

FRIGHT NIGHT

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD -- NIGHT

FADE UP:

Moving through a tract development. The houses are like Mexican food -- the basic elements are all the same, just mixed differently.

A gloomy night, no moon. And a slightly ominous pattern emerges...

Green, thriving lawns and meticulously tended homes abut brown yards and porches littered with old newspapers and pizza joint flyers.

Each third or fourth house is FOR SALE or, worse, seemingly abandoned. This area is in danger of becoming a ghost town.

A deep, commanding voice pierces the silence:

VOICE (O.S.)  
Defy reason. Defy everything you  
know.

Now we move in on one of the homes. Not the nicest on the block, but inhabited. Lights on in the windows.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME/VARIOUS -- NIGHT

Inside the house. A middle-class family lives here. The living room is empty, but the TV's on.

ON THE TELEVISION

A commercial for PETER VINCENT. A Las Vegas institution, he's a magician whose show is all Gothic, horror-movie imagery.

Peter's wiry, hot -- a rock and roll bad boy. He's cutting a girl up with a chain saw. And grinning like a mad man.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER  
Peter Vincent's "FRIGHT NIGHT."

The family DOG is up on the coffee table eating what's left of a fast food burger and fries, still in the box.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
Something's moving in the dark.

Also on the table -- a role-playing game in progress.  
 "Magic, the Gathering"... Elves and Wizards.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
 Only at The Hard Rock. Nightly  
 Wednesday Through Sunday.

Now we hear what at first sounds like a MUFFLED ARGUMENT  
 coming from another room.

DISTANT VOICE  
 Get off her!!

More voices yelling, something being thrown. An ugly  
 domestic scene.

We creep down a dark hall toward a cracked door, light seeps  
 through the opening -- it SLAMS OPEN and ADAM, 17, crashes  
 toward us.

He's nice-looking, a little nerdy -- and he's in a blind  
 terror.

We get a glimpse of the horrible scene behind the door. A  
 teen girl's room -- the sound of flesh ripping.

We see a pale arm on the ground, shaking violently, as if  
 something is tearing and tugging at the body attached to it.

We bolt away with ADAM, who we now see is blood splattered,  
 as he races UPSTAIRS. A PHONE CRADLE is ripped out of the  
 wall, which Adam nearly falls over.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME -- UPPER LANDING/BEDROOM -- NIGHT

ADAM RACES INTO HIS PARENTS' ROOM. Another horrible glimpse -  
 - his mother's body splayed across her frilly bed.

Blood on pale pink sheets.

ADAM goes to his FATHER'S SIDE OF THE BED and now we see  
 Adam's father's body. His father was reaching for A GUN he'd  
 hidden under the bed.

ADAM gets down under the bed, desperately reaches for the  
 gun. It's just beyond his grasp.

ADAM  
 Come on, come on, come on...

He gets it. But the GUN HAS A GUN LOCK. Adam has to dig in  
 his dead father's pockets for his keys. Adam starts to cry.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Come on, come on!

He finds them, struggles to unlock the gun with shaking hands.

THE BED IS TURNED OVER in one violent throw. Adam is exposed. We see only a hint of the creature that looms over him --

Brutally strong, veins dark and visible under the skin... Human but not quite.

Adam reacts in horror. He knows he's dead.

HE'S RIPPED OUT OF FRAME as we hear:

DISC JOCKEY (O.S.)  
...we're looking at a nice day here  
in Clark County, hitting a season  
low of only 89 degrees...

EXT. SHADOW HILLS - DAY

MUSIC starts under the DISC JOCKEY as we LOOK DOWN FROM HIGH ABOVE at the SAME suburban neighborhood as before.

In the daylight it seems nice. Charming, even.

Pocket parks decorate almost every corner and kids ride bikes in the street. Mothers unload groceries. Neighbors chat.

DISC JOCKEY (O.S.)  
...so get out there and enjoy this  
beautiful Wednesday, people.

We SWOOP CLOSER and find that RADIO comes from a passing MINIVAN with those cutesy stick figure family decals on the rear window.

The FOR SALE SIGNS and brown lawns don't seem nearly so foreboding now.

We SWOOP UP AGAIN and see beyond Shadow Hills, past the WALL that encompasses it -- and become aware for the first time that the community is SURROUNDED BY FLAT, ARID DESERT.

In the distance, we can just make out the glow of Las Vegas proper. It looks like a distant fantasy, a land-locked Pleasure Island.

EXT. STREET - DAY

CLOSE ON:

The wheels of a DIRT BIKE as it zooms down the street.

WIDEN to see CHARLIE BREWSTER, who is PUSHING the bike as fast as he can. It STARTS, sputters -- then craps out.

CHARLIE  
 (to the bike/pissed)  
 You want me to take you apart, huh?

Charlie's 17 and has the slightly awkward feel of someone who just recently came into his body and good looks.

He's a wry, thoughtful kid who's enjoying -- but not quite trusting -- a sudden surge in popularity.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 (still talking to bike)  
 I will. I'll sell you for parts.  
 Don't think I won't--

Charlie stops, embarrassed. DORIS -- a neighbor -- watches him talk to his bike. Paused as she hauls her trash cans to the curb.

She's super pretty in a wholesome way -- except for her ridiculous body. Stripper city. She nods to the bike, amused.

DORIS  
 Nothing doing, huh?

CHARLIE  
 The thing's got no ambition.  
 (re: trash cans)  
 Can I -- uh, give you a hand?

DORIS  
 I got it. Thanks.

She walks away -- her sweatpants have the word "LUCKY" across the butt. He watches her go appreciatively. Doesn't notice his mom, JANE, struggling to pull their own cans to the curb.

JANE  
 Don't leer at the neighbors, kid.

Jane, 40's, attractive and frazzled, wears a REAL ESTATE brokers blazer. Charlie wheels his bike back to the curb.

He and his mom have had an affectionate, teasing relationship which has only recently started to have more edge.

CHARLIE

She's the one who put a word on her butt. I'm just reading it.

Jane eyes a LARGE DUMPSTER FULL OF CONCRETE that sits in front of their NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR'S YARD.

JANE

Is he ever going to move that thing?

CHARLIE

You need to get over it, Mom.

JANE

(watch it)  
Attitude.  
(observes him/then)  
You've been tense or something.  
School?

CHARLIE

School's great, actually.

JANE

Amy?

CHARLIE

Good. Hasn't dumped me yet.

He says this like he's surprised. Jane nods. Getting it.

JANE

That'll teach you to get so tall and handsome.  
(then)  
Getting what you want is stressful. Especially when you're not used to it. More to lose.

CHARLIE

Are you reading those books again? The Power of Whatever the Hell?

She laughs. He glances at the DUMPSTER.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

They're not working. You're still flipping out about a big box.

Now Jane moves to the open garage and starts loading OPEN HOUSE SIGNS into her trunk. Charlie stands there. She shoots him a look -- then he helps her load.

JANE

It's an eyesore. I'm trying to convince people to move in, not join the legions leaving town--

CHARLIE

If you say "mortgage crisis" again I'm getting a new mom.

JANE

The guy moves in and puts a giant trash can in his yard! When the Perry's lived there--

Charlie has heard this before. It's a common refrain.

CHARLIE

The Perry's were the greatest neighbors ever. But they moved. I thought you were happy their place finally sold.

JANE

(back on the neighbor)  
He's not digging a pool. Where do you think all that concrete's coming from?

CHARLIE

You're spying on the guy now?

JANE

He's thirteen feet from our house. That's not spying, that's observing.

A BEETLE CONVERTIBLE pulls up. AMY drives and her two hot friends, CARA and BEE, sit in the back.

AMY

Hi, Mrs. Brewster.

JANE

Hi honey. Hi girls.

AMY, 16, is a stunner. And she's as cool as she is beautiful -- the girl every other guy in school would die to be with.

But Charlie is. And he can't believe his luck. Which puts him off his game. She makes him feel like he's always playing catch up.

Charlie moves toward the VW. Jane calls after him.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Oh hey -- Ed called. Again.

CHARLIE  
Okay.

JANE  
I'm tired of making excuses,  
Charlie. If you don't want to talk  
to him, would you please tell him?

CHARLIE  
Kinda defeats the purpose.

He gets to AMY and the girls. Amy glances at the dirt bike.

AMY  
Still can't get the bike started,  
huh?

CHARLIE  
Wow. No faith.

AMY  
So you don't need a ride.

Amy calls his bluff and starts to drive off. Charlie grabs his backpack and RACES after her.

CHARLIE  
No, hey, stop--

She laughs, stops the car. Charlie tries to jump in and she drives again.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Come on! Hey!--

Charlie runs and finally dives into the back headfirst. The girls are laughing.

ON JANE

Watching them drive off, gone in a cloud of teen spirit.

INT/EXT. AMY'S CAR -- DAY

The Beetle zips through a commercial strip. More suburban paradise.

Charlie's in the front seat now. Amy drives, one hand on the wheel. Casually drops one on Charlie's leg. Charlie tries to act casual, but he's stoked and...amazed.

Cara half-sleeps in the back while BEE leans forward, flirty, and eyes Charlie's COLORFUL PUMA SNEAKERS. Charlie's a sneakerhead, a serious collector.

BEE

Takes a man to wear purple, Chuck.

AMY

Charlie.

BEE

Chuck likes it when I call him  
Chuck, right Chuck?

Intimidated by these girls, he tries to form a witty retort.

CHARLIE

It's -- they're not -- that's,  
like, puce? That's a macho puce.

CARA

Can you stop someplace? I'm  
severely under-caffeinated.

AMY

(ignores her/to Bee)  
Did you see the poster for the  
formal? The theme is "Hope"?

BEE

I know. They asked me to be on the  
committee again but I was like --  
hope is completely 2008. Grow up.

CHARLIE

Did you suggest "Despair?" Nobody  
would see that coming. Or --  
global warming? Everybody has to  
wear tin foil.

AMY

(laughs/to Charlie)  
Did you go last year? We basically  
did the whole thing, Bee and me.



CHARLIE

(lies)

Me? I, ah, was in training that week. This big triatha--

BEE

(cutting him off)

Chuck was still under his rock. We're so glad you crawled out.

CARA

Caffeine!? Hello!

CHARLIE

I have Econ first period.

Amy takes her hand off his leg. Charlie notices.

CARA

Charrriiiiiiiii.

CHARLIE

(killing him)

Okay. Yeah. It's no big deal.

Amy PULLS into a coffee place. Parks. The girls climb out.

CARA

Thank you, Jesus.

Amy catches Charlie looking at his watch, fidgeting.

AMY

You're not going to flunk for missing Econ, Brain.

CHARLIE

Brain? I -- what? No, I'm--

But she's already walking away.

AMY

Five minutes.

He watches her move off, anxious and smitten.

EXT. CLARK COUNTY HIGH -- COURTYARD -- DAY

Charlie arrives with Amy, Cara and Bee -- all the girls now sport coffee drinks. Charlie has one too, with whipped cream and the works.

Kids stream into a nice, modern-looking high school. Amy takes Charlie's arm.

AMY  
On time. You stress too much.

CHARLIE  
I wasn't worried.

AMY  
You were doing your worried thing.

CHARLIE  
I was? I have a -- what's my--

MARK (O.S.)  
Ladies!

A couple of handsome jock-type guys, MARK and BEN, roll up along side Charlie and the girls. They draw looks from other students as they move through the courtyard.

The cool kids.

BEE  
Doods. Looking massive.

MARK  
(to Charlie/re: drink)  
Seriously? A Mochachino? You can't ride with the girls anymore. You let them brush your hair, My Pretty Pony?

Mark grabs the cup away from him. Starts drinking it.

BEE  
(takes his arm)  
Chuck's secure, aren't you?

We see that Ben is also wearing PUMA's. Different design. It's a thing. Charlie shows his off -- he's secure.

CHARLIE  
Puce.

BEN  
Fuck yeah.

AMY  
(to Charlie)  
I have track after school, maybe we can hook up later?

CHARLIE

Yeah. Hey. Come here.  
 (pulls her aside/awkward)  
 You know, the formal. Don't think  
 I wasn't going to ask you, because  
 I thought it was an obvious go.  
 Together. Hope, puppies, kittens,  
 the whole deal. You and me.

AMY

(not unkind)  
 Oh, no. Please. Nobody goes to  
 the dance senior year.

She smiles, moves off. He watches her, lets out a breath.

CHARLIE

Right. I knew that.

MARK and BEN enjoy the view as the girls move off. Wow.  
 Mark, incredulous, says to Charlie:

MARK

Did you find a frickin' Genie lamp  
 man? Make a sacrifice to the hot  
 ass Gods? How do you get that?

CHARLIE

Game, my friend. Rock solid.

Charlie moves off. And even though he's playing it off, we  
 see that Mark's hit a nerve. This hot girlfriend thing is a  
 bitch. Mark calls after him--

MARK

You don't even have a car!

INT. CLARK COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

Later. Charlie's in Econ class. Seated in a back row near  
 MARK and BEN. A number of seats in class are EMPTY.

TEACHER

Ben Wegner?

BEN

Here.

TEACHER

Adam Noris?

Nothing. Teacher looks around.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Adam?  
 (marks chart/then)  
 Courtney Heuer?

A girl raises her hand.

Charlie, bored, idly checks out the class. Stops when he sees a tweaked-looking kid, ED, staring at him.

EVIL ED is a slight, faintly punk-looking kid who's been picked on by bullies his whole life.

He's hyper-intelligent, hyper-critical and...just hyper. And his binder is covered with COMIC BOOK STICKERS.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Nick Straley?  
 (nothing)  
 Nick?

Ed sees that he's caught Charlie's eye. Nods significantly at him. Like -- "you know and I know..."

Charlie looks away. As if he didn't see him.

INT. CLARK COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

Charlie, Mark and Ben move down the hall. Mark shows Charlie a picture on his phone. A woman posing seductively.

MARK

Miss Granada. Geometry.

CHARLIE

Holy crap. Where did you get that?

MARK

She's hard up, man. Equations don't keep you warm at night.

They stop, see EVIL ED approaching. This amuses Mark and Ben. But Charlie's uncomfortable -- wants to bolt.

BEN

I think "it's" going to talk to us.

ED

(to Charlie)  
 I need a minute.

MARK

"It's" going to talk to Brewster.

BEN

(to Ed)

When are you going to get the message? We don't know you--

ED

(re: Charlie)

He does. Or did. Before the summer and his Jock Lobotomy.

CHARLIE

(to Ed/uncomfortable)

What's the deal, man?

ED

Alone.

Ed stares Charlie down. A beat. Ben and Mark bust out laughing. Mark looks at Charlie.

MARK

Just the two of you. That's sweet. He can school you in the ways of geek-douchery.

ED

It's important. "Brewster."

The way Ed says his name is enough to propel Charlie into action. He grabs Ed and pulls him aside. Mark and Ben watch with interest -- out of earshot.

Ed's tone is dire, serious as a heart attack.

ED (CONT'D)

Adam's missing.

Charlie's looking around, self-conscious.

CHARLIE

What do you mean, he's missing?

ED

I keep trying him -- nothing. No texts, no phone. And he's not the only one who's gone. You heard roll call.

CHARLIE

So kids aren't coming to school. What do you want me to do about it?

ED

Meet me at his house after school.  
We'll check around. See what's up,  
if he's okay.

CHARLIE

I can't after school. I'm busy.

ED

I don't think you get what I'm  
telling you--

CHARLIE

Look, do we have to do this here?

Ed can't believe it. Charlie's totally blowing him off. He starts to lose it, raises his voice--

ED

What, am I not even suppose to  
speak to you now?--

CHARLIE

Keep it down. Don't spaz--

ED

It's so horrible! Crossing the  
streams! Will High School as we  
know it cease to exist?!

Ed glances at Mark and Ben, who still watch from a distance.

ED (CONT'D)

You want me to tell your pals how  
well we know each other? The Lego  
contests, the Farscape conventions,  
the costumes--

CHARLIE

Quiet--

ED

Or how your first sexual experience  
was with an Electra figurine--

CHARLIE

No. No.

ED

Then be my backup.

CHARLIE

(defeated)

Fine. Adam's after school.

ED  
Don't be late.

Moves off. Charlie sees the guys watching him. A beat. He shrugs like "I have no idea what that was about..."

FADE TO:

EXT. BREWSTER HOUSE -- FRONT LAWN -- DUSK

The sun has set behind the mountains. It's gloomy gray out, right before dark.

Charlie and AMY park, climb out of her car with drinks from PLANET SMOOTHIE in hand. She's still in her track and field clothes. Looks tough.

AMY  
You know what I want? For dinner?

CHARLIE  
You're eating right now, you know.  
As you speak. You literally just forced me to get you a smoothie so large they named a planet after it--

AMY  
(laughs)  
I ran six miles. What did you do?

CHARLIE  
I -- watched you. But not in a creepy way.

Charlie winces a little. It sounds creepy.

AMY  
So don't judge. You don't want me to burn my big ole' booty off, do you?

Charlie, on impulse, stops her -- kisses her.

AMY (CONT'D)  
What was that for?

CHARLIE  
I don't know you're just...

AMY  
What?

CHARLIE  
 (perfect)  
 Nothing.

A sweet moment. These two have a definite thing. It's real.

They're about to kiss again when JANE'S GIRLISH LAUGH stops them. They both turn and REACT AS THEY SEE...

A MUSCLED MALE, SQUATTING AND HUNCHED-OVER -- clad only in a white wife-beater and jeans. We can't make out his face.

Jane stands over him, laughing at something he's said as he FIXES their sprinkler.

PUSH IN as the guy looks up. This is JERRY. 30's. Handsome to the point of devastating. An all-American Adonis.

AMY  
 Wow.

CHARLIE  
 Look at Mom. She's--

AMY  
 Damn right. If he followed her home, you have to let her keep him.

Amy laughs -- almost skips toward them, milking the moment.

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE -- DUSK

ED paces anxiously in front of ADAM'S HOUSE. He has a duffle bag over his shoulder. Keeps checking his phone.

He finally dials in a number. Talks--

ADAM  
 Charlie. I'm in front of Adam's. Remember the videos we all made back when? You and me and Adam, bro? In tights. Want your pals to get a load of that?

EXT. BREWSTER HOUSE -- FRONT LAWN -- DUSK

Amy and Charlie approach Jane and Jerry. They overhear--

JANE  
 ...so not a pool, what's the work you're doing?



Jerry has an easy-going way about him. An inviting charm.

JERRY

Foundation problems. I had to rip up half the basement.

JANE

These houses were built practically overnight. I'm never surprised when they come apart.

JERRY

(re: sprinkler)

Done. Just needed a new stem.

Jane sees Charlie and Amy approaching. And gaping.

JANE

Jerry, this is my son Charlie. And his -- do we say girlfriend now?

CHARLIE

(embarrassed)

I guess. I mean -- only if she's--

Amy's amused at Charlie's squirming, finally saves him.

AMY

(shakes Jerry's hand)

Hi. I'm Amy.

He can't help but give Amy an appreciative once-over. She enjoys it, but pulls away and moves closer to Charlie.

Charlie notices the exchange -- the way this dude oozes manliness. Doesn't like it one bit. He shakes Jerry's hand a little too firmly. Lowers his voice a bit.

CHARLIE

Hey.

JANE

Jerry's our new neighbor. The Perry place. He's "handy."

AMY

(looks to Charlie, smiles)

No kidding.

JERRY

Sorry about the mess, man. I was just telling your mom I'll have the dumpster gone next week.

CHARLIE  
Doesn't bother me.

JANE  
Jerry does night construction on  
the strip.

JERRY  
(noticing Charlie's shoes)  
You play ball? I'm always looking  
for a pick up game.

CHARLIE  
(bluffing)  
Now and then, you know.

JANE  
It's more of a collector thing.  
The shoes. He's obsessed.  
(to Jerry/"those teens")  
They sleep on sidewalks to get  
them.

Charlie looks at Jane, thanks for embarrassing me.

JERRY  
Well -- they're bold. I like them.

Jerry looks back at Jane. A little flirtatious.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
So... I'd ask you guys inside, but  
it's a mess. I've been meaning to.

JANE  
Be neighborly.

JERRY  
A drink, something.

It hangs there, waiting for an invitation. Jane just smiles.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Soon, okay?

JANE  
You bet. And thank you so much.  
For the help.

JERRY  
Least I could do.

Jane, Amy and Charlie walk toward the house. Jerry moves  
off. Amy looks at Jane, amazed.

AMY  
 Why did you blow him off? Oh my  
 God!

JANE  
 A guy that good-looking, still  
 single? Bad bet. He's a player.

CHARLIE  
 (impressed)  
 Mom. Breaking it down.

JANE  
 I've had enough man trouble. I'm  
 not getting suckered again.

Amy and Charlie meet eyes. That was loaded. Jane notices.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 Don't listen to me. Jaded old  
 broad--

CHARLIE  
 Mom--

Charlie's PHONE buzzes. He checks it.

ON THE PHONE

A VIDEO CLIP from ED. TITLED "KID COMEBACK and SUPER SQUID!"

It shows Charlie, Ed and Adam when they were younger,  
 prancing around in homemade costumes and, indeed, tights.

The text message says "10 MINUTES -- OR THIS IS GOING WIDE!"

ON CHARLIE

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 (alarmed/to Amy)  
 Wow. Okay. I gotta go. Sorry.  
 Call you later.

AMY  
 Now?

JANE  
 I have dinner on--

CHARLIE  
 I gotta go. I'll eat later.

JANE  
 Charlie!

But Charlie's already off and running.

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE -- DUSK

Charlie approaches, sees ED pacing in front of the house. He's flipping out.

ED  
Where the hell have you been?

CHARLIE  
You said after school, chill out!

Ed is already lugging his big duffle to Adam's front door.

ED  
Right after! It's dusk, dude, you know what that means!?

CHARLIE  
That the sun's gone down. What's the big--

Over him, Ed knocks loudly. Rings the bell.

ED  
Hey! Anybody home?

A long pause. Nothing.

CHARLIE  
Not here. Let's go--

But Ed's already heading around the house with the duffle.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DUSK

Ed wriggles in through the DOG DOOR. He turns, lets Charlie in. Charlie looks around.

CHARLIE  
This is nuts.

It's the SAME HOUSE we saw in the opening, but completely righted. TV is off, the walls are clean. Furniture in it's proper place. It's perfect.

They move into the house. Ed is wired, scared.

ED  
 Hello? Ed and Charlie here!  
 (to Charlie)  
 Come on.

Charlie follows him in. Resigned and placating.

CHARLIE  
 Okay. Fine.

Ed opens his duffle bag. Inside are CROSSES, STAKES, HOLY WATER, even a small AX.

ED  
 Take this.

Ed hands Charlie a STAKE. Charlie eyes it, incredulous.

CHARLIE  
 You've got to be kidding me.

Ed stops. This is it.

ED  
 I hate to tell you this but that  
 guy, your neighbor.  
 (dead serious)  
 He's a vampire. One of the undead.

CHARLIE  
 My neighbor. Next door.

ED  
 Yeah.

CHARLIE  
 I just met him. Jerry.

ED  
 Jerry.

A beat.

CHARLIE  
 That's a terrible vampire name.  
 "Jerry." Seriously--

ED  
 I didn't name him, man, I'm just  
 reporting the facts!

Ed moves UP THE STAIRS. Charlie reluctantly follows. It's darker up here. Lights off.

CHARLIE

Come on, this is a gag -- right?

Ed's barely listening -- cautious. Every shadow is potential death. Total shmuck bait...

ED

Hey! Anybody here?

They pass the empty MASTER BEDROOM -- where we saw ADAM's parents slaughtered. Now its clean and empty.

Then Ed turns into ADAM's room. It's full of geekery. Action figures, the like. Charlie sticks behind him.

The guys don't register the mostly obscured form of SOMEBODY HIDING BEHIND the door. A LARGE MALE figure.

Ed catches sight of the guy, and SPINS toward it, freaked.

Charlie also reacts, scared.

ED (CONT'D)

Get back, demon!

Ed thrusts his cross forward which knocks the door open, toppling A MOVIE CHARACTER STANDEE.

A beat. Then Ed lets out a slightly manic laugh.

ED (CONT'D)

Ha! I killed that sucker dead!

CHARLIE

(angry)

They're not here, okay? They left town. His dad was a deadbeat--

Ed pulls a MAP out of his pocket. It has lots of red and black DOTS marked on it. He thrusts it at Charlie.

ED

No, see, it's not just them. It started -- there was this thing on Channel 13, a lady escaped an attacker who tried to bite her.

Ed points to the RED DOTS on his chart. They form a loose circle around CHARLIE'S house.

ED (CONT'D)

Adam and me, we graphed the attack, the disappearances. Whole families, gone.

(MORE)

ED (CONT'D)

And that's you guys at the center, see? His windows are totally blacked out--

CHARLIE

There's a ton of houses like that. People work nights on the strip--

ED

But every window? No. I've been watching him. It all fits--

CHARLIE

That Jerry's a Dracula.

ED

No. Dracula is a specific vampire. I'm saying--

CHARLIE

I know what you're saying! I'm mocking you. You've been reading too much Twilight--

ED

Fiction, okay? This is real. A real monster. And he's not brooding. Or lovesick. Or noble. He's the fucking shark from JAWS. He feeds, he kills, and he doesn't move on until everyone around him is dead.

(most emphatic)

And that book SUCKS.

Charlie can't help but pause. Ed's conviction is so real. But he shakes it off.

CHARLIE

Come on--

ED

What about your neighbors, the Perrys? He moved into their house. Haven't seen them around, have you?

CHARLIE

Yeah, in San Diego like a month ago!

ED

Exception, proves the rule. You haven't asked him in, have you? He can't get in without an invitation.

CHARLIE

No, but--

ED

Your mom? Lonely divorcee...

CHARLIE

You're on drugs.

ED

No! Well, yeah... I thought you'd take my word, but I have evidence at home. Hard evidence.

Charlie stops fighting it and humors him. Ed's lost it.

CHARLIE

Yeah. Okay.

ED

(intense)

We have to stake him in his nest. You and me. Not now, it's dark.

CHARLIE

Right. Cause he's nocturnal.

ED

Just for -- okay -- for a minute pretend you're not a douche now--

CHARLIE

Look, Ed, this stuff, it was fun when we were eight--

ED

Sixteen--

CHARLIE

(losing it)

Whatever! I grew up, okay? You don't want to, fine. But don't get an attitude because I'd rather have a life than make shit up!

Ed stops. Stung.

ED

Right. Got it. You're soooo cool "Brewster." Go ahead, join the Clark High early-peakers. This is the pinnacle for them. And that includes your girl--



CHARLIE

Shut up.

ED

Undeniably doable, but we used to make fun of her and her pals, remember? They're bimbos--

CHARLIE

Shut up!

Charlie barely refrains from hitting Ed. Instead he shoves him away. Ed stumbles. Falls.

He looks up at Charlie, genuinely hurt and desperate.

ED

Adam's gone -- you act like it has nothing to do with you.

(then/pained)

We were inseparable, man.

CHARLIE

Yeah. And you know when I got popular? The minute I stopped hanging out with you.

Charlie takes off. Ed watches him go.

FADE TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS/VARIOUS -- NIGHT

A while later. It's REALLY DARK now.

Ed, gripping his duffle bag nervously, skates down a residential street. Houses here are spaced far apart and the lights in many of them are off.

Ed is anxious, watchful. He knows it's not safe. Every dark corner is potentially the end of him.

A few cars pass. Something moves behind him. Footsteps GAINING. Ed abandons his skateboard and BOLTS.

A hand SLAMS on his shoulder, spins him around. IT'S MARK, Charlie's pal from school.

MARK

You crossed my yard. Tracked your nerdjuice all over it.

ED  
Sorry. Sorry--

MARK  
My mom works hard on that shit,  
moron--

Ed glances around nervously, it's dark and anything...else could be out there.

ED  
Can you just hit me? I don't have  
time for the build up.  
(he steels himself)  
Go.

MARK  
Seriously?

ED  
Jesus, man! Just do it!

Fine. Mark winds up and SWINGS -- a brutal blow.

Ed DUCKS and runs. Mark's immediately on his heels.

The guys dodge and dart through the neighborhood. But Ed has experience in the art of losing bullies and he manages to shake Mark for a moment.

Ed scrambles over a wooden fence, but his DUFFLE BAG GETS CAUGHT ON TOP. Most of his vamp hunting stuff SPILLS over on the OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE.

ED (CONT'D)  
Crap. Crap!

There's not time to get the stuff. He can hear Mark approaching in the dark.

He drops into a neighbor's backyard.

EXT. BACKYARD -- NIGHT

ED spins and slams right into MARK -- no, it's JERRY.

Ed falls back and scrambles away, terrified.

ED (CONT'D)  
Get away! I'm armed mother fucker!

Jerry moves after Ed, angry but controlled. More like a man than a monster.

EXT. FENCE -- NIGHT

Mark pulls up on the other side of the wood fence. Sees Ed's VAMP HUNTING STUFF on the ground, laughs.

MARK  
Unbelievable.

A beat, Mark glances at the high fence. Decides he's done. He kicks some of Ed's stuff as he moves off.

EXT. BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Ed trips over kid's toys and bikes as he runs to the house. There's a porch light on over the back door.

ED  
(pounding on door)  
Hey! Let me in! Please!

But there's no answer. Ed is desperate, Sees Jerry closing in, walking across the backyard.

Ed takes a ROCK and smashes the window over the kitchen sink.

INT. HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Ed falls through the window into the kitchen. Looks out.

JERRY stalks toward him. All hulking menace.

But Ed's safe now. Calls out--

ED  
Forget it sucker! No invite!

BAM! Jerry kicks in the kitchen door. Ed, terrified, falls back.

JERRY  
Abandoned. I thought you did your homework.

ED  
I -- what?

JERRY  
You've been watching me. I've been watching you. Seems fair.

Ed BOLTS into the house.

INT. HOUSE -- VARIOUS -- NIGHT

As he races through the empty rooms he pulls a stake from his pocket. We see he's wearing a cross around his neck on a long chain.

JERRY's following, but barely breaking a sweat.

Ed sees A SLIDING GLASS DOOR to the back. He fumbles with the lock, gets it open and runs into the backyard.

EXT. BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Ed races for the back gate--

AND SUDDENLY JERKS TO A STOP.

Jerry has him by the back of the CROSS he's wearing.

Ed's lifted WAY off his feet by the CHAIN, until he's choking on it, the cross directly under his neck.

JERRY looks away as he SNAPS the chain off Ed and HURLS the cross into the neighbor's POOL.

Ed falls to the ground, watches the cross sink in despair.

Jerry's standing over him. Smiles a little. We get just a flash -- he suddenly has MORE TEETH, sharper, in rows. It's chilling.

JERRY

Bit off more than you can chew.

Shaking, terrified, Ed brandishes the STAKE.

ED

We'll see, man. I know my shit.

But Jerry doesn't appear to be afraid. He looks at Ed with actual sympathy.

JERRY

Really? Who's going to believe you? You see the truth, but what good is it when you're alone?

Ed's shaken -- but still grips the stake. Holding on.

ED

Don't play that stuff. That mind crap. Come on -- try me. Try me!

JERRY

You say you're glad you're different. But how can you be in a place like this? These people... Even your best friend. You're nothing to him now.

Ed's listening despite himself, hurting now. Jerry moves a step in. Ed raises his stake again -- but with slightly less conviction.

ED

Get back!

JERRY

It can be over. I can make all that pain go away.

Ed's fighting tears. Life as he knows it is gone.

ED

No...

JERRY

You were born for this and you know it. Your "life", what you had? That's the illusion.  
(off Ed's silence)  
I can take you somewhere great. Somewhere you'll belong.

Ed takes this in. His eyes clear a bit. Is it...hope?

JERRY (CONT'D)

It's a gift.

And Jerry moves closer, blocking our view.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE UP ON:

EXT. BREWSTER HOUSE -- DAY

A new day. Sunny and hot. A truck moves the DUMPSTER from Jerry's house.

INT. BREWSTER HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Through the kitchen window, Jane watches the DUMPSTER drive away. She's pleased, a little surprised. Says to herself...

JANE  
Good on his word.

A knock at the door. It's Amy. She lets herself in.

AMY  
Morning. Charlie?

JANE  
You try. My voice seems to be on  
some frequency he can't hear.

AMY  
CHARLIE!

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
Coming!

Amy looks at Jane, who shakes her head. Amy moves to the  
island. Grins a little.

AMY  
Talk to Hot Neighbor again? You  
should facebook him.

JANE  
(shakes her head)  
Temptress. I'm resolved.

Charlie runs down. Wet from the shower, discombobulated. He  
pecks Amy, grabs food off a plate. He's out of sorts.

AMY  
Oversleep?

CHARLIE  
Didn't.  
(off her look)  
Weird dreams.

Charlie gives Jane a quick peck and follows Amy out.

EXT. BREWSTER HOUSE -- FRONT YARD -- DAY

Amy and Charlie head to the car. Charlie turns -- looks back  
at JERRY'S HOUSE. The blacked out windows...

AMY  
What?

Charlie snaps out of it. It's crazy to even entertain Ed's  
theories.

CHARLIE  
Nothing. That guy was such a tool.

AMY  
(humoring him)  
Totally. Poser.

She gets in the car. Smiles a little.

FADE TO:

INT. CLARK COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

Charlie's in class. He's restless, agitated. On his pad, he absently draws VAMPIRE images, blood...

TEACHER  
Sally Cabella?

SALLY  
Here.

TEACHER  
Ed Lee?

Nothing. Charlie looks up.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
Edward Lee?

Charlie looks around. No Ed. And just like he said -- quite a few other kids are missing. Charlie takes this in, looks around.

ABOVE CHARLIE

SEATS ALL AROUND HIM ARE EMPTY. This time it makes an impact.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD -- DAY

Charlie, Mark, Ben and the rest of the guys get ready for practice. Mark's in the middle of a story, but Charlie is distracted -- barely listening.

MARK  
...she's wearing a jumpsuit, dude.  
Like -- one zip and POP!

CHARLIE  
Huh.

MARK

What's up with you? Dreaming about  
your little boyfriend?

Charlie takes this in, worried.

CHARLIE

You see him around today? Ed?

BEN

I don't track "it's" whereabouts.  
What did he want, anyway?

CHARLIE

Nothing. Homework stuff.

But Charlie's clearly distracted.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Look, I have to go.

MARK

Now? You're ditching? I'll bail  
with you.

CHARLIE

No -- I'm -- I don't feel so well.

He takes off. Ben and Mark watch him, perplexed.

EXT. ED'S HOUSE -- DAY

Another suburban development. Rows and rows of red tile  
roofs, houses stacked right on top of one another...

Charlie rings the bell of a modest place. Not as big as  
where Charlie and Jane live. But nice, well-tended for.

ED's mom, VICTORIA, answers. She's surprised to see him.

VICTORIA

Charlie!

CHARLIE

Yeah, Hi Mrs. Lee.

Victoria breaks into a wide smile.

VICTORIA

God you're a sight for sore eyes.



INT. ED'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Victoria pulls Charlie in and hugs him, happy. Calls out--

VICTORIA  
Rick! Charlie's here!  
(to Charlie)  
Look at you. So handsome!

CHARLIE  
Oh, I -- you don't have to--

Now RICK, Ed's dad comes into the room. Shakes his hand.

RICK  
Ed said you'd sprouted. And  
you're, the--

Rick awkwardly gestures around his face.

CHARLIE  
Cleared up. Yes sir--

VICTORIA  
Ed will be so sorry he missed you,  
But -- you should both be in school  
now, shouldn't you?

CHARLIE  
He's not here? Did you see him  
today?

RICK  
He's usually up and out early.  
Everything okay?

CHARLIE  
No, sure. We're working on a class  
project. I guess we crossed paths.

VICTORIA  
I'm so glad you're doing that. Ed,  
he'd be mad that I said so, but he  
talks about you all the time.

This lands hard on Charlie. How remiss he's been.

CHARLIE  
Yeah. That's... He's great.  
(then)  
Would it be okay if I went  
upstairs? Ed has a book we need.

VICTORIA

Of course. Make yourself at home.

Charlie goes upstairs. Victoria makes a face at Rick -- "that's good!" They're both pleased.

INT. ED'S ROOM -- DAY

Ed's room is a shrine to comic books, horror and fantasy movies.

There's an art table where Ed has been working on some illustrations for a noir-style graphic novel. Charlie stops and looks at them. They're fantastic.

He looks at the photos on the wall -- including a few pictures of Ed, Charlie and Adam when they were friends.

CLOSE ON A PHOTO

Charlie and Ed, arms around each other. Charlie is shorter and thinner -- with really bad acne. Not cute. WAY not.

ON CHARLIE

Ouch. Best not to dwell. He turns and sees--

PETER VINCENT'S "FRIGHT NIGHT" POSTER on a wall. Charlie takes it in, laughs a little.

Then Charlie examines a WHOLE WALL devoted to Ed's investigation of Jerry. Maps, news reports, vampire lore printed off the internet, books, etc.

If you didn't know the difference, you'd say it's just more of Ed's fictional world.

Charlie stares at it all for a beat. Then shakes his head. It's all a fantasy -- nothing more.

CHARLIE

This is crazy.

He starts to take off. But sees that Ed's computer is on -- and one file stands out. "THE JERRY DIARIES."

Charlie gives in to his curiosity -- clicks it open -- finds a bunch of Quicktime files.

He opens one. Stops.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER

As BLURRY short clips play:

Jerry's truck, in motion but it looks like NOBODY'S DRIVING IT.

DORIS the neighbor chatting on Jerry's lawn -- with nobody.

Over and over, it's appears that JERRY DOESN'T SHOW UP on video.

OFF CHARLIE

Taking this in. Chilled.

EXT. BREWSTER HOUSE -- NIGHT

It's dark as Charlie comes home. He looks warily at Jerry's house as he searches for his keys.

BAM -- he walks right into JERRY.

JERRY

Hey guy.

Charlie tries to maintain his cool. What if Jerry is what Ed thought? Impossible, but...

CHARLIE

Hey. Guy.

JERRY

You could really do me a solid.

CHARLIE

Yeah? What kind.

JERRY

I have a girl on her way over for a beer, and I'm totally out of beer.

They're at Charlie's back door, the one that leads to the kitchen.

CHARLIE

Bummer.

JERRY

Set me up, I'll pay you back two times. A sixer for your mom, and one for you.

CHARLIE

Uh, yeah, sure.

Jerry watches Charlie as he unlocks the door.

This is when Charlie should invite him in.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Let me see what Mom's got. She's kind of a "light domestic"...mom.

Charlie steps inside. Pointedly DOESN'T ask Jerry to enter.

Charlie intentionally leaves the door open, moves to the refrigerator. But keeps his eyes on Jerry. If he steps in, uninvited, Ed's theory is blown.

JERRY

Nice kitchen. Same floor plan as my place, huh?

Jerry leans against the door jamb -- BUT DOES NOT CROSS THE THRESHOLD. Charlie observes this. Holy shit.

Charlie and Jerry MEET EYES. Then a cold smile creeps over Jerry's face.

Charlie fumbles, lets one of the wet beers slide from his hand -- it hits the ground, explodes.

CHARLIE

Fuck!

JERRY

Can I help you with that?

CHARLIE

No! No. Thanks. I'll get it.

Jerry takes in Charlie's frantic refusal. Now he's darkly certain. He's been made.

Charlie tosses the broken bottle into the sink. Moves to the doorway with the remaining beers.

Charlie hands them over the threshold. But doesn't cross.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

There you go. Uh...party down.

Jerry watches him, intense. His tone shifts -- cocky and intimidating. A threat disguised as "guy talk."

JERRY

This girl tonight -- she's a handful. You know.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

Women who look a certain way, they need to be managed.

CHARLIE

Yeah.

JERRY

You don't mind my saying, you got a lot on your shoulders for a kid. Your pal, Amy? She's ripe. Must be a line of guys dying to pluck that. Your mom too -- you don't see it, maybe you do -- she's giving it off. It's on you to watch out for them. You up for that?

Charlie's burning. But holds himself in check.

CHARLIE

I think I can manage.

JERRY

Good. Cause there are bad people out there, man. Better keep an eye on your women.

Jerry backs away, intimidating even as he retreats.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Thanks for the beers.

Charlie watches him move into the dark.

INT. BREWSTER HOUSE - CHARLIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie bursts into his room, freaked out -- races to the window.

His room is free of all geekery. Now it's all sports and sneakerhead stuff.

AMY's there -- on his bed and surrounded by school books. She's reading Wuthering Heights.

AMY

Where've you been? You told me to meet you here an hour ago.

CHARLIE'S POV

Jerry's nowhere to be seen and his house is quiet. Lights on behind BLACKED OUT WINDOWS.

AMY (CONT'D)

Hello?

Charlie breaks away from the window. It's an effort. His focus is still half there, even as he tries to talk to Amy.

CHARLIE

Sorry. You okay? Everything okay?

He checks his phone. Checks for anything from ED. Nothing.

AMY

Yeah. Why shouldn't it be?

CHARLIE

No, it should. Nothing.

AMY

(re: her book)

You ever read this? It's good.  
Sexy, actually.

Amy moves to Charlie. Puts her arms around him.

AMY (CONT'D)

In a frustrated, unconsummated sort  
of way.

CHARLIE

Like us, you mean.

Amy laughs, pulls him onto the bed. She's feeling frisky.

AMY

Kinda makes it hotter.

CHARLIE

Yeah, so you keep saying.

He smiles a little. She kisses him. But feels his distance.

AMY

Am I boring you? What's up?

CHARLIE

What? No. I'm kind of wiped out,  
that's all.

AMY

I can fix that.

She kisses him again. Despite himself, Charlie gets drawn in and turned on. She pulls back, serious.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Want to get under the covers?

CHARLIE  
I -- now? Seriously?

AMY  
Calm down. Let's just...see how it goes.

Charlie's dying inside. Now?! Could not be a worse time.

CHARLIE  
Believe me when I say -- there is nothing in the world I'd rather do but--

AMY  
Charlie. Don't be nervous.

She kisses him again. It's intense, passionate. Charlie weakens a little. Maybe death and mayhem can wait...

Amy moves to take off her top. Oh. My. God--

DING DONG. Somebody is ringing the bell at Jerry's. Charlie stops. Practically tosses Amy off him.

CHARLIE  
You hear that?

He rushes to the window. Looks outside.

CHARLIE'S POV

DORIS is at Jerry's front door. Holding a bottle of wine.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Shit.

AMY  
What?

JERRY comes to the door. He and Doris start chatting. She's flirting up a storm.

CHARLIE  
Shit, shit, shit--

Amy sees what Charlie sees. Shrugs.

AMY  
He's hot. She's a stripper. They were bound to find each other.

CHARLIE  
Go-go dancer--

AMY  
Take away two tiny pieces of cloth,  
stripper.  
(lightly)  
You jealous?

CHARLIE  
What? No--

Jerry is showing Doris in when he stops--and looks DIRECTLY AT CHARLIE. It's chilling.

Charlie DIVES away from the window, grabbing Amy and pulling her down too.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
He looked right at us.

AMY  
Maybe. Not a big deal--

Charlie's freaked now. Doris is IN THERE.

CHARLIE  
No, it is a big. A very big. He  
saw us and he was pissed.

AMY  
Okay...

Amy moves away. Looking at him skeptically.

AMY (CONT'D)  
If you're not into this, say so.  
Don't do me any favors.

CHARLIE  
What? No! I am, I totally am. I  
just -- I don't trust that guy.

He glances out the window again. Amy's irritated, not used to having her passes rejected. She gathers her stuff.

AMY  
I'm going.

CHARLIE  
Amy. Don't--



AMY

No. You've got your neighborhood watch thing.

CHARLIE

Come on, don't be that way--

But she's gone.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Crap!

A beat. Charlie's torn -- he should go after her. But Doris's muted LAUGH from the other house draws his attention.

He looks again at Jerry's house. He can see faint shadows moving behind the windows in the house, like ghosts.

Charlie's conflicted, freaked -- what can he do? He picks up the phone. Dials 911. Then thinks better of it. Hangs up.

Finally -- he stops at the window, eyes on JERRY'S PLACE. Listening and watching intently. Keeping sentry.

FADE TO:

INT. BREWSTER HOUSE -- CHARLIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Later. Charlie's fallen asleep in a chair by the window.

He's startled awake by a woman's SCREAMS. They sound like they are coming from Jerry's.

But are they screams of pleasure or pain?

Charlie looks out the window. Jerry's house is dark. It's all quiet. Charlie looks at the clock. 2am.

Charlie sits back on his bed. Was it a dream? Then Charlie hears A MOTOR START. Charlie goes back to the window.

Jerry's TRUCK starts and Jerry drives off.

Off Charlie, unsettled.

CUT TO:

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE -- BACKYARD -- NIGHT

A short while later. Charlie moves cautiously into Jerry's backyard. He's wearing ALL BLACK and his dad's old winter gloves. He looks at his iPhone.

ON THE PHONE -- a diagram. "How to pick a lock."

Charlie steels his nerves. At Jerry's back door, he clumsily tries to pick the lock. After a moment or two, he realizes he has no idea what he's doing.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Crap.

He walks away from the door, frustrated. Then turns and impulsively tries to KICK IN the DOOR with his foot. Nothing happens.

Then something occurs to Charlie. He goes into the garden.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

The Perrys...

Charlie finds a FAKE ROCK. Turns it over. It has a KEY in it. Charlie's like -- duh.

He puts the key in the back door lock. It opens.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie moves through the first story of the house. He's cautious, on edge.

At first the place seems totally unremarkable. A typical "guy pad". Lots of inexpensive furniture, bad art, a salt water fish tank...

At every turn, Charlie expects something or someone to jump out at him. It's unbearably tense.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE -- UPSTAIRS -- NIGHT

Charlie looks upstairs. Moves through a plain white hallway, finds an open door that leads to Jerry's office, where he keeps an EXTENSIVE LIBRARY.

On one wall hangs a TAPESTRY that looks very old, decorated with a strange INSIGNIA. Charlie takes a picture of it with his phone.

INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie goes into Jerry's bedroom - opens his closet. Sees a variety of UNIFORMS. Cop, gas man, UPS, etc. Charlie reacts, chilled.

Charlie stops. JERRY'S TRUCK is pulling into the driveway.

Charlie's in a panic. Jerry will be inside any moment.

There's no time to get out so Charlie ducks into the CLOSET.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE -- CLOSET -- NIGHT

Charlie pushes as far back into the closet as he can go.  
Leans against the back wall.

The BACK OF THE CLOSET SWINGS OPEN and Charlie falls back  
into a HIDDEN HALLWAY.

Charlie stands, stunned, see that the hallway is lined by  
small rooms on either side.

It's clear that these are additions Jerry's added. Each room  
has a small rectangular WINDOW, so you can see in.

Charlie reacts, sick. It looks like a prison. Despite the  
danger, he creeps over and looks in one of the rooms--

WHAM!!

A pale HAND slaps against the window. Charlie jumps.

CHARLIE

Fuck!--

DORIS is in the window now. Bruised and so pale she looks  
almost BLUE.

DORIS

Help...

CHARLIE

Oh my God. Oh, shit--

Charlie tugs on the door. Locked.

He stands back, what to do? Charlie hears a NOISE. The  
FRONT DOOR. And then -- JERRY'S FOOTSTEPS approaching.

DORIS

Oh... Oh no... Get me out of here!

Doris pounds on the door. In a cold panic.

CHARLIE

I'm -- I won't leave you--

But Charlie has no choice. The footsteps are getting CLOSER.

DORIS

Please! No! Don't go!

Charlie ducks inside one of the CELLS across from Doris, moves behind the door.

JERRY steps into the hallway, walks right by Charlie's hiding place. Pauses near him.

The door is ajar. Was it that way before? Charlie holds his breath.

Jerry moves to the CELL and retrieves DORIS's half-alive body from it.

Charlie cautiously looks through the crack in the door.

DORIS (CONT'D)  
...no....God, no... please...

The door to Doris's cell open. Charlie can see PART of Doris's body and face.

Jerry is mostly obscured, bent over Doris -- holding her. Charlie watches helplessly, horrified.

DORIS (CONT'D)  
Please, please... don't kill me.

Doris's body TENSES and starts to jerk, as Jerry TUGS AND RIPS AT IT SAVAGELY. It's clear he's FEEDING ON HER, although we can't see his face.

Doris screams, then starts to cry. It's stark and REAL and terrifying.

It seems to go on and on. Doris weakens, her head lolling to one side, her light fading.

A small stream of blood spreads across the white pavement.

In the position she's in, she is eye to eye with CHARLIE.

She sees him, smiles weakly. Then mouths something -- too weak to make much sound.

DORIS (CONT'D)  
Cha... Cha...

CHARLIE is petrified. Doris gets it -- smiles a little grimly, puts a finger to her lips. Silence.

After what seems like an eternity, Jerry is satisfied. He tosses Doris aside and stands away from her.

Charlie DUCKS behind the door as Jerry emerges and casually wipes a spot of blood from his mouth.

Then Jerry LOCKS DORIS back into her cell. Pockets the key and moves off toward the stairs. After a moment, he's gone.

The sound of a TV starts in Jerry's living room. Something banal like "The Real Housewives of Orange County."

Charlie knows this is his moment. With shaking hands, he retrieves his iPhone and pulls up the "HOW TO PICK A LOCK" screen.

Charlie looks through the window in Doris's cell. She's breathing -- alive.

Charlie whispers to himself as he uses a bobby pin and a tiny screwdriver on the lock.

CHARLIE  
Please... Please...

The bobby pin slips. Drops. Charlie's losing it. Steadies himself. Tries again.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Come on.

The tension is unbearable. Charlie can hear JERRY moving downstairs.

CLICK

The lock slides open. Charlie breathes with relief. Then he grabs Doris and BOLTS.

Charlie SLIPS in a pool of blood left behind from Jerry's feeding, but he manages to stay on his feet.

He pushes Doris ahead of him, to a BACK STAIRCASE.

His PHONE drops out of his pocket, he has to double back -- every moment counts. Doris's barely aware of what's happening, let alone where she is.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE -- STAIRWELL/ENTRY -- DAWN

A moment later. Charlie and Doris emerge downstairs, near the entry hall. They can see the front door -- and hear Jerry moving in another room.

Charlie looks around, trying to get oriented.

JERRY emerges -- almost sees them. Charlie ducks into a hiding spot and grabs Doris, covering her mouth.

A long beat as Jerry returns to the living room with a beer. Settles in a chair facing away from the door.

Charlie considers his options. Says almost silently:

CHARLIE  
Same floor plan.

He grabs Doris and bolts for the kitchen.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAWN

A back door. Leading out. Charlie and Doris race for it, DORIS stumbles and bumps into a chair. Stifles a cry.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAWN

Jerry turns at the noise.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAWN

Charlie throws the back door open, he and DORIS ESCAPE.

EXT. JERRY HOUSE -- DAWN

The sun is just starting to rise. Charlie races for his house, with Doris holding on to him tight. She's crying with gratitude and relief, manages--

DORIS  
Thank you, thank you...

Doris looks up at him, her EYES TURNING BLACK, her veins going gray. A first ray of pure sunlight hits them.

CHARLIE  
Doris?

In a flash, DORIS starts to BURN. Charlie is helpless to stop it as she GOES UP IN FLAMES and explodes.

CHARLIE REACTS

Horrified. In shock.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAWN

Jerry moves into the kitchen.

The back door is closed now -- but the blinds sway slightly.

And there are BLOODY prints on the floor from Charlie's sneakers.

Jerry takes this in, coldly furious.

FADE TO:

INT. BREWSTER HOUSE -- CHARLIE'S ROOM -- DAWN

Charlie sits on his bed -- still in a state of shock. This shit is for real.

Jane comes to the door, her knock cursory. She enters.

JANE

You're going to be late.

Jane moves to the windows, throws the curtains open. Charlie winces at the sun. He got no sleep, looks like hell.

JANE (CONT'D)

The hours you keep. It's like living with a vampire.

Charlie stops. Looks at her. She has no idea.

CHARLIE

Listen -- promise me -- that guy next door, Jerry? Under no circumstances do you invite him into our house. He's dangerous.

JANE

I think I can handle myself.

CHARLIE

No, no you can't--

JANE

Charlie--

CHARLIE

Don't even look in his direction, understand? And at night, you stay inside.

JANE

Because he's dangerous. What kind of dangerous?

Charlie starts gathering his things. Getting ready to bolt.

CHARLIE  
Can you trust me? For once, don't  
ask a million questions--

JANE  
Charlie. Stop. I'm your mom, not  
some ridiculous woman--

CHARLIE  
(genuine)  
I'm sorry. Okay? I know... We  
just don't have time for a big  
thing! I'm telling you--

JANE  
That's enough. I'm done with this  
conversation.

She moves away.

CHARLIE  
Mom! Mom--

But she's gone. Charlie looks after her, worried.

EXT./INT. CLARK COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

Later. Charlie approaches the school. Kids swarm around  
him, happy and care-free. Charlie's in another world.

INT. CLARK COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL -- LIBRARY -- DAY

**CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN**

As various pages pop up--

VAMPIRE FAQ

True VAMPIRE tales!

VAMPIRE chat city

How to kill a vampire

**ON CHARLIE**

As he scrolls and frantically scribbles notes.

**CLOSE ON CHARLIE'S NOTE PAD/COMPUTER SCREEN**

As Charlie notes tons of CONTRADICTIONARY facts;



\* *Vamps must avoid all daylight. Vamps can walk in fog or twilight.*

\* *Vamps always sleep in the dirt. Vamps never sleep.*

\* *Vamps can only die from stake through the heart. Vamps only die from Fire.*

\* *Three bites to turn a victim into a vamp. One bite and the victim has to feed from the vamp...*

\* *Vamps change form -- bats, animals, etc. Vamps absolutely can NOT shape-shift.*

#### **ON CHARLIE**

We see now that he's on a computer in the SCHOOL LIBRARY, isolated behind some stacks.

He clicks a link on one of the sites -- which leads him to PETER VINCENT'S website. It's an elaborate interactive site.

It says that Vincent is a serious student of all things occult -- especially VAMPIRES -- and has amassed a vast collection of books and artifacts.

It also claims that there are different TRIBES of vampires.

#### **ON CHARLIE'S NOTEBOOK**

He writes in big letters

\* TRIBES?

\* PETER VINCENT -- VAMP EXPERT?

AMY (O.S.)

Hey.

Charlie looks up. Amy stands over him, a little wary. Charlie covers his writing and closes his computer screen.

He looks like hell. Disheveled, sleep deprived, tense.

CHARLIE

Hey...

AMY

You weren't in class. What are you working on?

CHARLIE

Porn. Hacked it.

AMY

Oh, good. I thought it was something creepy.

Charlie nods. Smiles wanly. Then--

CHARLIE

Look, I'd better...

AMY

Get back to your porn. Got it.

She looks away, losing patience. Charlie rallies.

CHARLIE

No. Sorry. I'm just -- I could use some coffee.

She looks back. Okay.

EXT. CLARK COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL -- QUAD -- DAY

Charlie and Amy sit in the busy quad.

CHARLIE

We can't hang out at my house any more. My mom's flipping out about some stuff. I can see you at school, but for a while --

AMY

Why? What's going on?

CHARLIE

It's hard to explain. Just...

What can he say? He has to protect her, but how?

BEN AND MARK Join them. Notice how tweaked Charlie looks.

BEN

You look like dog shit.

CHARLIE

Thanks.

MARK

Your pal the spaz, his folks were here earlier. It's a big thing.

CHARLIE

What? Why?

MARK

I don't know. He ran away or something. They were all upset, talking to the principal.

BEN

One less tweaker clogging up the halls.

Charlie stands, upset.

CHARLIE

Shut up.

MARK

Charlie--

BEN

Chill out-

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You don't know what you're talking about. He could be dead for all you know.

Mark steps in. Calming, reasonable.

MARK

You're right. Not cool. You're worried and it's totally understandable.

(then)

But he's better off, man. He'll be happier with the other trolls on the shire.

That's it. Charlie DECKS MARK. They go to the ground and Charlie lets loose on him. A bunch of other guys pull them apart amid shouts, etc.

Mark is bloodied and freaked.

MARK (CONT'D)

What the fuck man!?

AMY stands back, appalled.

AMY

Charlie!! What the hell is wrong with you?!

CHARLIE

(to Mark)

You're an idiot, you know that?

(super emphatic)

And it's HOBBITS on the shire!

Charlie turns to Amy--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Come on.

But she shakes her head and moves to MARK and BEN.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Amy--

AMY

Just get out of here, Charlie. Go.

He knows it's over. Heartbroken, he takes off.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE STRIP -- DAY

Charlie gets off the bus and walks toward one of the nicer hotels.

He's looking at another "how to" on his phone. "How to meet a celebrity."

INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- DAY

CLOSE ON -- A NEWSPAPER STAND

As Charlie grabs a LAS VEGAS SUN from a rack.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- ELEVATOR -- DAY

Charlie watches a bunch of CONVENTIONEERS with BADGES in the FOOD COURT.

A guy about Charlie's size leaves his coat and badge on his chair -- goes to get his food.

Charlie sweeps in and quietly takes it.

INT. HOTEL SHOWROOM -- DAY

CLOSE ON

PETER VINCENT

40's, but all wiry rock n' roll attitude. Leather pants and tattoos, Long black hair wrapped in a bandana. Dark painted nails and heavy eye make-up. HEAVY METAL MUSIC BLARES.

The whole scene is OVER THE TOP GOTH cheesiness. Lots of stage effects and fire...

PAMELA ANDERSON look-alikes in skimpy outfits prance on stage as another SEXY GIRL is handcuffed, S&M style, to a CIRCULAR TORTURE BOARD.

ON THE AUDIENCE

We see that this is a run-through. Tech guys work light boards, etc. A director and scattered others sit in the seats.

CHARLIE

Sneaks in one of the back doors. Silently moves close to the stage.

He's WEARING THE STOLEN COAT.

The badge holder now has the SUN masthead logo inside. It looks, at first glance, like a legit credential.

ON STAGE

Peter reveals a tray full of SHARP DAGGERS. He raises them to the audience.

PETER

The knives are real.

He CUTS his OWN PALM with one, bleeds. Doesn't even wince. Stud.

PETER (CONT'D)

The girl is real.

He GRABS HER, feels her up. She giggles.

SEXY ASSISTANT

Ooooo!

Peter YANKS down on the circular board the assistant's tied to -- sending her SPINNING.

PETER

And if I miss, she'll really be dead.

The music switches. It's all TENSION. Peter FLINGS a dagger. SCHWACK! The assistant DUCKS as the KNIFE embeds in the board behind her, this close where her head was.

She screams! Breaks character.

SEXY ASSISTANT  
Holy Shit! Pete!

Also out of character -- PETER speaks in a thick QUEEN'S ACCENT.

PETER  
You can't say that!  
(moves to her)  
Stop the-- STOP. CUT!!

The music stops. The spinning board stops.

SEXY ASSISTANT  
You almost tore my extensions out!  
Why do you have to throw a real  
knife!?

PETER  
(re: knife)  
It barely cuts! That board is like  
butter.

He tears the MAKEUP appliance off his hand that made it look like he cut himself. The assistant pulls out of her VELCRO straps.

SEXY ASSISTANT  
Everybody else fakes it!

PETER  
But this looks authentic--

SEXY ASSISTANT  
Then learn how to throw!

She stomps off the stage. Peter can't believe it.

PETER  
Screw this.

He starts to stalk off stage. CHARLIE rushes toward him.

CHARLIE  
Mr. Vincent! Mr. Vincent--

A tech guy moves in on Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Charles Brewster. From the Sun?  
We had an appointment.

PETER  
I don't think so. Talk to my guy.

CHARLIE  
We're doing a piece -- "Vampires.  
Separating myth from fact."

PETER  
You want a comment? That's a shit  
idea for an article.

Peter starts to move off. Charlie, anxious, follows.

CHARLIE  
Please. I really -- I need your  
expertise. You're the man on this  
stuff, right?

Peter sees how desperate Charlie is. Stops.

PETER  
What is this, like your first  
assignment?

CHARLIE  
Actually -- yeah.

PETER  
(takes this in/then)  
Ten minutes.

INT. PETER VINCENT'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Peter lives in a two story penthouse at the top of one of the  
casino hotels that he works in. It's lavish, floor to  
ceiling windows, etc.

Still, goth influence reigns. The decor is tacky Haunted  
Mansion all the way.

Charlie is shown into the "museum" by Peter's ASSISTANT,  
ARTHUR, who looks and sounds A LOT LIKE PETER.

ARTHUR  
Don't touch anything, dude.

INT. PETER'S "MUSEUM"/LIBRARY -- NIGHT

Charlie enters -- comes face to face with a SNARLING  
WEREWOLF. He starts. Then realizes it's a life-size model.

CHARLIE  
Ho -- wow.

Charlie stands back, takes in the place. It's an amazing combination of FANTASY memorabilia and ACTUAL occult weapons and objects. It seems to go on and on.

ARTHUR

Got rooms of this crap. Ebay.

Charlie examines a case that holds all kinds of TORTURE DEVICES and battle axes, as well as SPIKED BALL MACES, etc.

Cases hold ancient texts and scrolls, haunted objects, etc.

CHARLIE

Amazing.

Charlie is genuinely impressed. The geek in him can't help it. Peter enters, talks to Arthur--

PETER

Midori me.

Arthur pours Peter a green drink as Peter pulls off his black wig (bandana attached) and peels off a nude body shirt that has a bunch of TATTOOS printed on it.

He steps out of his boots, with three-inch LIFTS. Collapses into an arm chair. He's just another balding, middle-aged guy with bad eyes.

Peter downs his drink. Arthur hands him the bottle. Peter looks at Charlie.

In truth, Peter's isolated himself to the point that he actually welcomes a visitor -- though he'd never admit it.

PETER (CONT'D)

(re: midori)

Looks like pee but I'm hooked. You want?

CHARLIE

No, thanks. Not...on the job.

Peter scratches avidly at his crotch.

PETER

Leather, it doesn't breath. You know? Fucking rashes are killing me... So I'm your expert, huh? For your vampire thing.

(bitter)

They're all the rage, huh.



CHARLIE

Yeah. I guess... So -- say I want to kill one. But really. How how would you do it?

PETER

Depends. You got fire, beheading. Or go classic -- stake through the heart. Bam!

CHARLIE

So all that actually works?

PETER

How the fuck do I know.

CHARLIE

I thought you're--

PETER

I read books, man. You think I'm hanging out with Dracula and the Easter Bunny?

CHARLIE

Sorry. No.

Charlie realizes he has no choice. He has to reveal more.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I -- I have a personal interest in this story.

(off Peter's look)

A friend's missing, actually. I think one of them got him.

PETER

Them, meaning a "vampire."

CHARLIE

Jerry. He lives next door to me.

PETER

"Jerry?"

CHARLIE

I know.

(then)

But it's no joke. If you look at these clips, you'll see. They take some time to load but...

Charlie moves to Peter, shows him his phone. Digs into his pocket.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And I printed up some photos I  
took. In his place. Or lair...

Charlie put the photos in front of Peter on the table.  
Peter's expression closes. He stands, pissed.

PETER

Arthur!

CHARLIE

No, come on, I'm--

PETER

You're a nutjob. Arthur!

Charlie deflates -- his desperation showing again.

CHARLIE

Listen to me. I saw it. I saw him  
kill a girl. She burned up in my  
hands. You have to tell me how to  
stop him.

Arthur enters.

PETER

Get this loser out of my sight.

CHARLIE

I know what I saw.

PETER

No you don't. See this guy?

He gestures to ARTHUR.

PETER (CONT'D)

My cousin, Art. He's "me" on  
stage. That's how I teleport.  
People see what they want to see.

CHARLIE

(urgent)

This is what you've been looking  
for, I promise. I can take you to  
him, to his place.

PETER

In Clark County Nevada. A hot bed  
of supernatural activity.

CHARLIE

Yes! It's genius. A transient population. A town where people work all night, sleep all day...

PETER

A town full of con-artists.  
(not buying it)  
No. You're working me, or somebody's working you.

Charlie's getting angry now.

CHARLIE

He already got my friend! I know how I sound. But I'm not crazy. I didn't want this. I don't want to know this. Just tell me what to do!

Peter feels Charlie's sincerity. For a moment he looks genuinely conflicted. But his expression hardens.

PETER

Run.

CHARLIE

What?

PETER

You heard me.

He moves away. But Charlie is on his heels. Peter looks to ARTHUR, nods.

CHARLIE

So I save my own skin so he can keep killing!? I won't. We have to kill him! Please!--

Arthur THROWS Charlie out, the door closed firmly behind him.

INT. PETER VINCENT'S PENTHOUSE -- OUTER HALL -- DUSK

Charlie stands, shut out. What the hell is he going to do now?

FADE TO:

EXT. BREWSTER HOUSE/JERRY'S HOUSE -- DUSK

Moving in on the Brewster home, an odd sight is revealed. Every window is draped with strings of GARLIC.

Charlie's revealed in his window -- hammering up another long rope of the stuff.

His gaze falls on JERRY'S HOUSE and we follow it.

INT. BREWSTER HOUSE -- CHARLIE'S ROOM -- DUSK

Now we find that Charlie's entire room is decked out in anti-vamp décor. Not just the garlic but crosses and other religious pictures, etc.

Charlie LOOKS at the clock -- night coming too quickly. He's grimly focused as he starts sharpening a STAKE.

A knock. Jane doesn't enter this time. Another knock.

CHARLIE

What?

Jane walks in. Takes in the decor.

JANE

The whole house looks like that show Dark Shadows.

CHARLIE

It's a gag. For Amy. Long story.

JANE

(takes this in/then)

You like her a lot, don't you?

A moment when they could connect. But Charlie just nods. Jane's disappointed. Then--

JANE (CONT'D)

Don't use tape on the walls.

(then)

Oh. Ed's parents left a few messages, looking for him.

Charlie looks up at this. Pained.

CHARLIE

Okay.

He goes back to his work. Jane looks at him for a beat, then she starts to go.

THE DOORBELL RINGS. Before Jane can really react, Charlie pushes past her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
DON'T. Don't open it.

INT. BREWSTER HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DUSK

Charlie races downstairs. Stops. AMY is standing in the living room.

CHARLIE  
How'd you get in?!

AMY  
It was unlocked.

CHARLIE  
MOM! You have to lock the door!

AMY  
Okay, whatever, listen. You're flipping out. Punching out your friends and blowing everything off and is that a stake?

A beat. He forgot he was holding it. He hides it behind his back.

CHARLIE  
No.

Amy sits, upset. Looks around and sees that the living room is decked in more anti-vamp decor.

AMY  
Look. Even if you're losing it -- you don't get to blow me off. You don't go from something to nothing overnight.  
(emotional)  
You're not nothing to me, Charlie. Whatever's happening, just -- talk to me.

Charlie takes this in, emotional. But--

CHARLIE  
I can't let you get hurt. You need to forget about me for a while.

AMY  
 What? How am I going to get hurt?  
 Tell me. Charlie--

Now there's another KNOCK at the door. Jane comes downstairs--

JANE  
 I got it--

CHARLIE  
NO. Don't answer it.

A tense moment. Another knock.

INNERCUT WITH

EXT. BREWSTER HOUSE -- FRONT DOOR -- DUSK

JERRY stands at the door. Quietly enraged.

JANE  
 This is ridiculous--

JERRY  
 Jane. It's Jerry from next door--

CHARLIE  
 I'm telling you, don't answer it!

JANE  
 This is my house. I'll answer the  
 door if I want to.

She starts to move to the door again. Charlie blocks her way, desperate.

CHARLIE  
 Mom. He murdered Ed and Adam. And  
 I have proof.

Jane is stunned, at a loss. From the other side of the door--

JERRY (O.S.)  
 Jane? I need to talk to you.

JANE  
 Just-- Hold on!

JERRY (O.S.)  
 Now. Your son is harassing me!

He pounds on the door. Jane examines Charlie closely.

JANE  
Charlie. What's happening?

CHARLIE  
Whatever he says, don't--

JERRY (O.S.)  
He broke into my house. I'd rather  
not take this to the authorities.  
But I will! He's sick, deluded--

CHARLIE  
Mom.

A tense beat... Finally--

JANE  
(yells/angry)  
Get the authorities! My son is a  
good kid!

Charlie sags with relief. A brief look of appreciation  
passes between Charlie and Jane.

ON JERRY

As he backs away from the door. His expression goes cold.  
He disappears into the dark.

INT. BREWSTER HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie races to a window. SEES JERRY MOVE out of sight.

CHARLIE  
Shit, shit...

JANE  
What? What is he doing?

CHARLIE  
Whatever it is, it's not good.

EXT. BREWSTER HOUSE -- FRONT YARD -- NIGHT

Jerry stands back, intense. He's got to take care of this  
problem NOW.

INT. BREWSTER HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie's running from window to window now, trying to see  
what's going on.

CHARLIE

Just -- if we stay in here -- he has to give up. He can't get in without an invitation.

AMY

Oh--  
(getting it)  
Oh... Really? Like a--

CHARLIE

Vampire. Really.

Amy and Jane are blown away. Charlie's going crazy.

EXT. BREWSTER HOUSE -- BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Jerry carries a SHOVEL and A SMALL SAW. He stalks into the Brewster's backyard, where he's hidden from the street.

INT. BREWSTER HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Jane follows Charlie, worried.

JANE

Think about what you're saying--

CHARLIE

I have. I've "processed," believe me.

Jane takes this in. Then SMILES.

JANE

Oooh. This is the gag! For Amy. I can't believe you got Jerry to go along with it!

Charlie stops. Fuck.

EXT. BREWSTER HOUSE -- BACKYARD -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON JERRY

As he starts to DIG UNDERGROUND -- amazingly strong and swift.

INT. BREWSTER HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie hands Amy and Jane both CROSSES on CHAINS.



CHARLIE

Take these. Put them on. Just do it.

JANE

(humoring him)

Okaaaay. Vampire protection!

AMY

I don't think this is funny.

But she puts it on.

EXT. BREWSTER BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Jerry pulls up the NATURAL GAS LINE that leads to the BREWSTER'S HOUSE. He SAWS IT OPEN AND LIGHTS THE END ON FIRE.

INT. BREWSTER HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM/VARIOUS -- NIGH

Hissssssssssss. A strange sounds coming from under the floor.

AMY

What's tha--

BOOM!! The GAS FIREPLACE EXPLODES, the STOVE EXPLODES, THE WATER HEATER ALL EXPLODE at once!!

WINDOWS BLOW OUT as Charlie JUMPS on Jane and Amy, dragging them to the ground.

The room starts to BURN.

Charlie, Amy and Jane are in a panic. They try to put the fire out, but it's no use.

Charlie stops. A CHILLING SIGHT:

Jerry stands on the other side of the blown-out windows. His expression dark. Through the flames he says--

JERRY

Don't need an invitation if there's no house.

A beat. Charlie GRABS Amy and Jane and they RUN through the house.

INT/EXT. BREWSTER GARAGE/STREET - NIGHT

Amy, Charlie and Jane race into the garage

AMY  
I can drive--

JANE  
I drive!

They jump into Jane's car. Hit the garage opener--

CHARLIE  
Gun it Mom! Go!!!

Jane GUNS IT THROUGH THE OPENING GARAGE DOOR, destroying it.

She CLIPS Charlie's dirt bike -- pushing it onto the sidewalk as she takes off.

Jane's car swings wide into the street, almost smashing into an arriving FIRE ENGINE! Charlie, Amy and Jane SCREAM!!

They narrowly avoid a head-on collision with a FIRE TRUCK.

ON JERRY

As he sees the dirt bike in the driveway. He jumps on. Tries to start it. NO GO. Fuck.

INT. JANE'S CAR -- NIGHT

JANE  
What did we do!? What does he want!?

They are racing away when the DIRT BIKE COMES CRASHING THROUGH THE BACK WINDOW of the car, nearly taking Amy's head off.

AMY  
Holy--

Everyone reacts. Then the BIKE STARTS - the wheels spinning wildly in the back seat.

CHARLIE  
Amy!

Amy's hair gets caught in the spokes - it's horrible as it YANKS part of her hair out.

Charlie grabs her away from the bike -- she falls into his arms, crying as JERRY'S BIG PICKUP appears in the rear windshield.

JANE  
He's coming!

THEY SWERVE OUT THE SHADOW HILLS GATES

EXT. MAJOR STREET -- NIGHT

Jane speeds down the street, which is wide and not heavily trafficked here.

Unlike the planned community of Shadow Hills -- now we can see we're surrounded by great expanses of empty DESERT.

JERRY'S TRUCK SMASHES REPEATEDLY into JANE'S.

AMY  
My brother has a gun!

CHARLIE  
Good to know! Is he here?!

JANE  
Call the police! Anybody--

Jane manages to evade Jerry until --

The TRUCK SKIDS in a long arc in front of them and BLOCKS THEM. Jane screeches to a halt.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Oh hell.

In a flash, Jerry is out of the truck and coming for them.

CHARLIE  
GO! Go! Don't stop!! Go--

Charlie steps on the accelerator, grabs the wheel and AIMS THE CAR AT JERRY.

JANE  
Charlie!!

They RUN JERRY OVER WITH A TERRIBLE THUDDDD!!! Amy and Jane scream. Jane is aghast, stops the car.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Oh my God!!

Charlie steps on her accelerator foot, the CAR ZOOMS FORWARD.

AMY  
 Are you nuts!?! You can't kill that  
 guy!

CHARLIE  
 You have no idea.  
 (to Jane)  
 It's him or us. Mom. MOM.

Jane looks at him -- can feel that he's telling the truth. Charlie's looking around as they speed down the highway, in the rearview. NO JERRY anywhere.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 Where is he? Where'd he go?

Everybody looks UP. The roof of the car.

BAM! Jerry's hand SHOOTs up through the FLOORBOARD under Jane's feet.

Jane and Amy SCREAM!

CLOSE ON THE FLOOR OF THE CAR

JERRY'S EYE glares through the small hole. It's all BLACK. No pupil. Freaky.

He's TEARING THROUGH METAL from the undercarriage of the car, where he's clinging -- face up.

The more he rips away -- the more he reveals his face.

His veins and eyes are BLACK. His nose snout-like. And his fangs emerge from lethal rows of jagged teeth, like a SHARK.

It's shocking, horrible.

ON THE UNDERSIDE OF THE CAR

As Jerry drags over the highway, the pavement grinding away at his clothes and flesh.

He reaches through the hole he's made and SLAMS his fist down on the FLOOR BREAK. The car SCREECHES to a sudden halt.

ON CHARLIE, AMY and JANE

Screaming even after the car has stopped. Then -- BAM!! The car is REAR-ENDED by another vehicle. It's a MINIVAN.

JANE's car is SLAMMED -- the back is a crush of glass and metal.

A GRIM MOMENT -- only the sound of hissing air and groaning steel as everyone assesses the damage.

AMY

Oh... Are you-- Jane?

Jane is woozy. Hurt.

CHARLIE

Mom?

JANE

I'm okay...

Charlie sees that the other car is drivable. The guy inside, a FAMILY MAN, is stunned and pissed. Gets out of his car--

FAMILY MAN

What the hell do you think you're doing!--

Charlie gets out of the car too. Yells, urgent--

CHARLIE

NO! Hey man, stay in your--

But it's too late. The guy is met by a HORRIFIC Jerry, hideously torn and bleeding, who appears from UNDER JANE'S CAR.

In a flash, Jerry grabs the guy and VAMPS, ripping the family man's NECK OUT.

CLOSE ON MINIVAN

As those "cute" stick figure family decals are splattered with BLOOD.

AMY AND JANE

Now out of the car, react. JERRY IS A FUCKING VAMPIRE.

Jerry drops the business man, who's dead as he hits the ground. He moves toward them.

Charlie looks at Amy and Jane. I told you so.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Yeah.

Charlie urgently grabs them. Shoves them down the highway.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Get out of here. Run. Run!

AMY

But--

CHARLIE

Go! I'll catch up! She's hurt,  
get out of here!

They back off.

Charlie pulls a large cross out of his coat and brandishes it as he walks toward Jerry. Jerry keeps his distance, taunting him--

JERRY

Let them run. Just makes them  
easier to kill when I'm done with  
you.

Ding, ding, ding -- the family man's CAR DOOR is open and the warning bell rings over and over...

CHARLIE eyes the car. Keys still in it. He circles Jerry, backing him off.

CHARLIE

I repel you with the power of  
Christ the Lord.

JERRY

Do you? Really? When did you take  
your last confession?

CHARLIE

Get back...

JERRY

That's a mighty big cross you have  
there. Question is -- do you  
actually know how to use it?

Jerry LUNGES for Charlie, but he DIVES for the family man's open car door.

But Jerry's on him -- hands BURNING as he rips the cross from Charlie and shatters it with his hand.

Then he TOSSES Charlie, who flies and hits JANE'S CAR, then crumples to the ground.

Jerry gets Charlie around the neck -- holds a sharp, splintered end of the broken cross against Charlie's chest. The wood still burns into Jerry's hand, but Jerry holds on.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 Ever take one of these in the  
 chest? I have.

Charlie struggles, terrified.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 But they missed the heart.  
 Riggght....here. Easy  
 measurement.

Jerry positions the "stake" right over Charlie's heart.  
 Charlie winces. Terrified and overpowered.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 Shouldn't have been so nosey.

Jerry's about to plunge the STAKE through Charlie's heart  
 when a THICK WOOD STAKE comes through Jerry's SHOULDER.

Jerry HOWLS, falls off Charlie and we see that he's been  
 staked by the business end of a REAL ESTATE SIGN.

JANE stands over them, quaking with fear and adrenaline.  
 Amy's right behind her with a CROWBAR.

JANE  
Leave my kid alone.

Jane collapses, and we see that there's a lot of BLOOD on the  
 back of her head.

CHARLIE  
 Mom!

Jerry's in agony as he stumbles away, pulls the sign post out  
 of his shoulder.

Charlie grabs his mom and drags her into her wreck of a car.  
 Amy dives into the car with them.

Charlie presses the accelerator. Will it still drive?

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 Come on come on come on....

IT LURCHES forward, then goes. Metal scraping the ground,  
 raining glass... but it RUNS.

They start to bolt when BAM! JERRY STANDS UP right in front  
 of the car, LUNGES AT THEM. CHARLIE RUNS OVER JERRY'S BODY  
 AGAIN. They speed off.

Jerry writhes in the middle of the road. But even as he does, he HEALS. His body knitting itself back together...

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR/JANE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie's giving a report to a pair of uniformed cops.

COP #1

So a gas leak caused the fire at your home and...

CHARLIE

My mom didn't feel right, we were trying to get her to the hospital. It was stupid to let her drive.

COP #1

Yeah it was. And driver who rear-ended you, you get the exact make and name of the van?

CHARLIE

It wasn't there when you got there?

COP #2

Hit and run. Happens all the time.

Charlie stifles his surprise. Nods.

ANGLE ON AMY

On her cell, pacing as she eyes Charlie with the cops.

AMY

We won't stay up all night. Bee and Cara need help with Trig -- it's not a party. Okay. Okay...  
(then/emotional)  
Mom? I love you.

She stops at the open door of a hospital ROOM. Her gaze falling on--

JANE

Who lies motionless in a bed. A doctor checks her chart.

AMY hangs up. Charlie, finished with the cops, joins her. They're both pained as they look at Jane.

AMY (CONT'D)

Maybe you should have said something to the police.



CHARLIE

Like what? A vampire moved next door, borrowed some beer, ate a stripper and then blew up our house because we wouldn't invite him in?

Amy looks at him.

AMY

Okay.

The DOCTOR approaches.

DOCTOR

You should get some rest.

CHARLIE

She's going to wake up, right?

DOCTOR

Assuming the swelling is minimal, I hope so.

CHARLIE

But you don't know.

DOCTOR

Not yet. We need to give it time.

The doctor puts a hand on Charlie's shoulder, leaves. Charlie turns away, upset. Amy watches, feeling helpless.

INT. PETER'S "MUSEUM"/LIBRARY -- NIGHT

Peter, in a bathrobe, looks out his floor-to-ceiling windows at the lights of the strip.

The ASSISTANT from the show toddles out on high heels and a ridiculous mini-dress. Her hair is messy, post sex.

ASSISTANT

Bye babe. Good show tonight.

He's barely paying attention.

PETER

You were late again on "The Devil's Torture Chamber."

But she's gone.

A beat. He moves back toward the library shelves. As he does he notices the PHOTOS Charlie took at Jerry's place.

Absently, he sifts through them. Stops.

He picks up the one of the INSIGNIA.

Peter reacts. Stunned. This means something to him.

He goes to a WALL SAFE. Opens it. Hidden inside are a bunch of personal items. Some from his childhood. Old photos of his mother and father...

And a hand-drawn sketch, in a youthful scrawl, of THE INSIGNIA. He puts the two side by side. They MATCH.

Off PETER, looking at the sketches. Haunted.

INT. HOSPITAL -- JANE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Charlie and Amy sit on a tiny couch. Both are scared and regretful.

CHARLIE

This is my fault.

AMY

You didn't make any of it happen.

CHARLIE

Ed came to me. I turned my back on him.

AMY

How were you supposed to believe him? None of it makes sense.

CHARLIE

He did talk a lot of demented crap.  
(but...)

He was my best friend. He asked me, begged me, to believe him.

AMY

People change. Everybody--

CHARLIE

Yeah they do. I turned into a dick. I figured my dweeb past, not big with the ladies.

AMY

(wry)

So you're saying this is my fault.

CHARLIE

I wanted you to like me. I tried to erase Ed -- all of it. I know how that feels.

AMY

I knew you were a dweeb.  
(off his look)  
You think I want a "dude" like Mark or Ben? I like that you're different... It didn't hurt that your skin cleared up.

She smiles, takes his hand. A sweet, connected moment. Then something alarming occurs to Amy:

AMY (CONT'D)

I can't believe we didn't have sex.

CHARLIE

Amy-

AMY

No, seriously. I'm going to die a virgin? Me? How did this happen?

CHARLIE

We're not going to die--

AMY

But what if we do? Let's do it. Now. The bathroom. Charlie.

A beat.

CHARLIE

I think we should kill the vampire first. I'll perform much better.

They laugh -- trying not to cry. Then:

AMY

Oh my God, Charlie. What are we going to do?

CHARLIE

We're going to fight.

Then Charlie's phone rings. He answers.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hello?

INNERCUT WITH:

INT. PETER'S VINCENT'S PENTHOUSE -- LIBRARY -- NIGHT

Peter stands with the photo of the insignia in hand.

PETER

I can help you. My place. One hour.

EXT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- DAY

A few minutes later. Charlie and Amy move out of Jane's room.

AMY

The Peter Vincent?

CHARLIE

Under-whelming, believe me. But he's what we've got.

They close Jane's door and we see that it's COVERED in CROSSES of every shape and size. It's quite a spectacle.

A nurse passes, looks at Charlie and Amy quizzically.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

My mom is very religious.

INT. PETER'S "MUSEUM"/LIBRARY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON

A MIDORI cocktail

WIDEN to reveal that PETER is pouring himself a whopper. Amy and Charlie sit nearby.

PETER

I'll tell you what I know, but that's it. Don't expect me to join your Scooby gang.

CHARLIE

Anything. I'll take it.

PETER

I found the origin of that insignia you showed me. It's a species that originated in the Mediterranean. They nest in the earth -- explains that hole you saw. And they kill slowly, keep their victims alive for days.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

(grim)  
"Snackers."

CHARLIE

So -- they turn all of them?  
(off Amy's look)  
Make their victims into vampires.

AMY

I know. I read.

PETER

No. It takes a while before they complete the change. They usually finish them off before that.

AMY

So how do you kill these guys, this "tribe"?

PETER

Usual stuff. But it's a strong breed. You need a plan--

A VOICE interrupts over an intercom. It's ARTHUR, Peter's assistant.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Delivery. Guy says you need to sign for something.

PETER

Send him in.  
(to Charlie)  
I order things when I've had a few cocktails. It's a--

CHARLIE

(alarmed)  
Wait. You get deliveries this late?

PETER

I don't know. Maybe--

Charlie stands.

CHARLIE

No. You said he could come in. The delivery guy. That's--

AMY

What? Charlie--

VOICE (O.S.)  
An invitation, airhead.

They turn and see EVIL ED, in one of Jerry's "uniforms."  
It's clear he's changed. A glint in the eye, more muscular.

Charlie takes Ed in, pained. Ed grins at him.

Ed flips open a cell phone. Dials.

ED  
Looking at them now. Yes sir.  
(hangs up/then)  
He's modern, Jerry, dispensed with  
all that "master" stuff.  
(to Charlie)  
Hey bud.

Charlie steps in front of Amy.

CHARLIE  
You've got a problem, keep it with  
me.

ED  
Problem? You let him get me, man.

CHARLIE  
(anguished)  
I know--

Ed is CREEPING TOWARD Charlie.

AMY  
Charlie--

ED  
You let him turn me into this.

At that, ED VAMPS. Black eyes, black veins. Those teeth.  
It's terrifying.

SMASH!! One of the cabinets shatters. Ed, Charlie and Amy  
spin to see PETER standing by the open collection case. A  
SMALL NAIL in his hand. He's shaking like a leaf.

PETER  
Stay away, demon.

ED  
(amused/queens accent)  
"Stay awaaaay, demon!"

Ed closes in on Peter. Peter looks to Charlie. It's real.

ED (CONT'D)  
Whatcha got there? Itsy bitsy  
little stakey?

PETER  
Crucifixion nail. Lethal to you.

ED  
Old school. Nice. Got to get  
pretty close to use it, though.

Peter looks at the short piece of metal in his hand. Fuck.  
HE BOLTS down the nearest hallway.

ED (CONT'D)  
Uh uh. No you don't.

ED BOLTS AFTER PETER. Charlie and Amy race the other way.

CHARLIE  
The elevator!

INT. PETER'S PENTHOUSE -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Peter pushes a BUTTON on a doorway, bolts into a PANIC ROOM.  
Ed is on his heels, but JUST MISSES grabbing Peter before the  
door closes.

The POWERFUL DOOR CLOSES ON ED'S ARM, crushes it. ED HOWLS  
as his arm SEVERES. The door LOCKS.

But what doesn't kill him makes him stronger and crazier.

ED  
A panic room!? You better panic,  
loser! You better watch your neck!

INT. PETER'S PANIC ROOM -- NIGHT

Peter's in shock -- watching Ed's severed arm twitch on the  
floor.

ED (O.S.)  
Prince of darkness is a little baby  
man! I love it! All the fat  
chicks in your fan club are gonna  
be so bummed!

He hears ED flipping out, but ED DOESN'T SHOW UP ON THE  
SECURITY SCREEN.

INT. PETER'S PENTHOUSE -- ENTRY AREA -- NIGHT

Charlie runs with Amy to the ELEVATOR. The CONTROL BOX has been ripped from the wall. They're trapped.

AMY

Oh my God, oh my God...

Amy's starting to lose it. Charlie grabs her.

CHARLIE

Look at me. Stop.

(she does)

There's another way out of here.  
And there are a million things to  
fight with in here. Understand?  
We're going to make it.

Amy pulls herself together. Nods. They RUN.

INT. PETER'S "MUSEUM" LIBRARY -- VARIOUS -- NIGHT

CHARLIE AND AMY race through the ROOMS of Peter's extensive collection.

INNERCUT WITH ED

Tracking them -- not far behind, his stub of an arm bleeding and HEALING as he goes.

ED

Give it up, Chuck! You're dead.

(then)

If you hadn't ended up such a dick,  
I might have tricked you out. We  
could have rocked this evil shit!  
But you blew it. Nothing but the  
big dirt nap for you and your lady.

AMY AND CHARLIE

Round a corner -- it's a dead-end. They see a large antique CONFESSIONAL at one end of the room.

ON ED

As he comes around the same corner a moment later. AMY and CHARLIE are NOWHERE to be seen.



INT. PETER'S HIGH RISE LOBBY -- NIGHT

Jerry enters, his appearance different. Healing from the car incident has taken it out of him.

He's pale and weakened -- and still has lots of cuts and bruises.

He's also changed into new clothes, jeans and a SWEATER.

We see THE SAME GUARD that Charlie spoke to earlier.

GUARD  
Sign in, please.

JERRY  
I know where I'm going.

GUARD  
Sign in. No exceptions.

Jerry ignores him, keeps moving toward the elevator.

GUARD (CONT'D)  
Hey! I'm talking to you. Sign in,  
or you're not going nowhere.

Jerry turns. Slow and deliberate. Expression cold.

INT. PETER'S "MUSEUM"/CONFESSIONAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Ed is MOVING IN ON the CONFESSIONAL. Sees MOVEMENT behind the curtain.

ED  
I expected more of a fight. Girl's  
made you lazy in the head.  
Pussy'll do that.

ED YANKS the curtain on the confessional open.

ARTHUR hides there, terrified.

ED (CONT'D)  
Look at that. Vincent's got a  
Vincent.

CLOSE ON

A large cabinet on the other side of the room. AMY AND CHARLIE are squeezed behind it. They react to HORRIBLE SCREAMS as Ed rips ARTHUR apart.

CHARLIE holds AMY close, muffling her sobs.

Blood seeps across the floor, under their feet...

ON ED

His face bloodied. Eyes wild. The trembling body of ARTHUR on the ground at his feet.

Ed turns Arthur over. Arthur's still breathing, reaches for something around his neck. A cross? No, it's a chain with PICTURES of sweet-faced children on silver charms.

He pleads--

ARTHUR  
...I have...kids...

ED  
Had.

Ed lifts Arthur off his feet and chokes him with one hand...

ED (CONT'D)  
Don't take it personal. I'd eat  
you -- but I'm saving my appetite.

Arthur's turning a horrible purple, eyes bulging... Ed breaks his neck with a HORRIBLE WRENCHING CRUNCH. Drops him.

ED (CONT'D)  
Dinner with an old friend.

INT. PETER'S PENTHOUSE -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

A door to a STAIRWELL opens, Jerry steps into a hall. He looks healthy again. Robust.

He wipes a small smear of blood from his mouth.

INT. PETER'S "MUSEUM"/CONFESSIONAL ROOM -- NIGHT

AMY AND CHARLIE hold their breath as ED looks around the room. Arthur is motionless at his feet now.

ED  
I know you're here. I can hear you  
breathing. It's totally cool.

He laughs, hyper. Excited.

CHARLIE EYES A CASE WITH A BATTLE AXE

ED (CONT'D)  
 Sooo, I take out the prom king and  
 queen? Embarrassment of riches!

CHARLIE SHOVES the case he hides behind with Amy over ONTO  
 ED. Yells to Amy--

CHARLIE  
 GO!

Amy bolts from the room as Charlie punches the glass out on  
 another case that holds the battle axe. He grabs the weapon.

Ed SHOVES the cabinet off him with his good hand, stands.  
 Charlie and Ed face off.

ED  
 Mano e...one mano. Piece of cake.  
 Cause I'm a God Damned killing  
 machine, and you're like all the  
 Clark High big shots -- nothing.  
 (then)  
 You picked the wrong side, man.

Ed lashes out, slicing CHARLIE on the arm with his SHARP  
 NAILS. Charlie yells, but holds his ground.

CHARLIE  
 I didn't pick--

ED  
 You didn't think.

Charlie's wrecked about what he has to do.

CHARLIE  
 I know. I'm sorry.

Charlie takes a swing with the AXE. Ed starts BOUNDING  
 around the room, avoiding Charlie's swings as he clings to  
 walls and, impossibly, THE CEILING.

ED  
 Steeeerike! Call that a swing,  
 Slugger?

Charlie swings and swings, but Ed is too fast for him.

Finally, Charlie connects with ED'S NECK. Blood flies,  
 Charlie can't look -- anguished.

ED (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Come on! You're not even trying.

Charlie looks back, Ed's HEAD is only HALF OFF. He's grinning even as he bleeds everywhere. It's macabre, horrible.

Ed SLASHES Charlie again with his claw-like nails. Charlie cries out.

INT. PETER'S LIBRARY/"MUSEUM" -- NIGHT

Amy can hear Charlie yell.

AMY

Charlie!

She smashes into one GLASS CABINET after another, pulling out and pocketing everything she can find to fight ED. Finds a GUN loaded with silver bullets...

JERRY

You are something, aren't you?

Amy spins. Jerry's closing in on her. Beautiful, seductive.

She's shaking, terrorized. BAM, BAM, BAM!!

She empties the GUN into JERRY anyway. It knocks him back, but he's still standing. He picks a silver bullet out of his shoulder, unimpressed.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Werewolves.

Amy FLINGS holy water in his face.

JERRY SCREAMS, burns.

AMY

Vampires.

She RUNS.

INT. PETER'S "MUSEUM"/CONFESSIONAL ROOM -- NIGHT

ED is already starting to heal as he and Charlie continue to fight. But his head still flops hideously to one side.

ED

Bone is a motherfucker, Chuckles.  
Hard to cut.

Charlie takes another swing with his axe. Ed jumps out of the way.

Ed manages to get Charlie in a one-arm embrace of sorts, positions himself so he can BITE HIS NECK.

ED (CONT'D)

Is this weird for you too? I feel like such a homo--

Charlie FLIPS ED -- they are wrestling when Charlie sees AMY approaching with A SPIKED MACE. Charlie DUCKS and AMY smashes ED in the head. Hard.

Charlie grabs a long, sharp piece of the shattered wooden cabinet.

Ed is on the ground. Moaning, laughing. Charlie has his shot. But he hesitates.

AMY

Do it. Charlie!

Charlie's frozen.

Ed starts to get up, his head a mess. It's now or never.

ED

Wow. Bimbo has some juice--

AMY

Jerry's here. He's coming!

CHARLIE

(to Ed/pained)

I'm sorry.

WHAP, Charlie stakes ED in the heart. Ed looks at Charlie with surprise...

Ed's hideous features seem to dissolve. For a brief moment -- he looks like himself again.

ED

I wasn't even a badass vamp. I was his Renfield. Funny if you--

Ed starts to VIBRATE HORRIBLY, his WHOLE BODY moving so impossibly fast he's little more than a BLUR...

Then he BURNS UP FROM THE INSIDE OUT.

Charlie's paralyzed -- in a world of hurt.

Amy grabs him. Pulls him out of the room.

AMY  
I found the stairs. Come on.

INT. PETER'S PENTHOUSE -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

JERRY, VAMP-FACED and recovering from the holy water, sees AMY and CHARLIE running up ahead.

He sprints after them. Charlie sees him and TOPPLES A GIANT FIGURINE in his path, as well as cabinets, etc...

They slow Jerry down enough to get slightly ahead.

AMY  
Over here--

She flings the door to the stairwell open and they RACE DOWN THE STAIRS.

INT. PETER'S PANIC ROOM -- NIGHT

Peter sits huddled in a corner, ashamed and shaking.

The SECURITY CAMERA flicks through different rooms, until it lands on his dead cousin, ARTHUR.

It's like Peter's looking at his own mutilated corpse.

OFF PETER, terrified.

INT. CASINO -- NIGHT

Amy and Charlie emerge from the stairway.

They find themselves ON THE FLOOR of a HARD ROCK TYPE CASINO, which is on the bottom of the building where Peter lives.

Amy slows as they fold into the crowds. Relieved.

AMY  
Stop. Stop, I need to--

CHARLIE  
Not now. He's coming for us.

AMY  
He can't kill us, not here--

CHARLIE  
Who's going to notice? Who's going to care? Amy, look around--

Amy takes in the people on the floor. Drunk, oblivious. Two guys YELL and FIGHT at a craps table. A couple makes out in a dark corner, etc. It's loud, chaotic.

AMY

Oh, God...

CHARLIE

Keep moving. Come on.

Now Charlie sees JERRY some distance behind them now, moving toward them in the crowd. They meet eyes.

Charlie grabs Amy, scans for someplace to hide. He spots a nightclub -- "REFLECTIONS".

The outside walls are all mirrored, like a brightly lit diamond.

ON JERRY

Behind them in the crowd, he sees them slip into the club.

INT. REFLECTIONS - NIGHT

The inside of the club is made up of MIRRORS AND WINDOWS. The dance floor is PACKED. All writhing bodies and sweaty abandon.

It's dizzying, disorienting.

Charlie sees JERRY enter, look around for them. The best bet to get lost is to dive into the crowd.

Charlie leads Amy through the throngs of people -- the different levels of the club are like a maze. Glass staircases lead to mirrored balconies...

A hopped-up DJ climbs up on a balcony, starts throwing t-shirts into the crowd.

DJ

Tequila Man t-shirts! Yeeeeeahhhh!

The crowd goes nuts, SURGES forward...

Someone bumps Amy and Charlie and they lose hands.

AMY

Charlie!

Charlie turns, a DRUNK CHICK gets in his way -- tries to dance with him. He pushes past her.

CHARLIE

Amy? Amy!

Charlie can't see Amy, instead sees HIMSELF over and over again in a series of mirrors -- the infinity effect.

It's dizzying, disorienting.

THEN HE SEES JERRY, a shark, moving in and out of the crowd, disappearing behind mirrored columns, reemerging...

Charlie also sees that JERRY DOESN'T REFLECT in the mirrors around them. Instead the crowd parts as if by magic.

Jerry's heading straight toward--

AMY

who's been pushed toward the DJ stand by the crowd. She's spinning, looking desperately for Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Amy!

Charlie's frantically pushing toward her. But the CRUSH of people makes it nearly impossible to gain ground.

CLOSE ON AMY

As a HAND slips into hers. She turns, relieved, to find--

JERRY

Holding her with a firm grip.

AMY

No. No!

Amy STRUGGLES and CRIES OUT as JERRY PULLS HER away from CHARLIE, toward ramp that leads to another dance floor.

Jerry laughs, throws her over his shoulder.

AMY (CONT'D)

Help!! No--

A GUY in the crowd high-fives him. All part of another crazy night in Vegas.

GUY

Go get her, man!

AMY sees her fast-moving reflection in the mirror -- she appears to be FLOATING above the people.



AMY  
Help me! Help!!

CHARLIE can SEE HER, but can't get to her. The crowd is indifferent to her cries.

Charlie grabs his cell -- hits a button. It dials, then--

CHARLIE  
(into phone)  
Peter! We're in the casino, the club! Jerry's got Amy! He's got her--

INT. PETER'S PANIC ROOM -- NIGHT

Peter's holding his cell. It's ringing.

He hangs up.

INT. REFLECTIONS -- SECOND STORY -- CONT.

Jerry, hidden away from Charlie now, puts Amy down. She tries to run, but he holds her tight.

AMY  
Charlie's coming, he'll find me--

JERRY  
I'm counting on it.

Amy SPITS on him. Jerry reacts -- a flash of RAGE and he exposes his brutal rows of TEETH for just an instant.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Come on.

He grips her harder, sways with her to the music. Leans close to her ear, seductive.

His predatory skills in high gear.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
You just need a taste. You'll see.  
It can be like a dream.

Jerry draws a nail over his wrist, draws a line of blood. He puts his mouth over the cut, bloodying it.

He forces her into a DEEP KISS. She struggles mightily -- but then her body relaxes, as if she's been sedated.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
That's it... Good girl.

JERRY looks up sees CHARLIE coming toward them.

But Amy's altered now. Staring into Jerry's eyes like a child.

CHARLIE'S GETTING CLOSER when--

CHARLIE  
Amy! No!--

BAM! A hand falls on his shoulder.

A DOORMAN

DOORMAN  
How'd you get in here?

CHARLIE  
You have to help me. That guy,  
he's going to kill her, he's a  
killer--

The doorman glances at JERRY and AMY. Jerry stokes Charlie's anguish -- running his hands over Amy's ass, kissing her neck.

DOORMAN  
Yeah? Then she's liking it.

Charlie's beside himself, enraged and terrorized.

CHARLIE  
You don't understand!--

DOORMAN  
ID. Then you can tell me your  
whole sad story--

CHARLIE  
No! There's no time-- Amy!!

Charlie's increasingly desperate, tries to RUN. But the doorman has a good grip, pulls him back.

JERRY

Sees that CHARLIE is restrained.

Jerry locks eyes with Charlie and SMILES, his horrible fangs exposed. He's taking Charlie's woman -- and enjoying it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

No! NO!

CHARLIE'S POV

As he's being dragged away -- JERRY BRUTALLY BITES AMY.

It's a nightmare.

Charlie loses it, screaming and flailing. But there is no helping her.

FADE TO:

INT. PETER'S HIGH RISE -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Peter packs a bag, getting out of town.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

I see you got my message.

Peter turns. Sees Charlie standing in the doorway.

PETER

How'd you get in here?

CHARLIE

Security's a little lax. Everybody got their throat ripped out.

Peter backs away as Charlie moves in.

Charlie is different. Colder, harder. Like he's aged a decade in one night.

PETER

You too? He change you?

CHARLIE

Look at your monitor.

PETER turns to a security monitor in his closet. Charlie SHOWS UP ON THE SCREEN.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I don't know if Amy's alive or dead or turned -- but he's got her. My mom may not make it. And Ed...

(cold)

I'm going to end him, or he's going to end me.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

One way or the other, that's how it's going to be and you're going with me.

PETER

Don't you get what this is? There's no fighting. There's only surviving, if you're lucky--

CHARLIE

You call this surviving? If you live and we all die, you think you'll ever be able to get us out of your head?

PETER

I know I won't. I never could -- not after the first time.

This stops Charlie.

PETER (CONT'D)

I told myself I probably made it up. I was a kid. Maybe it was easier to believe in monsters...

CHARLIE

Made what up?

PETER

The vampire who killed my parents, my brothers. But not me. I hid.

Charlie reacts. Surprised, but now it all makes sense. Peter continues, haunted--

PETER (CONT'D)

I didn't collect all this stuff for fun. I thought maybe I could find the tribe, "avenge" my people.

CHARLIE

So do it. We'll go in at dawn. He's got to rest sometime--

PETER

(hard)

It's not like that. When I was a kid, I hid because I wanted to live. I still do! This isn't the comics. You want to be a dead hero. Good for you. But I'm out.

(then)

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)  
 You think I'm a coward. I'm just a  
realist.

Moment of hesitation for Charlie. Has he been affected by Peter's words? Then--

CHARLIE  
 So you bail on people, erase them.  
 (then)  
 I don't want to make it to  
 tomorrow, not if you're the kind of  
 man I have to be.

A moment. Peter is full of self-loathing, but resolved.

Charlie turns to leave.

PETER  
 Wait.

Peter takes something from his luggage. A stake carved from WHITE WOOD. He hands it to Charlie.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Blessed by Saint Michael. Kill a  
 vampire with it -- it's supposed to  
 turn his victims back. If Amy's  
 changed, you can still save her.

CHARLIE  
 (re: stake)  
 If it's for real.

PETER  
 Who knows what's for real any more.

Charlie takes the stake. Starts to go. Peter stops him--

PETER (CONT'D)  
 There's no guarantee he'll be  
 asleep during the day. He's  
 housebound, not hibernating.

CHARLIE  
 I'll figure it out.

PETER  
 No, you need a plan. To stake him,  
 you have to get close -- he's  
 stronger than you.

CHARLIE  
 Holy water?

PETER

Slow him down. Won't stop him.

(then)

Torch him, you'll have a few good minutes before he really goes up. Believe me, a vampire on fire isn't thinking clearly.

CHARLIE

But if he's on fire, how do I get close enough to stake him?

A beat.

PETER

Fuck.

CHARLIE

(pointed)

You just worry about yourself.

With that, Charlie leaves.

Off PETER. Disgusted with himself.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT/DAY

Charlie sits by Jane's bedside. She's still comatose.

We move closer and see that Charlie's drawing a MAP OF JERRY'S HOUSE on some scrap paper -- laying it out from memory as best he can.

He GLANCES at the clock as it ticks toward DAWN.

As Charlie plots, he talks to Jane -- his silent confidante.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Those rooms upstairs, that's probably where he's got Amy.

I get her out, assuming she's--  
(not dead)

Then I have to get him on the ropes.

He thinks... Then looks up, an idea occurring. Jane lies there peacefully.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I have to go.

More energized, Charlie stands and gathers his things.

He stops, contemplates his mother for a moment -- regretful.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I'm coming back for you, Mom.

INT. ARMY/NAVY STORE -- DAY

Charlie buys FIREPROOF CLOTHING, a small open-flame lighter, and a SPRAY CANISTER like the kind an exterminator uses.

The guy at the counter looks Charlie up and down. Charlie takes this in. Finally, Charlie's like -- fuck it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Going to kill a vampire.

The guy looks at him. Then--

STORE GUY  
Good for you.

The store guy waits. Charlie hands over his money.

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

ON JERRY'S HOUSE

LOOMING, silhouetted against early morning light. Next to it, Charlie's house stands in charred ruins.

CHARLIE stands on the front lawn, contemplating the houses.

He wears fireproof clothes, has stakes and crosses strapped to him, holsters made out of duct-tape...

Slung over his shoulder is the spray canister. And he holds a crowbar in a free hand. He looks like something out of one of Ed's graphic novels.

Before he enters, Charlie DOUSES HIMSELF IN HOLY WATER.

CHARLIE  
Let's do this shit.

He swallows hard, scared but determined.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE -- FIRST FLOOR -- DAY

CLOSE ON WET FOOTPRINTS

Widen to find Charlie cautiously moving through the house. The blacked-out windows give the place a gray, stifled air.

Behind Charlie, we see that the front door has been broken open with the crow bar.

Charlie anxiously looks around for Jerry -- fully expecting him to jump out and go for his throat...

He takes the stairs up to the second floor, two at a time.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE -- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- DAY

Charlie moves down the hall, stops at some of the small rooms. Looks in.

NO AMY

Finally, Charlie hears a GROAN. He opens a window in the door for yet another room.

AMY'S lying on the floor, turned away from him. Charlie's not sure what he'll see when he gets a better look at her.

CHARLIE

Amy--

Amy slowly gets up, turns...

And aside from a BRUISED BITE MARK on her neck -- she looks normal. She rushes to Charlie, keeps her voice down.

AMY

Charlie--

She reaches through the window. They link hands, emotional.

AMY (CONT'D)

You shouldn't be here--

CHARLIE

Where is he?

AMY

I don't know. He dumped me here.  
I'm bait. He said so--

CHARLIE

How do you feel?

AMY

I'll survive. Please get out of  
here. He's too strong--

CHARLIE

I'm stronger.  
(wavering)  
In a nerd power way. You know...



He reaches into his jacket, pulls out a CROSS.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Take this. It should--

He looks up. AMY IS GONE. Disappeared.

Charlie, reacts. Calls out in a hushed panic--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Amy? Amy!?

Nothing. It's like she vaporized.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE -- HALLWAY -- DAY

Charlie races down a hallway, looking for AMY.

He tries door after door that won't open.

He finally finds one door that's unlocked, rushes through -- almost FALLS through an open floor in an unfinished portion of the house.

Jerry's building more cells.

Charlie backs out of the doorway, turns a corner and BAM!

He runs into JERRY. No, wait -- it's PETER.

He's not wearing his wig, etc. But he's cleaned up and standing tall. Dressed all in black.

CHARLIE  
Shit! You--

PETER  
Sorry--

CHARLIE  
How'd you--

A beat. Then:

PETER  
Guess I don't want to be a man like me either.

Peter opens his leather coat -- it's loaded with weapons. And a flask. Peter grins.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Let's kill something.

CHARLIE  
 (re: flask)  
 You reek. Midori?

PETER  
 Don't get greedy. I'm here.  
 (then/proud)  
 And I found something else. From  
 my collection. Powerful shit.

From around his back, he reveals A DOUBLE-BARRELLED SHOTGUN  
 with a CROSS MOUNTED ON THE BARREL.

CHARLIE  
 Wooden bullets? Nice.

PETER  
 No, you think I'm fucking MacGyver?  
 Bullet, bullets. They'll buy us  
 some time.

Charlie is grateful, but now's not the time for man hugs.

CHARLIE  
 We have to find Amy. She was in a  
 room upstairs, then she just  
 disappeared. This house--

PETER  
 What do you mean she "disappeared?"

CHARLIE  
 She was there. I looked away,  
 looked back -- she was gone.

Peter takes this in.

PETER  
 Show me where.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE -- AMY'S ROOM -- DAY

Peter and Charlie pry open the door to the room where Amy was  
 held. Peter walks over the floor -- finds a TRAP DOOR.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Floor trap. I use it all the time.

CHARLIE  
 Where does it go?

PETER  
 Only one way to find out.

Peter lowers himself into the hole under the trap door--

CHARLIE

Wait -- you're going in?

PETER

See that? Like a great date. Get me drunk and I'll try anything.

Peter lets go and FALLS. Charlie steels himself, goes in after him.

INT. JERRY'S BASEMENT -- DAY

THUD! Charlie and Peter land painfully on a dirt floor.

PETER

Ow, crap...

They look around -- eyes adjusting. There's barely any light.

They're in a LARGE UNFINISHED BASEMENT. The floor is dirt and the main story of the house is held up by numerous SUPPORT POSTS.

At the far end of the basement there is a door that leads to another room/storage area.

ON CHARLIE

As he sees something. Stops.

A MOUND of dirt. Like a grave.

Charlie indicates to Peter to follow him. They whisper:

CHARLIE

You uncover him. I'll light him up, then stake him.

Charlie pulls a FABRIC MASK, like a ski mask, over his face. Peter looks at him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Flame retardant.

They're standing over the grave now. Both nervous.

Charlie nods to Peter. Peter does his best to hold the shotgun on the grave as he pushes the dirt aside with his free hand. He's shaking.

After a moment Peter UNCOVERS PART OF THE BODY. Then he moves up toward the face...

Charlie douses the body with liquid from the canister.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
(to Peter)  
Gas.

PETER  
You should be a magician.

As the face emerges, Charlie readies a match, then reaches for his STAKE--

PETER (CONT'D)  
Stop! No--

CHARLIE stops JUST AS HE'S ABOUT TO TOSS the match.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Who is that?

IT'S ADAM, sleeping in a shallow dirt grave.

Charlie reacts. Holy shit. He pushes his mask back.

CHARLIE  
Adam. I know him. Knew him.

PETER  
Shh. Don't wake him up, for Christ's--

Peter stops. He's looking over Charlie's shoulder, horrified.

In the dirt behind CHARLIE are MORE GRAVES. Eight or ten at least. Charlie turns. Sees the graves.

PETER (CONT'D)  
You know them too?

Charlie reacts, stunned.

Peter moves to another grave, uncovers another sleeping face. And then another. A hulking man, a suburban mom...

Charlie uncovers another body. Stops, chilled.

CHARLIE  
Ms. Granada. My geometry teacher.  
(rueful)  
She was hard up.

PETER

How about we go back to my "run away" plan?

CHARLIE

(ignoring him)

We can't burn Jerry out. There's no way we'll get all these people out if the house goes up.

PETER

I thought you're here for Amy.  
(off Charlie's look)  
Great. Right. Save the Geometry--

A SCREAM stops him. Amy. Charlie and Peter spin -- it's coming from behind the door to the other room. A beat.

They're both petrified as they move toward the door.

Peter readies the gun again. Charlie pulls a CROSS out along with the stake.

They creep toward the door.

CLOSE ON CHARLIE

Charlie puts his hand on the doorknob... Turns it...

WHAMP! -- Charlie's VIOLENTLY SHOVED THROUGH THE DOOR into the STORAGE AREA

INT. JERRY'S STORAGE AREA -- DAY

Charlie hits the dirt hard.

The door SLAMS SHUT AND LOCKS BEHIND HIM. He's in a smaller room with a LARGE DIRT GRAVE in the middle. Jerry's grave.

INT. JERRY'S BASEMENT -- DAY

Peter's confronted by JERRY. Who smiles darkly.

JERRY

You look bigger on TV.

Peter fires the shotgun, BLAM!

But he misses Jerry and the power of the blast sends PETER HURTLING BACKWARD.

INT. STORAGE AREA -- DAY

Charlie reacts to the blast -- but sees that ST. MICHAEL'S STAKE has fallen from his hand and rolled to the edge of the grave.

He cautiously moves to retrieve it...

He stops as he sees A FIGURE emerge from the dark. AMY.

Her clothes are torn now, a thin trickle of blood runs down her neck. She looks impossibly sexy. Her hair, her eyes, her lips -- all shining and full.

Forgetting himself, he goes to her. Pulls her into his arms.

CHARLIE

Amy, God...

She clings to him, near tears.

AMY

Charlie.

INT. JERRY'S BASEMENT -- DAY

Peter scrambles on the ground, SHOTGUN trained on JERRY -- who moves toward him calmly. The cross on the gun the only thing holding him back.

BLAM!

Peter fires again -- grazes JERRY.

JERRY

In pain, he TRANSFORMS and VAMPS before our eyes with a blood-curdling yell. It's chilling.

CLOSE ON GRAVES

One by one, the TRIBE of vampires wake. ADAM, MS. GRANADA...

INT. STORAGE AREA -- DAY

Amy pulls away from Charlie -- says:

AMY

You should have run with me while we had the chance. You should have saved me, Charlie.

Charlie takes this in, pained. Then--

CHARLIE  
It's not too late.

She brings her lips close to his ear. Rasps...

AMY  
It is. He's inside me now.

Her EYES GO DARK -- fingernails grow SHARP and dig into Charlie. He feels the change.

CHARLIE  
Amy--

Charlie shoves her off, hard. But she holds him tight -- and they TUMBLE INTO THE GRAVE.

INT. JERRY'S BASEMENT -- DAY

JERRY, backed by ADAM, MS. GRANADA and a handful of other vampires, closes in on PETER.

JERRY  
It's over, guy. Charlie -- his  
girl's having her way with him.  
(then)  
She's way out of his league anyway.

Peter, trapped, won't be able to keep them at bay much longer.

PETER  
Stop! Stop!

Desperate, he BLASTS them again. Hits one on the shoulder. But it's not stopping them.

JERRY  
And your aim--

PETER  
You don't get it! I'm on your  
side.

Peter smiles a little. Shows his rows of SHARP FANGS.

Jerry and the others stop. What?

INT. STORAGE AREA -- DAY

Amy and Charlie struggle. He reaches for his cross -- but she throws him off her with a violent HISS.

Charlie gets his first look at AMY in full VAMPIRE glory.

She's even more freaky looking than Jerry or Ed. Her face is nearly overtaken by a wide mouth filled with razor-sharp teeth. Her eyes are crazed and blood-red.

It's gruesome and terrifying.

Charlie sees THE STAKE at the lip of the hole. Dives for it.

Amy's on him in a flash. She throws him to the ground. He's got the STAKE in hand. Ready to strike.

AMY

You wouldn't.

CHARLIE

Try me.

She STRADDLES HIM, sexual and raw. Charlie's repulsed, terrified.

AMY

I'll be the best you ever had. The only you had.

(then)

Charlie. We can be together forever.

She leans in, licks his neck seductively...

AND GASPS.

She sits back, the STAKE IN HER CHEST. She falls away, shuddering.

Charlie pulls the stake out -- scrambles out of the nest.

He looks back at her, anguished.

A beat. AMY, in terrible pain, LAUGHS. Nothing's happening. No kablooey.

AMY (CONT'D)

Missed. You missed.

Charlie BREAKS THE DOOR OPEN with his crowbar.



CHARLIE

I know.

He backs away from her. Into--

INT. JERRY'S BASEMENT -- DAY

The basement where Jerry and the THE TRIBE are CIRCLED around a body as MS. GRANADA feeds.

ON PETER, who's pale and shaking...

Charlie attacks them with THE CROWBAR.

CHARLIE

Get off him!

He hits MS. GRANADA off Peter. Manages to hold off JERRY for a beat. Spins and HITS ADAM in the head.

ADAM

Dude!

CHARLIE

Sorry.

AMY enters from the other room -- already healing. Jerry sees her -- holds up a hand and backs the others off.

JERRY

I'll finish this.

Jerry, all swagger, moves in on Charlie.

Charlie sees Peter, barely alive, spit out his FAKE VAMP teeth. Peter meets his gaze, wry and weak. Done for.

PETER

Worth a shot. "Master of illusion."

Now Charlie notices SHOTGUN not far from Peter's body. He dives for it, but Jerry steps on it -- kicks it away.

JERRY

(to Charlie)

You think that's going to stop me?  
Time to man up.

Jerry brutally kicks Charlie, sends him sprawling.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Now. I'm going to kill your girl --  
make you watch. I'll take my time  
with you. And once you're dead,  
I'll finish your mother.

(re: Amy)

Too bad about that one. She sucked  
me dry. Like a pro.

Amy smiles a little. Jerry GRABS CHARLIE, lifts him off his  
feet--

Charlie, enraged, SPRAYS JERRY WITH GAS FROM the CANISTER --  
right in the eyes.

Jerry recoils, HISSING. Adam and the OTHER VAMPS MOVE IN.

Jerry's over it. He's on CHARLIE in a flash, FANGS BARED.  
About to RIP HIS NECK OUT.

BLAM!

PETER has the gun again -- has managed to pull himself up  
into a sitting position.

He BLOWS away ONE OF THE SUPPORT BEAMS.

BLAM! And ANOTHER.

BLAM! And ANOTHER.

BLAM -- he misses.

PETER

Fuck.

BLAM! AND ANOTHER.

Charlie DIVES for SAFETY as the CEILING COLLAPSES in part of  
the basement. SUNLIGHT STREAMS in -- forcing JERRY, AMY and  
the other vamps into a corner.

PETER (CONT'D)

(to Jerry)

Fuck yeah! Nice sweater, loser!

BLAM!

Another BEAM collapses. BURYING JERRY, AMY and the others  
under DEBRIS from the floor above.

A stunned beat.

Peter slumps, exhausted from the effort.

Charlie looks at him -- amazed.

PETER (CONT'D)

(weak)

I'm better with stationary targets.

CHARLIE

Yeah you are.

Peter looks at him, sad.

PETER

Get out of here. We don't have much time before they dig out.

CHARLIE

(re: stake)

I can save you. I have to kill him with this.

PETER

You're a brave mother, I get it. And you were right. This is how I had to go... But we didn't count on an army.

CHARLIE

He'll kill you both, he said--

PETER

We're already dead.

(then)

Go now, you live to fight another day. Stay -- there won't be one.

Charlie stops. Swayed. Pained.

PETER (CONT'D)

Do it.

CLOSE ON CHARLIE

Accepting it. It's what he has to do.

He starts DIGGING.

PETER (CONT'D)

Charlie!

But Charlie ignores him, determined. Pulls his MASK DOWN over his face again.

PETER (CONT'D)

Stop!

WHAM! JERRY BURSTS OUT OF THE RUBBLE, attacks Charlie.

Charlie falls back, PULLING JERRY with him into THE LIGHT

Jerry BURSTS INTO FLAME -- but holds Charlie tight

AMY and the other vamps start to claw their way OUT of the rubble.

Charlie and Jerry fight -- nearly ENGULFED IN FLAMES now

PETER (CONT'D)

Charlie!

Peter gets up, painfully, moves to help.

Raging and desperate -- Charlie and Jerry continue to battle.

Finally, Jerry pulls Charlie down with him --rolls on the ground as they fight. Trying to put out the flames.

Jerry starts to DISINTEGRATE -- he's about to EXPLODE into bits. Charlie's stake is now ON FIRE.

CHARLIE

NO!

A last desperate attempt. He can see Jerry's HEART, about to burn away.

HE STAKES JERRY.

AMY suddenly SCREAMS - she's burning inside, DYING. Or so it seems. The vampire is being burned out of her.

PETER cries out too, reacting less violently. But in pain.

JERRY

Still burning, looks down as the STAKE OF SAINT MICHAEL in his CHEST. Right through the heart.

He starts to SHAKE VIOLENTLY -- faster and faster, just like Ed did -- becoming little more than a macabre BLUR.

For a moment -- Jerry's human form hangs in the air...

JERRY

Blow me.

THEN HE BLOWS INTO A MILLION PIECES.

ON CHARLIE AND PETER

Thinking fast, PETER tackles CHARLIE -- who is still in flames. They tumble into one of the open graves.

DIRT pours in around them, extinguishing the fire.

ON AMY

Transformed and healed. Herself again. She rushes to the edge of the open grave.

ABOVE THE OPEN GRAVE

Peter pulls Charlie's mask back. Charlie is burned, unconscious.

AMY

Charlie!

She crawls into the grave. Cradles Charlie in her arms.

AMY (CONT'D)

Charlie...

Amy starts to cry. Peter looks on, concerned. Finally, Charlie opens his eyes. Says weakly...

CHARLIE

Blow me? Seriously?

Peter falls back -- exhausted. Laughing.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Those are his last words? What a tool.

We pull away, leaving this tableau...

UNTIL ADAM, MS. GRANADA and the OTHER MEMBERS of the tribe emerge from the rubble. Disoriented, freaked.

A beat.

MS. GRANADA

Let's agree to never talk about this.

FADE TO:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Charlie, Amy, Jane and Peter are in Peter's penthouse. It's a glittering night, a spectacular view.

Jane, released from the hospital, looks healthy and glowing. She smiles at Peter, who also looks more together.

She has a glass of wine -- he's drinking a COKE.

JANE

Think you'll ever feel the same  
about a nighttime sky?

PETER

Same as what? I was always  
terrified.

JANE

Right. We're just catching up.

ON AMY AND CHARLIE

Charlie sees the connection between Peter and Jane. Shudders.

CHARLIE

I'm not seeing that.

AMY

She deserves some fun. Your mom  
fully cheated death.

CHARLIE

(suggestive)  
You too. You deserve fun.

AMY

Oh, I plan on it. Now that you've  
killed your first vampire...

CHARLIE

I am so going to perform.

Charlie KISSES her. It's intense, passionate. It's different, they're different. The childish part of them long gone.

He runs his hands through her hair, pulls her close. SOMETHING BEEPS, talks...

VOICE

"Frak!" "Frak!"

AMY

(pulls back)  
What is that?

Charlie, a little sheepish, shows her. He's wearing a BATTLESTAR GALACTICA wrist watch.

CHARLIE  
Battlestar.

AMY  
Right.

CHARLIE  
It was Ed's.

Amy smiles a little, softens.

AMY  
Right.  
(then)  
Frak?

PETER is passing. Hears this. Is down with it.

PETER  
Frak! Right on.  
(to Amy)  
Perfect Woman, can I get you a  
drink?

AMY  
I'll take another. Thanks.

CHARLIE  
(to Peter)  
I'll give you a hand.

Charlie follows PETER into the DINING ROOM, where a BAR CART is set up. Peter moves to it. Pours himself a Midori.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I thought you were on the wagon.

PETER  
It's dark.  
(off his look)  
I'm on the "day" wagon.

CHARLIE  
Thanks for inviting us.

PETER  
We should celebrate. Being alive.  
Your mom's clean bill of health.

CHARLIE  
You wanted to put the moves on her.

PETER

What? No. What?

CHARLIE

Just -- I'm watching you. I've got to look out for her.

PETER

Yeah you do. So here's what I'm thinking. We faced the beast and we won. Can you imagine the possibilities if we had got that shit on film?

CHARLIE

Vampires don't--

PETER

Show up on film, yeah. But werewolves do, bigfoots do. We get proof, catch something -- we could build a stage act around that, you wouldn't believe. We'd blow those Cirque bitches away!

CHARLIE

An act? Seriously? What about saving people from evil? What about--

A CHILLING LAUGH interrupts them. Distant. Eerie. And somehow familiar.

Peter nods to his COLLECTION CABINETS.

PETER

It happens. All this stuff...

CHARLIE

Ever think about collecting something else? Snow globes or--

Charlie stops, catches sight of something MOVING IN THE REFLECTION ON THE FLOOR-TO-CEILING WINDOW.

Just a wisp, a phantom. The face - is it ED? His features twisted in a grimace of fear and pain... It's CHILLING.

Charlie's spooked. But he looks again and the face is gone.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, definitely get new stuff.



Peter leads CHARLIE OUT, back to the ladies in the other room. Still on about his idea...

WE HOLD ON THEIR REFLECTION IN THE WINDOW

PETER (O.S.)

I'm serious, man. Do you know how much we could make? Think about how much people pay to see a tiger, or boobs, right? What if we had a tiger, boobs -- and a zombie!

After they've gone we linger on the window. Is that Ed's eerie reflection again?, barely visible...

AS WE GO TO BLACK

ED (O.S.)

You're so coooool Brewster!!

THE END