

VAMPYRE

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - DAY

A long, limitless stretch of pavement. Beaten. Worn. Dry, cracked earth, sparsely patched with vegetation, borders either side. Gentle breeze blows.

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

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

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

EXT. MOTOR INN - DAY

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

INT. MOTOR INN - DAY

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

Her eyes light up briefly.

DANIELLE

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

PATRICK(O.S.)

Haven't you got anything better to do?

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

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

DANIELLE

You do realize where we live, right? Unless someone gets lost within the next twenty minutes, no. I don't have anything better to do.

Patrick sighs, shakes his head.

PATRICK

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

DANIELLE

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

PATRICK

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

EXT. MOTOR INN - DAY

The red jeep pulls up in front of the office. The driver steps out, revealing himself.

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

INT. MOTOR INN - DAY

Both Danielle and Patrick look out the window at the stranger in shock.

DANIELLE

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

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

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

Danielle smiles.

DANIELLE

Good afternoon, sir. Welcome to the Motor Inn.

Charles nods curtly.

CHARLES

I need a room.

DANIELLE  
 Absolutely. We have plenty of rooms  
 available. How many beds do you  
 need?

CHARLES  
 Just one.

DANIELLE  
 And just for the night?

CHARLES  
 No.

Danielle raises her eyebrows.

DANIELLE  
 Really? How many nights, then?

CHARLES  
 As many as it takes, I suppose.

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

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

DANIELLE  
 Let me run it by my manager real  
 quick.

Danielle gets up and knocks on the Manager's Office door  
 before opening it.

As she talks with Patrick, Charles examines his  
 surroundings. It's so simple. Boring. No tourist  
 attractions. A single map on the desk. No decorative pieces  
 at all, save for a painting of the mountains on the wall.

Danielle returns, a smile once more.

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

CHARLES  
 And how much is it?

DANIELLE  
Forty-nine dollars a night, or one  
ninety-five a week, plus tax.

CHARLES  
Shouldn't be here a week.

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

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

Danielle clicks a few things on the computer.

DANIELLE  
Name?

CHARLES  
Jack, uh, Smith.

Danielle hesitates, but doesn't question.

DANIELLE  
Cell phone number?

CHARLES  
I don't have one.

DANIELLE  
Mmk. Date of birth?

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

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

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

CHARLES  
I'm in between places at the  
moment.

Danielle pauses, looks Charles up and down for a moment.

DANIELLE

All right, then.

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

DANIELLE

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

Charles scribbles out the name he signs on the form.

CHARLES

Apologies, I made a mistake.

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

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

DANIELLE

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

CHARLES

Thank you.

Charles takes the key and heads for the door.

DANIELLE

Do you need help with your luggage?

CHARLES

I've got it, thanks.

DANIELLE

What about a wake up call?

CHARLES

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

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

DANIELLE

What an odd old dude.

PATRICK(O.S.)  
What's that?

DANIELLE  
Nothing!

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - DAY

Charles unlocks the door and enters the sparse room. Bed. Dresser. TV. Mini fridge. Small closet-sized bathroom. He sighs.

INT. MOTOR INN - DAY

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

DANIELLE  
He travels light.

PATRICK(O.S.)  
Stop being nosy!

DANIELLE  
There's something weird about this guy.

PATRICK(O.S.)  
I'm not listening.

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

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - DAY

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

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

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

The bottom of the case holds a Bible, a flintlock pistol, and two glass vials of clear liquid, resting nicely in red felt.

Charles removes the crucifix and clicks off the light before laying down on the bed. He rests the crucifix on his chest and closes his eyes.

EXT. MOTOR INN - NIGHT

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

PATRICK

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

DANIELLE

I'm off tomorrow.

PATRICK

Oh. That's right. Nevermind.

DANIELLE

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

PATRICK

We have one guest. I can manage. Nosey.

DANIELLE

Not me!

PATRICK

Uh huh. Leave him alone, Danielle.

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

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

Danielle looks at Patrick.

DANIELLE

Where's he going at eleven at night?!

PATRICK

I mean it.

DANIELLE

Come on!

PATRICK  
No. Good night.

DANIELLE  
Goodnight!

Danielle and Patrick head their separate ways.

EXT. BAKERSFIELD - NIGHT

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

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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

KRISTIN  
Goodnight, guys!

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

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

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

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

SMASH!

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

KRISTIN  
Someone there?

No response. Perhaps it was a raccoon.

She continues on, her pace quickening.

A menacing hiss shatters the silence, echoing through the night air.

KRISTIN  
Josh, you shit! If that's you, it's  
not funny!

Silence.

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

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

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

SNAP!

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

KRISTIN  
Somebody help me!

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

KRISTIN  
Please. Just leave me alone.  
Please!

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

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

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

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

Silence.

EXT. BAKERSFIELD - NIGHT

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

EXT. MOTOR INN - DAWN

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

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

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

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

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

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

ANDY  
Sorry, sheriff.

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

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Kristin Hall.

DEPUTY COLSON  
Yep.

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

DEPUTY COLSON  
Sure did.

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

SHERIFF BOOTH  
You can go on home. You don't need  
to be here for this. I've got it  
under control.

PARAMEDICS start to load up the body while a single REPORTER stands behind the caution tape, trying to catch a peek.

DEPUTY COLSON

It's not right, sheriff. She was a sweet girl.

SHERIFF BOOTH

I'll get to the bottom of it. Go on home.

DEPUTY COLSON

No. I'm staying.

SHERIFF BOOTH

You sure?

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

SHERIFF BOOTH

What have you found so far?

He points to the wall opposite of where Kristin was.

DEPUTY COLSON

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

He points.

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

DEPUTY COLSON

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

SHERIFF BOOTH

You know the one thing I've learned after all these years as sheriff?

DEPUTY COLSON  
What's that?

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

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

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

Sheriff Booth turns to Deputy Colson.

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

DEPUTY COLSON  
Yes, ma'am!

INT. MOTOR INN - DAY

Danielle sits behind the desk, staring out the window at the  
red jeep.

DANIELLE  
He hasn't moved all day.

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

PATRICK  
Hm?

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

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

Patrick heads back to his office.

DANIELLE  
He hasn't paid for another night,  
yet.

Patrick stops, turns. Sighs.

PATRICK  
Go on and get it, then.

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

EXT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - DAY

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

CHARLES  
What is it?

DANIELLE  
Are you staying another night?

CHARLES  
Yes.

DANIELLE  
Payment is due then, like we  
agreed.

CHARLES  
Just a moment.

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

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

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

CHARLES  
No.

Charles closes the door and locks it again.

DANIELLE

Okay, well, just let us know!

Danielle walks away.

DANIELLE

Weirdo.

INT. MOTOR INN - DAY

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

PATRICK

Well? Is your curiosity satisfied?

DANIELLE

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

PATRICK

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

DANIELLE

Maybe he murders young girls.

PATRICK

Oh, jeez. Here we go.

Patrick shuts himself back in his office again.

DANIELLE

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

PATRICK(O.S.)

I can't hear you!

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

DANIELLE

I knew it! You've gotta come see this!

With a loud groan, Patrick steps out of the office once more.

PATRICK

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

DANIELLE

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

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

PATRICK

Oh, my.

DANIELLE

Right?!

PATRICK

She served me more meals than I care to say.

DANIELLE

Don't you see?!

PATRICK

See what?

DANIELLE

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

Patrick rolls his eyes.

PATRICK

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

DANIELLE

Patrick!

PATRICK

Enough! It's a tragic thing, but it happens. She was a pretty girl. Probably a jealous ex-boyfriend.

DANIELLE  
Or a creepy old man.

Patrick sighs.

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

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

DANIELLE  
At least a person of interest.

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

DANIELLE  
Come onnnnn. We have to do  
something.

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

DANIELLE  
I have to change his linens.

PATRICK  
I'll do that. Stay away.

Again, Patrick heads back for his office.

DANIELLE  
You're killing me, smalls.

PATRICK  
I don't understand that reference.

Patrick closes himself away and Danielle throws herself down  
in a huff back into her chair.

EXT. MOTOR INN - NIGHT

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

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

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

INT. MOTOR INN - NIGHT

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

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. MOTOR INN - NIGHT

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

- she screams -

- it's Patrick. He jumps back with a yelp as well, startled.

DANIELLE  
Jesus! What the shit!

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

DANIELLE  
Nothing.

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

DANIELLE  
Do what? I didn't do anything.

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

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

PATRICK  
I didn't think you would.

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

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

DANIELLE  
Sure won't.

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

Danielle hands Patrick the key.

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

With a smile and a wink, Danielle heads back to her car.

PATRICK

I mean it, Danielle! Stay out of  
his room! He could sue!

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

INT. FUNERAL HOME - MORGUE - NIGHT

Three body drawers in the wall. A small tray table of  
autopsy and embalming instruments. Bags of chemicals.  
Florescent lights. Standard stuff.

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

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

CARL

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

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

There is a sudden ringing of a bell.

CARL

Oh, for Christ's sake.

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

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

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

CARL

May I help you?

CHARLES

Good evening. I understand a young girl was brought here this morning. I was hoping to examine the body.

CARL

I'm sorry. Who are you?

CHARLES

Forgive me.

Charles bows.

CHARLES

I am Jack...Smith.

CARL

And you belong with which department?

CHARLES

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

CARL

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

CHARLES

No, you don't understand -

CARL

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

CHARLES

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

CARL

Last warning.

With a huff and another small bow, Charles leaves.

CARL

Weirdo.

Carl closes and locks the door.

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

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

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

CARL

Hello!

No answer.

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

CRASH!

Something breaks upstairs.

CARL

Ms. Hall!

Carl runs up the stairs.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

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

CARL

Ms. Hall?

Eerie silence.

CARL

Kristin?

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

CARL

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

The sobbing stops.

CARL

Ms. Hall?

Carl enters the parlor, looking behind the horrid furniture for any sign of Kristin. There's nothing.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

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

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

INT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

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

THUMP!

Something moves up on the second floor.

CARL

Kristin! Come on! I won't hurt you!

Carl heads for the stairs and casually ascends.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

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

No sign of her.

CARL

Why are you hiding?

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

CARL

M-Ms. Hall?

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

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

CARL

Kristin? It's Carl. Carl Harvin. I run the funeral home. You were in a terrible accident and we thought -

The crying suddenly stops. Carl clicks on the lamp on the nightstand.

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

CARL  
You poor girl.

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

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

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

CARL  
Kristin?

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

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

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - NIGHT

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

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

CHARLES  
What!

It's Sheriff Booth.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Evening, sir.

She looks behind him, into the room.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
You wouldn't mind following me back  
to the station to answer a few  
questions, would you?

CHARLES  
Well, I really am quite -

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Didn't think so.

EXT. MOTOR INN - NIGHT

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

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

It's a small place. A front desk, an office in the back, a  
small kitchen off to the side, a bathroom, and two cells.

Sheriff Booth and Charles enter the building and she offers  
him a seat with a smile.

CHARLES  
Am I under arrest?

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

CHARLES  
Am I being charged with anything?

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

Sheriff Booth sits down and continues to smile at Charles.

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

Charles sighs.

CHARLES  
Charles Rainer.

Sheriff Booth types the name into the computer and presses  
search.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Why the alias? Running from  
something?

CHARLES  
No.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Running from someone?

CHARLES  
No.

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

Charles shrugs.

CHARLES  
Curiosity.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Did you know the victim?

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

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Uh huh.

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

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

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

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

Charles looks up at her, swallowing sorrow.

CHARLES  
There's a big difference between  
being pushed to the edge and going  
over it.

Sheriff Booth leans back in her chair.

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - NIGHT

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

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

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

CHARLES(O.S.)

What are you doing in here?

Danielle whirls around, terrified.

DANIELLE

I, uh - uh.

Charles steps forward and immediately closes the wooden case.

CHARLES

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

DANIELLE

What is all that stuff?

CHARLES

Don't concern yourself with it. Just leave.

DANIELLE

Are you some sort of vampire hunter or something?

CHARLES

Get out! You cannot be seen with me!

DANIELLE

What -

CHARLES

Out! Get out!

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

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

INT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

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

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

The phone rings. The machine picks up.

CARL(O.S.)

(recording)

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

SHERIFF BOOTH(O.S.)

Hey Carl, it's Carla Booth, here. Just want to know what else you've found. I know, I know, I'm impatient.

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

SHERIFF BOOTH(O.S.)

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

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

INT. MOTOR INN - DAY

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

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

PATRICK  
What's with you?

DANIELLE  
Nothing.

PATRICK  
You sure?

Danielle nods her head and forces a smile.

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

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

DANIELLE  
Morning, sir.

Charles locks on and moves to the front desk.

CHARLES  
Is the manager available?

DANIELLE  
Um...well...

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

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

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

Danielle closes her eyes, looking away.

DANIELLE  
Shit.

EXT. BAKERSFIELD - DAY

A single police cruiser casually drives around town.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

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

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

Deputy Colson picks up his radio.

DEPUTY COLSON  
Copy that, sheriff.

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

DEPUTY COLSON  
Yes, ma'am.

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

DEPUTY COLSON  
Ten-four.

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

Deputy Colson puts up his radio.

INT. MOTOR INN - DAY

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

DANIELLE  
Have a good day!

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

DANIELLE  
Okay, before you say anything, just  
remember how cute I am.

PATRICK  
You're fired.

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

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

The smile quickly leaves her face.

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

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

DANIELLE  
But -

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

DANIELLE  
You can't just -

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

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

EXT. MOTOR INN - DAY

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

DANIELLE  
I hope you're happy. I just lost my job, asshole.

Charles casually looks over towards her.

CHARLES

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

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

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

DANIELLE

Dickhead.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Deputy Colson steps up to the door and rings the bell. No answer.

DEPUTY COLSON

Hello! Carl?

He knocks.

DEPUTY COLSON

It's Deputy Colson!

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

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

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

DEPUTY COLSON

Yo! Carl! You here?

Every step echoes through the house.

DEPUTY COLSON

Hello!

INT. FUNERAL HOME - MORGUE - DAY

Deputy Colson makes his way down the stairs.

DEPUTY COLSON  
Carl! Did you hear me?

He looks around the morgue. It's empty.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Deputy Colson returns to the first floor, looking around curiously.

DEPUTY COLSON  
Hello!

He slowly makes his way up the stairs to the second floor.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

As soon as Deputy Colson reaches the landing, he sees the blood.

DEPUTY COLSON  
Oh, shit.

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

DEPUTY COLSON  
Police officer! Anyone in here?

Foot by foot, he follows the trail of blood into the bedroom - and freezes, eyes wide.

DEPUTY COLSON  
Fuck me.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

PARAMEDICS load Carl's body into the ambulance and cruise away.

Sheriff Booth and Deputy Colson remain on the scene while the Forensics Investigator makes his way inside the funeral home.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Any sign of the girl?

DEPUTY COLSON  
None. She just disappeared.

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

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

SHERIFF BOOTH  
I don't know.

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

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

DEPUTY COLSON  
You got a plan?

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

INT. DANIELLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

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

SARAH  
Oh, my god! Did you hear?

DANIELLE  
Hear what?

Sarah looks at Danielle.

SARAH

Wait, why are you home?

DANIELLE

Got canned.

SARAH

What? No way! What happened?

DANIELLE

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

SARAH

What an asshole.

DANIELLE

Yeahhhh.

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

SARAH

Was he, like, super pervy or something?

DANIELLE

Just old and weird.

SARAH

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

DANIELLE

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

SARAH

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

DANIELLE

What!

SARAH  
I know, right? Like, again?

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

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

Danielle sits there, flabbergasted.

SARAH  
What?

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

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

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

DANIELLE  
You know something.

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

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

SARAH  
Or, like, get a boyfriend or something.

EXT. MOTOR INN - NIGHT

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

EXT. BAKERSFIELD - NIGHT

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

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

CHARLES

Damn.

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

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

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

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

Charles suddenly stops walking. He looks around and sniffs.

CHARLES  
I know you're here.

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

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

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

Silence.

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

CHARLES  
Face me like a man!

CRASH!

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

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

It's quiet again. Charles looks around, waiting. Prepared.

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

CHARLES  
Enough of your games! Come out!

PLOP!

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

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

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

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

Danielle watches this happen with wide, tear-filled eyes, biting down on her hand as hard as she can to not scream.

Charles places the holy water back into his coat pocket and takes up the crucifix into his hand again.

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

Danielle.

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

DANIELLE

I'm sorry! Please don't hurt me.

CHARLES

You stupid girl. You don't know what you've done.

A guttural laugh echoes from the shadows.

Charles and Danielle both look up.

SMASH!

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

CHARLES

Goddamn it!

Charles looks down at Danielle, whom is now crying.

DANIELLE

What the hell is going on?

Charles sighs, trying to swallow the anger.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

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

DANIELLE

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

Charles places the case into his jeep and turns to her.

CHARLES

Forget everything you've seen here tonight. Forget what you heard. Forget my face. Forget my name. Forget this town. None of this exists for you anymore.

DANIELLE

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

CHARLES

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

DANIELLE

Please...

CHARLES

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

DANIELLE

Should I call the police?

CHARLES

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

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

INT. DANIELLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

Sarah looks up at her from the TV.

SARAH

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

DANIELLE

I'm fine.

Danielle shuts herself into the bathroom.

EXT. BAKERSFIELD - NIGHT

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

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

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

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

Sheriff Booth climbs out of her SUV and approaches.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Evening, Mr. Rainer.

CHARLES  
Evening, sheriff.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Didn't we just have this conversation?

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

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

Charles shrugs.

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

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

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

CHARLES

Insomnia.

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

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

SHERIFF BOOTH

Go on home for the night, Mr.  
Rainer.

CHARLES

Yes, ma'am.

INT. DANIELLE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Danielle stares at herself in the mirror a little while, looking deep inside.

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

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

INT. DANIELLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Danielle steps out of the shower and freezes. Something isn't right.

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

DANIELLE

Sarah?

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

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

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

DANIELLE  
(whispered)  
Sarah?

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

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

She screams.

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

DANIELLE  
Sarah!

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

-

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

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - NIGHT

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

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

CHARLES  
Who's out there?

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

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

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

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

Danielle breaks down, sobbing again.

Charles isn't sure he buys it. He sticks the crucifix out through the crack in the door.

CHARLES

Grab this.

Danielle looks at the crucifix, confused.

DANIELLE

What?

CHARLES

Grab it!

She does. Nothing happens.

CHARLES

Very well.

Charles opens the door for her and lets her inside.

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

Danielle paces back and forth around the small room.

CHARLES

Sit.

Danielle continues to pace.

DANIELLE

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

CHARLES

I said sit!

Danielle sits down on the bed, shaking fiercely.

Charles watches her evenly.

CHARLES

You went home?

Danielle nods her head. Charles sighs.

CHARLES

Very slowly, very calmly, tell me  
what happened.

DANIELLE  
She was watching TV like she does  
every night.

CHARLES  
Who?

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

CHARLES  
Dead.

Danielle starts to sob again.

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

Charles puts on his coat and grabs the wooden case.

DANIELLE  
Where are you going?

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

DANIELLE  
What? Why?

CHARLES  
Address!

DANIELLE  
4419 Westchase Avenue. Apartment  
4B.

Charles heads for the door.

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

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

CHARLES  
You'll be safe here. I promise.

Charles darts out, closing the door behind him. Danielle jumps up from the bed and immediately bolts the door. She lays down on the bed, crying.

INT. DANIELLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

CHARLES

Are you still here?

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

CHARLES

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

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

He reaches out to open it -

SMASH!

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

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

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

She still struggles violently to get at his throat and inches closer and closer to it with her snapping fangs.

Desperate and outmatched, Charles searches for the dropped crucifix. It lay beside him and he reaches for it with his free hand - it's just out of reach.

CHARLES

In the name of God I command you to  
flee!

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

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

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

CHARLES

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

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

Charles clutches his throat, coughing, gasping for air.

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - NIGHT

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

CHARLES(O.S.)

It's all right. It's me.

DANIELLE

How do I know that?

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

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

DANIELLE

Well?

CHARLES

I was too late. She's one of them.

DANIELLE

One of what? What the fuck is going on?

CHARLES

A young lady like yourself should not use such language.

Danielle stares at him blankly.

CHARLES

Sit.

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

CHARLES

Why didn't you leave like I told you to?

DANIELLE

I don't have anywhere else to go.

CHARLES

No family?

DANIELLE

No.

Charles sighs, taking a drink.

CHARLES

There is nobody else?

DANIELLE

No one.

CHARLES

Very well.

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

CHARLES

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

DANIELLE

Yes.

CHARLES

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

She nods.

CHARLES

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

DANIELLE

What do you mean?

CHARLES

Vampire.

DANIELLE

But that's -

CHARLES

Don't say it.

Danielle closes her mouth.

CHARLES

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

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

CHARLES

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

Danielle sits there a moment.

DANIELLE

Then why isn't their proof? Why hasn't someone captured one and put it on display or opened it up to research? With all the technology now, someone would *have* to have something concrete.

CHARLES

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

Charles gets up and pours himself another glass.

CHARLES

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

He stares off, thinking.

CHARLES

We're nothing. Defenseless.

DANIELLE

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

CHARLES

No. I can't.

DANIELLE

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

Charles looks down at the floor.

CHARLES

A father. That is something I should never have been. Sleep. You'll need your rest.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

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

She picks up the phone and dials.

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

She hangs up. Deputy Colson walks by.

DEPUTY COLSON

You running that through the feds?

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

DEPUTY COLSON

You think he's behind it all?

SHERIFF BOOTH

If he's not behind it, he knows who is.

EXT. MOTOR INN - DAY

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

DANIELLE

We going looking for him?

CHARLES

No.

DANIELLE

Why?

CHARLES  
Because you're not ready.

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

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

CHARLES  
What do you know of vampires?

DANIELLE  
Just what I've seen in the movies.

CHARLES  
Mhm. Get in.

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

DANIELLE  
Where are we going?

CHARLES  
Shut up.

They drive away.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

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

DANIELLE  
Are they really this cliché?

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

DANIELLE  
Good. I was going to say...

CHARLES  
Now, tell me.

DANIELLE  
Tell you what?

Charles stops walking and looks at her, almost a smile.

CHARLES

What you know of vampires.

DANIELLE

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

CHARLES

Not bad.

He sits on a bench.

DANIELLE

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

CHARLES

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

DANIELLE

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

CHARLES

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

Danielle rolls her eyes.

CHARLES

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

DANIELLE

What happened thirty years ago?

Charles stares off a minute, thinking deeply.

CHARLES

That's not important.

He looks back up to her.

CHARLES

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

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

He takes out the crucifix.

CHARLES

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

Danielle takes the crucifix, examining it.

DANIELLE

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

CHARLES

Ah, and that's where you're wrong already.

Charles takes the crucifix back.

CHARLES

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

DANIELLE

And that would be...?

CHARLES

Olive.

Danielle thinks for a moment.

DANIELLE

Are you sure? I'm pretty sure I heard a poem about that before. Some type of flower, I think. What was it?

CHARLES

Dogwood.

DANIELLE

That's it!

Charles shakes his head.

CHARLES

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

DANIELLE

And if I'm atheist?

CHARLES

You better get to know God real quick.

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

DANIELLE

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

CHARLES

An ash stake. Tipped with silver.

DANIELLE

Why?

CHARLES

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

DANIELLE

Gotcha.

Danielle points at the glass vial.

DANIELLE

I saw you pour that into that dead man's mouth. Holy water, I'm assuming?

Charles nods his head.

CHARLES

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

DANIELLE

Demon?

CHARLES

I don't know what else to call it.

DANIELLE

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

CHARLES

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

DANIELLE

Familiar?

CHARLES

Human servant, usually hypnotized.

DANIELLE

Ah.

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

CHARLES

Don't touch that. I'm saving that.

DANIELLE

What good is a gun going to do?

CHARLES

Silver bullet.

DANIELLE

I see. Will it work?

Charles shrugs and closes the case, latching it.

CHARLES

I don't know. The French seemed to think so.

Charles gets up from the bench with a sigh.

DANIELLE

What now?

CHARLES

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

Danielle gets up.

DANIELLE

Great.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

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

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

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

DEPUTY COLSON

Well?

SHERIFF BOOTH

The plot thickens.

EXT. BAKERSFIELD - DAY

Charles and Danielle roll through town in his jeep.

INT. JEEP - DAY

Danielle looks out the window, then back at Charles.

DANIELLE

So, theoretically, this place could be crawling with vampires by now, huh?

CHARLES

Theoretically, yes. Likely, no.

DANIELLE

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

CHARLES

It doesn't work that way.

DANIELLE

What do you mean?

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

CHARLES

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

DANIELLE

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

Charles looks at her, confused.

CHARLES

I don't understand what that means.

Danielle looks back out the window.

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

DANIELLE

Something doesn't feel right.

Another CAR pulls up beside the jeep on Charles' side and he looks out his windows at it. The PASSENGERS are also staring, faces blank.

CHARLES  
That's for sure.

The light turns green and Charles immediately takes off.

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

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

DANIELLE  
Yes, sir.

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - NIGHT

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

DANIELLE  
Ack!

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

DANIELLE  
Where are we headed next?

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

DANIELLE  
You're not leaving me here again.

CHARLES  
That's exactly what I'm doing.  
Going out searching during the day  
is one thing, but at night...no.  
You're not ready.

DANIELLE  
And when will I be ready?

CHARLES  
When I say.

Charles puts on his coat and grabs his wooden case.

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

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

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

DANIELLE  
Yes, dad.

Charles looks away quickly.

CHARLES  
Don't.

Danielle's face softens.

DANIELLE  
Hey, look. I'm sorry, I -

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

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

EXT. BAKERSFIELD - NIGHT

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

Across the street in her car sits Sheriff Booth, also  
watching.

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - NIGHT

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

DANIELLE  
Definitely need clothes.

There's a knock on the door.

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

DANIELLE  
Perfect timing, Pat!

She opens the door.

DANIELLE  
You wanna do me a *huge* fa -

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

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

DANIELLE  
Patrick! Stop!

CHARLES(O.S.)  
Back!

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

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

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

CHARLES  
Out!

With a roar, Patrick barrels forward, knocking Charles out of the way and darts outside. He disappears into the darkness.

Charles quickly gets up, closes the door, and bolts it. He stares down at Danielle, whom sobs.

CHARLES  
Goddamn it, girl!

DANIELLE  
Patrick...

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

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

Danielle gets up and shuts herself in the bathroom.

EXT. MOTOR INN - DAY

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

DANIELLE  
Is that necessary during the day?

CHARLES  
You never know.

He heads for the jeep. Danielle tags behind.

DANIELLE  
Where are we going?

CHARLES  
You'll see.

DANIELLE  
What time is it?

CHARLES  
Late. You slept most of the day.

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

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

Charles looks at her, almost smiles.

CHARLES

I know.

They drive away.

EXT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

Charles and Danielle step out of the jeep.

DANIELLE

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

CHARLES

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

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

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

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

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

SHERIFF BOOTH

Finally! Jesus. Not very timely, are they?

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

SHERIFF BOOTH

Wow.

DEPUTY COLSON

What's that?

SHERIFF BOOTH

Let's go get ourselves a weirdo.

EXT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

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

DANIELLE  
Can I confess something to you?

CHARLES  
I suppose.

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

Charles looks down, his face suddenly sad.

CHARLES  
A father...

Danielle looks at him, her face soft with compassion.

DANIELLE  
What happened to you?

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

DANIELLE  
What?

CHARLES  
The night *it* came.

EXT. CHARLES' HOUSE - NIGHT - 30 YEARS AGO

Typical two-story suburban home. Typical suburban neighborhood. Well kept. Charming. Safe.

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

All the lights are off. The house is dark.

He slowly opens the door.

INT. CHARLES' HOUSE - NIGHT - 30 YEARS AGO

Young Charles steps inside.

YOUNG CHARLES

Tara?

No answer. It's eerily quiet. He hits a light switch.  
Nothing.

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

YOUNG CHARLES

Hunny?

CREAK.

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

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

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

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

YOUNG CHARLES

Mary?

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

On the ground lies a little girl, MARY.

YOUNG CHARLES

No, baby! No!

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

YOUNG CHARLES

No, no. Please. Please, wake up.  
Please, Mary.

Suddenly, the soft sound of a muffled cry comes from behind Young Charles and he freezes, slowly turning his head with wide eyes.

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

YOUNG CHARLES

What do you want with us?

The Master Vampire says nothing.

TARA

Please, Charles. Please help Mary.

Young Charles slowly stands up, his hands raised.

YOUNG CHARLES

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

TARA

Charles. Help.

YOUNG CHARLES

Stay quiet, hun. He's not going to hurt you. Right?

Again, the Master Vampire says nothing.

YOUNG CHARLES

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

Tears fall down Young Charles' cheeks as he pleas.

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

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

YOUNG CHARLES

No!

Faster than expected, Young Charles picks up the baseball bat and charges the Master Vampire, swinging it with all his might.

The Master Vampire grabs the bat and tosses it aside like a harmless stick and grabs Young Charles by the throat. It slams him against the wall with a hiss, exposing very long, pointed fangs in the shadows.

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

YOUNG CHARLES

What...are you?

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

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

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

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

EXT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

Charles stares down, tears dropping onto his ice cream.

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

DANIELLE

I am so sorry.

Charles looks at her.

CHARLES

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

DANIELLE

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

CHARLES

Yes.

DANIELLE

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

Charles shakes his head.

DANIELLE

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

CHARLES

They're gone. They know nothing of  
how I feel.

DANIELLE

Do you really believe that?

CHARLES

I don't know anymore.

The two sit quietly, not looking at each other.

DANIELLE

I, uh. I was an orphan.

Charles looks up at Danielle.

DANIELLE

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

CHARLES

They must have had their reasons.

DANIELLE

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

CHARLES

And your mother?

Danielle shrugs.

DANIELLE

Don't know a thing about her. I'll never find her.

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

CHARLES

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

Danielle smiles, a tear rolling down her cheek.

SHERIFF BOOTH(O.S.)

Charles Rainer, we need you to come with us, please.

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

CHARLES

What's all this about?

DANIELLE

Hey, wait! You can't do this!

CHARLES

I thought we had this all cleared up?

Sheriff Booth cuffs Charles.

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

DANIELLE

What are you doing? He hasn't done anything!

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

Danielle runs over to them.

DANIELLE

Sheriff!

Deputy Colson pushes her back.

DEPUTY COLSON

Look, just calm down, Danielle. You don't know this man. He's a liar.

DANIELLE

Sheriff!

SHERIFF BOOTH

You just sit your ass back down or you'll be joining him.

Sheriff Booth motions to Deputy Colson.

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

DEPUTY COLSON

Yes, ma'am!

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

DANIELLE

What the fuck are you all staring at!?

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

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

She tosses some papers down in front of him.

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

Charles nods his head.

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

Charles stares coldly at her.

SHERIFF BOOTH

You were questioned, had no motive, everything checked out, you're free to go. Not that unusual. Your life ever since, however...

She leans forward, staring deep into his eyes.

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

CHARLES

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

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

SHERIFF BOOTH

What are you doing here? I mean, really.

CHARLES

Hunting.

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

It's Charles' turn to smile smugly.

CHARLES

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

SHERIFF BOOTH

Is that a confession?

CHARLES

There are things in this world that you know nothing about. Real evil, sheriff. A darkness you cannot comprehend.

SHERIFF BOOTH

You think I don't know about evil?  
 Let me tell you a story, Mr.  
 Rainer. When I was a little girl, I  
 lived in the city with my parents.  
 Real shitty little apartment  
 building. Drug addicts.  
 Prostitutes. That kind of thing. My  
 parents were poor, you see. Not  
 because they didn't work hard, but  
 just because that was the hand that  
 they were dealt at the time, you  
 know?

She stands up and gets herself a cup of coffee.

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

She sits down down and sips on her coffee.

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

Charles nods.

CHARLES

I do.

SHERIFF BOOTH

He beat me. He raped me. He cut me.  
 He kept on singing this song while  
 (MORE)

SHERIFF BOOTH (cont'd)  
he did it. "Tonight You Belong to  
Me."

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

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

Sheriff Booth sets down her coffee.

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

She looks Charles right in the eyes.

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

CHARLES  
I'm truly sorry.

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

CHARLES  
Now, hold on -

SHERIFF BOOTH  
We're done for now.

Sheriff Booth stands up and escorts Charles over to the cell, locking him inside.

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 -DAY

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

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

DEPUTY COLSON

What the hell?

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Danielle steps through the door.

DANIELLE

Sheriff, you don't understand.

SHERIFF BOOTH

Walk away, Ms. Brennar. You don't want me to start on you.

Sheriff Booth pours herself a cup of coffee.

DANIELLE

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

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

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

DANIELLE

Sheriff, please...

SHERIFF BOOTH

Where's Sarah, Danielle?

Danielle freezes.

DANIELLE

What?

SHERIFF BOOTH

Sarah? Your roommate? Seems she hasn't been seen for a couple days. She's not answering her phone, neither.

Danielle looks over to Charles.

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

CHARLES

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

Sheriff Booth turns to Charles.

SHERIFF BOOTH

And what is "it" exactly?

CHARLES

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

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

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

DEPUTY COLSON

I think you need to see this.

Deputy Colson sets it on Sheriff Booth's desk.

She looks at Charles.

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

CHARLES

Be my guest.

Sheriff Booth walks to her desk and opens up the case. She looks over the contents, unsure of what to think.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Is this a joke?

She looks from Danielle to Charles.

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

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

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

Charles nods.

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

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

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

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

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

DANIELLE  
Something killed Sarah. It ripped  
out her throat. It was in my  
apartment when I fled.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
You've both lost it.

Sheriff Booth turns to Deputy Colson.

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

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

DEPUTY COLSON  
Uh. Sheriff?

The emergency lights flick on, barely illuminating the place.

CHARLES  
They're coming.

DEPUTY COLSON  
Who?

CHARLES  
You know who.

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

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Got your cell on you?

DEPUTY COLSON  
Yes, ma'am.

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

SMASH!

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

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

Sheriff Booth immediately regroups onto Danielle, ushering them against a wall.

She takes out a flashlight and looks around for Kristin. There's no sign of her. She flashes the light onto Deputy Colson, who is slowly picking himself up off the ground with a groan.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
You okay?

DEPUTY COLSON  
Peachy.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Regroup on me.

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

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Shut the fuck up.

Kristin giggles from somewhere in the darkness.

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

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

SHERIFF BOOTH  
She's down!

CHARLES  
She's not dead.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
I said shut it!

CHARLES  
Nor is she alone.

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

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

Deputy Colson freezes.

Sheriff Booth shines her light onto him.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
What was that?

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

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

Danielle screams out as Kristin pounces on her.

Charles beats furiously against his cell bars.

CHARLES  
Hey! Hey!

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

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

BLAM!

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

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

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Wayne...

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

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

SHERIFF BOOTH  
What the hell is going on?

CRASH!

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

CHARLES  
Now is not time. Run!

Sheriff Booth fires a couple rounds at the vampires as Charles grabs his wooden case and darts out the window with Danielle. She quickly follows suit.

EXT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

DANIELLE

Go!

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

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

SHERIFF BOOTH

What the -

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

CHARLES

If you wouldn't mind!

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

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

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

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

He slowly steps over to Patrick, who thrashes about on the ground, black blood pouring out of his mouth. Casually, the Master Vampire rests his foot onto the stake and slowly finishes piercing Patrick's heart with it.

INT. SHERIFF BOOTH'S SUV - NIGHT

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

CHARLES

Familiars.

DANIELLE

Where are we heading?

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

Charles furrows his brow, thinking.

CHARLES

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

SHERIFF BOOTH

Well, sort of.

CHARLES

What does that mean?

SHERIFF BOOTH

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

CHARLES

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

SHERIFF BOOTH

Like hell we can't!

CHARLES

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

Sheriff Booth ponders for a moment.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
So, what's the plan?

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

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - NIGHT

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

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Are we safe here?

CHARLES  
As safe as we can be for now.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Not very comforting.

Danielle sits down on the bed, eyes wide.

DANIELLE  
Patrick...is he...

CHARLES  
I'm afraid so.

Danielle nods her head, blinking away a tear.

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

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

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

Sheriff Booth peers outside behind the curtain, shotgun at  
the ready.

CHARLES

You girls might as well get some sleep. I doubt we'll have any more trouble tonight.

TIME LAPSE

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - DAY

Danielle wakes up on the bed with a start. Sheriff Booth stirs, asleep next to her.

Charles is gone.

DANIELLE

Shit!

Danielle rushes out the door.

EXT. MOTOR INN - DAY

No sign of the SUV. The lot is empty.

DANIELLE

Goddamn it!

Sheriff Booth comes racing outside, shotgun in hand.

SHERIFF BOOTH

You've got to be kidding me.

DANIELLE

He's crazy.

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - DAY

Danielle re-enters the room and finds a note on the dresser, held down by a vial of holy water.

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

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

SHERIFF BOOTH

He's going to get himself killed.

DANIELLE

I hope not.

INT. SEWAGE SYSTEM - DAY

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

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

CHARLES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHARLES  
May God forgive you.

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

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

CHARLES  
Give me strength.

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

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

INT. SEWAGE SYSTEM - CENTRAL PROCESSING - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

Charles raises a stake high in the air.

CHARLES  
(Whispered)  
God be with me.

The Master Vampire's eyes suddenly open, locking onto Charles', and he freezes.

INT. MOTOR INN - ROOM 3 - DAY

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

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

DANIELLE  
I hope he's okay.

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

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Who's there?!

CHARLES(O.S.)  
It's me.

DANIELLE  
Thank God!

Danielle unlocks the door and whips it open.

Charles saunters inside, deathly pale, his eyes blank.

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

Charles slowly turns his gaze towards her -

-and punches her in the face extremely hard, dropping her to the ground.

DANIELLE  
What the fuck are -

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

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

DANIELLE  
No!

Charles takes Danielle to the ground and the two struggle as Charles tries to jam the stake into her heart.

DANIELLE

Charles! Stop! You don't want to do  
this! You're stronger than them!  
You have to fight it!

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

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

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

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

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

He looks at Danielle, tears running down his face.

CHARLES

I am so sorry, my child.

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

DANIELLE

Just hold on, we'll get you some  
help.

Charles shakes his head.

CHARLES

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

Tears start falling from Danielle's eyes.

DANIELLE

We'll beat this.

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

CHARLES

You have to finish it. For me.

DANIELLE

I can't.

CHARLES

You can. You're stronger than you know.

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

More tears fall from Charles' eyes.

CHARLES

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

Danielle weeps.

CHARLES

Finish it.

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

She sobs.

EXT. MOTOR INN - DAY

Danielle and Sheriff Booth step out of the room.

SHERIFF BOOTH

You're sure about this?

Danielle nods her head.

DANIELLE

We don't have a choice.

The two climb into the SUV and speed off.

INT. SUV - DAY

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

She takes out the old pistol and examines it.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
I thought bullets didn't work?

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

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

SHERIFF BOOTH  
He seemed like a good man.

DANIELLE  
Save it.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
I was just doing my job...

DANIELLE  
I know. So was he.

EXT. BAKERSFIELD - DAY

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

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Awful quiet again.

DANIELLE  
They're sleeping.

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

Danielle shrugs.

DANIELLE  
I guess we'll see.

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

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

Sheriff Booth pulls it open with the crowbar.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
How many of these things are there?

DANIELLE  
Only one way to find out.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
I still think I should call for  
backup.

Danielle begins to climb down.

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

Danielle disappears into the darkness below.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Shit.

She slings the shotgun over her shoulder and climbs down.

INT. SEWAGE SYSTEM - DAY

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

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

Sheriff Booth leans down to examine it.

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

The two continue on.

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

DANIELLE  
Probably not.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
We have to tell people.

DANIELLE  
Who's going to listen?

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Well, we have to do something.

DANIELLE  
We are.

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

They stop at the door and look at each other.

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Are you ready?

DANIELLE  
No.

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

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

INT. SEWAGE SYSTEM - CENTRAL PROCESSING - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

SHERIFF BOOTH  
Oh, you little twat.

Sarah latches her mouth onto Sheriff Booth's neck in an explosion of blood.

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

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

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

Danielle slowly approaches her, crying.

DANIELLE

I'm so sorry.

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

DANIELLE

I'm so sorry, Sarah.

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

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

DANIELLE

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

With a gurgle, Sheriff Booth stops moving.

DANIELLE

Please don't go. I'm all alone.

But she's already gone.

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

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

DANIELLE

Why? Why have you done this? Why?

The Master Vampire makes no attempt at a reply. Nor does it move. It doesn't even blink. It just stares at her.

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

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

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

CLICK.

The shotgun is empty.

The Master Vampire smiles.

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

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

She looks it dead in the eyes.

DANIELLE

Do it.

The Master Vampire stares, almost confused.

DANIELLE

I'm not afraid. Bite me.

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

Danielle closes her eyes, preparing.

BLAM!

The gunshot rings out from nowhere, shattering the silence.

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

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

The Master Vampire drops Danielle to the ground and she gulps in air as it staggers back, clutching its chest.

It drops to its knees, shaking, and then on to all fours, convulsing as black blood oozes out of its heart like tar.

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

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

DANIELLE

Go to hell.

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

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

EXT. BAKERSFIELD - DAY

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

INT. SEWAGE SYSTEM - CENTRAL PROCESSING - DAY

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

She lights a match.

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

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

EXT. BAKERSFIELD - DAY

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

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

Grabbing the wooden case out of the SUV, she staggers down the road towards the jeep.

As she does, the people of Bakersfield slowly shamble out, clutching their heads, rubbing their eyes. As if this was all a bad dream.

A MAN looks at Danielle.

MAN  
What happened to you?

DANIELLE  
Everything.

MAN  
Are you all right?

DANIELLE  
I will be.

She keeps on walking.

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - DAY

A long, limitless stretch of pavement. Beaten. Worn. Dry, cracked earth, sparsely patched with vegetation, borders either side. Gentle breeze blows.

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

FADE OUT.