

KILL THE BEAST

By

Teddy McCormick

(478) 238-3339
teddyhwmccormick@gmail.com

He who fights with monsters might take care lest he thereby become a monster.

And if you gaze for long into an abyss, the abyss gazes also into you.

- Friedrich Nietzsche

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A police cruiser on the beat drives slowly through the middle of an urban slum. The spotlight is scanning the alleyways that it passes. It passes two alleys uneventfully, then passes a shadowed figure hunched over behind a dumpster. It looks like he's eating garbage. The cruiser stops. The figure freezes, looks up, and runs down the alley. We don't get a good look at him, but he's tall and muscular. The cruiser pulls over and two cops get out.

The passenger, PAUL GREELEY, 24, gets out first. He's average looking, with dark hair, and a pale complexion; he's wearing a wedding ring. He looks amused. He's in mid-conversation as he exits.

PAUL

I mean, Nick, honestly? I'd expect this from Henry, but not from you! They're bums! They sit around all day living - no, leeching off of society as a whole!

The driver, NICK OLDS, 31, is a short, heavy man of Spanish descent. Despite his weight, he's still in good shape.

NICK

They're people, Paul. Most of 'em it's not their fault they're out here. Now come on. Paul chuckles as they walk down the alley. Nick leads.

PAUL

You know what your problem is? You're too nice to be a cop. You would sooner give a man a buck for coffee than...

We hear a SPLISH as Paul steps in something. He looks down.

He's standing in a small pool of blood.

Nick looks in shock behind the dumpster. Blood is spreading on the ground and is splattered about the walls and the top of the dumpster. A severed hand that was ripped off at the wrist lies just in front of the dumpster.

Nick stares at the hand with a mixture of horror and disgust. Walking up behind him, Paul is obviously disgusted, but more angered by the situation. The body that's the source of the blood is hidden behind the dumpster.

Nick shakes his head, steps away from the body, and puts a fist to his mouth to keep himself from throwing up. Nick notices Paul staring at him with concern and regains his composure.

NICK

I ain't never seen nothing like this. Never.

PAUL

What do you think? Some sort of freak animal attack? Nick shakes his head.

NICK

Not unless somebody's missing a cougar and forgot to report it.

PAUL

So what, you think that guy... you think a person did that? Nick looks straight into Paul's eyes.

NICK

Come on, Paul, think. We're in the middle of the city. We don't get jackals or coyotes. Nick looks away and lets out a sigh.

NICK (CONT'D)

Or grizzlies.

There's a low, guttural SNARL.

PAUL

Did you hear that?

A blur shoots between Nick and Paul, grabbing Nick as it does, before disappearing around a corner in the alley. Nick lets out a cry of pain from around the corner. Paul draws his gun and runs around the corner. He sees nothing.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(calling worriedly)

Nick!

There's a WHOOSH and a THUD. Paul turns around to see Nick's bloody, broken body. Nick has a huge hole in the side of his neck from which blood is draining profusely. His neck is twisted the wrong way and his back is broken. Paul looks up to see a bloody SAM, standing regally on the rooftops, looking down on him from around six or seven stories up.

Sam, 50-something, is at least 6'7" with red hair and a pale complexion. His arms are as big as an average man's thighs.

His mouth and the upper half of his torso are entirely covered in blood. He has fangs like a vampire, but looks more like a pro wrestler than a traditional vampire.

Paul points his gun and fires, but Sam recoils with unearthly speed and is gone from sight. Paul stands in shock for a few moments, then lowers his gun and looks down at Nick's body. He shuts his eyes and winces. Sam's head pokes out from the rooftops and he smiles menacingly before disappearing again.

Paul looks up towards the rooftops as he rounds the corner again and draws his radio. He looks down and opens his mouth to speak. Sam leaps across the top of the alley unseen. Paul looks up towards the rooftops where Sam previously was and points his gun up. Sam crawls down the side of the opposite wall.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Stop hiding, you stupid son of a-

Sam stands directly behind Paul.

SAM
Who's hiding?

Paul wheels around and tries to aim his gun at Sam, but Sam shoves him effortlessly, and Paul flies like a rag doll into the wall. Sam rips off Paul's radio and pins him to the wall, but Paul is able to angle his gun to shoot Sam in the foot. Sam recoils in surprise - just surprise, as he's not injured, somehow his foot is fine - giving Paul the chance to aim and unload four shots into Sam's chest.

Sam is unharmed by the bullets, with holes in his clothing but not his skin, but the shots do stun him. Paul stares in disbelief just long enough for Sam to recover.

Sam lunges towards Paul, who shoots Sam in the shoulder.

Though still not wounding Sam, it does throw his shoulder back, causing him to spin, veer off and clamber up and over the wall behind Paul and out of sight.

Paul reaches for his radio and notices it's missing. He curses under his breath, then runs back towards the corner.

As he rounds the corner, Sam stands right in front of him.

SAM (CONT'D)
Boo.

Paul shouts in surprise, points his gun and fires. Sam ducks to the ground, crawls to Paul on all fours, and springs up, knocking the gun out of Paul's hand, and knocking Paul back at least five yards. Sam howls with laughter.

SAM (CONT'D)

That one will never get old, I tell
you what.

Paul sits up slowly, wincing from the pain. He looks around for his gun and sees it lying on the ground next to Sam. He glances back at his cruiser about ten yards away.

SAM (CONT'D)

Now you? You got spunk. My mother
always told me not to play with my
food, but...

Sam shrugs. Paul slowly stands and tests his legs.

PAUL

When your food plays back, it's
kinda hard to resist.

Paul feints a lunge towards Sam. Sam enters a defensive posture. Paul immediately jukes backwards towards his cruiser. Sam laughs.

SAM

You can't run from me. You should
understand that.

Sam runs inhumanly fast behind Paul and slams him into the side of the cruiser. Paul is hurt, but still reaches for the passenger door and throws it open, grabbing the shotgun inside. He aims at Sam and fires.

The point-blank shot to the gut knocks Sam back about five yards, and he lands on the ground, dazed. Paul runs up and fires another shot point-blank into Sam's face, still not wounding him in the slightest - it's like it was just an air gun - but it does stun him.

Paul blinks in disbelief for a moment, then runs back to the cruiser, gets in, and drives away.

Sam gets up, cricks his neck, and laughs.

A shadowy figure stands on top of a building across the street, unseen by Paul or Sam. He turns and walks out of sight.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Paul lays in a hospital bed, with bandages on the cuts and scrapes he got during the fight. He holds ice on his ribs.

The police CHIEF stands next to his bed, looking concerned but businesslike.

CHIEF

Look, Paul, you've been through a lot. Your partner's dead. I think what you need is time to rest and-

Paul grows more agitated as the Chief speaks until he finally tries to sit up, which immediately causes him to lie back down in pain.

PAUL

I'm telling you. I saw what I saw!
I'm not crazy!

CHIEF

Nobody's saying you're crazy, Paul.
You're just stressed. It happens to the best of us.

PAUL

But what about the other body? Did you at least-

CHIEF

Look, the only body we found was Nick's, whom, I'll note, was in an extremely grotesque state.

Paul looks down. The chief continues speaking over the following scenes:

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Two weeks later. Paul exits the hospital, mostly healed. He gets into the passenger seat of an old Buick LeSabre and the car drives off.

CHIEF (V.O.)

There wasn't a trace of any blood other than Nick's.

EXT. PAUL'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

The Buick pulls up in front of a nondescript brick apartment complex. Paul gets out of the car, and it pulls away to park nearby. He leans up against a tree and rubs his face, tired.

CHIEF (V.O.)

There've been no missing person reports, and no sign that there was anyone other than you two in that alley.

MICKEY GREELEY, 22, a graceful, dark-haired, and attractive woman gets out of the Buick and approaches Paul. She whispers in his ear and gives him a peck on the lips. They climb the stairs of the apartment building.

CHIEF (V.O., CONT'D)

I was gonna wait until you were feeling better, but maybe you should know now. I'm gonna do you the biggest favor of your life.

INT. PAUL AND MICKEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The inside of the apartment is cluttered in an organized fashion; clothes are in one pile on the floor, papers are scattered only on the desk, etc. There are dozens upon dozens of framed pictures of Paul and Mickey, some carefully placed on walls and end tables, some tossed carelessly on the floors and sofa.

Paul picks up the picture on the sofa, sets it on the floor, and lies down on the sofa. Mickey disappears into the adjacent kitchen. Paul rubs his eyes.

CHIEF (V.O.)

You're fired.

PAUL

Alright, where's the paper?

MICKEY (O.S.)

Oh no you don't! Your first day home is for relaxation! You can start the job hunt tomorrow.

Mickey comes out of the kitchen with a sandwich. She gives it to Paul. Paul sets it aside.

PAUL

The least he coulda done was-

Mickey interrupts Paul with a loud sigh. Paul sits up to give her room to sit. She does.

MICKEY

Paul, please? Can't we just relax today? Enough of this talk. He did plenty for you.

PAUL

He was covering his ass. He didn't have the killer and he wanted the press off his back. It just happened that what he was doing could be viewed as helping me.

Mickey places a hand on Paul's shoulder.

MICKEY

Regardless of why he did it, I'm glad! What would I have done if you'd...

Paul turns coldly away from Mickey.

PAUL

I didn't do it, Mick.

Mickey replaces her hand on Paul and turns him back towards her.

MICKEY

I know you didn't. But you know as well as I do that the evidence was against you. He did what he had to do to keep the heat off of you.

PAUL

I had no motive! No motive, no case. But these days, I'm guilty until proven innocent...

Paul stands suddenly, and Mickey falls back into the sofa.

He looks out the window.

PAUL (CONT'D)

He's still out there. The bastard is still out there and nobody's doing a thing to stop him.

Mickey stands behind Paul and wraps her arms around his waist, leaning her head against his back. Paul doesn't act like he notices.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Nobody's doing -

CUT TO:

INT. VAMPIRE RESEARCH SOCIETY HEADQUARTERS, ELMHURST, ENGLAND
- DAY

The Vampire Research Society's "headquarters" looks like an old, run-down, and rather small storage facility. The entire place is about the size of a high school classroom. There are two desks near the far left corner, both covered with papers, CDs, soda cans, old food boxes, and various other bits of garbage. Bookshelves line the rest of the walls.

Two tables are set up adjacent to each other in the middle of the room, with all the clutter that had been on them scrunched either to the edge of the table, or off the edge; this leads to a ring of garbage and clutter that surrounds the two tables.

All five members of the VRS surrounding the table, looking over the gigantic map of Baltimore that's been spread on the tables. There are a few newspaper clippings around the map: "Cop brutally killed: Murder still unexplained," "Dozens of homeless missing in bizarre mass exodus," "Area policeman discharged," "Elvis served me a milkshake!"

TOM, 27, leans casually onto the table, with one arm supporting him, and the other holding onto a soda can, which he sips occasionally. He's dressed comfortably, with a casual long-sleeve shirt and cargo pants. He has strong Irish heritage - bright red hair, thick sideburns, and pale skin - with the sole exception that he's easily the tallest one in the room, around 6' tall.

JEWEL, 24, is the only one sitting down. She's overweight but still healthy, pimply-faced, and wears glasses. She keeps her chestnut hair up in a bun, and stares intently at some of the newspaper clippings.

WARD, 58, is plainly the oldest in the group. Steely-eyed and intense, his aggressive demeanor makes it apparent that he hasn't let age slow him down. He's dressed the most carefully out of the group, wearing a button-down shirt and tie, and stands up straight next to...

KILROY, 30, the leader of the group, stands with his hands behind his back, currently speaking to the group. He's the smallest of the group, both in height and in weight; scrawny by every definition of the word. He wears a newsie cap and a tan trenchcoat, fully buttoned.

WILDER, 24, has his back to the table, paying more attention to Kilroy than the map or newspaper clippings. His Arabic skin tone and his thick black beard look oddly out of place with his Native American style of dress. Kilroy is in the middle of an impassioned lecture.

KILROY

- Doing a bloody thing! This ghoul's actually killed in front of a witness that made it out alive, and everyone's just writing him off as a looney!

WILDER

(disgusted)

Bah. Typical American behavior.

Jewel looks up from the clippings at Kilroy, somewhat skeptical.

JEWEL

Kilroy, what if he is a looney?
We've got no way of knowing -

KILROY

Why would he say anything about it if it wasn't true? He fully realizes nobody would believe him. He'd only say if he knew it was true!

Jewel shrugs and looks away.

JEWEL

(under her breath)

Or if he was, y'know, looney...

Tom scratches his sideburns ponderously.

TOM

She has a point, Roy. If this was happening in Oxford, or London, or hell, anywhere in England, I'd be fine with checking it out. But this guy's across the Atlantic.

WILDER

I'd be happy to visit the homeland, Kilroy.

TOM

You're from Southampton, plonker.

Wilder mocks extreme offense. Kilroy sighs.

WILDER
But my ancestors, Thomas!

TOM
Were from, where, Turkey?

KILROY
Do we really need to -

Wilder puffs up his chest and stands tall and proud,
deliberately ignoring Kilroy.

WILDER
But me mum made holiday in America,
got herself knobbed.

TOM
Really? How much did she charge?

KILROY
(to himself)
Every time...

Wilder stays proud.

WILDER
Eight hundred American dollars!

TOM
So that's, what, five pence?

Wilder shrugs.

WILDER
I stopped remembering the exchange
rate when the dollar kept dropping
so fast.

TOM
Ba-dum TISH!

Tom and Wilder crack up, but Kilroy butts in.

KILROY
Alright, there's the punchline, can
we get back to the discussion at
hand now?

Jewel nods, bored.

JEWEL
Blimey, you two, get a new joke. Or
at least one with a shorter
buildup.

Tom and Wilder keep chuckling to themselves until Ward crosses his arms and coughs disapprovingly. Kilroy tries to take the collective attention again, coughing loudly.

KILROY

It is possible this is a false lead. But put yourself in this poor bloke's shoes. Up-and-coming bobby's got a shining career ahead of him when his partner's killed by something he can't understand or explain.

The rest of the group is now paying attention to Kilroy, nodding along with some of his points.

KILROY (CONT'D)

So he says the only thing he knows to say. The truth. And of course, nobody believes him, but he's okay with that, he expected that. But now he doesn't know what to do. He's lost. Confused. Helpless!

Kilroy stutters for a second.

KILROY (CONT'D)

Oh, right, you're in his shoes. You're lost, confused, and helpless.

He pauses, furrows his brow, then continues.

KILROY (CONT'D)

Okay, now you're out of his shoes. If you can do something to help the poor bloke whose shoes you were just in, don't you think that you should?

At this, the rest of the group nods slowly, with slightly confused looks on their faces.

WILDER

If I had a million pounds for every time you made a lick of sense, I'd be living in the poorhouse.

Tom smirks playfully at Wilder.

TOM

He's just explaining the golden rule, kemo sabe.

Jewel's face lights up.

JEWEL

Misplaced ethnic jokes aside, we've got that funding we'll lose if we don't use it by next month.

WILDER

(amused)

Misplaced? Step over here and say that, paleface.

Jewel sighs and rolls her eyes.

JEWEL

Look, the point is, we have the money and nothing better to spend it on.

Everyone except Ward starts nodding before they notice that Ward is still thinking. They look at him expectantly.

WARD

We don't have to send everyone. We could just let Kilroy go, see if this guy's the real deal - then he could send word to the rest of us.

KILROY

It could be too late by then. We mustn't give him the time to cover his tracks!

The group ponders for a moment.

WILDER

Free trip to America? I'm in.

TOM

Hell yeah.

Jewel nods decidedly. Everyone but Ward steps away from the table enthused, and makes to pack up some of the equipment and papers. Ward groans before joining them.

WARD

(muttering)

I hate flying.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON HEATHROW AIRPORT SECURITY CHECKPOINT #1 - DAY

The VRS waits in line to go through a security checkpoint. A lady in front of them argues with security about the size of a carry-on bag, holding up the rest of the line.

WARD
(muttering)
I hate flying.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

The VRS is seated sporadically throughout the airplane.

Kilroy reads a newspaper, Jewel reads Ender's Game, Tom chats with the young lady sitting next to him, Wilder sleeps, and Ward sits unhappily in between a sleeping fat man and a woman trying to calm her crying baby.

WARD
(muttering, almost sad)
I hate flying.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL AND MICKEY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Unlike the rest of their house, the kitchen is remarkably tidy, with everything organized along shelves, spices sitting in a rack organized alphabetically, knives held onto a magnetic board above the cutting board, spatulas and the like all hanging near the stove. All the kitchen equipment looks rather old and well-used, except the knives, which look immaculately cared for.

Paul sits at the kitchen table with a cup of coffee in one hand and a newspaper in the other. He sips the coffee as he reads. Mickey walks in with her own cup of coffee and sits across from him, setting the coffee on the table. Paul doesn't notice her arrival.

MICKEY
Anything interesting?

Paul looks up, surprised but not startled by her presence.

He sets down his coffee.

PAUL

Interesting? No. Worth looking into? Umm... Art museum's looking for security guards. So's Eastpoint Mall.

Mickey's eyes turn slightly downcast.

MICKEY

Honey, we talked about...

PAUL

I know, I know... if I don't want to use a gun, there's... there's always the circus.

Mickey looks at him, half exasperated, half disappointed.

MICKEY

Paul...

Paul puts the paper down and looks at Mickey.

PAUL

Mick, you can't expect me to just all of a sudden jump from protecting to...

He looks back at the paper, scanning it for a second, before pointing at one particular ad.

PAUL (CONT'D)

To vacuuming people's cars for a living. I have training. I can keep people safe. They need guys like me.

He puts the paper down and stares off into space.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Especially with... things like him out there.

Mickey slaps her hand on the table, partially spilling some of her coffee. Paul's attention shoots back to her.

MICKEY

When you're eating, watching TV, cooking... it doesn't matter, you're always thinking about "him."

Paul's face contorts with anger.

PAUL

If you had one person step in and,
and just, flip your life, destroy
everything you've built -

MICKEY

I did, Paul! I did. How do you
think I feel about the extra hours

MICKEY (CONT'D)

at work, on top of the time taking
care of you? The same person that
"wrecked your life" wrecked mine!

Mickey's eyes water. Paul's face softens.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

He didn't destroy everything you've
built, Paulie! Don't destroy
everything else as you try to
destroy him.

Mickey's anger disappears in tears. Paul buries his face in
his hands for a moment then gets up and stands behind
Mickey's chair. He leans over to give her a somewhat awkward
hug from behind. Her sniffling lessens, and she leans her
head on his arm.

PAUL

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Things have
just been... but that's no excuse,
they've been just as stressful for
you, and you've been nothing but
caring, and I'm just... I'm sorry.

Mickey shrugs Paul's arms off, stands facing him, and
embraces him fully.

MICKEY

I haven't been perfect either. Your
story isn't the easiest to believe,
but, I don't need to believe it.

She pulls back slightly to lock eyes with Paul.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

I believe you. And if you want to
find this guy that killed Nick, I'm
a hundred percent behind you.

Paul breaks eye contact to nuzzle Mickey.

PAUL

Speaking of behind me, that's where
I'm putting this. I know you'll
support me, but I need to support
you too.

Paul leans in to kiss Mickey, when the phone RINGS from the next room. Paul and Mickey laugh to themselves, and Mickey gives Paul a quick tight squeeze before letting go to answer it.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Kilroy stands in a telephone booth, the phone to his ear.

Tom's ear is pressed against the wall, and Wilder and Jewel are pestering him for information MOS. Ward stands nearby, dour. Kilroy rolls his eyes and turns his back on the rest of the group. Jewel and Wilder begin yelling muffled threats at Tom. We hear a CLICK on the phone.

MICKEY (O.S.)

Mort's Mortuary: our staff'll stuff
your stiff, how can I help you?

A concerned look crosses Kilroy's face. A muffled argument begins between Tom and Wilder and Jewel, and Tom pulls away from the phone booth.

KILROY

I'm sorry, I was trying to reach
Paul Greeley?

A beat. The argument outside escalates to Wilder and Tom wrestling.

KILROY (CONT'D)

I, em, have information he may be
interested in? A beat.

KILROY (CONT'D)

C-concerning the death of his
partner?

MICKEY (O.S.)

Oh, sorry, the number was unlisted,
I thought you were a telemarketer.
Let me get him.

A beat. Ward is now attempting to stop the fight.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL AND MICKEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Paul is standing in the living room, holding the phone.

Mickey stands nearby but out of his way, chewing her thumbnail.

PAUL

Hello?

KILROY (O.S.)

Paul Greeley?

PAUL

This is he. You said you're calling
about Nick?

KILROY (O.S.)

N-not entirely, sir. More
specifically, his killer.

Paul freezes. Mickey follows suit, visibly nervous.

KILROY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hello?

PAUL

I'm here. What about him?

KILROY (O.S.)

I represent, eh, th-the Vampire
Research Society. We're a British
agency devoted to, ah, the study
and hunting of, ah, vampires.
Given, our agency's title, I
imagine our reason for calling is,
fairly obvious?

Paul remains frozen. Mickey opens her mouth to speak, then
sticks her thumbnail back in and begins pacing.

PAUL

You think he was a...

KILROY (O.S.)

A creature of the night. Yes.

Paul draws a deep breath, and looks over a Mickey.

PAUL
Look, I appreciate the call, but...

He looks down at his feet.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Why do you think -

KILROY (O.S.)
I understand that you have some
concerns, especially about making
the jump from saying you don't know
what happened to claiming it was a
creature most people believe to be

KILROY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
imaginary. But, I'm sure if you let
us meet with you -

PAUL
Oh, no, no, I wouldn't want you to
fly out here for this.

KILROY (O.S.)
Well, you see, we're... no, wait!
Ward! Where are they? They
didn't...

Kilroy coughs deliberately. A beat.

PAUL
Is everything okay?

KILROY (O.S.)
Oh, yes, everything's fine, it's
just... has your doorbell rung yet?

Paul's eyes widen. Mickey crosses to Paul. Paul steps over to the window to peek out, and sees Kilroy in a phone booth just across the street, with Ward standing nearby. Kilroy looks up at him and waves. Mickey leans over Paul's shoulder to look out the window too.

KILROY (CONT'D)
Oh, is that you then? Em... hello!

There's a musical series of KNOCKS at the door. Paul jolts his head to look at the door.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL AND MICKEY'S APARTMENT - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

The VRS is scattered around the apartment; Tom is stepping out of the bathroom, Jewel is sitting at a desk looking at photographs, Wilder is sitting cross-legged on the floor, leaning on the wall, Ward is standing next to Wilder, and Kilroy is sitting on the sofa next to Paul. Mickey steps out of the kitchen, looking slightly disheveled.

MICKEY

Can I get anyone some coffee or anything?

TOM

Tea'd be nice.

Wilder's head snaps up attentively.

WILDER

Make that two.

JEWEL

Tea would be lovely.

KILROY

I'll take some, too.

Ward raises his hand affirmatively. Mickey glances around the room.

MICKEY

Right. Five teas. Um.

She begins to walk back into the kitchen, contemplating, but stops and turns to Paul.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Honey? Anything for you?

PAUL

Coffee's fine, hun. Thanks.

KILROY

Yes, thank you, Mrs. Greeley!

The rest of the VRS murmurs thanks. Mickey exits. Kilroy turns back to Paul. Paul turns back to look at Kilroy as he begins speaking.

KILROY (CONT'D)

So while I know it's been a while
since the attack, you can
understand my confidence in our
ability to hunt the bloke down.

Kilroy pauses. Paul sighs apprehensively.

PAUL

Look. I understand you guys made the trip out here just for me, and I don't want to devalue that, but... I've been doing a lot of thinking over the past few weeks.

A beat. Kilroy waits expectantly.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I don't really know what to say. I'm trying to put this behind me, you know? Mickey's got a job, but I can't just let her work while I...

PAUL (CONT'D)

I dunno. Go vampire hunting. I'm no staunch traditionalist that needs to be the man bringing home the bacon, but I'm not just going to bum off of my wife, either.

Kilroy opens his mouth to speak, but before he can say a word, Ward speaks. All the VRS pay attention.

WARD

If you've made your choice, we're not going to grizzle at you to change your mind. You can do what you want. But pay attention to the news. Right now he's just feeding on the homeless and hookers, dregs of society.

Ward slowly paces towards Paul.

WARD (CONT'D)

But he's not the brightest; he slipped up and ate your mate, and he'll slip up again. A month tops, and there'll be another unexplained death. And you'll know what happened.

Ward is now directly next to Paul and Kilroy.

WARD (CONT'D)

Kilroy will give you our number. If you change your mind when he kills someone people notice, let us know. We'll be waiting.

Paul uncomfortably meets Ward's unflinching gaze. A few seconds pass in silence. Ward walks toward the front door.

The other VRS members jump to their feet and follow him. As Ward opens the door and exits, Kilroy stops and lets out a silent exclamation. He rummages through his pockets for a pen and business card, scribbles a phone number on the card, then hands it to Paul, before rushing out the exit.

Mickey enters from the kitchen balancing a tray of mugs and a teapot. Paul doesn't look up.

MICKEY
Tea's ready!

She looks around the room, groans, then turns around and steps back into the kitchen. Paul shakes his head and rises.

He sticks the business card in a nearby drawer then walks into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A posh nightclub with a queue that takes up nearly half a block. LUCY HARKER, a mid-20s attractive socialite, is at the front of the line. The bouncer nods and lets her in.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The nightclub is full of activity, with music blaring and lights flashing. Lucy is greeted by a group of women. She walks to the bar and gets a drink; her entourage follows.

She takes a few sips of her drink. She spies BOB RENFIELD, a mid-20s attractive male model, out on the dance floor, dancing with a woman.

She hands her drink to one of the women following her, then walks purposefully towards Bob. She casually steps in between Bob and his dance partner, and begins dancing with Bob. The woman Bob was dancing with starts to yell, but before she can finish yelling, Lucy's entourage surrounds her and leads her away.

Bob doesn't appear to notice the change in dance partner, and is soon whispering suggestively into Lucy's ear. Bob puts his hand around Lucy's waist, and of them walk towards a back room.

ONE HOUR LATER

Lucy and Bob exit the back room. Both are overwhelmingly drunk. Lucy is hanging onto Bob as they exit the nightclub.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lucy and Bob stumble down the street. They try to hail a cab, but Lucy trips as she raises her hand and the cab passes them by. She falls and retches. Bob groans and starts to walk off. Lucy tries to stop him, but curls back over and retches again.

She stumbles to a nearby dumpster just inside an alley. She leans over and vomits inside the dumpster. Sam emerges from the shadows at the back of the alley. He licks his lips.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL AND MICKEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Paul sits on the sofa watching the news. Mickey is next to him, knitting nonchalantly. Paul's eyes widen. He grabs the remote and turns up the television. Mickey looks up at the screen. The screen shows a NEWSCASTER standing in front of the alley where Lucy was.

NEWSCASTER

Authorities have yet to locate Ms. Harker, but they fear the worst. She was last seen in this alley, reportedly drunk. If you or anyone you know-

Paul turns off the television and stares at the screen.

Mickey looks confusedly at him, then widens her eyes with realization and looks back at the blank screen. Paul looks at the drawer with the VRS's card in it.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

Paul, Ward, and Kilroy walk together down a park path.

KILROY

You can't blame yourself, mate.
Tracking a ghoulie takes weeks,
months, sometimes years. We
wouldn't have been able to find the
wanker in time to stop this.

Paul shakes his head.

PAUL

But, but how do we even know it was
a... him? Couldn't she have been
kidnapped or something?

WARD

So we'll wait another month for
them to still not find her, and for
dozens more to die? How many will
he have to kill to convince you?

Paul drops his head.

PAUL

Yeah, alright. So it's a...
vampire. What do we do? How do we
stop him?

KILROY

So you'll help us?

PAUL

I can't just do nothing. My
partner's dead because of this guy.
If I can stop him, if I can help
Nick rest... I have to.

Kilroy and Ward stop. Paul takes another step before
noticing, then stops and steps backwards.

KILROY

Say yes, or no.

PAUL

...Yes? Why the ceremony?

WARD

Hunting a vampire is a serious
commitment. As Kilroy said, it can
take years to catch one. And any
time not spent hunting him is spent
preparing for the day you find him.
This isn't a decision to be made
willy-nilly.

Paul looks perturbed.

PAUL
I'm aware. The bastard killed Nick.

KILROY
Alright then. Go home. We'll see
you bright and early tomorrow
morning.

Kilroy and Ward walk away. Paul looks around confused, then calls after them.

PAUL
(yelling)
So that's it? Just, "We'll see you
tomorrow?"

KILROY
(yelling)
Spend some time with your wife, my
boy! You'll be wanting it before
long!

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL AND MICKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Paul and Mickey are laying together asleep in bed. A loud KNOCKING is heard.

TOM (O.S.)
(muffled)
Oy! Paulie! Rise and shine,
puddin'!

Paul stirs and slides out of bed gently, to avoid waking Mickey. He grabs a clock nearby. It reads 4:31. He swears under his breath and goes to the door, wearing nothing but boxers.

He opens the door to see the entire VRS standing outside.

Everyone is well-dressed and seems perfectly awake, with the exception of Wilder, who is obviously unhappy.

TOM (CONT'D)
I must admit, I don't know what I
was expecting, but it wasn't that.

PAUL
Do you have any idea what-

WILDER
Bloody four in the bleeding
morning, I know.

TOM
(cheerfully)
Don't mind him. He's not a morning
person.

PAUL
It's not even morning yet!

WILDER
Quit wanking around, and get some
sodding clothes on, you bloody ass!

Paul closes the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD BARN - SUNRISE

An old, dilapidated barn in the middle of an open field.

Baltimore sits in the distance. From the direction of
Baltimore, A white panel van approaches the barn.

PAUL (O.S.)
What is this place?

TOM (O.S.)
...A barn?

JEWEL (O.S.)
I think he'd probably gathered
that, Tom.

TOM (O.S.)
Then why'd he ask?

PAUL (O.S.)
No, I meant -

JEWEL (O.S.)
I think he was wondering more,
"What are we doing here?"

TOM (O.S.)
Then why didn't he just say that?

PAUL (O.S.)
That's not actually-

JEWEL (O.S.)
I'd assume he'd assumed you weren't
complete dolt and would understand
what he meant!

TOM (O.S.)
You know what they say about
assuming, Jewelie.

Paul sighs loudly.

INT. OLD BARN - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Paul and the VRS enter the old barn. Despite its external appearance, the barn's inside is quite clean, recently swept, mopped, and dusted, from the empty rafters overhead to the concrete floor below.

A large corkboard has been hung on a nearby wall, containing the newspaper clippings seen in the VRS's headquarters in England, plus one or two more that detail the disappearance of Lucy Harker. Folding chairs and tables have been set up, apparently randomly, throughout the barn. One table in a corner has stacks of gun cases next to it.

Paul glances around the barn.

PAUL
However you found the place, you
sure did clean it up nice. When did
you...?

WILDER
Yesterday. All. Day. Long.

KILROY
It was quite the Herculean task,
this is certain.

Wilder sits and lays his head on a table. Tom grabs him by the hair and pulls his head back up.

TOM
No loafing!

Wilder opens his mouth to shout something, but Ward slaps Tom hard on the back of the head before Wilder can say anything. Tom drops Wilder's head and clutches his own, and Wilder's face slams down on the table. He and Tom both let out exclamations of pain. Ward calmly steps away to a wall and leans on it.

Jewel leans over to Paul.

JEWEL
(whispering)
Wilder shows it most, but it's Ward
who's the grumpiest in the morning.

Kilroy claps his hands loudly. Everyone's attention turns to him.

KILROY
Time for work! Ward stays here with Paul. Jewel and Wilder will be tracking the vampire. Tom, you can get started checking and cleaning the weapons, and then help Ward when he needs it. I will be heading to the police office to see what their reports say.

Wilder and Tom groan, but head to their respective duties - Wilder outside, Tom to the gun cases in the corner - promptly. Jewel follows Wilder outside.

PAUL
What about me? What will we be doing?

KILROY
You, my boy, will be beginning your education! Ward, you can take it slow, but I expect him to be fairly knowledgeable by teatime.

Ward grunts, and Kilroy exits. Tom begins opening cases and cleaning guns. There's no motion from either Paul or Ward.

We hear the van start up, and drive off. After a moment of silence, Ward steps away from the wall and sits across from Paul. More silence. Paul coughs. More silence. Ward clears his throat.

WARD
What do you think you know about vampires?

PAUL
I've read a couple books-

WARD
Fiction?

PAUL
Well, yeah.

WARD

Dracula, or that shit they write
for teenage girls to wank off to?

PAUL

Dracula, yeah. Um, some comedies.
Nothing that anyone would-

WARD

Dracula's shit.

Paul shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

WARD (CONT'D)

But it's the closest I've found to
fact. You know why?

Paul shakes his head.

WARD (CONT'D)

You know how many people it took to
kill him?

PAUL

Not off the top of my head.

WARD

More than a teenage girl with an
attitude. But still not actually
enough. You need at least six if
you want to stand a chance. You
know why it's shit?

Paul says nothing.

WARD (CONT'D)

Nobody dies. Nobody ever dies.

PAUL

That's not true. What about the
chick? The "bloofer lady?" And the
guy the gypsies kill?

WARD

(dripping with sarcasm)

Oh, so Dracula kills a little girl
in her sleep, and gypsies kill one
guy. He sounds like quite a tough
one.

Paul sits up straighter.

PAUL

But you said nobody died! Obviously someone did!

WARD

If Dracula were real? They'd all be dead. Maybe Van Helsing made it out alive, but then, he's an old bastard, isn't he? Doubt he'd have the stamina. And this is if they were even able to find Dracula in the first place. Fat chance.

PAUL

Is there a point to this?

WARD

The point, boy, is that if we're lucky, only one or two of us will die chasing our Dracula. This isn't a television show. You're not Buffy.

Paul keeps a stoic look on his face, but his eyes fill with fear.

PAUL

Are you trying to scare me? Get me to quit after you tried so hard to get me to help?

WARD

I wouldn't be doing you any favors if I told you that vampires were misunderstood grumps who are generally fine chaps once you get to know them. If you're going to fight vampires, you need to know what vampires are.

A beat.

WARD (CONT'D)

Let's start with the basics.
Vampires 101. They're evil.

Paul leans forward.

PAUL

I think I'd figured that much out.

Ward grunts.

WARD

Not evil like a guy who doesn't tip well. Not evil like a burglar. Not evil like a serial killer. Evil like if you get their attention, they will find your family - your Mickey - and kill them in front of you, just for giggles.

Ward's face darkens.

WARD (CONT'D)

Mark my words, boy, there are dark, ancient beings out there, and they do much worse things than simply destroy the body. Our war is not against the physical.

Ward's eyes get a bit watery, and he pauses. Paul raises his eyebrows and opens his mouth to speak, but Ward speaks up again before he can.

WARD (CONT'D)

You saw it and you're not dead. You have its attention already. That's more dangerous than you yet know.

WARD (CONT'D)

Only thing to do now is find it and kill it. No redeeming it, no feeling sorry for it; its soul is already burning in hell, you can let the body join it. And no running or hiding; they can find you just as easily a continent away as they can here. Only thing to do is kill the beast. Next lesson...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Kilroy is standing at the receptionist's desk of a nondescript police station. The tired-looking RECEPTIONIST is in the middle of telling Kilroy off, while Kilroy stands undauntedly cheerful.

RECEPTIONIST

...So if you'd like me to leave a message, I can make sure he gets back to you within the week, and-

KILROY

That would be far too much trouble,
I only want to ask him a few
questions. No more than a few
minutes of time.

RECEPTIONIST

Sir, I understand, but the chief is
a busy man. He can't just take a
break whenever he feels like it.

As the receptionist finishes speaking, the chief walks in the front door of the station alongside a cop in full uniform, and a young boy in a deli uniform. All are carrying bags of sandwiches.

CHIEF

And so he says to her, "You know
what we have in common? We both get
to keep the tips!"

The trio bursts into raucous laughter. The cop takes the bags from the deli boy, and the boy leaves. The cop exits further into the interior, eyes tearing with laughter. The receptionist glowers unamusedly.

RECEPTIONIST

Chief.

CHIEF

Kelly! Anything noteworthy happen
while I was out?

The receptionist nods at Kilroy.

RECEPTIONIST

This guy wants to know if he can
ask you some questions about an old
case. He says he's a student, but-

The chief turns to face Kilroy.

CHIEF

Always willing to help! What case
are you interested in?

The receptionist rolls her eyes and turns to some paperwork.

KILROY

I'm interested in the murder of
Nicholas Olds, actually. What-

The chief's demeanor immediately changes from warm and open to chilly and closed. The receptionist notices, and retreats to further inside the building, carrying some papers.

CHIEF

Death.

KILROY

Pardon?

CHIEF

There was no evidence to suggest Olds was murdered. That case is closed, I suggest you choose a different one for your project.

Kilroy's face hardens.

KILROY

Are you suggesting that Mr. Olds' throat was ripped out through purely accidental means?

The chief stares at Kilroy, but says nothing.

KILROY (CONT'D)

There was a witness. Paul Greeley. Mate of mine. He said-

CHIEF

If you're any friend of Paul's, you'll leave this alone. Well alone.

Kilroy and the chief face off for a minute, before Kilroy turns and leaves. The chief stares after him.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD BARN - DAY

Paul hits the floor hard, face first. Ward is sitting nearby sipping tea, and Tom is standing above Paul. Paul jolts to his feet.

PAUL

(furious)

What the hell, man?

He nurses his jaw.

TOM

I gave you fair warning. That's
more than you'd get with a ghoulie.
Speaking of warnings, this is
another one.

Tom explodes into the air, throwing a flying roundhouse at Paul. Paul ducks just in time to avoid it, but Tom makes a full revolution and hits Paul with a back kick in the chest.

Paul falls. Tom looks at Ward approvingly.

TOM (CONT'D)
He's a quick learner.

Ward grunts his approval. Paul rises. Tom turns back to him.

TOM (CONT'D)
Alright, punches this time.

Tom opens with a right hook to Paul's jaw, which Paul ducks.

Tom hits Paul in the stomach with a left uppercut, then spins around for a backfist. Paul blocks, then swings at Tom's head. Tom dodges easily, barely shifting his head and Paul's punch goes short.

Tom slaps Paul across the face playfully, then hits him with a ridgehand to the temple. Paul falls, barely conscious. Tom looks back at Ward, who's grinning.

TOM (CONT'D)
Boy's no spaz. You see him swing at
me? Almost hit me, I was so
surprised!

WARD

I saw it. He'll be hitting you by
the end of the week, says I.

TOM

He certainly won't, says I and
twenty quid.

WARD

You're on.

Paul struggles to all fours, and pauses. Tom approaches him and squats.

TOM
Had enough for today, friend?

Paul nods.

TOM (CONT'D)
Well then, my apologies for the
next, oh...

He looks back at Ward.

TOM (CONT'D)
Hour? Hour and a half?

Ward nods. Tom turns back to Paul and smiles wide. He helps Paul to his feet, then pulls back a fist, smile gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Wilder and Jewel are exploring a nondescript alleyway.

Wilder wears a garland of garlic around his neck and carries a leather bag.

WILDER
This is the last one Paul told us
to check?

JEWEL
Yep, should be.

Wilder pulls an ultraviolet light out of the bag. He turns it on, revealing a trail of blood. He follows it around a corner and deeper into the alley.

WILDER
Something happened here, alright.
Watch and make sure nobody comes
down, aye?

JEWEL
Aye.

Wilder disappears around the corner, and Jewel leans against the wall, watching the entrance of the alley. Sam drops behind her from the rooftops above. She turns and begins to scream, but he shoves his hand over her mouth, holding her shoulder with his other hand.

She starts to struggle, and Sam's hand over her mouth begins steaming, but he holds fast, and she ceases. Sam looks up at the nearby rooftops, and spies a shadowy figure watching, who immediately disappears from sight. Jewel looks, but doesn't see him. Sam turns back to Jewel and snarls.

SAM
 (whispering)
 Much as I'd like to, I cannot kill
 you. But the other is out of sight
 and thus fair game if you open your
 mouth. Keep it literally closed.
 Understand?

Jewel nods. Sam removes his hand from her mouth, stares at a raised red oval on his palm where her mouth was, then turns his attention back to her.

SAM (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 Bitch. I thought I smelled garlic
 on you, too.

A smile creeps across Jewel's face, but she keeps her mouth shut.

SAM (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 I'm here to tell you to leave. Now.
 Go back to your home across the
 sea, and I won't follow you. Stay,
 and I'll kill you-

Sam suddenly leans forward, clutching the back of his head in agony. Wilder is standing behind him, holding a silver crucifix at Sam. Sam's hair is burning away in the shape of a cross on the back of his head. He leaps to the entrance of the alley in a single bound, bellows a bestial roar at Wilder, and jumps to the rooftop and out of sight.

WILDER
 Shit. Shitting shit shit. Bloody
 balls of a dead pig. Sodding prick
 of a-

Jewel grabs Wilder's wrist.

JEWEL
 Can we quit with the language and
 get with the running?

Wilder and Jewel bolt out of the alleyway.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL AND MICKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Paul is lounging on the sofa, resting his head on Mickey's lap. He has an ice pack on his forehead.

He has bruises and scrapes wherever skin is visible, though his face appears mercifully free of bruises. Mickey gently lifts the ice pack from his forehead to reveal a single large bruise right in the middle of it. She inhales sharply.

MICKEY

Paul, that looks awful. Are you sure you're okay?

PAUL

I'm fine, I'm fine, just leave the ice alone. Every time you shift it, it feels cold again.

Mickey lowers the ice pack.

MICKEY

Sorry, yeah. So now that you have the ice, you wanna explain?

PAUL

It was a part of my "training."

MICKEY

What, getting the snot beat out of you?

PAUL

Yes? I couldn't quite tell if they were trying to teach me to fight, or teaching me to take a beating. I thought it was the first, but given the repeated blows to the head...

He shrugs, then winces. Mickey strokes his cheek.

MICKEY

And you're sure this is what you want?

PAUL

Positive. Mick, just today they interviewed more witnesses than the police ever found. Most of them were bleeding crazy, but -

Mickey stifles a laugh, and Paul hesitates.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What? Why'd you laugh?

MICKEY

Nothing, nothing, you just...
you're picking up the lingo.
"Bleeding crazy?"

Paul laughs softly.

PAUL

Tutting hell, I guess I am.

Mickey laughs openly. Paul smiles.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Really though. I'm not a hundred percent ready to subscribe to the whole "vampire" thing, but the stories they got... it's kinda scary, actually.

Paul and Mickey both grow solemn.

MICKEY

You don't have to hold back with me, hun. If you really think it's a Dracula, I'll do my best to believe you.

Paul reaches up and strokes Mickey's face.

PAUL

I know. And I'm not holding back. If they ever do manage to convince me, I'll tell you.

MICKEY

Regardless of whether it is or isn't, I'm still behind you. Whatever you pick.

PAUL

And if things ever get too crazy for you, you tell me, and I'll back off.

Paul smiles at Mickey, and she smiles back. Paul's phone RINGS. He picks it up and looks at it, then shows it to Mickey. Mickey rolls her eyes.

MICKEY

They had you all, day, long! What could they want now?

PAUL

Do you want me to not answer?

MICKEY
No, no, go ahead, see what they want.

Paul answers the phone.

PAUL
Hello? Hey, Kilroy, what-

His eyes widen.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Right. I'm on my way, you got it.

He hangs up and Mickey sighs.

MICKEY
On your way? They really just didn't get enough of you?

PAUL
I'm sorry, Mick. I'd stay if it wasn't a big deal.

Mickey waves him off.

MICKEY
No, no, you go have fun. I'll just stay here alone and cry in self-pity.

They laugh, and Paul leaves. Mickey looks at the closed door.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Goodbye?

CUT TO:

INT. OLD BARN - NIGHT

The VRS is seated around a table. Jewel and Wilder are jabbering nonstop MOS. Kilroy is listening intently, Tom looks concerned, and Ward's face is stoic and grave. Paul opens the front door and rushes in.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD BARN - NIGHT

The group plus Paul reassembles to sit around a bigger table, with Kilroy standing at the head.

KILROY

An event has now occurred that changes both everything and nothing.

Kilroy continues speaking over a MONTAGE:

CUT TO:

Tom and Paul are sparring. Tom is beating Paul viciously, but Paul remains standing, dodging and blocking when he's able to. Ward watches from nearby.

KILROY (V.O.)

Our opponent appeared to us and issued us a warning: go home, leave this alone, and he won't hurt us.

CUT TO:

Jewel and Kilroy are lounging and sipping tea. Paul hurries over with a large map, which he unrolls over the table they're sitting at. The map is broken down into segments with squares drawn with sharpie; some of the squares have Xs through them.

Paul gestures and speaks passionately MOS and makes Kilroy and Jewel pay attention. Jewel and Kilroy mark X's through a few squares.

KILROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But do you know what this tells me?
It tells me he's afraid.

CUT TO:

Ward and Paul are seated across from each other. Ward is speaking MOS, and Paul listens intently, asking questions MOS.

KILROY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If he had it in his power to kill us as easily as he'd like us to believe, he would've done it already. Instead, he's trying to scare us, and avoid a fight.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD BARN - DAY

The entire VRS plus Paul is lined up along a row of tables that have been set in a straight line, parallel to a clothesline about twenty yards away. Paper targets are pinned to the clothesline opposite each of the members excepting Wilder; he has a straw target set up.

The group is firing at the targets using a variety of weapons: Paul and Tom a 9mm handgun each, Jewel a hunting rifle, Ward a .44 Magnum, Kilroy a submachine gun, and Wilder a bow and arrow. Everybody's accuracy is very good, especially Paul's, whose accuracy is impeccable.

KILROY (V.O.)

But lady and gentlemen, he seems to
be forgetting something: we are
BRITISH. We are British, and we
will fight to our dying breath!

CUT TO:

INT. OLD BARN - DAY

The VRS is around the table from before, with Kilroy still speaking at the head of the table.

KILROY

Though, um, obviously, we'll try to
make it his dying breath.

END MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Paul, Wilder and Jewel are walking the city streets. A shadowy figure is almost imperceptible as he watches from rooftops across the street; none of them notice him.

JEWEL

But you have to at least admit it's
possible.

WILDER

Anything is possible, yeah, but
Solomon is the only vampire that's
surfaced in the past century that's
old enough to raise spawn, and for
whatever reason he's always stayed
far away from America.

(MORE)

WILDER (CONT'D)

I mean obviously we should always be careful, but I think the vampire was more likely worried about hiding the kill from witnesses than from some dark master.

PAUL

Ah! Here he is!

Paul points out a sleeping HOMELESS MAN. The homeless man is clutching a bottle of wine and drooling buckets. The trio crouches around him; Jewel is visibly repulsed by the smell.

JEWEL

(disheartened)

This... is your witness?

PAUL

I know how he looks, but trust me!
His description was really
accurate.

Wilder stares at the homeless man for a moment.

WILDER

If you say so...

He leans in closer to the homeless man.

WILDER (CONT'D)

Excuse me? Mate? Hello?

The homeless man doesn't stir.

WILDER (CONT'D)

(louder)

Mate? Could you please... hey,
mate? Mate?

Wilder clears his throat.

WILDER (CONT'D)

Okay, you asked for it.

He leans right in to the homeless man's face.

WILDER (CONT'D)

(shouting)

HEY BUDDY!

The homeless man still doesn't move. Jewel walks up and tries to take the bottle out of the man's hands, and he wakes up immediately, yanking the bottle back.

HOMELESS MAN

'Ey mayn! 'Scudge yuh mitts olfa
muh teejuh!

Jewel smiles incitingly at Wilder, who shrugs. Paul remains staring at the man.

JEWEL

...What did he say?

HOMELESS MAN

Ah sayuh, 'scudge yuh fick'n mitts
olfa muh fick'n teejuh!

PAUL

Sorry about touching your wine.
It's me, from before. Remember?

The homeless man stares at them all for an agonizingly long minute; first Paul, then Wilder, then Jewel.

HOMELESS MAN

Yuh wudda wones skeekin fur duh
can-ball ayt Scooge?

Jewel looks at Paul hopelessly. Wilder faces the homeless man.

WILDER

Yes, the cannibal that ate Scooge.
Can you take us to his hideout?

The homeless man rolls over, wrapping both arms around his wine bottle, and makes like he's going to sleep.

HOMELESS MAN

(talking to himself)

Deesy bucklins thung Ah gwinta
sheew demduh can-ball ayt nitey.
Deesy bucklins thung Ah sumsurt
styup'd, Ah say.

Wilder and Paul look at each other and roll their eyes.

Jewel looks at them, curious.

PAUL

He says he won't take us there at night. We'll have to come back in the morning.

Wilder turns to face the homeless man.

WILDER

Oi mucca! If we come back here
tomorrow and you're not hereaboot,
we'll find you and beat your
drunken arse, you understand?

The homeless man grunts and begins snoring. Paul, Wilder and Jewel walk off. The shadowy figure disappears.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD BARN - DAY

The VRS's van and Paul's Buick are parked outside the barn.

The VRS is packing up their weapons and either holstering them somewhere on their body, or loading them into the van.

Paul helps Wilder carry a small crate into the trunk. Tom, Wilder, Ward and Jewel pile into the van. Paul is about to climb in when Kilroy stops him.

KILROY

No, Paul. You're staying here.

PAUL

What? But I'm the one who found the
guy!

KILROY

Your training isn't finished.
You're not ready. We'd be putting
you in danger. Leave this to us.

PAUL

Bullshit! I shoot better than any
of you!

Kilroy shakes his head.

KILROY

Fighting a vampire takes plenty
more than shooting. You may be
prepared physically, but mentally
and spiritually you need work.

Paul opens his mouth to speak, but Ward speaks first from inside the van.

WARD

You're staying, and that's final.
You have a wife, Paul. What about
her?

PAUL
What about Nick? What about my dead
partner? He deserves to be avenged!

Kilroy's face darkens to a level not previously seen.

KILROY
(harsh)
Do NOT bring yourself to their
level, Greeley. Thirsting for blood
is what they do.

Paul looks at the ground, fuming.

KILROY (CONT'D)
(softer)
Go home, and wait for us. We'll
call when the deed is done and Nick
is resting peacefully.

Kilroy walks to the driver's seat, gets in, and drives away.

Paul stands watching for a minute, then gets into his car and drives.

EXT. OLD BARN - TWO HOURS LATER

The VRS's van pulls roughly up to the barn, then screeches to a halt. The VRS pours out of it. Kilroy is flustered, Jewel is amused, Tom is relieved, Wilder broods angrily, and Ward is stoic, as always. The entire group is silent as they unload the van and head inside.

INT. OLD BARN - DAY

Ward and Jewel head to a propane stove and put some tea on.

Tom begins getting out teacups, sugar, milk, and other tea accessories. Wilder sits in a corner. Kilroy approaches Wilder.

KILROY
I'm still trying to process this.

JEWEL
It's fairly simple. We all thought Wilder and Paul had some mysterious means of understanding the bum that we didn't, when truth be told, not even they could. Wilder leaps to his feet.

WILDER

(shouting)

I did understand him! But the
bugger was a lying bastard!

TOM

Oh, don't be so narked, Wil. It's
over now, and the tramp won't soon
forget the thrashing he almost got.

Wilder grumpily sits back down. The tea kettle set up, Ward and Jewel sit down, away from Wilder. Tom and Kilroy follow suit, Tom with the tea accessories, which he places on the table.

KILROY

Who's calling Paul? I'm sure he'll
be happy to hear he still has a
chance to kill the bloke.

JEWEL

I'll do it. I have to go spend a
penny anyway, and there's a pay
phone by the water closet.

Tom rises.

TOM

I'm tired of pissing in bushes
outside. I'll come too.

Kilroy tosses Tom the keys to the van. Tom and Jewel walk toward the front door, but wait for a moment, looking at Wilder.

WILDER

What? What're you looking at me
for?

TOM

Do you want to come with us?

WILDER

I'm perfectly capable of deciding
when I need to take a piss, thank
you to bits!

Tom and Jewel shrug at each other, then step outside. Just before the door finishes closing, Wilder stands up.

WILDER (CONT'D)

Wait, you bloody idiots!

Tom catches the door and pokes his head back in. Wilder sighs and begins walking toward the front.

WILDER (CONT'D)
I wouldn't have had to go if you
hadn't said anything, you know.

Tom grins and opens the door for her. They leave. The tea kettle WHISTLES. Ward rises and walks to the kettle.

KILROY
Did I do the right thing, you
think?

WARD
Hmm?

KILROY
Making Paul stay behind.

Ward grunts as he walks back to the table with the tea.

WARD
Whether or not you did right, you
were right about one thing: the
boy's priorities are all
disjointed. That's what you need to
be thinking about.

Ward pours the tea, then sits. Both add milk and sugar to
their tea.

KILROY
It has its benefits. He's a faster
learner than any of the others
were. But I'm afraid we both know
the potential downfalls. And we
won't be able to stop him from
coming next time.

They begin sipping their tea.

WARD
Certainly not.

KILROY
I worry about what this is doing to
him. He seemed like he was
adjusting fine before we came, but
now...

FADE TO:

INT. PAUL AND MICKEY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Paul and Mickey are seated at the table, eating a dinner of meatloaf and green beans. Both are nearly finished.

KILROY (V.O.)
I've seen the shadows in him, Ward.
I fear what will happen if we can't
purge them in time.

Mickey sets her silverware down next to her plate. Paul looks up at her.

MICKEY
So after lots of finagling and
arguing about time, they were
finally able to get the party this
week, so Sharon will still be here.

A look of concern bolts across Paul's face.

PAUL
When this week?

MICKEY
Day after tomorrow. Three o'clock.
Why?

Paul frowns.

PAUL
Mick, I'm training. You know that.

Mickey's face drops.

MICKEY
Paul, this is my parents' golden
anniversary! It's one party!

PAUL
I could probably make it work, I'm
sorry. But Ward's not going to be
happy, and I don't want them to
leave me behind again. I'm just
glad-

MICKEY
You getting left behind is the only
reason we're able to eat dinner
together! This is the most time
I've been able to spend with you in
three weeks!

PAUL
(slightly sarcastic)
I'm sorry, I thought you said you
were behind me in this?

MICKEY
(sarcastic)
I'm sorry, I thought you were going
to put this all behind you?

PAUL
Oh, come on! That was before I knew
I actually had a shot at nailing
this guy!

Mickey begins crying angrily.

MICKEY
Stop it! Stop it! I don't want to
fight!

Paul sits silently, staring at his food. Mickey sniffles and simmers.

PAUL
I'm sorry. There's just been a lot
happening, I've been doing a lot...
it's the stress. I didn't mean what
I said.

Both are silent.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Day after tomorrow, that's...
Wednesday? Three o'clock?

Mickey nods.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Okay. I'm, uh, I'm gonna go to bed.
I'm pretty tired.

Paul rises and exits. Mickey remains motionless for a bit, then rises and clears the dishes.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD BARN - DAY

The VRS and Paul enter the barn, turning lights on as they do. Wilder is sulking a noticeable amount. Kilroy prances in, chipper.

KILROY

Alright, people! That could've been it yesterday, and I don't know about you, but I didn't feel ready. Let's make sure we are next time!

The group circles around one table, with Kilroy at the head.

Wilder and Jewel sit.

KILROY (CONT'D)

Wilder has requested a break from hunting, and I think changing up from the standard tasks for a while is a good idea.

The other members look at Wilder. Wilder grunts, and lays his face on his arms.

KILROY (CONT'D)

For this next week, we'll be rotating who's hunting; otherwise, tasks will stay the same, with Wilder and Jewel taking the place of whoever's hunting. Today that'll be Tom and Ward.

Tom groans. Ward glares at him, and he immediately shuts up.

Kilroy looks at Jewel, then Paul.

KILROY (CONT'D)

So Jewel and Wilder, you will be instructing Paul. Paul, before you get your hopes up, no, you won't be getting a break from your endurance training. Sorry.

Paul curses under his breath.

KILROY (CONT'D)

I'll be hunting, as usual, but separate from whoever else is hunting, to keep us spread out. Now everyone! To work!

CUT TO:

Paul collapses on the floor. Wilder is standing over him with a wooden staff about five feet long. Jewel is standing off to one side.

JEWEL

Blooming hell, Wilder! You're
teaching him, not murdering him.

Paul gets to his feet. He favors one leg, but otherwise shows no signs of struggling.

WILDER

He's fine! Besides, the point of
this is to teach him how to take a
blow from a vampire.

Paul cricks his neck, then charges Wilder.

WILDER (CONT'D)

I'd be doing him a disservice if...
Oh!

Wilder flails in surprise, getting a lucky blow with the staff to Paul's temple. Paul collapses.

JEWEL

Wilder!

WILDER

Sorry!

CUT TO:

EXT. VAN, CITY STREET - DAY

Ward and Tom are pulled over in front of a fire hydrant. Tom holds a map spread out on the hood of the van, and Ward is tracing a path along the map with his finger. They argue MOS. Tom shoves the map in Ward's arms, the stomps off to sit in the driver's seat of the van.

Ward flattens out the map, then walks apologetically to Tom.

Tom gets out, and they both puzzle at the map.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD BARN - DAY

Paul collapses on the floor hard, coughing and gasping. He has a welt on the temple Wilder hit earlier. Jewel stands over him with the wooden staff, and Wilder in the corner.

Jewel drops the staff and rushes to Paul's side.

JEWEL

(quickly)

Oh no I'm so sorry I didn't mean
to...

WILDER

Bloody bollocks of a bad baboon!
Jewelie!

Paul keeps coughing.

JEWEL

I wasn't aiming for your neck, I
swear!

WILDER

Maybe we should switch to tactics
and rules of engagement now...

Paul throws up on the floor. Jewel and Wilder crinkle their noses.

CUT TO:

EXT. VAN, CITY STREET - DAY

Ward and Tom are still looking at the map. A POLICEMAN walks up to them and starts talking to them MOS, pointing at the fire hydrant. Ward and Tom respond, the policeman responds harshly to them, and soon a large-scale argument is occurring.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD BARN - DAY

Paul, Jewel and Wilder are seated around a small table. Paul periodically caresses his neck, which has a large bruise just left of center, and his temple.

JEWEL

Okay, now repeat it back to us.

PAUL

First, everybody lines up outside
the area Kilroy says we'll fight
in, and finds a good position.

WILDER

Check.

PAUL

Second, Tom goes in alone. His job is to draw the vampire out where we can shoot it.

WILDER

And what kind of shots are we looking for?

Paul holds up four fingers, and ticking them off as he goes through the list.

PAUL

One, shots that don't endanger Tom, because we don't want his blood on our hands. Two, shots to either the head or legs, because those slow the vampire down most. Three, sure shots, because silver bullets are "bloody expensive."

Paul shoots a glance and a smirk at Wilder, who smirks back.

Jewel rolls her eyes.

PAUL (CONT'D)

And four, four... I don't remember four.

JEWEL

There is no four. I was wondering why you had four fingers up.

PAUL

Oh. Okay. Oops.

WILDER

It's fine. What next?

PAUL

Next, we shoot the vampire and fill it so full of lead that- Wilder holds up a finger.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Yeah, yeah, lead doesn't penetrate, fill it so full of silver that either you-

Paul points at Wilder.

PAUL (CONT'D)
-can hit it through the heart with
your bow, or Tom can stake it.
Which, would be step four.

JEWEL
And what do we never ever ever do?

PAUL
Risk hurting one of our teammates.

As he says this, Paul caresses the welt on his temple.
Wilder grins.

WILDER
Good! So, back to the beatings?

PAUL
Do I get a stick this time?

JEWEL
Nope!

CUT TO:

EXT. VAN, CITY STREET - DAY

Tom, Ward and the policeman are all puzzling at the map. The policeman starts to point at the map and give directions MOS, but Ward interrupts him and points elsewhere. The policeman nods, then they all go back to puzzling at the map.

The policeman shrugs, and walks off. As soon as he's gone, Tom and Ward make sure he's out of sight, then hop in the van and drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD BARN - NIGHT

Paul, Jewel, Tom, Ward, and Wilder are seated around a table drinking tea. Everyone but Paul is laughing; even Ward is chuckling.

TOM
As soon as he's off, we jump into
the van, and Bob's your uncle!

Laughter rises again. Wilder is laughing especially hard, holding his stomach. Paul laughs quietly.

WARD

I saw the poor bloke running back
to where we were in the rearview
mirror. If we'd been a tad slower,
or he a tad faster...

Paul's phone starts to ring as the laughter continues and slowly fades. The caller ID reads "Mickey." He ignores the call, and slides the phone back in his pocket. Kilroy enters the room.

WILDER

Heya, Kilroy! Come join us!

Kilroy waves him off, pours himself a cup of tea, then walks over to the map and begins examining it.

WILDER (CONT'D)

Always such a partier, that one.

Ward rises and walks over to Kilroy. They have a hushed discussion. Paul cocks his head and leans towards them, listening intently. Tom claps him on the shoulder.

TOM

Don't worry about them, mate.
They'll let us know what we need to
know when we need to know it.

Paul reluctantly turns back.

PAUL

"When we need to know it?" Who are
they to do decide what we need to
hear when?

TOM

Kilroy is in charge, Paul. We need
to trust his leadership.

Paul shakes his head and shrugs off Tom's hand.

PAUL

I'm just tired of all the training
and nothing happening.

Wilder opens his mouth to respond, but Paul rises abruptly and walks over to Kilroy and Ward. Kilroy shoos him away.

KILROY

Paul, this is something Ward and I
need to discuss alone.

PAUL

I just want to know what's going on.

WARD

This doesn't concern you, Paul.

PAUL

Doesn't concern me? You know what does concern me? We had him, Kilroy, we had him. Jewel and Wilder fought the damn thing, we know where he stalks, but we still haven't been able to find him.

WARD

You think you can do a better job than trained vampire hunters?

PAUL

You think you can do a better job than a bloody cop?

KILROY

Alright! First, Paul, you swear like an American, which is to say badly. Second, you can go hunting with me tomorrow. Does that meet your needs? Can Ward and I get back to our discussion?

Paul nods.

KILROY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He turns back to Ward. Paul walks back over to the others.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. VAN - DAY

Kilroy is driving the van, with Paul in the passenger seat. They're driving along the suburban roads outlying the city. Paul is poking tenderly at the scabby bruise on his temple.

KILROY

How is it?

PAUL

Painful. When do I get to the point where I start learning how to fight, instead of just how to take a beating?

KILROY

Tell me, my boy, how long you think you'd last in a fistfight with a vampire?

Paul nods.

PAUL

Point taken.

KILROY

You don't need to know how to hit a vampire, just how to shoot, and how to be hit.

PAUL

What about Tom? Why is he so good at hitting people, then? If he's just supposed to be bait, why isn't his focus taking a beating?

Kilroy laughs.

KILROY

Sorry, that's just... I'm sure he'd have a thing or two to say about that. For one, he performs a role much more complicated than "bait." Vampires aren't dumb beasts, driven by the scent of blood. If they know we're there, they won't follow him willingly.

Paul stops poking at his wound and turns his full attention to Kilroy.

PAUL

What are you saying? He does hit them?

KILROY

So much as he's able, yes. At the very least making sure the beast can't simply ignore him. And his focus is, in fact, taking a beating.

(MORE)

KILROY (CONT'D)
I've never seen a human body take
as much punishment as he has and
survive, much less still be able to
fight.

Paul raises his eyebrows momentarily, then turns forward.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Kilroy parks the van on the side of the street, and he and Paul exit the van. Kilroy reaches into a coat pocket and pulls out a small silver crucifix, and a pocket mirror. He hands both to Paul.

PAUL
What're these?

KILROY
Hold the crucifix in your hand
constantly. It'll quiver if any
vampires are anywhere nearby,
getting stronger the closer they
are.

Paul stares fixedly at the crucifix.

KILROY (CONT'D)
If it reaches the point where you
can feel it even if it's in your
pocket, you take out the mirror,
start looking around with it -
inconspicuously, obviously - and
see who doesn't leave a reflection.
That's our vampire.

Paul looks at Kilroy incredulously.

PAUL
That's it? That's the extent of our
vampire hunting techniques? No
wonder it's been this long and we
still haven't found anything.

Kilroy stares back at him.

KILROY
That's the extent of your
responsibility. Now come on, let's
get moving.

Paul shrugs, and follows Kilroy along the street.

PAUL
So we're going somewhere in
particular?

Kilroy nods.

KILROY
Aye. Following a tip. Bloke claimed
to have seen someone meeting
Jewel's description of the ghoulie
hanging out at a bookstore, of all
places.

PAUL
Another bum?

Kilroy chuckles.

KILROY
No, no, this was a businessman. It
was quite lucky, tell the truth. I
was just about at the van and ready
to head back, when this chap walks
up to me out of the blue, asks if
I'm the one who's been looking for
the "creepy wrestler." Once I
figured out what he was talking
about, he said his wife worked at
the bookstore, and that a man
meeting the description had been
lurking around the store after
sundown.

Paul blinks.

PAUL
Wow. Convenient. You don't think
it's a trap, do you?

KILROY
It crossed my mind, but no, I
don't. A beat.

PAUL
...No? Just, no? Any particular
reason you say that?

KILROY
Nope. Paul rolls his eyes.

EXT. THAT BOOKSTORE ON THE CORNER - DAY

Paul and Kilroy approach a small corner bookstore. A bright neon sign in the window exclaims, "That Bookstore on the Corner," with a sign beneath it declaring, "You know, the one that's having that sale? 25% off New York Times bestsellers!"

Paul lurches suddenly, ripping his hand out of his pocket and staring at the crucifix inside. It has a barely perceptible tremble. Kilroy looks gravely at the crucifix, then Paul. Paul reaches into his pocket with his other hand, but Kilroy stops him. A small smile creeps across Kilroy's face.

KILROY

No use for the mirror, Paul. It's daytime. The bugger's still in his lair.

Paul's eyes grow wide.

PAUL

Sweet damn... So that means...

KILROY

Why don't we keep walking?

Kilroy takes a step, but Paul doesn't move.

PAUL

You're not stopping me this time.
I'm coming.

Kilroy doesn't turn around.

KILROY

I know. Now can we go?

He gestures forward, and he and Paul hustle onward.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Paul and Kilroy walk directly up to an old, worn warehouse, crossing a street diagonally through sparse traffic. A sign on the front door declares in bold red letters than the warehouse is FORECLOSED. All the windows are blocked out with combinations of plywood, duck tape, and nails. Paul grabs Kilroy's hand.

PAUL

Feel this.

Paul sticks the crucifix in Kilroy's hand. It shakes so much Kilroy almost drops it. He and Paul share a wide grin.

KILROY

He's here, alright. Look at the
boarding on all the windows; I can
guarantee you there's no natural
lighting getting in there.

Kilroy checks his watch.

KILROY (CONT'D)

And it's only eleven thirty! Paul!
We can get him today! Today! Hurry,
my boy!

Kilroy and Paul run at top speed back towards the van.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD BARN - DAY

Jewel, Tom, Ward and Wilder sit around a table, chatting and sipping tea. Kilroy and Paul burst in the front door.

KILROY

(shouting)

We've got him!

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The group piles out of the white van, parked alongside the road. The warehouse is nowhere in sight. Each of them carries a duffel bag. They walk down the street casually.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The group enters an alleyway directly opposite the warehouse. They emerge wearing ski masks and rain ponchos, with no duffel bags. None of their hands are visible. There are curious bulks and shapes beneath each of the ponchos.

They walk up to the door of the warehouse, and Tom kicks the door in. They then walk into the warehouse. The last one in closes the door gently.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Once inside, they each shed their ponchos, revealing the source of the strange bulks: guns, and in Wilder's case, a bow and arrow.

Jewel is dressed in a leather jacket and leather chaps, and has a pistol at her hip, and a rifle slung across her shoulder.

Kilroy is also wearing entirely leather, and has a submachine gun and a belt full of extra ammo.

Paul is wearing a leather jacket and jeans, and has a 9mm in each hand and a revolver in his belt.

Tom is wearing a t-shirt and basketball shorts, and has two shoulder holsters: the right one a standard one holding a 9mm, the left one strange and homemade, holding three wooden stakes.

Ward is wearing a denim jacket and jeans, and carries a .44 magnum, with another on his hip.

Wilder is wearing loose-fitting homemade leather pants and vest, done in the style of American Indians. He has feathers in his hair, a quiver of arrows on his back, an armguard on his left forearm, and carries a bow.

The warehouse is completely empty. Alongside the left wall is a stairway that leads up to closed off rooms and offices along the left wall. They all have windows along them; they appear empty. A bestial ROAR emanates through the warehouse.

Kilroy nods at Tom. Tom nods back, then runs up the stairs and disappears. The rest of the group spreads out in a shallow curve about 30-40 yards wide, bent away from the upper rooms. Tom clears the first room quickly, pausing to scan the room just before kicking open the first door. He jogs through the second room, pauses again, and kicks open the next door.

As he goes through the next room, Sam shows himself in the window, waiting right next to the third door, reared back and ready to strike. Kilroy hisses.

KILROY
(whispering)
Jewel!

Jewel raises her rifle smoothly, and shoots Sam in the chest just as Tom kicks open the door. Sam rocks backward, stunned. Tom dives behind Sam, then charges into him, knocking him towards the window.

Sam regains himself before the group can fire any more shots, and he runs away from the window, slamming Tom through the wall and back into the previous room as he fades out of sight of the group on the ground.

Tom gets right back to his feet, and runs through the hole in the wall after Sam. A chair is sent flying towards him, which he narrowly manages to dodge. The chair shoots through the window with a CRASH, removing most of the remaining glass.

Tom runs towards Sam and out of sight. There are brief sounds of struggle, before Tom is thrown through the window.

He manages to catch on to a bar just outside the top of the window, and swings back into the room.

Sam rushes him, but Tom tumbles backward and out of the way, leaving the rest of the group a clear shot. They take it, scoring a few good hits before Sam stumbles backward and out of range again.

Tom draws a stake and rushes toward Sam, but Sam runs forward, knocks the stake from Tom's hands, picks Tom up, and leaps out of the window. He lands in front of the rest of the group, and holds Tom in front of him as a human shield. He and the group stare off.

SAM

I'm going to leave now, and you're not going to follow me. Of course, even if you did, Solomon would be able to finish you little shits with no effort at all, so I suppose you're welcome to-

There's a series of REPORTS as Paul shoots Sam repeatedly in the face. Sam's grip on Tom loosens, and he begins stumbling backwards. Tom slips out of Sam's grip, draws a stake, and sticks it through Sam's heart. Sam collapses on the ground, dead.

Kilroy walks up to Paul, and decks Paul right in the face.

Wilder and Tom watch solemnly, Jewel watches in shock, and Ward just stares at Sam's body.

PAUL

(angry)

What on-

KILROY

(furious)

What were you thinking? You could've hit Tom, you lunatic!

PAUL

Well excuse me for saving the day!
I just thought-

KILROY

What if you had hit him? What if his blood was now on your hands, Paul? If these blokes kill someone, there's no difference to them. They're already, quite literally, soulless beasts. But you? If you'd hit him, it would be on you. You'd have to live with yourself, the rest of your life, knowing that it's your fault he's dead. Do you really think you could handle that?

WARD

I think we all know there are bigger issues at hand than this.

Kilroy and Paul glare at each other for a moment, before turning their attention to the body.

KILROY

I'll go get the van. Tom, stay with the body, the rest of you, get the things together.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The van is parked right in front of the warehouse, and the group loads the duffel bags from before into the van, plus a new one that's big and heavy enough to be holding Sam's body. Once everything is loaded, they get in and drive away.

EXT. OLD BARN - DAY

As the van drives up to the barn, the back door swings open, and Sam's body drops out. It smolders for a few seconds before bursting into flames, burning so completely in a matter of seconds that nothing but ash remains.

INT. OLD BARN - DAY

The group walks into the barn silently, and sits around a table. An awkward silence hangs over the group. Paul and Kilroy won't look at each other. They sit like this for a beat before Kilroy clears his throat.

KILROY

Paul, I know you think you're the cause of this silence.

(MORE)

KILROY (CONT'D)

Frankly, I wish that were the case.
But the creature's last words
referenced... well, perhaps Ward
would be better suited to tell the
story.

WARD

He mentioned a name. Solomon.

Everyone but Paul winces at the sound of the name. Paul looks at Ward confusedly.

PAUL

Should I know that name?

Ward shakes his head.

WARD

Back when I was your age,
Solomon... he killed my team. I
barely escaped alive.

Paul curses under his breath.

PAUL

So there's another one?

KILROY

Not "just another one." This
vampire was young. Did you see how
long he was in the sun before
combusting? I'd wager he wasn't
even a year dead. Solomon,
though...

WARD

Solomon is the worst case scenario
we've been training for. Paul nods,
and leans forward.

FADE TO:

EXT. LARGE CABIN - NIGHT

A large wooden cabin sits isolated in thick woods,
overlooking a steep cliff. There are some lights flickering
inside. A shadowy figure flits in between the trees, edging
closer to the cabin.

WARD (O.S., CONT'D)
Based on the research my team
performed, it's safe to conclude
that he has been around since
possibly as far back as the ninth
century.

WILDER (O.S.)
Bloody pus shit hell!

PAUL (O.S.)
So that's bad? That's very, very
bad?

TOM (O.S.)
Very very bad? That's like saying
Hitler was a-

WILDER (O.S.)
Godwinned.

TOM (O.S.)
...What? What the hell, man? This
is serious! You wouldn't-

Kilroy COUGHS off-screen, and everyone goes silent.

INT. LARGE CABIN - NIGHT

A younger Ward sits at table with six men and two women, all physically fit and armed. One of the women is sitting on Ward's lap. They're all listening to the man sitting at the head of the table, who's telling a joke MOS. A sole lamp sits on the table, the only light source in the room.

Everyone laughs.

The door to the cabin bursts open, the wood shattering.

WARD (O.S.)
He ambushed us. Eight men dead in
thirty seconds.

The shadowy figure from before runs inside, moving inhumanly fast. He runs past a wooden bench, grabbing it as he does, and throwing it directly at Ward. Ward manages to duck under the table, but the woman sitting on his lap gets hit directly in the head; her neck twists back at an impossible angle. It also knocks the sole light from the table, shrouding the room in darkness.

The rest of the men and women all start to draw guns, but the figure is already in the midst of them, throwing them at each other and at walls. A few of them manage to get shots off, but they all miss wildly.

WARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I only survived because one of the
men had a grenade, and used it.

The man who had been telling the joke draws a grenade from his belt and tosses it at the shadowy figure. The figure catches it and laughs, tossing it gently aside as it explodes. The explosion masks him, but it picks Ward up and throws him out a large window overlooking the cliff.

WARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It hardly harmed Solomon at all,
but the explosion threw me out a
window and down a cliff, where he
left me for brown bread.

EXT. LARGE CABIN - NIGHT

The explosion briefly lights up the entire cabin, blowing out windows and starting a fire. Ward lands roughly on the cliff, and rolls down and out of sight.

FADE TO:

INT. OLD BARN - NIGHT

The group is still seated around the table. Tea accoutrements are now scattered about the table, with everybody having a teacup in front of them, but were that not the case, there would be no evidence of any having moved. Tom looks at Wilder and mouths "Hardcore!" Wilder nods enthusiastically, and both look at Ward reverently.

WARD
Do you understand the gravity of
the situation?

Paul nods.

PAUL
But I just, don't know if I can
help you. I mean, Nick's killer is
dead, and Mickey needs me at home,
you know? Just... just give me
tonight to think about it, okay?

Ward opens his mouth to speak, but Kilroy speaks first.

KILROY

This isn't just about you anymore,
Paul.

PAUL

What do you mean?

KILROY

The vampire we killed... he was...

PAUL

Young, I know. And this guy isn't,
he's-

KILROY

No, it's more than just age. He
was... inexperienced isn't the
word; more like untamed. A wild dog
is frightening, but a dog trained
for war is an entirely different
animal.

Paul sits up straighter.

KILROY (CONT'D)

Most vampires are creatures of the
night not just literally, but
figuratively. They rule the
streets. From the moment we decided
to make the trip to America, you
better believe Solomon knew about
us.

PAUL

Well then what makes you think we
stand a chance against him? If he's
all-powerful and all-knowing, why
aren't we dead already?

KILROY

Precisely. He has the power to kill
us, this is true, but it is not
absolute, given our awareness and
training. Someone who is unaware,
though, and who has no training,
would be powerless. He knows our
dedication, but yours is in
question.

PAUL

Mickey.

Kilroy nods.

WARD

Take your time and think about it.
But know that as long as he knows
of you and those you love, you
can't be safe.

The group rises. Paul walks towards the exit, Jewel and Wilder get the dishes, Tom walks toward the corner with the guns, and Ward and Kilroy step aside to talk.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL AND MICKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Paul opens the front door and steps inside. A suitcase and a duffel bag are stacked by the front door. Paul looks at them, confused. Mickey comes from out of a back room carrying a bookbag over her shoulder. She ignores Paul, walks over to the bags, and picks them up.

MICKEY

Well, now I don't have to leave a
note, I guess.

PAUL

What's going on?

Paul reaches over to help Mickey with the bags, but she shrugs him away.

MICKEY

I'm going to stay with my mother
until you can figure out your
priorities.

Tears begin to form in her eyes.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

When you decide I'm more important
than your stupid vampire buddies,
then we can talk about me coming
back, but until then...

She starts to cry, and turns her back toward Paul.

PAUL

Oh, no. I forgot. Oh, I completely
forgot, I'm so sorry honey, I
didn't- Mickey turns back toward
Paul.

MICKEY

(yelling)

I don't want to hear it! This was important, Paul! I was an hour late waiting for you, and I spent the entire time making up reasons you weren't there! If you had-

PAUL

Will you just listen? We got him!

Mickey calms down slightly.

PAUL (CONT'D)

He's dead.

MICKEY

The guy that killed Nick?

PAUL

Nothing but ashes.

Mickey visibly relaxes.

MICKEY

So you're done? This is all over?

We can finally-

Paul visibly tenses. Mickey stops.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

What? What is it? You're done, aren't you?

PAUL

Well, see, here's the thing...

Mickey grips her bags tighter.

MICKEY

"The thing."

PAUL

There's another vampire.

Mickey rolls her eyes and begins her exit anew.

PAUL (CONT'D)

This one's bigger! He's worse! He's killed...

Mickey opens the door and steps out.

MICKEY
Just forgot it.

Mickey slams the door. Paul stares at the door for a beat.

PAUL
(yelling)
I thought you said you were behind
me!

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD BARN - DAY

A taxi drops Paul off in front of the barn. Kilroy and Ward are outside squirting the van with super soakers.

KILROY
Hello there!

PAUL
(confused)
Hi...?

Kilroy and Ward stop squirting the van.

KILROY
Oh, it's garlic and oil. We're
covering the van with the scent to
lure Solomon to us.

PAUL
Aren't vampires supposed to dislike
garlic? Doesn't it, hurt them, or
something?

WARD
Aye, but that means they can smell
it from almost as far away as they
can smell blood. With this, we'll
stand out. And hopefully he'll come
after us.

PAUL
So we're trying to trap flies with
vinegar?

Kilroy smiles.

KILROY
Essentially. Now, excuse me for
cutting to the chase, but...

PAUL
Am I in, or out?

Kilroy and Ward nod.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I really don't know. Mickey and I had a bit of a falling out over me continuing, she went to stay with her mom, and now I just... I want to help you guys, I do. But...

WARD
So she's already at her mum's? Thus the taxi?

PAUL
Yeah.

WARD
Then what's the question? She's gone for now, and is probably somewhere safe; Solomon knows where you live, but probably isn't following her parents. She needs some time to simmer. Let her have

WARD (CONT'D)
it. You can talk about it more later.

PAUL
Well, but-

Ward hands Paul his super soaker, turns, and goes inside.

Paul looks at Kilroy.

KILROY
You know we need the help. But you're under no obligation to give it. We won't make you.

PAUL
No, no. It's fine. He's right.
Nothing I can do now.

Paul begins squirting the van. Kilroy waits a moment, then joins him.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD BARN - DAY

Ward and Kilroy stand at the head of a table, with Paul the rest of the VRS seated at the table.

WARD

I could get into more detail, but to make a long story short? Bloke's grave tidings.

JEWEL

So how do we stand a chance against him? If he beat nine of you, how are six of us going to do any better?

KILROY

In Ward's case, they were ambushed. This time, hopefully we'll be the ones doing the ambushing.

TOM

You really think we have what it takes?

Kilroy opens his mouth to speak, but Paul speaks first.

PAUL

If we don't kill him, who will?

Kilroy nods. Tom looks at his feet.

CUT TO:

INT. MICKEY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Mickey and her parents, MRS. GODDARD, 45, and MR. GODDARD, 50, are sitting at the dinner table, eating. A phone on the wall RINGS. Mrs. Goddard rises to get it, looks at the caller ID, then looks at Mickey. Mickey shakes her head.

MRS. GODDARD

Honey, don't you think-

MICKEY

Is he calling from the house phone?

MRS. GODDARD

Well no, but that doesn't mean-

MICKEY

He's still there. No.

Mrs. Goddard puts the phone back and sits down again.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD BARN - NIGHT

Paul is standing alone in the corner, with his cell phone to his ear. The phone BEEPS.

PAUL

Hey, Mick, it's your husband, just wondering what the... no, no, no...

Paul looks at the phone and presses a button.

PHONE VOICE

Message erased. To rerecord your message-

Paul presses another button and puts the phone in his pocket. He walks over to the rest of the group, who's sitting around a table drinking tea and laughing.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD BARN - DAY

Paul and Tom stand outside the barn. Tom holds a stake in his hand. He hands it to Paul

TOM

Alright, now, say I'm the vampire, and I have my back turned. Where do you stake me?

Tom turns around so his back is towards Paul. Paul takes the stake, and holds it against the center of Paul's back, a little below shoulder height.

PAUL

Here?

TOM

No, close though. You're a tad high. Go to about the bottom of the shoulder blades.

Paul lowers the stake.

TOM (CONT'D)

Good, good. Also, a little to the left so you avoid the spine.

Paul lifts the stake. Tom turns to face Paul again.

PAUL
How do I avoid the ribs?

Tom smiles.

TOM
You pray.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. VAN - DAY

Kilroy is driving the van down a suburban road. Paul sits in the passenger seat.

PAUL
So garlic actually physically hurts them?

KILROY
...Sometimes. It's complicated. To be frank, we don't entirely understand it, either. There are

KILROY (CONT'D)
stories of vampires eating garlicky meals, but being pushed to the brink of death by a single unpeeled clove, and then stories that are the complete opposite. All we know is on some level, it works.

PAUL
Which is why we eat it so often.

KILROY
Precisely.

PAUL
But crucifixes and religious stuff?

KILROY
Not much that we could find before, but after Wilder and Jewel's encounter, we're really not certain. Solomon outright ignored the crucifixes Ward's group used, so they probably won't help against him. Doesn't stop some of us from wearing them, though.

PAUL
Better safe than sorry.

KILROY
Precisely.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD BARN - DAY

Wilder is on the floor doing push-ups, with Jewel sitting on his back. Kilroy and Paul enter the barn. Jewel waves.

JEWEL
Hello!

PAUL
Wow. That's actually pretty impressive.

Wilder grunts, and continues doing push-ups.

KILROY
It's the bow. You need a lot of upper body strength to use a bow.

PAUL
Yeah, I guess so.

WILDER
Fifty!

Wilder drops to his knees. Jewel gets off of his back, and he stands.

WILDER (CONT'D)
Yeah, I know, I'm awesome. You don't need to tell me.

Paul indicates towards a nearby teapot.

PAUL
There tea in that?

JEWEL
Sure is.

PAUL
Great.

Paul walks to the teapot and pours himself some tea.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You know, it's weird to think that
before all this, I barely even knew
what tea was. Now I crave it for my
caffeine.

Kilroy laughs. A beat. Paul sips his tea.

KILROY
So if you don't mind my asking, how
are things with Mickey?

Paul SIGHS loudly.

PAUL
I think when I call her on the cell
she knows I'm here. I'm gonna call
her on the house phone tonight.

KILROY
You still haven't spoken to her?
Paul, maybe you should go see her.
It's been how long now?

PAUL
I know, I know. I don't know. We'll
see.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD BARN - NIGHT

Tom is sparring Ward and Wilder with both hands tied behind
his back. Jewel is filming it. Kilroy and Paul are cleaning
up a bunch of paper plates and pizza boxes.

KILROY
I know the night is young, Paul,
but I have a tip I want to check
out, and you mentioned calling
Mickey tonight. You mind if I run
you home a bit early? As in, now.

PAUL
No, not at all.

Paul and Kilroy exit as Tom handily defeats Ward and Wilder,
and Jewel laughs heartily.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL AND MICKEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Paul enters the apartment and collapses on the sofa. He grabs a phone next to the sofa, dials, and waits.

PAUL

Hey, it's, it's me. Paul. Yeah,
I'll wait... Hey Mick. Why
haven't... no, honey, please, I
don't- Yes. Yes, I am. Yes. Mickey
no please don't-

Paul closes his eyes, exhales, and hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. THAT BOOKSTORE ON THE CORNER - NIGHT

Kilroy is standing at the front counter, waiting for the attention of the female CLERK on the other side of the counter, who's currently typing into the computer. Kilroy COUGHS lightly.

CLERK

Oh, sorry. Can I help you?

KILROY

Yes, I'm looking for the owner of
this establishment? He contacted me
looking for a meeting?

CLERK

Owner, or manager?

KILROY

Owner.

CLERK

Cool, you're lucky then. He doesn't
hang around here much, but he's in
the back right now. Can I go get
him for you?

Kilroy nods.

KILROY

Please.

The clerk smiles and nods, then scurries off through a back door. Kilroy busies himself glancing at the various bookshelves.

The back door opens, and SOLOMON, 40-something, steps out.

Solomon is a tall man, at least 6', and is quite fit. His hair is jet black and slicked back, and he sports a bushy moustache. He's wearing a designer suit.

SOLOMON

Hello, Kilroy.

Kilroy looks at Solomon confusedly, as if trying to remember something. Realization creeps over his face.

KILROY

You're the one who told me where to find...

SOLOMON

A win-win situation, really. Either he dealt with you and you were out of my hair, or as occurred, you stopped his rather noticeable antics before they could draw unwanted attention.

Solomon pauses, then chuckles softly, endearingly. He stares straight at Kilroy.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Well, more unwanted attention.

Kilroy's eyes fill with fear, and his jaw hangs agape.

KILROY

No... Solomon grins charmingly.

SOLOMON

I'd shake your hand, but I'm afraid you'd find the gesture quite cold.

Solomon restrains laughter for a moment, before letting loose with a full, deep laughter. Kilroy remains motionless, other than a slight recoil when Solomon begins laughing.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I couldn't resist. As you seem to have figured, I'm Solomon, the owner of this fine establishment.

Solomon's demeanor suddenly changes from warm and open to cold and forbidding. Kilroy shudders and steps back.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

You've done me a favor in destroying that miserable sociopath, so I'll do you one.

(MORE)

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Leave now, and I won't hunt you
down, one by one, and kill you all.

Solomon stares coldly. He draws a business card and a pen from his coat pocket, and scribbles an address on the card.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Since we both know you won't take
me up on my generous offer - yes, I
know how you think, I've been doing
my homework too - this is where
I've been staying. Nice place just
outside the city. However, I'm
leaving three days from now.

If you really are planning on "slaying" me, I'll see you
there. He holds out the card to Kilroy, who slowly reaches
out and takes it.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

I've been ready and able to deal
with you since you arrived in
Baltimore. Please consider my
offer.

Solomon exits the building. Kilroy remains motionless for a
moment, holding the card in his hand, before slamming the
card in his pocket and running out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD BARN - NIGHT

Tom and Paul are sparring, Ward is observing them, and Jewel
and Wilder are cleaning guns. Kilroy enters the barn, pale
and shaky. The rest of the group immediately drops their
activities to rush to him. Jewel helps him to a seat, and Tom
gets him some tea.

WARD

What is it? What happened?

Kilroy ignores the tea offered to him, and looks at Ward.

KILROY

(shaky)

We found him.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD BARN - DAY

The group is finishing loading bags into the car, and is piling in. Paul is about to get in when a police cruiser marked "Sheriff" drives up. The cruiser parks and SHERIFF TOM WILLIAMS gets out, holding a manila folder. Williams approaches Paul.

PAUL

Williams? What are you...

Williams holds the folder out to Paul.

WILLIAMS

I'm sorry I have to do this, Paul. Mick's filing for divorce. This's your summons.

Paul takes it casually.

PAUL

Hey, Tom, don't you still owe me a favor? For that whole, greenhat debacle?

Williams looks down and shuffles his feet.

WILLIAMS

Hell, Paul, don't make this harder than it already is.

PAUL

No, no, this is about something completely different.

Williams looks up, confused.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You know the Stillwater development just outside the city?

WILLIAMS

Yeah?

PAUL

You might get some reports coming in from it. Don't look into them. If you absolutely have to, do it Monday at the very earliest.

Williams looks worried.

WILLIAMS

Paul, what're you-

PAUL

Don. You know me. I wouldn't ask you to do something like this if it wasn't important.

WILLIAMS

Paul, I could lose my job.

PAUL

People could lose their lives.
Trust me.

Williams looks at the horizon and sighs.

WILLIAMS

Shit. Alright. Don't do anything stupid, yeah?

Paul gets into the van. Before he closes the door, Kilroy pipes up.

KILROY

What was that all about?

PAUL

Nothing important. Let's go.

Paul closes the door, and Kilroy drives away. Williams walks back to his cruiser. Paul rolls down the window and throws the folder containing the summons out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOLOMON'S HOUSE - DAY

The VRS pushes the van up in front of a run-down old mansion with yellow caution tape placed strategically at any entrances. Jewel is steering, but otherwise everyone is behind the van, pushing it.

Everyone is dressed as they were when hunting Sam, with the exception of each of them having at least two more pistols, either in hip or shoulder holsters, and extra clips of ammo on their belts.

A large sign taped across the front door reads FORECLOSED, with plenty of smaller print below it. The driveway of the mansion extends so far that, situated where they are at the top of it, the VRS is out of sight of any other human being.

They push the van to a stop at the top of the driveway, and Jewel gets out quietly. Paul and Wilder open the back of the van and carry out a large metal case.

They strain against the weight, but are careful to be quiet. They gently set it right outside the front door. The group huddles around Kilroy.

KILROY

(whispering)

Alright, this is it. He's ready for us, but he may not be waiting. This is what we've been training for.

Some of us will die here. If you have a chance to either kill him or help a teammate, kill him. The help will be meaningless if he doesn't die.

Paul opens his mouth to say something, but Ward shoots him a look and he thinks twice. The group gets in triangle formation at the door, with Tom at the point, followed by Paul and Kilroy, then Ward, Wilder and Jewel. Tom holds up his hand and counts down with his fingers.

INT. SOLOMON'S HOUSE - DAY

The entryway to the mansion is vast and sweeping. A large balcony hangs over the far wall, with twin staircases at either end and a large double door at the center, both on top of the balcony and below. The room is completely bare, save the dusty footprints on the checkerboard floor.

Solomon is on all fours on the wall just above the front door; he crouches as though on the floor. He's dressed in the same outfit as he was in the bookstore.

The door bursts open with a loud dull THUD. Tom runs inside, followed by the rest of the group, in the order they were outside. Tom immediately scans the room and runs deeper into the mansion and out of sight. The rest of the group forms into a semicircle in front of the front door.

Solomon silently creeps lower, then leaps and tackles Kilroy, instantly snapping his neck with a loud CRACK. Still holding the body, he jumps onto the balcony with a single leap and disappears from sight, easily evading the few shots the group is able to get off before he disappears.

PAUL

Holy-

TOM (O.S.)

SHIT!

The double doors on top of the balcony explode open as Tom is hurled through them. He collides with the balcony's railing, which breaks, and he falls to the floor below.

Wilder runs to his side.

Solomon leaps out of the doors on top of the balcony and lands perfectly on Wilder. He throws Wilder at Paul, knocking both over, and charges Ward, slamming him twenty feet. Ward falls through a window and lands outside. Tom rises slowly.

Solomon grabs Jewel, bites into her neck, and sucks twice.

The color completely drains out of Jewel by the time he's finished, and he throws her bloodless corpse aside. He turns to face Paul and Wilder, who dive out the front door and into the sunlight.

Tom charges Solomon, stake in hand, but Solomon turns and easily catches Tom's wrist. Tom ducks as best he can, essentially hanging by the arm Solomon holds, as there's a loud BANG and Solomon lurches. Several more gunshots report from the doorway where Paul and Ward are opening fire, and Tom grabs another stake from his holster.

Solomon lets out an unearthly SHRIEK, drops Tom's arm and kicks him aside, then retreats deeper into the house. Tom runs outside to join Ward, Wilder and Paul.

EXT. SOLOMON'S HOUSE - DAY

Wilder is crouched beside the metal case and has it opened, revealing its contents: an RPG. He takes the RPG and holds it over his shoulder, then crouches in the doorway.

WILDER
Come out, come out, you bloody-

A gunshot rings out, and Wilder slumps over with a hole clean through his head. More gunshots are heard, and Paul, Tom and Ward all run for cover.

Solomon's laughter echoes out from within the mansion, and he walks up to just in front of the doorway, standing immediately outside the range of the sunbeams. There are holes in his clothing where he was shot, but his skin shows no sign of any injury. He's holding an assault rifle.

SOLOMON
Did you honestly think you were the
only ones who could use guns? Now
let's see...

He disappears from the doorway. Paul and Tom look through the windows of the van. Ward is sitting against the van, crying silently. Solomon reappears with a hooked pole about eight or nine feet long. He hooks the RPG and pulls it out of the sunlight, then picks it up.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

This, I haven't used before. How was he holding it?

He holds the RPG over his shoulder, but doesn't crouch. Paul and Tom's eyes grow wide, and they run away from the van.

Ward follows suit. Solomon fires at the van. The van explodes in a gigantic fireball. Paul, Ward and Tom take cover behind a row of bushes. Solomon looks excited.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

That is fun! I'm going to look into getting some of these.

He laughs.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Now look, I got the really annoying one, so those of you still alive can stay that way, if you like. Leave now and I probably won't follow you.

He turns to walk back into the mansion. Paul pokes his head out from behind the bushes.

PAUL

Let us take our dead!

Solomon laughs, and disappears into the mansion, dragging Wilder with the hooked pole as he does. Paul turns back to face Ward.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Why would-

WARD

He's hungry, lad.

Paul looks back toward the now empty doorway, horrified.

TOM

So what do we do now?

Paul's face hardens.

PAUL
We kill the bastard, that's what.

TOM
...What? Didn't he just, slaughter us?

Paul stands and brushes himself off.

PAUL
He was ready for us. Now he's not.

Ward nods in agreement; his eyes are red.

WARD
An attack now is the last thing he'd expect. We can catch him by surprise.

Tom and Ward stand. Paul reloads his gun.

TOM
Ward, I know I can't possibly understand how you feel right now, but this is suicide! We can't-

PAUL
If we don't kill him, who will?

Tom looks at Paul, then Ward, then the ground. A beat. Tom looks at the doorway.

TOM
Shit.

Ward reloads his gun. Tom does too.

PAUL
So what do we do if we're not able to kill him?

WARD
If we fail and somehow still make it out of there alive, we'll be dead come nightfall. So if that does happen, you stay away from Mickey, or he'll find her too. He already might.

Paul looks at the ground and swears under his breath.

PAUL
Let's just not fail, then.

They walk to the door.

INT. SOLOMON'S HOUSE - DAY

They walk inside. There's no sign of the bodies of the others; there's not even any blood. As they cross the room, Paul stops.

PAUL

Wait. Look.

Paul points at the floor. There's a faint square outline in the dust. Tom leans in closer, and feels around the edges.

INT. DARK HALLWAY - DAY

A dark hallway stretches about 50 yards in one direction, lit only by the light coming from a room at the end. A trap door opens slowly and quietly at the top, and light streams in, revealing bare stone walls, and a ladder leading up to the trap door.

Paul climbs down from the trap door, followed by Ward, then Tom. As Tom descends the ladder, he gently closes the trap door above him. The trio creeps down the corridor, towards the light.

INT. SOLOMON'S BASEMENT - DAY

The room is entirely stone, with bare walls. A single halogen light hanging from the ceiling illuminates things.

Large freezers line the far wall, and there's a bar along one side.

Solomon is by one of the freezers carrying Kilroy's body. He casually pops open the lid to the freezer and throws the body inside.

Paul, Ward and Tom crouch just outside the room in the hallway. Ward holds up three fingers, then retracts one, then retracts another, then retracts the last finger. The three jump into the room and open fire on Solomon. Solomon is caught entirely by surprise, and the bullets rip through his body.

WARD

Now, Tom!

Tom drops his gun and runs along the outside of Paul and Ward's fire towards Solomon, drawing a stake as he does.

Just as he reaches Solomon, Paul and Ward stop firing and reload, and Tom lunges at Solomon with the stake.

Solomon immediately ducks and flips Tom over his back. Tom curls into a roll and comes back to his feet, charging Solomon again. Solomon deflects the stake and throws Tom against a wall.

Paul and Ward open fire again, but Solomon dives towards the freezers and hurls one at them. They retreat into the hallway, and the freezer smashes into the wall, blocking the hallway off. Paul jumps on top of the freezer and continues firing, but Solomon grabs another freezer, flips it around and hides behind it.

Tom rises and jumps over the freezer, but as soon as he lands on top of it, Solomon stands and yanks the lid open.

Tom jumps to avoid being thrown by the lid, but Solomon grabs his ankle and throws him into the freezer, slamming the lid down once he's in, and flipping the freezer upside-down.

Ward climbs over the freezer blocking the hallway and begins shooting at Solomon again. Paul opens fire again as well.

Solomon jumps towards the bar, grabs a barstool, and throws it at Paul. It connects with the side of Paul's head.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

CUT TO:

INT. SOLOMON'S BASEMENT - DAY

Paul comes to screaming in pain, pinned to the floor by a freezer that's covering his waist and below. The bar has been broken in half; Tom's body is lying broken in between the halves, as though he was used as a hammer against the bar. Ward's arm sticks out from beneath a freezer.

There's no blood visible at all, and Tom and Ward's bodies both seem completely drained of it, overwhelmingly pale.

Solomon grins over Paul. He clothes are in shreds from being shot to pieces, but he seems perfectly fine.

SOLOMON

You, my friend, were quite lucky. I fully underestimated you and your friends, you caught me completely by surprise. It's ironic, almost; I let my guard down because there was no possible way you three could defeat me, and this led to you almost accomplishing exactly that.

Solomon flips the freezer off of Paul; his legs are completely smashed and broken. Paul whimpers.

PAUL

What do you want with me?

SOLOMON

Right to the point. I can respect that. Me personally, I've always been a talker, but that doesn't keep me from admiring forbearance in others.

Solomon kicks Paul's legs. Paul screams.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

I'd pretend to offer to let you live, only to hunt you down over the next week or so, but given this I don't think it'd be much fun. My apologies, by the way. I didn't intend to throw the freezer on you, but...

Solomon waves his hand. Paul stares at him silently.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Fine, fine, to the point it is. Sam - that is, the minion of mine you destroyed, the other vampire - was a bit of an experiment. I turned him, then left him fatherless in his brave new world, to see what his instincts were, how he'd cope.

Paul looks around the room, and notices one of Tom's stakes lying just out of arm's reach to his left.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

I'd been hoping he would display a modicum of self-control, but within weeks he had gorged himself on more blood than I had tasted in my first few years.

(MORE)

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
He wasn't a complete moron about
it, he went after bums that nobody
would notice, but he still...

Solomon snickers. Paul attempts to struggle himself into a sitting position, but has to stop because of the pain.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
Bit off more than he could chew.
Hah! Sorry, I love puns. Oh, well,
still not at the point yet, am I?
I'll hit it on the head, then: I
want you to replace him.

Paul stops all motion and stares at Solomon, mouth agape.

PAUL
What?

SOLOMON
I've been watching you, Paul. Your
friends thought that I was delaying
out of fear, yes?

Solomon laughs.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
But I was just biding my time. And
Sam's really; he wanted to
slaughter you all, but I made him
hold back, as I wanted to see what
you'd do. And Paul, you met my
expectations and then some.

Solomon crouches near Paul.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
You refused to let anything get in
between you and your prey; not your
friends, not your family, not your
own doubts and inadequacies.

He leans in close to Paul's face.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)
So to the point. I want you to
become a vampire. My vampire.

PAUL
No. No!

Fury boils in Solomon's face. He stands.

SOLOMON
(angrily)
Do you think this is something I
offer simply anyone? I-

Paul glances at the stake, and realization jumps to his face.

PAUL
Sorry, sorry, you just... I'm not,
I'm a little... overwhelmed, right
now.

Solomon shakes his head to clear it, and begins pacing away
from Paul.

SOLOMON
Of course, of course, my apologies.
I'm normally not so blunt.

Paul immediately leans to grab the stake despite great pain.

When he has it within his grasp, he returns to his previous
position, hiding the stake below his left arm. Solomon turns
back to face Paul.

PAUL
What would it entail? Solomon
grins.

SOLOMON
Limitless power, should you live
long enough to grasp it, as I have.
I've learned from my last
experiment, and will carefully
instruct you in the ways of
survival.

PAUL
But the cost... they had mentioned
selling my soul? Do I really have
to...

Solomon laughs and waves a hand.

SOLOMON
Meaningless. Souls are only
noteworthy when they've left your
body. If you never die...

Paul looks away.

PAUL
What do I have to do?

Solomon grabs a large nearby splinter and slits his wrist.

He offers the wrist to Paul. Paul looks down at where the stake is hidden, then takes Solomon's wrist and begins drinking. Solomon rears his head back and laughs.

As he drinks, Paul's legs visibly begin healing. Paul stops drinking, takes the stake in his hand and stabs it straight through Solomon's heart. Solomon immediately slumps over, dead. Paul sighs in relief. He looks at Solomon's body, then back at Solomon's wrist. He grabs it and continues drinking.

CUT TO:

INT. SOLOMON'S HOUSE - DAY

Paul climbs out of the trap door, carrying Solomon's body.

The sun is lower than it was before, so the sunlight reaches further into the house, almost touching the trap door.

Paul walks right up to the edge of the sunbeam, and throws Solomon's body into it. The body immediately ignites, burning away to ash in a matter of seconds. Paul's arm is grazed by sunlight as he throws the body, and he looks down his arm to see a smoldering burn. Paul retreats into the shadows of the house.

BLACK SCREEN

The words "'No price is too high to pay for the privilege of owning yourself.' - Friedrich Nietzsche" appear on the screen in thin white print. The words fade, and are replaced by the words "TWO WEEKS LATER" in bold white print.

CUT TO:

EXT. MICKEY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Paul stands in a small grove of trees behind the house, watching. He's cloaked in shadow. Light streams out of an opened second story window, near the porch. Mickey can be seen crying on Mrs. Goddard's shoulder, with Mr. Goddard standing nearby.

Paul takes three steps and a single jump, and is on the railing of the porch, leaning against the wall, listening to the sounds coming from the open window.

INT. MICKEY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Mr. Goddard walks forward and lays a hand on Mickey's shoulder.

MICKEY

(between sobs)

The last contact I had with him was giving him the divorce papers! And I didn't even do it myself!

MRS. GODDARD

Honey, you couldn't have known, you can't blame yourself.

Mickey steps away from her mother.

MICKEY

But I can! I didn't want to do any of that! I just... I was scared!

MR. GODDARD

And for good reason! Isn't this exactly what you were convinced was going to happen?

MICKEY

(hysterical)

That's not the point! I was so confused... I should've been there for him! We could've worked it out!

Suddenly, Paul is standing in the room with them. In the light, his paler skin is apparent. In addition, though he seems to have built muscle, his skin is gaunt. Mrs. Goddard screams. Mr. Goddard steps in between Paul and the women.

Mickey stops "crying" per se, but the tears don't stop.

PAUL

"We could've worked it out?"

MICKEY

P... Paul?

PAUL

(furious)

"We could've worked it out?!" What the hell is that? How many times did I call you and you didn't answer?

MICKEY

You're alive? But...

Paul steps forward, seeming not to see Mr. or Mrs. Goddard.

Mr. Goddard shrinks back.

PAUL

(yelling)

All it would've taken was for you
to say even a single sentence of
this to me! I was willing to stop
for you, but you never gave me the
chance!

Mickey begins crying again, harder.

MICKEY

I'm sorry! I didn't-

PAUL

(enraged)

You didn't what? You didn't WHAT?
Do you know what I am now, Mickey?
Do you have even the slightest clue
what I am? What I am because of
you?

Mickey shakes her head hysterically. Paul composes himself, taking deep breaths and calming down. Mr. Goddard stands back at his full height, and seems calmer. Mickey and Mrs. Goddard both relax slightly. Paul closes his eyes, takes a final deep breath, and lets it out slowly. He opens his eyes.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

PAUL (O.S., CONT'D)

I'll show you what I am.

ROLL CREDITS

THE END