FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX – EARLY MORNING

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANCHOR WOMAN
As further news roll from the authorities, the school administration has decided that today will be a unstructured day of support and remembrance.
The cameraman continues to widen on the location, when, with closer detail, a HUMAN FIGURE slowly approaches. Dazed, it goes unnoticed by everyone, stumbling across the walkway. Away from the crowd.

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

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

MOTHER (V.O.)
Nobody will ever know how this happened.

EXT. ROOFTOP – NIGHT

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

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

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

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

BLACKOUT. SUPERIMPOSE: FIVE HOURS EARLIER

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN – NIGHT

A brick building is completely covered with graffiti. Two dark female figures lurk past the vacant borough. KRYSTA and MILEY, pretty girls of sixteen years, rummage around the grimy territory.
MILEY
I don’t know why nobody hangs out here. It’s not creepy in the least.

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

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

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

MILEY
It’s literally nine blocks from here.

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

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

KRYSSTA
Hey, I think that’s him. Hey Lance!

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

KRYSSTA
It looks like Lance.

MILEY
It looks like a rapist!

The man dashes off, makes way for a derelict building.
KRYSTA
Stop worrying. That’s Lance, lets go.

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

KRYSTA
We’re losing him!

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

A VOICE
HEY!

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

LANCE
You girls look beautiful. Where were you going?

MILEY
Apparently to our deaths!

KRYSTA
Calm down Miles, we found him right.

MILEY
Then who was that!?

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

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

MILEY
Or entirely sketchy.

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

INT. STAIRCASE – NIGHT

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

LANCE
So my directions didn’t help?

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

LANCE
And how’s your Halloween so far? Get any candy?

Krysta eyes Lance’s exceedingly toned buttocks.

KRISTA
Maybe later.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP – NIGHT

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

LANCE
And let the horrors begin. (handing them drinks)
No way this party will disappoint.
INT. APARTMENT - LATER

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

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

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

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

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

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

MILEY
What up, Lance.

LANCE
Hey Miley, how’s everything?

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

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

KRYSTA
Excuse me. Us girls need to use your john.

LANCE
Sure. It’s over th-
The girls only walk five steps until they halt.

MILEY
Can we vacate this premises please.

KRYSSTA
What’s your deal?

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

KRYSSTA
It’s the same type of crowd.

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

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

MILEY
Gee, tell me how you really feel.

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

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

KRYSSTA
He’s not that type.

MILEY
If he’s a male, he’s the type.
Krysta notices something, and it distracts her.

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

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

MILEY
That’s all he’ll be doing.

KRYSTA
He’s looking cute to me. You should find out what the story is “down there.”

MILEY
You’re not getting rid of me that easy.

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

KRYSTA
Okay!... So I’m off. Wish me orgasms.

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

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

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

MILEY
What?

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

MYSTERY MAN
(urgent)
I need to talk to you.
MILEY
Was that a hit on, cause it wasn’t very good.

He grasps her arm. Pulls her away.

INT. ROOM – NIGHT
It’s dark, vacant, and incredibly eerie.

MILEY
Well this isn’t entirely uncreepy.

MYSTERY MAN
You have to take your friend and leave.

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

MYSTERY MAN
These guys, how do you know them?

MILEY
Hello, how about a name before the interrogation.

He’s taken aback, considers.

EMILE
My name’s Emile.

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

EMILE
You need to get out of here.

MILEY
I heard you the first time. Why?
EMILE
...Look out that window.

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

EMILE
In three minutes those guys will be crashing.

MILEY
So some rival frat is gonna pull a major prank.

EMILE
Yeah, and they don’t play, so go now.

MILEY
Umm, no... something’s up, what’s the jist?

EMILE
You wouldn’t believe me.

MILEY
Try me.

He remains hushed. She becomes impatient.

MILEY (CONT’D)
SPILL!

INT. ROOFTOP – NIGHT

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

INT. ROOM – NIGHT

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

MILEY
A what? Doing what with a what?
I don’t believe you.
EMILE
I don’t care if you do. Just leave,
It’s probably started already. And
Most likely too late to save your
friend now.

MILEY
How can you say that?...

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

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

MILEY (V.O.)
Do you know what a friend is?

INT. STAIRCASE – CONTINUOUS

Miley strides furiously up the stairs.

EMILE (V.O)
She won’t know what’s going on.
Nobody will. They’ve done something
to soothe them, a sedative.

MILEY (V.O.)
They spiked the punch?!

EMILE (V.O.)
It’s been like this for three
years straight. You can’t stop it.

MILEY (V.O.)
Watch me.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

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

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

He BITES. Sinks his teeth in deep.
Around him, the FRAT BOYS all gleam with sinister smiles. The corners of their mouths revealing razor-blade FANGS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

And their loud HOWLS are merged with the vampires HISSING.

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

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

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

KAYLA
What am I missing?

MILEY
Some major Anne Rice creature feature of the week.
KAYLA
Oh my god, that smell is vomit inducing. I’m sorry.

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

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

EMILE
There’s no time, he probably turned her.

MILEY
(tearful, but resolute)
Then turn me too.

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

MILEY
Do you know what a friend is?...

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

EXT. WOODS - DAY

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

KRYSTA AND MILEY
Woah.

FADE OUT.