMY  
 It's OK, baby, Mommy's back.  
 Mommy's here for you.

PRUDENCE  
 Come inside, miss. You'll catch your death of cold out there.

El Dorado slowly backs away, ending up near Prudence.

EL DORADO KID  
 I saw that lady buried.

PRUDENCE  
 Nonsense.

EL DORADO KID  
 No... No, I put her in the ground myself!

ABE  
 By Jove, perhaps you're right.

The guys close the door behind Mommy.

LITTLE GIRL  
 You're so cold, Mommy.

MOMMY  
 It's just a little chill, darling.  
 Give Mommy a big hug. I missed you so.

The youngster hesitates, but allows her Mommy to draw closer. Turned away from the crowd, Mommy opens her mouth, her pretty face contorting as her incisors expand into razor-sharp fangs.

Her eyes now reveal the same BURNING GLOW the Vampire's did. Catching a glimpse of her reflection in a bottle on the counter, Brock shoves Mommy away.

PRUDENCE  
What are you doing?!

BROCK  
She ain't right!

Mommy's scarf falls off, revealing the same scarring and half-eaten face as the bodies they buried earlier.

MOMMY  
She's my child. Mine.

She bares her fangs and claws and SNARLS at the men. Abe and El Dorado Kid back away.

EL DORADO KID  
What the hell?!

BLAM! BLAM! Brock shoots Mommy twice in the chest. She falls, breaking a small stool when she lands. Gina screams and covers her eyes.

LITTLE GIRL  
Mommy!

BROCK  
That ain't your mommy, kid.

MOMMY  
Mommy's. Just changed. Baby.

Mommy rises back up, her joints twisting at unnatural angles.

EL DORADO KID  
Ain't nuthin' human can do that!

FRANKS  
Fire!

El Dorado Kid, Brock, Stumpy, Lacy, Moses and Franks all open fire on Mommy, but this time, it barely slows her down. Brock spots the leg from the broken stool, looking just like a wooden stake. He grabs it and SPLUNK! thrusts the pointed end into Mommy's chest, causing her to finally fall. Her eyes close.

PRUDENCE  
What on Earth...?

LACY  
It's starting again.

BROCK  
Get the door! Move her outside  
while we can.

They turn to open the door, but while their attention is diverted, Mommy's eyes pop open. She GASPS and quickly pulls out the stool leg, grabs her daughter, and shoves her way out the door.

Brock SLAMS the door, bolting it tight. Padre makes the sign of the cross and sneaks another drink from his flask.

PADRE  
God save that girl's soul from that  
abomination.

LACY  
God save all of our souls.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

Dra'Ghoula leads his small army of the undead from the graveyard, down into town towards the saloon.

INT. IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

Prudence is flabbergasted. She turns to Brock.

PRUDENCE  
You...You shot her. You all shot her!  
You stabbed her through the heart!  
This... This... No!

LONE WOLF  
Nightfeeders.

STUMPY  
How many times I gotta tell you--

BROCK  
No, hold up a tick. What's a  
Nightfeeder?

LONE WOLF  
Dead, but not dead.

FRANKS  
Bullshit.

BROCK  
What do you know about 'em?

LONE WOLF  
The old ones speak of a time long  
ago, when Nightfeeders preyed on a  
tribe in a faraway land.

EXT. SULFUR SPRINGS - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Dra'Ghoula's slaving horde advances up the street.

LONE WOLF (V.O.)  
 Demons who feared the daylight, the  
 Nightfeeders drank the blood of the  
 living to survive.

INT. IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

The crowd is riveted to Lone Wolf's story.

LONE WOLF (CONT'D)  
 Those that were bitten, and died,  
 rose from the dead and became  
 Nightfeeders themselves, joining  
 them in drinking the blood of those  
 who had not yet been bitten.

Gina looks terrified. Prudence shakes her head.

PRUDENCE  
 Please, you'll scare the boy with  
 your heathen nonsense.

TAD  
 I ain't scared, Mama.

BROCK  
 The old ones say how to stop 'em?

LONE WOLF  
 Legends say, when the Nightfeeders  
 ran out of the living, they simply  
 ate each other.

FRANKS  
 Fuckin' Injun cannibals.

Stumpy spies out a crack in the window.

STUMPY  
 Y'all better come quick. This don't  
 look good.

POV - CRACK IN BOARD -

From the light of the moon, the dead march down Main Street.  
 Eyes missing, flesh-eaten by the buzzards, they lumber  
 towards the saloon, glowing in the dark.

Silhouetted in the moon is their ringleader, Dra'Ghoula.

BACK TO SCENE--

Panic spreads throughout the saloon as everyone looks through  
 the cracks.

HANNA LING  
 Mercy. It's all the folks we just  
 buried.

ABE  
 Must be some rational explanation.  
 A venom, perhaps, that only  
 simulates death.

PADRE  
 Some things Man can't explain.

FRANKS  
 Damn, maybe the Injun's right.

Brock is already reloading his revolver. He passes the ammo box to Lacy.

PRUDENCE  
 We don't know they mean us harm. We  
 can't assume they're hostile.

ABE  
 We buried them, and they're not  
 dead.

LACY  
 And they ain't livin' neither.  
 Didn't you hear the Injun? They're  
 un-dead!

PRUDENCE  
 Whatever they are, maybe they can  
 be reasoned with.

FRANKS  
 Are you fucking serious?!

PRUDENCE  
 You men and your guns! It's always  
 violence with you!

EL DORADO KID  
 You just saw that thing take the  
 girl, right?

PRUDENCE  
 And if someone had my Tad, I'd be a  
 monster too! I'm going out to talk  
 to them. See what the want.

TAD  
 Mama, don't do it!

PRUDENCE  
 It's all right, son.  
 (pats him on the head)  
 God will protect me.

She grabs a white rag off a table, steels her resolve, and looks to the Padre. He says nothing and looks away. Then to Abe, and he shakes his head "no" as well.

Brock readies the piano.

BROCK  
Think of your boy, lady.

PRUDENCE  
I am, mister. I am. Now move that  
damn thing out of my way.

EXT. IKE'S SALOON - NIGHT

Prudence exits and closes the door behind her, the bolt SLAMS shut from inside. Every eye inside the saloon is again looking out the cracks in the boarded windows as she steps off the porch.

As the dead townsfolk move toward the saloon, we recognize many familiar faces: Wilbur, Edna, Julie Bell, Ike, the Sheriff; everyone who died but Nicolai, Orville, and the Mexican Man.

Dra'Ghoula looks with curiosity as Prudence waves her white rag and approaches them. He motions to the others to hold back.

DRA'GHOULA  
<What manner of lunacy is this?>

Prudence speaks slowly, enunciating every word.

PRUDENCE  
Do. You. Speak. English?

Dra'Ghoula motions for Julie Bell to come forward.

JULIE BELL  
Well, aren't you a pretty thing?

PRUDENCE  
Who speaks for you?

Julie Bell slowly and playfully circles around Prudence, taking the end of the rag like she was dancing at a ball.

JULIE BELL  
Why, we all speak for ourselves,  
silly.

PRUDENCE  
I mean, who is in charge?

JULIE BELL  
You must mean the Master.

Prudence releases the rag and moves closer to Dra'Ghoula.

PRUDENCE  
We-We're sorry we buried you all.  
Please, don't be upset.

As Dra'Ghoula holds Prudence's gaze, Julie sneaks up behind her.

JULIE BELL  
Aww, sweetheart, nobody's upset.  
We're just thirsty!

Julie Bell grabs Prudence and stuffs the white rag in her mouth with one hand, holding her tightly in place with the other. Prudence's confidence turns to horror as Dra'Ghoula approaches, his fangs extending.

DRA'GHOULA  
(to Julie Bell)  
<Watch closely and learn. The blood  
is finest when fueled by fear.>

He bites the squirming Prudence on the neck. Julie Bell's fangs slowly extend in anticipation as she watches. Dra'Ghoula takes only a small drink and then trades places with Julie Bell. Julie Bell gorges on the blood until Dra'Ghoula swats her away.

A particularly gruesome Cowboy Vampire, his face severely chewed up by the birds, moves forward to take a drink.

Julie Bell sensuously licks the blood off her fingers as she watches the Cowboy Vampire's gruesome face heal.

More undead townsfolk move into a very anxious and eager line, each of their fangs extending in anticipation.

DRA'GHOULA (CONT'D)  
<Patience, fledglings. A feast  
awaits us at the tavern. Blood  
enough for everyone!>

Prudence loses consciousness. Her eyes flutter. She looks off to the side and sees--

POV PRUDENCE-

Mommy, dragging the dazed Little Girl off as she drains her of life. Another Vampire joins in as well.

BACK TO SCENE--

Dra'Ghoula tosses Prudence's body aside, her sash of repentance drifting away in the wind. He beckons his forces forward.

INT. IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

Tad looks out the window in horror.

TAD  
Mama!!

He scampers for the door, but Brock holds him back.

BROCK  
She made a choice, boy. We all  
gotta live by the choices we make.

STUMPY  
Or die by 'em.

Gina comes and takes Tad. He fights back the tears.

Brock spots a stool and breaks off a few more legs. Moses does the same with another stool, so they're both armed with wooden stakes. Brock looks down at Stumpy's leg.

STUMPY (CONT'D)  
Don't even think about it. 'Sides,  
they didn't really do much good.

MOSES  
Slowed 'em down a bit, though.

Brock stuffs a few stakes in his belt and cocks his gun.

BROCK  
Slowing 'em might be all we got.

They cock their weapons and prepare for the worst.

EXT. IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

The minions SHRIEK an unholy noise.

DRA'GHOULA  
<Angels of the night, attack! Drink  
and revive!>

The Vampires charge the building, ripping and tearing at the barricades.

INT. IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

The building is coming apart at the seams. Glass SHATTERS and boards CREAK. Gina and Hanna SCREAM.

Tad, fearless with anger, grabs an empty bottle off the table and breaks it to use as a weapon. Gina pulls near him, as do Padre and Hanna Ling. Lone Wolf struggles with the ropes tying him to the chair. Brock tosses the Padre a gun. He takes it and nods.

HANNA LING  
Wish to hell I had my Winchester.

CRASH! A barricade falters. The sheet surrounding the nude painting falls to the floor. Ike the bartender, his eyes now glowing red, pokes his head through an opening in the wall near the painting. Lacy sees him--

LACY  
Ike!

IKE  
Lace! Why'd you lock us out? Come  
pull me in; it's cold out here.

Lacy stands frozen in confusion. Ike pushes more of his body through the widening gap. The red glow in his eyes grows brighter.

BLAM! Brock fires squarely into Ike's head. Ike HOWLS in pain and reels back. Brock turns to Lacy.

BROCK

Listen! The folks you know, the folks we buried; they're all goddamn nightfeeders now. They're cunning and they're clever. If we ain't as ruthless as they are, ain't none of us gonna survive.

Lacy nods.

FRANKS

Don't nothing hurt 'em?

IKE

Oh, it hurts, alright. It hurts like hell! But nothing like you all's gonna hurt once we get inside.

Two new Vampires smash through the fragile wall directly behind the provocative painting, heads protruding between legs and breasts. They SHRIEK in unison and struggle to break in further.

Abe aims at Ike, whose wound is healing. He cocks the gun at point blank range, but can't pull the trigger. Lacy wraps her hand around Abe's and BLAM! blows another big hole through Ike.

LACY

Brock's right. Let's blast these blood sucking bastards back to hell!

Everyone takes aim and fires, but no sooner is one down than two more Vampires move into take their place. The wooden stakes help a little, but nothing is permanent.

Franks backs away from another wall, reloading. He steps past Lone Wolf.

LONE WOLF

Free me. Please. I can help.

Franks gives him a look and then cuts through the bonds on his wrists. He hands Lone Wolf the knife to finish his feet.

FRANKS

Don't make me regret this.

Lone Wolf uses the knife to cut the rope around his feet-- then he throws the knife toward Franks, narrowly missing him.

Franks jumps up and points his gun at Lone Wolf.

FRANKS (CONT'D)  
Why you lousy son of a bitch.

TAD  
Wait!

Franks turns to see a very large Vampire teeter and topple to the floor with a THUD, the knife lodged deep into his scalp.

Franks dislodges the knife from the fallen ghoul and hands it back to Lone Wolf.

FRANKS  
This don't mean we're friends.

More Vampires work their way in through weak boards, the wounded quickly rising back into action.

LACY  
We got to get back to the jail!  
Squeeze in somehow!

FRANKS  
We ain't all gonna make it, anyway.

The Vampires have all but taken the main room, forcing the living toward a door in the back. El Dorado Kid is swinging a chair, keeping the monsters at bay.

EL DORADO KID  
I'll keep 'em busy. Meet you for  
coffee afterwards.

STUMPY  
Kid, NO!

BROCK  
Back door! Now!

Franks throws open the back door. The coast is clear!

FRANKS  
Move it!

The living rush out into the night as El Dorado Kid kicks the door closed and drops a huge china cabinet in front of it, stranding him inside with a dozen blood-crazed Vampires.

EL DORADO KID  
Ok, which one of you wants to go  
first?

Slowly they approach, licking their lips.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

The survivors move quickly down the alley, Lacy leading the way. Gina holds back by the door.

GINA  
W-We can't just leave him!

BROCK  
He bought us some time. Got to make it count.

Brock turns to Franks, virtually pulling Gina along.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
Kid had more grit than I pegged him for.

FRANKS  
Maybe he'll be lucky and they don't eat Mexican.

Stumpy gives Franks a mean look.

INT. IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

El Dorado Kid swings the chair as a Vampire lunges for him. He knocks the Vampire off balance, but breaks part of the chair.

Seeing his chance, El Dorado feints a retreat, then runs headlong into the crowd. He rams the chair into the chest of a startled Vampire, jumps onto the seat, and then leaps upwards, grabbing the first of the wagon-wheel chandeliers above.

EL DORADO KID  
Yippee kai yay!

The cable pulls loose, but El Dorado Kid uses his momentum to swing above the reach of the ghouls' outstretched hands. He leaps to the second chandelier and then catapults himself over to the banister on the stairway.

Swinging around the banister, El Dorado's already on the top of the second floor before the first of the Vampires has even reached the bottom stair.

Toppling another cabinet, El Dorado Kid continues to run down the hallway and crashes out the window at the end of the hall.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

El Dorado Kid lands on the roof of a neighboring building, then turns to his attackers, peering at him from the broken saloon window. He tips his hat to them.

EL DORADO KID (CONT'D)  
 You folks be sure to send a postal  
 card.

The frustrated Vampires watch as El Dorado Kid races away  
 across the roof.

EXT. ANOTHER ALLEY - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

The survivors are now in an alley across the street from the  
 Sheriff's Office. There's still plenty of NOISE from the  
 saloon.

BROCK  
 That boy must still be putting up  
 quite a fight.

El Dorado Kid whistles quietly from the rooftop before  
 dropping gracefully to the earth.

EL DORADO KID  
 You folks miss me?

GINA  
 El Dorado!

She gives him a big hug.

STUMPY  
 You gave an ol' cowboy quite a  
 scare, Kid. Now, where all them  
 dead people at?

Franks eyes the crowd. Lone Wolf is no longer with them.

EL DORADO KID  
 A lot of 'em still inside the  
 saloon. But they'll be onto us  
 soon. I think they're toying with  
 us.

FRANKS  
 Anybody see the Injun?

LACY  
 He was right behind..

MOSES  
 Must a' slipped away.

FRANKS  
 Shit.

Still in the back alley, the survivors see the Vampires  
 gathering to their left.

ABE  
 Yes, well, first things first; how  
 does one propose we cross this  
 street?

EL DORADO KID  
 Ain't nothing tricky. My mama used  
 to say, "Just gotta look both  
 ways."

EXT. MAIN STREET - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

Breaking the relative security of the alley, the men form a corridor around Gina, Tad, Lacy, Hanna, and the Padre as they hastily make their way across the street.

There is an ear piercing SHRIEK as the undead emerge from either side of them.

The dead advance in a slow rhythmic motion, in no hurry to end their game just yet. Their eyes all glow with a dark red flame.

Dra'Ghoula moves forward, and the crowd backs away. Franks and Brock stand their ground, while the other survivors inch backwards. Dra'Ghoula eyes them, savoring their fear.

DRA'GHOULA  
 <So many flavors of flesh.>

FRANKS  
 Anyone catch what he said?

BROCK  
 I don't speak monster.

BLAM! BLAM! Franks fires at Dra'Ghoula with both barrels. Dra'Ghoula grabs the rifle and tosses it aside. Brock fires a shot to cover as Franks whips out his saber. He points it at Dra'Ghoula, who smiles.

DRA'GHOULA  
 <At last. A civilized weapon!>

A cloud drifts away from the moon and light shines on Gina, who is cowering with the group inside the circle of men.

A spark flashes in Dra'Ghoula's eye. He ignores all else.

DRA'GHOULA (CONT'D)  
 <Katrina?!>

He lets out another loud SHRIEK. Man and monster alike stop in their tracks. Dra'Ghoula practically glides through the crowd, pushing aside anything that gets in his way.

STUMPY  
 What the hell?

Brock turns and sees Gina, lit by the moonlight.

BROCK  
 --The girl.

EL DORADO KID  
Gina!

FRANKS  
Gina!

They both move to protect her. Gina stands transfixed.

Brock turns to Stumpy and speaks under his breath.

BROCK  
Stumpy, Lacy, while he's  
distracted, get the others into the  
jail. Men, cover Gina.

GINA  
I... I can't move. It's like he's in  
my head.

ABE  
Some sort of hypnotic trance?

DRA'GHOULA  
<Katrina, it has been so very  
long.>

ABE  
Gina, try to resist. Don't look him  
in the eyes..

El Dorado Kid and Franks are now the closest to Gina. El Dorado fires several ineffectual shots as Franks thrusts with the saber, piercing Dra'Ghoula's side.

Still Dra'Ghoula does not slow. He grabs each man by the neck and lifts him off the ground, tossing them aside like rag dolls.

El Dorado Kid and Franks hit the ground hard, momentarily stunned. Dra'Ghoula then withdraws the bloody saber and tosses that aside as well.

Everyone else is transfixed, watching silently as Dra'Ghoula approaches the mesmerized Gina.

The fire in Dra'Ghoula's eyes fades as he looks deep into Gina's terrified eyes. He smiles as he caresses her cheek, wiping a tear with the back of his hand.

DRA'GHOULA  
<You could be her twin. But alas,  
you are not her, are you?>

GINA  
N-No.

DRA'GHOULA  
<Another cruel twist of fate.>

He gently brushes away her hair, then is aghast as he reveals -- a shiny silver CRUCIFIX!

Dra'Ghoula is repulsed, but quickly recovers and looks intensely into her eye, the red glow back.

DRA'GHOULA (CONT'D)  
 <Do not encumber yourself with symbols of the false God. Remove it.>

GINA  
 ...Yes, I obey.

BROCK  
 Gina, don't!

Hands trembling, Gina undoes the clasp from her neck and flings the crucifix away. It lands near Tad, who grabs it.

With a blank stare, Gina walks towards Dra'Ghoula. He embraces her and smells her neck. He smiles wickedly.

DRA'GHOULA  
 <Your blood is still pure. Our union will be glorious!>

The undead separate as Dra'Ghoula takes Gina's hand and leads her back through their ranks.

Tad looks at the cross as Brock urges him towards the Sheriff's office. They speak under their breath.

BROCK  
 Keep moving, boy!

TAD  
 But mister, don't you see? Mom was right! He is afraid of God!

ABE  
 The lad could be on to something. The church wasn't attacked.

BROCK  
 And neither was the jail.

ABE  
 So why make her remove it?

FRANKS  
 That's quite a leap of faith, tough guy.

BROCK  
 Padre, get up here! Everyone else to the church.

Padre is in the midst of the fleeing group, hesitant to stop. Stumpy reluctantly detours to the church.

PADRE  
Me?

BROCK  
Yeah! This just became your fight!

FRANKS  
Good luck with that.

Padre hastens forward, clutching his Bible in one hand and his cross in the other.

PADRE  
But, but...Yes. I can do this. God  
Almighty, grant me strength.

Dra'Ghoula is nearly past his minions when Padre grasps his wooden crucifix and shouts at him.

PADRE (CONT'D)  
Unholy thing, I command you: return  
the girl unharmed!

Dra'Ghoula, intrigued, slows. Padre steps forward as the other Vampires pull back. Dra'Ghoula locks Gina in place with a wave of his hand then moves towards Padre.

DRA'GHOULA  
<You dare to address me?>

PADRE  
In the name of Jesus Christ our  
savior, return the girl or face His  
righteous wrath!

Dra'Ghoula grabs the wooden crucifix and tosses it aside. He slaps the priest, sending him back a few steps.

Franks is near Brock. He speaks under his breath.

FRANKS  
Still think that church was a good  
idea?

DRA'GHOULA  
<You and your petty God! I am the  
death and the resurrection.>

PADRE  
You are an abomination of nature! I  
cast you back to Hell!

Dra'Ghoula delivers another slap, but the Padre catches this one with his Bible.

The vampire's flesh SIZZLES on contact with the Bible. Dra'Ghoula and the Padre start in surprise.

BROCK  
Yeah.

FRANKS

I'll be god damned. The church,  
everyone! Hurry!

Despite the pain, Dra'Ghoula slams the Bible to the ground. The Padre quickly retrieves it, but unseen by others, the hidden silver flask is left lying on the ground.

Emboldened, the Padre thrusts the Bible at Dra'Ghoula again -- but this time, it has no effect. Dra'Ghoula breaks into a smile, Padre instantly cowers.

PADRE

God Almighty. Have you no mercy?

DRA'GHOULA

<Mercy is for the weak. Cower,  
cleric. You must swear allegiance  
only to me.>

PADRE

I obey, my Lord.

Padre kneels before the gloating vampire. Dra'Ghoula extends the nail of his index finger and cuts himself, offering his bleeding wrist to Padre.

DRA'GHOULA

<Drink the blood of my blood. And  
be one with your new lord.>

Dra'Ghoula grabs Padre by the back of the head and forces him to drink the blood from his wrist. Padre's resistance fades as the blood fever quickly takes hold.

Dra'Ghoula forces the Padre away and pulls him up by his collar.

DRA'GHOULA (CONT'D)

<Enough!>

Dra'Ghoula raises his hand to Padre's temple and Padre passes out cold. Dra'Ghoula hands Padre off to Ike, who stands nearest him.

DRA'GHOULA (CONT'D)

<Take him and join us.>  
(turning to his minions)  
<We have toyed with this human  
cattle long enough. Feast my  
fledglings. Feast on them all!>

As Dra'Ghoula, Gina, Ike and Padre depart, the remaining ghouls turn to their prey. The undead Sheriff takes the lead. He looses a SHRIEK, and the other vampires fall in line.

STUMPY

Hurry folks! We're back on the  
menu.

Further up the street, Brock, Franks, Moses, and El Dorado Kid re-group, putting themselves between the Vampires and the fleeing survivors. Franks has his saber again.

BROCK  
Hold fast, men.

Franks teams up with El Dorado, while Moses joins Brock.

EL DORADO KID  
We gotta rescue Gina.

BROCK  
One step at a time. Now, stay focused. Make every shot count.

FRANKS  
Yeah, don't fire till you see the reds of their eyes.

The Vampires are within range. Brock fires first, and the others join him. Franks slashes away with the saber. Vampires drop left and right, but there are too many, and the fallen ones quickly rise.

Moses runs out of ammo. He picks up two attacking Vampires and WHACK! slams their heads together. He spots some tools sitting near a wheelbarrow and grabs a huge sledge hammer.

MOSES  
This fight just got interestin'.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Out of breath, the survivors reach the door at last. Stumpy tries the handle. It's locked!

STUMPY  
Shit! Padre must have the key.

LACY  
Out of the fucking frying pan...

ABE  
Tad, you're with me!

Abe rushes around the side of the church, Tad right behind.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

Franks looks like he's lost, but he rises up with his saber, slashing away. El Dorado's trying to cover for him, but gets flung away by a rampaging Sheriff.

Nearby, Moses swings the sledge, slamming heads and wreaking havoc. Blood splatters as skulls crash on impact.

A ghoul jumps on Brock and sinks his fangs into him. Brock slams him into a post, pulling free.

He stabs the Vampire with his last wooden stake, pinning him to the post. Still, more Vampires advance.

WHOOOP! WHOOOP! It's a piercing, throaty noise.

It's followed by ARROWS. Dozens of them! They bury themselves into the undead with alarming accuracy. Lone Wolf leads the charge, thundering forward on horseback with the trio of Sioux medicine men behind him.

EL DORADO KID  
It's the goddamn Injun cavalry!

MOSES  
Halleluiah!

BROCK  
Fall back, men. Where's Franks?

EL DORADO KID  
We got separated. Got to get back to him.

BROCK  
Go. Moses and I will cover for the Injuns.

Brock sees Moses' bloody face.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
You bit?

MOSES  
Ain't my blood.

EXT. SIDE OF CHURCH -NIGHT

Abe stumbles through the dark, looking at the side of the building.

TAD  
What're we looking for Mr. Abe?

ABE  
Something I saw earlier. There!

He points to a small open window high on the wall.

ABE (CONT'D)  
You're going to have to be brave, lad. It'll be dark when you get in.

TAD  
I ain't scared. Just give me a boost.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

Three, four, five, six of the undead go down with arrows in their chests! This time, though, two or three of them stay down, their veins rapidly darkening from blood poisoning.

Others stagger back up, rip the arrows from their chests, and continue to move forward.

Despite their initial charge, the Indians' horses react violently to the Vampires and toss off their riders. They stampede through the Vampire horde and disappear into the night.

The Vampires regroup and circle the recovering Indians.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Tad unbolts the front door from the inside as Stumpy ushers Lacy, Tad, Hanna and Abe inside. Lacy is watching the fight.

LACY  
We got to get them more ammo!

HANNA LING  
Should be plenty in the back room  
of my store.

STUMPY  
Stay here! Lemme handle it. And  
don't open that door for anything  
that ain't breathing.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

Stumpy hobbles quickly back towards the Dry Goods store. He sees El Dorado in trouble, and rushes to help. He plows into the nearest ghoul, saving El Dorado, but then another ghoul bites him from behind.

Elsewhere, Franks is down and bleeding. His attackers have him too closely pinned for his saber to do any good. With one last effort, he hurls the saber straight into the back of the ghoul who's biting Stumpy.

As the ghoul falls, Stumpy grabs the saber, swinging it to cover El Dorado.

STUMPY  
I'm bit! Get out of here, kid!

EL DORADO KID  
I ain't leavin'!

STUMPY  
The hell you ain't! You still got  
shit to do!

He chops off a ghoul's head, clearing a path for El Dorado to escape.

STUMPY (CONT'D)  
Scat!

El Dorado takes one look back at his friend, then runs to join the others. The ghouls, including several of the ones who were attacking Franks, now surround Stumpy.

The wounded old cowboy stands tall, proudly brandishing his sword and peg-leg. He chuckles, slams his peg into a fallen Vampire, and then slashes as they pounce.

Elsewhere, El Dorado Kid catches up with Brock and Moses as they cover for the Indians. All are being pushed back towards the church. One Feather is overwhelmed, and goes down fighting.

At last, they near the church. Two Trees and Three Bears fire parting shots at the undead as Lacy lets them all inside. The door SLAMS shut behind them.

INT. CHURCH - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

Huddled inside are all the worn and weary survivors: Brock, El Dorado Kid, Moses, Lone Wolf, Abe, Lacy, Tad, Hanna Ling, Two Trees and Three Bears. Everyone is out of breath.

HANNA LING

Oh my God!

She pulls Moses aside, worried about all the blood on his face. She sits him on a pew.

MOSES

I'm fine. See to Brock.

Moses moves to bowl of holy water. He dabs a rag in to clean his face of blood.

Hanna sees Brock clutch his neck as he turns away from her. WHISPERS ECHO IN HIS HEAD. Abe is preoccupied, staring out of one of the shuttered windows. Lone Wolf joins him.

ABE

Remarkable.

LONE WOLF

White father magic strong.

EXT. CHURCH - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

The undead surround the church, but SHRIEK in pain if they get within a few yards of it.

INT. CHURCH - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

Brock still clutches his neck. The WHISPERS IN HIS HEAD are getting louder. He looks around frantically, spots the stove, and rushes towards it. He prods a poker into the stove's flames.

Lacy breaks Abe's focus, whispering to him.

LACY

Brock don't look so good, Irish.

ABE

Dear me, he's been infected?

The others are all aware of Brock's plight, unsure whether to help Brock or back away from him. Abe steps forward.

Brock draws the red-hot poker tip out of the flame. Three Bears starts a little chant.

ABE (CONT'D)  
You seriously aren't considering--

BROCK  
--No other choice. Not much time.

EL DORADO KID  
Must be some other way--

BROCK  
No. I will not die a monster.

Brock rips off his handkerchief. He bites down on it as he grabs the poker. HSSSS! He sears his neck, cauterizing the wound.

Cringing in pain, Brock lets it burn until he can stand no more. His eyes roll back and he collapses on the floor.

Everyone in the church looks on in horror. Abe moves forward to help Brock sit up. Brock stirs, waves Abe off. He speaks weakly.

BROCK  
The voices. They're...gone.

EL DORADO KID  
Voices?

BROCK  
Talking. Inside my head.

Lacy is now keeping watch out the shuttered window.

LACY  
Well, THEY ain't gone. But they ain't trying to break in either.

POV: EXT. CHURCH - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

The undead gather in a semicircle and move in a rhythmic primal dance. They SHRIEK and HOWL up at the moon, but cannot advance any further.

BACK TO SCENE---

Abe rejoins Lacy at the window.

LACY  
How is he?

ABE  
He's tough. He'll survive.

EL DORADO KID  
So what now?

It takes Brock a moment to realize that all of them are now looking to him.

BROCK  
You're with me on first watch.

HANNA LING  
No, you rest. I'll watch.

El Dorado gets up and shoulders his gun. Brock looks at Hanna and backs down.

BROCK  
You watch. Everyone else, grab some shut-eye.

Lacy leads Tad as they all find comfortable resting spots.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO ABANDONED MINE - NIGHT

Dra'Ghoula carries Gina past signs reading "Danger" and "Keep Out." Some boards have been broken away to create an entry.

Ike carries the Padre. Charlie, with his rifle strapped to his back, is waiting with a box and some lighted torches.

CHARLIE  
I got the stuff you wanted.

Dra'Ghoula says nothing. He walks past Charlie and passes through the cobwebs and spider webs without disturbing them. Charlie is amazed.

INT. MINE - ENTRY TUNNEL - NIGHT

Charlie follows Dra'Ghoula inside, getting tangled in the webs as he goes.

Without a word, Dra'Ghoula hands the limp body of Gina to Charlie. He then grabs a torch and the box and disappears further into the mine.

INT. DEEP MINE CHAMBER - NIGHT

After a series of twists and turns, Dra'Ghoula comes to a chamber with a number of wooden coffins in it, including the heavy coffin in which we first found him.

Dra'Ghoula reaches into his coffin and presses a cleverly disguised lever embedded in the decor.

There is a HISS of escaping air as a small hidden drawer slides out of the coffin bottom, revealing a sealed container, a tarnished goblet, and a ceremonial knife.

Dra'Ghoula smiles and closes the drawer again.

INT. MINE - ENTRY TUNNEL - NIGHT

While Ike is distracted with Padre, Charlie takes a moment to take a good look at Gina. He runs his hand down her throat and over her breasts. Dra'Ghoula returns, instantly outraged.

DRA'GHOULA  
<You dare defile her?>

He slaps Charlie so hard he flies across the tunnel.

CHARLIE  
Master, don't hurt me! I didn't  
mean nothin'!

DRA'GHOULA  
<The ritual requires a virgin. If  
you have soiled her...>

Dra'Ghoula stiffens.

DRA'GHOULA (CONT'D)  
<Out, you worthless dog, and be  
grateful I still have need of you.  
Summon the others. There is much to  
do tonight.>

CHARLIE  
Yes, yes, Master.

Charlie exits as Gina slowly awakens and finds her voice.

GINA  
Who... What are you?

DRA'GHOULA  
<I am Prince Dra'Ghoula; last of a  
once-proud and noble dynasty.>

GINA  
Your language... How can I understand  
you?

DRA'GHOULA  
<Because I will it so.>

GINA  
Why am I here?

DRA'GHOULA  
<In a manner of speaking, you are  
to become my bride.>

Gina faints again. Dra'Ghoula effortlessly picks her up and disappears deep into the mine.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SULFUR SPRINGS - PRE-DAWN

A rooster CROWS in the distance. The few remaining undead give up on the church and quickly move away.

INT. CHURCH - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAWN

Abe and Lone Wolf are on watch. The weary survivors watch as the first rays of the sun begin to peek over the horizon.

ABE  
Wake up. They're leaving.

Brock, lying on the floor, wakes up.

BROCK  
Leavin'? What?

ABE  
Most of them disappeared a few hours ago. The others drifted off just now.

POV ABE- OUT THE SHUTTERS - DAWN

Through the windows, they can see some of the bodies that were hit by the arrows start to smolder and smoke as they are touched by the glowing rays of the sun.

BACK TO SCENE---

LACY  
What the hell?

ABE  
Some form of spontaneous combustion... Hurry! Get the bodies out of the sun before they burn away!

BROCK  
You kiddin'?

EXT. CHURCH - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

Abe is already out the door and dragging the nearest body towards the shade on the side of the church.

ABE  
Come on!...For science!

The others hold back.

ABE (CONT'D)  
We need to understand them!

No one budges.

ABE (CONT'D)  
If we understand them, we can destroy them!

That does the trick. Mumbling in agreement, they trudge out of the church and pitch in.

El Dorado grabs a body near where the Padre fell. Finding the bible laying with the cut-out pages open and then the flask, he carries them with him as he drags the body.

Tad struggles with a body, too heavy for him.

ABE (CONT'D)  
Grab a few arrows, lad. We'll get the bodies.

Tad grabs some of the arrows that are lodged in the dirt.

EL DORADO KID  
What if they wake up while we're doin' this?

ABE  
Unlikely.

LACY  
Unlikely's been happenin' a lot lately, Irish.

Lone Wolf looks over at a burning ghoul's headless body across the street. He carries him into the shade.

MOSES  
Why didn't they burn up yesterday?

ABE  
This is only conjecture, of course, but the infection could take time to set in. They may have still been human yesterday. Dead, of course, but human. You'll note none of the recent dead are burning.

LACY  
What do you know?

Their dead comrades lie unaffected where they fell the night before. A few birds start to return.

EXT. SHADY SIDE OF CHURCH - DAY

Once in the shade, the undead bodies stop smoldering.

ABE  
Fascinating: lethal sensitivity to daylight.

LACY  
Well, it explains why they all ran off.

BROCK  
Now, if we could figure out where they ran to.

Abe paces in front of the ghouls' bodies, stopping when he sees the silver flask. He picks it up and sees the cut-out pages in the Bible.

EL DORADO KID  
I found that over by the bible. I think the Padre might a' kept it hid inside.

ABE  
Most peculiar. I wonder...

He taps the silver flask and then looks at a few of the arrowheads. He then takes an arrowhead out of a smoldering body. He examines it closely, then takes out another and does the same.

BROCK  
You making some connection, Abe?

ABE  
Gentlemen, ladies, I believe this is what the scientific community calls an "Eureka Moment."

He holds a handful of the arrows, waving them in the air to punctuate his comments.

ABE (CONT'D)  
All of these arrows struck home, thanks to our excellent marksmen...  
(nods to the Indians)  
But these...  
(waves other arrows)  
...had no effect, while these...

He reaches down and pulls a silver-tipped arrow out of a third ghoul's chest.

ABE  
...kept them down. The common denominator: silver! Like Padre's flask and Miss Gina's crucifix, these arrowheads all show traces of silver. The others do not.

LACY  
Silver. You saying these things are allergic?

ABE  
Precisely! And I daresay it wasn't God who saved our bloody arses last night, but the silver in that cross!

They all look up at the big silver cross on the peak of the church. It glistens in the rising sun.

TAD  
Um, Mr. Abe?

Tad points to the nearest Vampire. The burning scars are healing.

ABE  
Such remarkable recuperative powers.

Brock grabs several of the silver-tipped arrows from the stunned Abe and slams them into the reviving Vampires' chests.

BROCK  
Lesson's over, Red. Time to put 'em down. Again!

LACY  
I don't get it. Why silver?

ABE  
Why sunlight? Who knows? But the fact is they can be hurt, and now we know how.

BROCK  
Yeah, hurt. But it ain't permanent.

LONE WOLF  
Headless body stays dead..

He shows the charred body of the ghoul Stumpy decapitated. It remains quite dead.

EL DORADO KID  
Stumpy's work.

ABE  
Old chap did a jolly-good job.

BROCK  
Looks like silver poisons them and--

ABE  
--The decapitation makes it permanent.

Brock grabs a nearby shovel.

BROCK  
Well, let's get to work, then...

MOSES  
What about our people?

The "joy" of decapitating the ghouls quickly disappears.

BROCK  
If we don't finish 'em today, we could be seeing 'em again tonight.

LACY  
I suppose.

BROCK  
We'll do it while we bury them.

LACY  
Hopefully, this time they'll stay buried.

EXT. BOOTHILL CEMETERY - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

The survivors gather around the larger of two mounds of recently covered Earth. This time, Tad puts a yellow dandelion on the grave as Three Bears CHANTS a little Indian magic. Lacy whispers to Brock.

LACY (CONT'D)  
The other mound what I think it is?

BROCK  
Had to bury the heads somewhere.

Lacy crosses herself. El Dorado looks out in the distance.

EL DORADO KID  
That soldier shoulda' been back by now. Somethin' musta' happened.

MOSES  
A horse wandered back. We could send someone else.

LACY  
Brock should go. We'll be safe tonight in the church, now that we know how to hurt 'em.

ABE  
Although I don't think we can assume they won't find a way to get in there.

HANNA LING  
Or get us out.

BROCK  
I don't know...

Every eye looks up at him, pleading.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
Aww, shit.

EXT. LIVERY STABLES - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

Lacy steadies the horse as Brock finishes shaking hands.

LACY  
Get back quick as you can.

Brock looks at all the faces staring at him. Tired. Beaten. Battered. He nods.

LACY (CONT'D)  
Listen...I never got the chance to  
thank you properly for saving us  
all the way you did.

She gives Brock a big kiss. The survivors clap.

LACY (CONT'D)  
That one's on the house. Ride safe.

Brock kicks his horse and rides away.

EXT. ROAD INTO SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

Brock slows his horse, his attention drawn to some CROWS  
picking over the body of Useless. Brock sees the bullet hole.

BROCK  
Shit.

Charlie once again looks through the scope of his rifle.  
Brock is turned away from him. A bead of sweat drips across  
Charlie's brow.

BLAM! He fires, hitting Brock's horse, knocking Brock to the  
ground. Brock quickly spins around to see who shot at him. He  
squints into the sun.

CHARLIE  
Brock?

BROCK  
Charlie?

Brock slowly walks over to Charlie, his hand inches away from  
his gun. Charlie looks very wild-eyed. The sickness has  
gotten much worse.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
I thought you was done in?

CHARLIE  
I nearly was. The Master had me by  
the neck...

BROCK  
Master?

CHARLIE  
That foreign guy, that's what he  
likes to be called. His real name's  
Dra'Ghoulie or some shit.

BROCK  
You talked to him?

CHARLIE

Talked to him? I'm his right hand man now!

BROCK

But back in the saloon, your scream, I thought you were a goner?

CHARLIE

Nearly was, but then the Master saw that ring I took. He figured out what we done. He was grateful we set him free.

Charlie's sweating up a storm. A mosquito lands near him, but he tries to keep his focus, and his rifle, trained on Brock.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Said he needs a man like me. He's keepin' me human, mostly, so's I can walk around in daylight and all that. I make sure nobody leaves town or goes into the old mine.

BROCK

The mine?

CHARLIE

It's where he keeps his coffin hid durin' the day. Shit! Probably shouldn't o' told you that.

He raises the rifle back up at Brock. Brock shrugs it off.

BROCK

It's okay. We're partners, right?

CHARLIE

Well, we was.

BROCK

Maybe I could join up with you fellahs? Be like old times.

Another mosquito flies by and alights on the rifle barrel. Charlie eyes it hungrily as he continues speaking.

CHARLIE

Could be. He's got big plans, you know? Now he's got the girl and the Padre; he'll be even stronger.

BROCK

He ain't bitten that bitch yet?

CHARLIE

Naw, and don't let him hear you talking shit about her, neither. Slammed me pretty bad for trying to cop a feel.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

He's savin' her for some kind of ceremony tonight, 'cause she's a virgin.

BROCK

Maybe you could take me to him?  
Vouch for me?

Charlie relaxes the rifle so he can grab the bug. He squeezes the guts out onto his tongue and then plops it in his mouth.

CHARLIE

I reckon that might work. He's a lot like you, you know? Only he likes to drink what he kills.

Brock locks eyes with Charlie, and without even thinking--

--BLAM! BLAM!! Charlie slumps to the dusty ground. Blood spills out of his head.

BROCK

No, Charlie, you're wrong. He ain't like me. Not now, not never.

Brock holsters his gun and heads over to Charlie's horse. He calms it and feels a lump in one of the saddle bags. He reaches in and pulls out the ornate silver spike they'd taken from the funeral home.

He puts it back and rides off, away from town. Then he spots something floating to the ground. It's Prudence's sash: "Repent and Ye Shall Be Saved."

Brock grins. The grin becomes a laugh, then an out-loud roar.

INT. BLACKSMITH SHOP - DAY

El Dorado now wears Gina's crucifix as he and Tad drop off boxes of silverware, candlesticks and other silver items with Moses. Moses mixes a small vat of molten silver. A larger vat rests behind them in the shadows.

EL DORADO KID

No silver bullets?

MOSES

Can't make them fire right. The Injuns and Miss Ling got some pretty good ideas, though. Come on, I'll show you.

Moses, El Dorado Kid and Tad pass Three Bears, the elder medicine man, who is chanting a spell, "blessing" freshly "dipped" silver arrowheads and tomahawks.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Abe and Lacy rummage through the jail looking for silver and ammo. Lacy happens across the wanted poster on the wall: "BROCK TANNER -- WANTED FOR ROBBERY, ASSAULT AND MURDER."

LACY  
Uh, oh.

ABE  
Well, we certainly didn't think he  
was a choir boy.

LACY  
Still.  
(sighs)  
Guess that's the last we'll see of  
him.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Abe and Lacy exit, Lacy with the poster in hand. They see a  
dust trail heading towards them, close and getting closer.

They brace themselves for...

Brock. He pulls his horse to a stop.

BROCK  
Get the others. I know where Diablo  
is.

Lacy crumples the poster and lets it fall to the ground.

INT. BLACKSMITH SHOP - DAY

Once again, the survivors are gathered. Brock grabs a mallet,  
a handful of silver-coated spikes, and a tomahawk. He packs  
them into a saddle bag.

ABE  
The mine? Yes, of course. Dark,  
secluded, deep in the earth...

EL DORADO KID  
So this amigo of yours just up and  
told you all about it?

BROCK  
That's Charlie for you. Once he  
starts yapping, he can't shut up.

EL DORADO KID  
And Miss Gina's still alive?

BROCK  
That's what he said. Diablo's  
planning some kind of sacrifice  
tonight. The Padre's involved  
somehow, too.

EL DORADO KID  
We gotta save her.

BROCK

That's what I'm packing for. Figure I'll put down as many of 'em as I can while I'm at it.

El Dorado grabs some spikes as well.

EL DORADO KID

Then both of us can get twice as many.

BROCK

That thing and me, we got some unfinished business. I can't let you come.

EL DORADO KID

First off, I ain't askin' your permission. Second, I got business of my own.

BROCK

Reckon it's settled, then.

TAD

I got unfinished bizzness too.

BROCK

Sorry, kid, this is man's work.

Tad kicks the dirt. Moses pats his head.

BROCK (CONT'D)

You folks still outta make plans, in case we-- we don't make it back.

ABE

I've already given thought to some perimeter defenses...

BROCK

Hold it, Irish. If one of us gets bit, he could make us tell. Lacy?

LACY

Brock?

BROCK

We still need someone to ride out to Tombstone in case Charlie was wrong. Can you really handle a horse as good as you shoot?

LACY

Hell, yeah! 'Bout time you boys learned a gal is good for more than just---

(Tad catches her eye)  
--Baking peach cobbler.

BROCK

We get through this in one piece,  
maybe I'll take you up on that  
peach cobbler after all.

LACY

I'll be sure to pick up some  
whipping cream on the way back.  
Heyahh!!

Lacy hops on the back of the horse like a pro. She gives the horse a quick kick and races out of town. Brock and El Dorado Kid sling their saddle bags over their shoulders, grab a couple of lanterns and head off towards the mine.

EL DORADO KID

Let's go kick some Nightfeeder ass!

Tad kicks the dirt again.

EXT. ABANDONED MINE ENTRANCE - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

Brock and El Dorado Kid approach the mine, the yawning, cobweb-infested entrance looming darkly in front of them. They light their lanterns and move inside.

EXT. BLACKSMITH SHOP - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

Moses dips more arrows into the vat of liquid silver.

MOSES

Think we must have grabbed every  
scrap of silver in town.

ABE

What about the cross on the church?

MOSES

Got some thoughts about that I need  
to run past you.

INT. MINE TUNNEL - DAY

Brock and El Dorado Kid move through the dark, debris-cluttered tunnels. As they turn the first bend, they are besieged by a NEST OF BATS. But the bats don't attack; they just swoop over and fly past.

EL DORADO KID

What the hell?

Neither man wants to show he was frightened, but their eyes meet and they both release a nervous laugh.

They pass a couple of LONG-DEAD MINERS, one still holding a pick in his skeletal hand.

EL DORADO KID (CONT'D)

You ain't much for jawin', is ya'  
Brock?

Brock says nothing.

EL DORADO KID (CONT'D)  
We all got a sense you been doin'  
this a while.

BROCK  
Not this crazy shit.

Brock spots a couple of crates of dynamite. The first crate is empty, but there are a few dust-covered sticks in the other one. He takes them as they speak.

EL DORADO KID  
You scared of dying, Brock?

BROCK  
Just scared of goin' to Hell.

They continue through a series of tunnels, going deeper and deeper into the mine.

INT. ABANDONED MINE - BIGGER CHAMBER - DAY

At last, Brock and El Dorado leave the narrow tunnels and arrive in a larger chamber filled with shadowy boxes and debris.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
We're here.

Brock raises his lantern to reveal nearly a dozen simple wooden coffins.

Brock opens the nearest coffin as El Dorado Kid readies a silver spike. He nods and they find---

---Mommy, and the Little Girl! Both lie in a bed of dirt, the Little Girl cuddled up next to Mommy. Both are deathly still, and in the dim light of the mine, emit an especially brilliant glow.

EL DORADO KID  
Jesus, why'd they have to be the  
first we open? This is going to be  
tougher than I thought.

Brock pulls the Little Girl out of the coffin and opens an eyelid to reveal just the hint of a red glow.

BROCK  
You can still walk away, you know.

EL DORADO KID  
Not till we're done.

El Dorado Kid removes a spike and positions it on the girl's chest. He hesitates.

EL DORADO KID (CONT'D)  
 After this one, the rest should be  
 a piece of cake.

SPLAT! El Dorado Kid drives the spike through the Little Girl's chest. She wakes with a SHRIEK, her veins darkening until Brock decapitates her with a WHACK.

El Dorado Kid positions the next spike over Mommy. Another SPLAT, another SHRIEK, and Mommy's head is pulled out of the coffin, a stunned expression frozen on her dead face.

Brock puts both heads in the corner. The eerie glow is gone.

BROCK  
 Never did like cake.

He glances around at the remaining coffins and readies a spike.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SULFUR SPRINGS - SUNSET

MONTAGE of the surviving townspeople preparing for the final battle:

Abe stocks the church with medical supplies.

Two Trees cuts some fuses.

Moses continues making silver arrowheads and other weapons.

Abe, Tad and Three Bears dig a trench.

Moses sharpens some long pointed spikes and dips them in silver.

Hanna wheels a wooden barrel marked with a fiery "danger" symbol out of her closet.

And finally, just as the sun nears the end of the day, the entire group builds a simple scaffolding in front of the church.

INT. BIGGER CHAMBER - ABANDONED MINE - DUSK

WHACK! WHACK! El Dorado Kid and Brock finish the last two decapitations.

EL DORADO KID  
 That still ain't all of them.

BROCK  
 No, just the weaker ones. Bastard  
 used them as cannon fodder.

Brock stacks the two heads on the now towering stack then peaks at his pocket watch.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
 Gonna lose our daylight soon, Kid.  
 This could get prickly. You still  
 up for this?

EL DORADO KID  
 Little less chatter.

Brock smiles and they move deeper into the tunnel.

EXT. SULFUR SPRINGS - CHURCH - DUSK

A sweating Abe lowers his hammer as the survivors finish up the scaffolding.

ABE  
 Capital job! Shall we walk through  
 the schedule one more time? Are we  
 all here?

Lone Wolf looks around at the others, who all stand nearby -- except for Tad.

LONE WOLF  
 The boy!

He picks up the tin star from the ground.

EXT. ABANDONED MINE ENTRANCE - SULFUR SPRINGS - DUSK

Tad approaches the entrance with a lantern and a silver tomahawk. He hesitates a moment, then ventures inside.

INT. ABANDONED MINE - DARK TUNNEL - NIGHT

Brock and El Dorado Kid creep down a long, dark corridor, the sound of an EERIE WIND drawing them near.

EL DORADO KID  
 God damn, how big is this place?  
 Where the hell's he keepin' Gina?

BROCK  
 Hold it together, Kid.

INT. ABANDONED MINE - LARGE CAVERN - ALCOVE - NIGHT

The lid to Dra'Ghoula's stone coffin slides open as Dra'Ghoula bolts upright, livid. He lets out a wild shriek, raises his arms, and throughout the alcove, the eerie wind builds momentum causing the lids to fly off the dozen wooden coffins that surround him. They smash and splinter against the cavern walls, echoing like thunder.

INT. ABANDONED MINE - LARGE CAVERN - NIGHT

The floor slopes and twists as the tunnel expands into a massive bowl-like chamber with several upper walkways. Old mining cars, tracks and wooden frameworks lead in all directions. Brock and Montana enter with caution.

Torches and candles cast eerie shadows. The wind and slamming noise echoes here as well.

EL DORADO KID  
Sounds like someone got up on the  
wrong side of the coffin.

DRA'GHOULA'S VOICE booms from somewhere in the shadows up  
above.

DRA'GHOULA (O.S.)  
<Insolent fools, jest while you  
can. Did you seriously think you  
could destroy me as simply as my  
mindless minions?>

BROCK  
That was the general plan, yeah.

El Dorado grabs his silver-plated tomahawk, Brock the antique  
spike. They search the upper levels as Brock raises the spike  
threateningly.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
I think this belongs to you!

Dra'Ghoula emerges from the shadows on the upper walkway. The  
Sheriff, Ike, Julie Bell, and several others join him.

EL DORADO KID  
What'd you do with Gina?

DRA'GHOULA  
<The girl is unharmed, for now.>

Several Vampires effortlessly drop down to the cavern's lower  
level, approaching Brock and El Dorado. They hesitate as they  
near the silver-dipped weapons.

DRA'GHOULA (CONT'D)  
<Spineless dogs.>

Dra'Ghoula leaps down and storms toward the men. He grabs a  
cowering Vampire and shoves him hard into El Dorado, sending  
both man and monster slamming to the floor with a SPLAT! as  
the tomahawk pierces the Vampire's stomach.

El Dorado struggles to break free, the Vampire's face inches  
away, slobbering and SHRIEKING in pain as the poison races  
through its blood.

EL DORADO KID  
Get off of me, you fucking freak!

Brock sees an opening and jumps toward Dra'Ghoula with his  
spike, only to WHAM! get whacked from behind by a board.

Brock SLAMS to the ground hard and then turns to face his  
attacker; it's Charlie! His face is still regenerating from  
the gunshot wounds.

CHARLIE

I know; "some people just won't stay dead." You shouldn't a' done what you did, "partner."

Charlie slams Brock with the board again, knocking him out.

INT. BIGGER CHAMBER - ABANDONED MINE - NIGHT

Tad is winding his way into the coffin-filled chamber, with only his weak lantern to light the way. He stumbles in the dark, falling on his backside as the pile of decapitated heads rain down on him.

INT. ABANDONED MINE - LARGE CAVERN - NIGHT

Brock comes to, tied to a support beam alongside El Dorado and the Padre, his eyes now deeply circled, his skin unnaturally moist. Their silver necklaces are gone. They speak in whispers.

BROCK

What'd I miss?

El Dorado nods upwards and Brock follows his gaze toward Gina. Her mouth gagged, she is tied to two wooden beams that form a simple cross. The cross in turn is suspended above a makeshift slab altar with a narrow pentagram shaped channel crudely chiseled into its face.

BROCK (CONT'D)

What kind of shindig is this?

PADRE

The Master says he will be transformed--no longer shall he fear the sun.

Brock tries to shake off the headache.

EL DORADO KID

Like he wasn't tough enough. Well, we'll get out of this somehow, Padre. Don't lose faith.

PADRE

My faith has never been stronger. All my life, I've been looking for some proof of a higher power. His power, it's tangible. The Master is my salvation.

Brock and El Dorado share a look.

The light flickers as a supernatural wind again stirs within the dark recesses of the mine. Dra'Ghoula joins them. He is relaxed, prideful, as he approaches Brock.

DRA'GHOULA  
 <Ahh, you awaken at last. I was growing concerned you might miss the festivities.>

BROCK  
 What do you want from us?

DRA'GHOULA  
 <Want? I want you to suffer for what you've done to my children. But the ritual requires mortal witness, so I must delay my gratification...for the moment.>

EL DORADO KID  
 What about Gina? Let her go!

DRA'GHOULA  
 <Alas, that is not possible. The ritual also requires a virgin sacrifice.>

Dra'Ghoula walks over to Padre. His fingernail extends to slice the ropes that bind him.

DRA'GHOULA (CONT'D)  
 <And you, cleric, do you join me freely and of your own will?>

PADRE  
 Yes, Master. I am here to serve.

Dra'Ghoula breaks open his sealed container. He hands an aged parchment to Padre.

DRA'GHOULA  
 <I trust you've studied your Latin? The incantation must be read exactly. No mistakes>

PADRE  
 Yes, Master, I will not fail.

Dra'Ghoula beckons into the shadows. Charlie, Ike, and the Sheriff come forward. They operate a pulley, lowering down two wooden beams arranged in a cross similar to Gina's.

Dra'Ghoula positions himself on the cross as his minions drive old iron spikes through his bare hands and feet. Dra'Ghoula doesn't move a muscle, but Gina flinches with every WHACK! of the hammer.

Once Dra'Ghoula is secured, he is raised above the altar, so that he hangs directly opposite Gina. Charlie holds one side of the rope, the Sheriff the other.

DRA'GHOULA  
 <It is time, cleric. Let the ritual begin.>

Both El Dorado Kid and Brock try to break free of their bonds, but they hold fast.

Padre approaches the altar and begins reciting the Latin incantation.

Padre makes the sign of the cross, then picks up the golden goblet and ceremonial knife and moves closer to Gina. He steps up on a small stool, gently slitting her wrist. He lets her blood flow into the goblet.

EL DORADO KID

Padre! You son of a bitch...

Ignoring him, Padre then positions Gina's arm so the blood drops into the pentagram-shaped channel below. Slowly, the blood flows as Padre raises the goblet and moves over to Dra'Ghoula.

INT. MINE - DARK TUNNEL - NIGHT

Tad rushes down the tunnel with his lantern. Suddenly, a hand grabs him from behind and lifts him up off his feet. It's Julie Bell.

JULIE BELL

Hey there young'un! What's a little boy like you runnin' around all alone here for?

TAD

I'm looking for the man who killed my mama!

Tad squirms, trying to grab his tomahawk, but Julie Bell spots it first and holds it from the leather handle, dangling it beyond his reach.

JULIE BELL

I thinking you're lookin' for this, sugar.

Julie Bell loosens her hold on Tad, teasing him as he tries to grab the tomahawk. She giggles, tosses the tomahawk away, and flips Tad onto his back. She straddles him and bares his neck.

JULIE BELL (CONT'D)

Now, the Master says the blood tastes best when you're really scared. I'm thinking it might taste just as good if you're a little excited.

Julie Bell licks her lips and bends down for the bite. TWACK! A silver arrowhead pierces her chest. She looks down in shock, her veins turning dark as she flops onto her back squirming, grasping for the arrow. Lone Wolf stands behind, lowering his bow.

Shaken, but unhurt, Tad gets up. Lone Wolf grabs the tomahawk and approaches. Tad puts out his hand to stop him.

TAD  
Mama always said a man's gotta  
finish what he starts.

Lone Wolf nods and hands the tomahawk to Tad. Julie Bell spits out black, toxic blood and looks on in horror as Tad arches his arm for the swing.

INT. ABANDONED MINE - INNER SANCTUM - NIGHT

Padre recites more Latin as he lets blood drip from Dra'Ghoula's wrist into the golden goblet. Dra'Ghoula's wound, however, quickly seals itself.

Charlie, Ike, and the Sheriff are distracted by the ritual and don't see Lone Wolf and Tad sneak into the chamber.

Spotting Brock and El Dorado, Lone Wolf motions for Tad to stay back as he sneaks towards his comrades, cutting them free with his knife.

Brock finds their saddle bags nearby and grabs a couple of sticks of dynamite, then tosses El Dorado his tomahawk. Brock whispers.

BROCK  
You and Lone Wolf get Gina. I'll  
blow these bastards back to hell.

EL DORADO KID  
On it!

El Dorado Kid and Lone Wolf slip off towards Gina as Brock reaches for the matches. In his haste, he drops them down a small crevice in the floor.

BROCK  
Shit!

The crack is too small for his hand to fit through.

Lone Wolf hangs back as El Dorado races behind the framework and finds a dangling rope. Lone Wolf sees Brock struggle with the crack.

Breaking cover, Lone Wolf screams a WAR CRY, and fires a silver arrow, hitting Ike right between the eyes. Shrieking in pain, the undead bartender staggers towards Lone Wolf.

El Dorado grasps the rope and swings up to the rafters above Gina. He nimbly balances atop the thin beam that suspends her. He takes his knife and cuts her binds.

EL DORADO  
Hold on, baby.

Charlie is furious, but he and the Sheriff are both holding the ropes suspending Dra'Ghoula.

Padre is dumbfounded, unsure of what to do.

DRA'GHOULA  
<Finish it, fool!>

The Padre continues reciting in Latin, raising the goblet and offering it to Dra'Ghoula to drink.

Tad comes out of hiding and runs to Brock, easily grasping the matches.

Lone Wolf rushes towards Ike with his tomahawk. WHACK! Ike's head rolls down onto the altar, knocking over several candles.

Dra'Ghoula, still nailed to the cross, SHRIEKS in rage.

Brock lights the fuse on one of the sticks of dynamite and hurls it down one of the tunnels.

The sound of MANY ANGRY GHOULS roars up the tunnel. They're coming.

The Sheriff grabs Charlie's end of the rope so Charlie can go do some damage.

KABOOM! The chamber shakes as the tunnel explodes.

El Dorado frees Gina, catching her and pulling her back as she falls. She is faint and weak from the loss of blood. He binds her wrist with his bandana.

But still, down below, Gina's blood continues to flow, moments away from completely intersecting the pentagram.

EL DORADO KID  
The blood, Brock!

Brock rushes to stop Charlie. They wrestle.

CHARLIE  
Not so weak now, am I?

Lone Wolf grabs Padre and hurls him at the Sheriff, causing him to let loose the ropes which sends the cross holding Dra'Ghoula CRASHING to the ground. Padre is pinned underneath.

Dra'Ghoula looks at the chaos and chuckles.

DRA'GHOULA  
<You are too late. It is finished!>

He pulls one hand free from the cross, the spike still attached. He starts pulling the spike out with his mouth.

EL DORADO KID  
Brock, the ground!

El Dorado Kid chops the rope near him, dropping the tomahawk as he swings with Gina to the ground.

Brock sees the blood, then rolls Charlie and some debris on top of it, blocking the flow the instant before the last leg connects.

Brock grabs the tomahawk and Charlie by the hair. WHACK! Charlie's head rolls across the floor. Brock turns to light another fuse.

BROCK  
Out everyone, now!

Carrying Gina over his shoulder, El Dorado leads the charge out of the chamber. Tad grabs the saddle bags and Lone Wolf is right behind him.

Brock throws the dynamite and rushes out as Dra'Ghoula works on freeing his feet. The Sheriff tries to help.

DRA'GHOULA  
<Stop them!!>

INT. ABANDONED MINE - TUNNEL - NIGHT

KABOOM! A HUGE STORM OF DUST roars up the tunnel, catching El Dorado, Lone Wolf, Tad, and Gina. But no sign of Brock.

EL DORADO KID  
Brock!

El Dorado shouts again through the cloud of dust.

EL DORADO KID (CONT'D)  
Brock!!

Coughing and stumbling through the dust, the SILHOUETTE OF A DARK FIGURE appears. It's Brock, bloodied and covered in dust, but okay.

BROCK  
Keep moving! The roof is coming down.

They rush out, the SOUNDS of explosions continuing behind them.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

Most of the townsfolk are all gathered in the center of the street, reacting to the RESIDUAL SMOKE AND EXPLOSIONS still coming from the mine.

Brock and the others return, tired but in a hurry. El Dorado Kid still carries Gina. She looks bad.

INT. OLD CHURCH - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

Abe has El Dorado lay Gina down on a pew near the altar, where he's already set up a variety of medical equipment.

Hanna Ling shoos everyone else back outside.

EL DORADO KID  
Where'd you get all this stuff?

ABE  
The barber shop, mostly, though I did pilfer the hardware store too.

Abe quickly checks the unconscious Gina.

ABE (CONT'D)  
This is terrible. She's lost far too much blood.

EL DORADO KID  
If it's blood you need, I got blood! Give her mine!

Abe is distracted as he runs the mental calculations.

ABE  
Yes! Yes, I recall now there has been some recent progress in that regard. Transfusion, they call it. They take the blood of a donor--

EL DORADO KID  
Please, Abe, just do it, or she ain't gonna make it.

ABE  
Lie down next to her and roll up your sleeve.

El Dorado Kid lies in the pew, head to head with Gina.

Abe moves over to the altar and finds some rubber tubing, needles and an old-fashioned suction pump. He quickly jerry-rigs the tubing to the needle and approaches El Dorado Kid.

ABE (CONT'D)  
I should tell you, this is going to sting.

El Dorado cracks a smile.

EL DORADO KID  
Do your worst, Doc. Just save Gina.

At the sound of her name, Gina wakes up with a start and sits bolt-upright, her eyes wide in horror.

GINA  
He's still alive.

She screams.

INT. ABANDONED MINE - INNER SANCTUM - NIGHT

GINA'S SCREAM ECHOES down the dark tunnel.

A few torches survived the blast and cast an eerie light on the partially collapsed chamber. CHARLIE'S SEVERED HEAD lies on the debris-covered floor.

A bloody hand pops up through the rubble. Then another, and another. Rocks begin to move away as the surviving Vampires break free.

Soon Dra'Ghoula is uncovered, a huge rotted timber still jutting through his chest. With incredible strength, he pulls the beam out, the gaping hole supernaturally sealing itself in moments.

DRA'GHOULA  
<Those wretched fools have failed!  
I can feel the change in my blood  
already.>

He looks at his hand as it rapidly becomes more hairy and deformed, turning into a web-fingered, bat-like claw. His arms, his back, and then his head are all changing.

His upper body CONTORTS AND EXPANDS, ripping out of his clothing and making Dra'Ghoula writhe in agony.

The other Vampires continue to free themselves and look on with a mixture of awe and fear as their master's metamorphosis continues.

At last, the change is complete. Dra'Ghoula is transformed into a STRYGOI-LIKE BAT CREATURE, standing at least three or four heads taller.

He finds the Padre buried under some rock, barely alive. He yanks him free and holds him close, his hideous nose and teeth inches away from the Padre's face.

DRA'GHOULA (CONT'D)  
<You! You did this!>

PADRE  
No, Master, I did it exactly..

Dra'Ghoula rips off Padre's head and throws it hard against the wall. He then flings the body in disgust. He turns to the others.

DRA'GHOULA  
<Failure will not be tolerated.>

EXT. MAIN STREET - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

The street is lined with torches, lighting a path to the church. Brock maps out their moves in the dirt.

Two Trees, Three Bears, and Lone Wolf, all wearing war paint and silver crosses, watch intently.

BROCK

..Remember, no heroics. Wait for Moses' signal and retreat.

Tad, now in war paint too, joins the men. His sleeves are cut, and he wears the same silver cross necklace the men do, plus he's pinned back on the tin star. Brock frowns, but Lone Wolf gives him a look, and he nods grudgingly.

The group splits into two teams, Lone Wolf with Tad and Two Trees, and Brock with Three Bears. Lone Wolf shouts in Apache. The Indians cheer. Brock looks at Lone Wolf, who provides a translation.

LONE WOLF

"May we fight with courage and die with honor."

BROCK

Amen to that, brother.

The teams take their positions on either side of the street. Lone Wolf scampers up the side of a building where he releases a fire arrow that brightens the moonlit sky.

The arrow trails up, revealing six approaching ghouls: the Sheriff, bat-creature Dra'Ghoula and four other Vampires.

TAD

What the heck is that?

BROCK

Fuckin' Diablo.

On one side of the street Tad grabs silver tipped arrows as Lone Wolf and Two Trees stand ready with bows drawn taut.

On the other side of the street, Brock and Three Bears help Hanna Ling put the final touches on an IMPROVISED FIREWORKS LAUNCHER. She lights the fuse.

BROCK (CONT'D)

You sure these things still work?

HANNA LING

They're Chinese, not cheap American crap. They'll work.

A moment later, there is a loud CRACK and WHISTLE as three SILVER-TIPPED CHINESE FIREWORKS ROCKETS launch from their hidden rack.

All the Vampires except Dra'Ghoula panic as the rockets blast toward them in a zigzagging pattern. While two of them pass overhead without harm, one rocket hits the Sheriff squarely in his chest.

He is driven back, launched airborne by the force, then BOOM! He explodes into a million bits of flesh and a dazzling cacophony of color! As flesh rains from the sky, his head lands in a water trough on the far side of the street.

TAD

Whoa!

Brock and Hanna help Three Bears load the next rack of rockets as the Vampires regroup.

On the other side of the street, Lone Wolf and Two Feathers join the fray. They fire silver-tipped arrows as the second volley of fireworks is launched.

Two more Vampires go down, anguishing on the ground as their blood is poisoned by the silver-tipped arrows.

This leaves just two more ghouls and Dra'Ghoula, who is completely unfazed by the attack and his loss of manpower.

Dra'Ghoula stands firm as the third volley of fireworks is launched and head straight for him. With lightning-fast reflexes, Dra'Ghoula grabs two rockets in mid-flight, spins them around and sends them back from where they came.

Brock and Three Bears jump for cover, Three Bears pulling Hanna on top of him. The returning rockets strike the barrel filled with the remaining fireworks.

KABOOM!! The supply blows in a spectacular ball of flame and sparkling color. Three Bears ends up on top of Hanna.

HANNA LING

Kindly remove your hands from my bosoms!

Lone Wolf gives the signal to pull back.

Dra'Ghoula and his last two Vampires march forward.

INT. OLD CHURCH - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

The SOUNDS OF THE FIREWORKS rock the church. Gina twitches, her brow covered in sweat. Abe dabs it away as he squeezes a rubber hand pump, pumping the blood out of El Dorado Kid into Gina.

EL DORADO KID

Fight, Gina, fight!

Gina's eyes bolt open. She looks frantically around, pulling out the transfusion tubing, blood squirting on the floor.

GINA

The master! He summons me. Must obey.

ABE

Gina, no! You're in no condition-

But with amazing strength, Gina jumps from the altar. El Dorado Kid and Abe both try to subdue her, but she fights with all the fury of a wildcat.

EXT. SULFUR SPRINGS - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The townsfolk retreat back towards the church as Dra'Ghoula and the two remaining Vampires advance.

Brock looks back to the church, looking for something. Then he spots Moses, who raises his lantern and waves it left-to-right. Brock turns to Lone Wolf.

BROCK

That's the signal! Run for the church and hope they follow!

LONE WOLF

They'll follow. We're the only food for miles. Tad, stay close.

Lone Wolf gives a double whistle. Two Trees, Three Bears and Hanna break left, while Lone Wolf and Tad break right. Brock stays in the center.

Dra'Ghoula signals the Vampires to split. Dra'Ghoula takes the center.

Brock hurls his silver-plated tomahawk directly at Dra'Ghoula; who grabs it with incredible dexterity even as the silver burns his flesh. He throws the tomahawk to the ground.

BROCK

Glad to see you ain't lost your touch, Draghoulie.

Brock removes the ornate silver stake again and tosses it from hand to hand.

Dropping their bow and arrows, Lone Wolf and the others fire their guns at the advancing Vampires. Quickly out of ammunition, they throw their guns at the over-confident creatures.

Brock looks nervously. He turns to Dra'Ghoula.

BROCK (CONT'D)

Spare the woman and boy.

DRA'GHOULA

<We will feast on their beating hearts. Attack!>

The Vampires rush the cowering townsfolk. Then, nearly simultaneously, they drop into CAMOUFLAGED PITS. One of them grabs the side in time, but the other SHRIEKS as he is impaled on the silver-tipped spikes below.

Lone Wolf runs forward, throwing himself at the other Vampire, knocking him back in the pit. The creature falls to his doom.

The two Vampires SHRIEK in pain as the silver burns their flesh. Dra'Ghoula is livid!

DRA'GHOULA (CONT'D)  
 <You think yourself clever? I can raise another army as easily as I raised this one. Perhaps I'll start with you!>

Brock and the others all back towards the church. For the first time, we see the silver cross is now missing.

DRA'GHOULA (CONT'D)  
 <Cretins! The sanctity of your church means nothing to me!>

Dra'Ghoula is less than a hundred yards away. The survivors race under the scaffolding and into the church. Brock turns to Lone Wolf quickly.

BROCK  
 Lone Wolf. Go up with Moses. Be strong, no matter what.

Brock pushes Lone Wolf inside and SLAMS the door, barricading it with a nearby board.

INT. OLD CHURCH - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

Lone Wolf stares angrily at the door for a moment, then turns towards a roof hatch ladder. He scurries upward, oblivious to the chaos around him as everyone else struggles to subdue the near superhuman Gina. Abe and an Indian get flung against opposite walls.

EXT. OLD CHURCH - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

Brock continues to taunt Dra'Ghoula with the ornate spike.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
 Got your girl inside, Ghoulie. But being you're so ugly now, not sure she's still interested.

DRA'GHOULA  
 <You still dare to taunt me? I will rip the flesh from you layer by layer.>

Brock takes a swing with the spike, knocking back into the scaffolding. Dra'Ghoula slows, suspicious of the framing, though the danger is not obvious.

Brock scrapes his neck with the spike. Instantly Dra'Ghoula is distracted, greedily eyeing the blood trickling down Brock's throat.

BROCK  
 Is this what you want? Is it, ugly?  
 Come on!

Dra'Ghoula's fangs extend as his bloodlust takes over. He grabs Brock and sinks his teeth deep into Brock's throat.

SPLAT! Brock swings the spike into Dra'Ghoula's back.

INT. OLD CHURCH - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

Gina shrieks in agony and collapses in a heap, all fight and strength now gone. Picking themselves up off the floor, the others approach her with trepidation.

EXT. OLD CHURCH - SULFUR SPRINGS - NIGHT

Dark blood dripping from his lips and shrieking in pain, his veins darkening from the silver, Dra'Ghoula tries to pull the spike from his back with one hand while continuing to grip Brock with the other.

Brock uses Dra'Ghoula's imbalance to ease him into position. He shouts upward.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
 Now! Let it go!

Up on the scaffolding platform above, Moses and Lone Wolf ready a huge boiling vat of liquid silver. They hesitate as Brock is still in Dra'Ghoula's grip.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
 Just fucking do it!! Please!

Still reeling in pain from the silver spike in his back, Dra'Ghoula instinctively looks up and---

SPLOOSH! Lone Wolf tilts the vat, the molten silver pouring out in a great wave over the two combatants below.

Moses watches in horror as the steaming liquid quickly solidifies, trapping Brock and Dra'Ghoula where they stand, encasing them in the pose of their mortal combat.

It's a big molten silver statue, the features ghastly distorted like melted wax...

SLOW FADE TO:

EXT IKE'S SALOON - SULFUR SPRINGS - DAY

The saloon is in shambles. The "unwelcome" sign in front changed so that all the minorities are crossed off and the word "Nightfeeder" is handwritten in red. El Dorado Kid, his arm in a sling, sits on the porch with Moses and Tad.

EL DORADO KID  
 ...So you follow us, into the dark,  
 and you kill a full-grown lady  
 Nightfeeder on your own?

TAD  
 Well, he helped.

They look over to a distant hill, where Lone Wolf, Two Trees,  
 and Three Bears are making their exit.

TAD (CONT'D)  
 Why can't they stay?

EL DORADO KID  
 'Cause of them.

They see a dust cloud approach in the distance, and a glimpse  
 of a US flag and blue uniforms.

MOSES  
 Looks like Miss Lacy made it after  
 all.

Abe has a black eye and bruised cheek. He and Hanna lead a  
 recovering Gina out on the porch. Gina's getting some color  
 back. With a smile, she sits down next to El Dorado Kid. They  
 take hands.

GINA  
 I'm so, so sorry--

EL DORADO KID  
 --Nothin' to be sorry about, Miss  
 Gina. I'm just glad you're back to  
 being yourself.

TAD  
 What's going to happen to me?

El Dorado lets go of Gina's hand and tussles Tad's hair.

EL DORADO KID  
 Me and Miss Gina were thinking,  
 once she's--we're well enough to  
 ride, we'd take you to your daddy  
 in Tombstone.

TAD  
 So I ain't gonna be stuck in this  
 shithole town?

GINA  
 No, you ain't stuck in this  
 shithole town.

And everyone has a good, long, loud laugh.

Lacy arrives with a disbelieving CAVALRY. Riding with them is  
 none other than Brock's old prison guard, KRUMP.

Lacy dismounts first, looking concerned.

LACY  
You all that's left?

EL DORADO  
'Fraid so.

LACY  
Shit.  
(to the Soldiers)  
You boys go in and make yourselves comfortable. I'll fix us some drinks and see if we can get Irish here to tell us the whole story.

Lacy pats Abe on the shoulder as she leads the cavalymen inside the saloon. Krump stays behind, holding out a wanted poster of Brock.

KRUMP  
You folk seen an outlaw round these parts? Brock Tanner?

EL DORADO KID  
Don't know no outlaw by that name...But we did know a hero called that.

Krump follows everyone's gaze toward the big silver statue, now sparkling in the sun. As Moses and Tad lead the bewildered guard towards it, Abe takes out his notebook and pencil and starts to write.

On the inside cover page is the title, "Dra'Ghoula by Abraham Stoker." He crosses out a few letters and changes it to "Dracula by Bram Stoker."

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. REMOTE END OF MAIN STREET - SULFUR SPRINGS

A rustling... Covered in the dirt is the RATTLESNAKE who bit the Old Vampire. It slithers along and then suddenly--

--Lunges towards the screen!

SMASH TO BLACK:

THE END