

A Solitary Evil
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. OKEFENOKEE SWAMP - DAY

The sun blazes down on the inhabitants of the marshy wetland.

Mosquitoes BUZZ incessantly.

An alligator, his cold blood now sufficiently heated, slips from a log into the murky depths.

A water moccasin slides across the glassy surface.

Egrets take flight.

On the edge of the swamp, sits a solitary house. A dilapidated Greek Revival, lived in, but not cared for.

EXT. HOUSE - DUSK

Honeysuckle and Morning Glories grow out-of-control over the stone entrance of the long driveway that leads to the declining shelter.

Homemade "Keep Out" and "No Trespassing" signs forbid entry upon the property.

INT. HOUSE - DUSK

Dark and dreary, the air drips with humidity.

A television plays a rerun, but no one watches.

Thick, dark drapes devour the external light.

A CHOP from the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

A pot boils on the gas stove.

A dead rat lies on a bloody cutting board.

CHOP.

A cleaver separates rat head from rat body. Karin, pale, handsome, grips the handle of the thick blade.

CHOP. CHOP.

The rat's body now in thirds, gets tossed into the boiling pot.

Karin places a wild onion onto the cutting board. Hand and cleaver make quick work of the onion, dicing it into small pieces.

From upstairs, ARRGGRRGH, a dry, raspy cry.

The cleaver pauses.

KARIN
I'm coming, I'm coming.

The diced onion is added to the boiling pot.

Three stirs around the pot, then a ladle fills a soup bowl with bloody gruel. The pale hand sloppily places the bowl onto a serving tray, already equipped with spoon and napkin. Karin picks up the tray for delivery.

Rat soup sloshes this way and that as he walks.

EXT. THE LANDING - NIGHT

People come and go from this south Georgia night spot. Music from a live band filters outside.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

A dive - ten years removed from a much needed renovation and cleaning.

The main room holds about two hundred. Tonight, the crowd's about one-twenty-five; not bad for a Thursday. Most sit at tables talking or mill around the bar.

The band, The Whiskey Chicks, sing an original girl group tune, ala TLC.

LOLA, tall, thin and leggy, belts out the lead vocal clad in a crop top and black mini skirt.

Singing backup, JEANA and WENDY, young and equally hot, dance and harmonize with Lola.

Wendy gets distracted by the Pale Man in the audience with piercing eyes. The man, mid twenties, goatee, seems out of place, stiff, disconnected from the crowd.

Jeana glares at Wendy when she drops a word of the song.

Wendy gives Jeana the "look over there" nod.

Jeana scans the crowd, but the man has disappeared.

Wendy searches all around, then shrugs it off.

Jeana shakes her head as Lola finishes the tune.

The Whiskey Chicks bow to a smattering of applause.

INT. BACKSTAGE - SAME

Lola heads off stage, with Jeana and Wendy close behind.

The Whiskey Chicks' manager, MICHAEL "MIKEY" LEBEAU, a small, weasel of a guy in his early twenties, greets the band as they exit.

MIKEY
Great set Chicks.

LOLA
(to Wendy)
That was some job on the finale.

WENDY
I know. I got distracted.

LOLA
Big surprise.

Mikey rubs his hands together formulating his plan.

MIKEY
You have the hotel room for another night. You guys pack up the gear and come back tomorrow.

JEANA
You're not going to help?

MIKEY
Can't. I have to see a club owner in the ATL about booking you guys for tomorrow night.

LOLA
Mikey, you can't do this to us again.

MIKEY
Sorry, got to go. Be back in Atlanta no later than six tomorrow night.

Mikey leaves through the stage door.

The girls pack up their microphones and stands.

LOLA

Jerk.

WENDY

He's our manager, not a roadie.

JEANA

We're the band, not roadies.

LOLA

So Wendy, what happened on the last song.

WENDY

Really. This guy. . .

JEANA

A guy, that explains it.

WENDY

This guy was so strange.

JEANA

That's funny, coming from you.

WENDY

His eyes. He had these killer eyes.

Lola and Jeana trade a glance.

JEANA

Don't look at me. I didn't see ole
killer eyes.

WENDY

Wasn't it weird how he just disappeared?

LOLA

What's weird is that neither of us saw
him.

WENDY

Come on. I'm not making this up.

Lola straightens.

LOLA

How many UFO's have you seen?

WENDY

Three. And they were all confirmed.

JEANA
Confirmed by who?

WENDY
The internet, silly.

LOLA
The internet saw the UFO's?

WENDY
No, other people on the net. When I see
an unidentified flying object I just go
to ispottedone.com, follow the step by
step sighting notification instructions
and within minutes everyone is talking
about what they saw.

JEANA
You're shitting us, right?

WENDY
Girl scouts' honor.

The girls pick up their bags.

LOLA
Let's blow this pop stand.

JEANA
I think we could all use a little sleep.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The neon sign burns brightly at the roadside stop.
Lola's beat up Honda Civic sits outside room thirteen.

INT. ROOM 13 - NIGHT

Jeana has a bed to herself, while Wendy and Lola share.
The three girls sleep.
Wendy fidgets.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Crickets CHIRP.
An owl HOOTS in the distance.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The serving tray sits across the lap of BILLY, twenty going on one hundred, who lies in bed.

Karin feeds Billy from the rat soup bowl.

KARIN
That's right Billy, drink it down.

BILLY
ARRGGRGH.

KARIN
Take it easy. You'll choke.

Billy coughs.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Told you.

Coughs.

Karin scoops more broth from the bowl. He lifts his hand, but it freezes in mid-air.

Karin's thoughts turn to something else.

INT. ROOM 13 - NIGHT

Wendy's hands flex and her legs jerk, nightmare in progress.

Her body goes quiet.

Eyes still closed, Wendy raises up slightly and turns toward Lola.

Lola sleeps soundly on her side, facing away from Wendy.

Wendy moves closer to Lola.

A flash of Karin's face from the bar.

Wendy's eyes flash open, milk white, no pupils.

Her mouth gapes open wide exposing her teeth.

Wendy buries her teeth into Lola's neck.

Lola leaps from the bed in shock.

Wendy's eyes and mouth have returned to normal.

LOLA
What the hell are you doing?

Lola anxiously feels at her neck.

She looks at her fingers, no blood, just Wendy's spittle.

Jeana stirs from the excitement.

JEANA
What's wrong?

Wendy covers her eyes and shakes her head.

LOLA
The bitch bit me.

WENDY
I had a nightmare.

Lola rushes to the bathroom and flips on the light. She checks her neck in the mirror. A bruise forms almost immediately, but the bite didn't break the skin.

LOLA
A nightmare. I'm the one having the nightmare.

Lola returns and points to her neck.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Check out this shit.

Jeana's skeptical.

JEANA
OK. I get it.

LOLA
Get what?

Jeana sits up in bed.

JEANA
You two.

WENDY
What?

JEANA
I think it's sweet.

LOLA
Have you lost your mind? I was sound
asleep and Wendy bit me.

Lola points at the bruise as she cranes her neck in an
exaggerated fashion.

Jeana studies the wound closely.

JEANA
Looks like a hickey to me.

WENDY
Yeah. It just looks like a hickey. It's
not so bad.

LOLA
Shut up. You tell her what happened.

WENDY
I thought you told me to shut up.

LOLA
Tell her what you did.

Wendy turns to Jeana.

WENDY
I had this dream, about the guy from the
club.

JEANA
The one that we didn't see?

WENDY
Exactly. Then, I turned into a vampire
and bit Lola on the neck.

JEANA
It wasn't just a dream. You really bit
her.

WENDY
I must have been sleep biting or
something.

LOLA
Oh brother.

JEANA
I think you just wanted to get you some
of that.

LOLA
That's enough, Jeana.

WENDY
Yeah.

LOLA
You are one freaky chick.

Lola massages her neck.

WENDY
Sorry I bit you.

LOLA
Is it going to leave a mark?

Wendy and Jeana trade a glance.

JEANA
No way. I bet it's gone by morning.

LOLA
Jeana, swap me spots.

JEANA
No way.

LOLA
Switch with Wendy then.

JEANA
OK.

Wendy pouts.

WENDY
Nobody wants to sleep with me.

EXT. MOTEL - MORNING

Jeana and Wendy carry their luggage to the Civic.

Lola exits the room. She wears a scarf around her neck.

JEANA
That scarf is out of season.

Lola tosses her bag into the trunk of the Honda.

LOLA
I'm not trying to make a fashion statement.

She unwraps her neck.

A dark, black bruise the size of a fist, blemishes her slender neck.

Jeana averts her eyes.

JEANA
Cover that shit up.

Lola glares at Wendy as she wraps her neck.

LOLA
What is my man going to say when he sees this?

JEANA
How about if you put some makeup on it?

LOLA
I plastered it with makeup an inch thick.

WENDY
I heard toothpaste helps.

Wendy receives "that's bullshit" looks from Jeana and Lola.

LOLA
Don't try to help.

JEANA
Come on. It's just a bruise.

LOLA
A bruise that looks like a big fucking hickey.

JEANA
Tell him that Wendy did it.

LOLA
What?

JEANA
Tell him that you and Wendy got a little carried away - but you just made out - nothing happened.

WENDY
Guys love that stuff.

Lola shakes her head.

LOLA
You two have lost your minds.

WENDY
We're just trying to help.

JEANA
And it's almost like the truth.

LOLA
Get in the car. Let's get out of here.

EXT. HIGHWAY - EVENING

The Civic cruises down the road.

The car passes a road sign: "Okefenokee Swamp 1 mile."

INT. CIVIC - SAME

Lola drives.

Wendy rides shotgun. One foot rests on the dash board while she paints her toe nails olive green.

Jeana leans up from the back seat, checking out Wendy's handy work.

JEANA
That color looks like shit.

Wendy's stunned.

LOLA
Baby shit green.

WENDY
It's olive.

JEANA
The hell it is.

The yellow low fuel light illuminates.

LOLA
Shit.

WENDY
It's not shit, it's olive.

LOLA
No, we're nearly out of gas.

Jeana checks the light.

Wendy wiggles in her seat.

WENDY

I need a potty break anyway.

JEANA

Potty break. What are you five?

WENDY

Just because I'm not all hard like you
Jeana . . .

They pass a sign for "Exit 23".

LOLA

Alright, alright, we're getting off right
here.

Lola takes the exit and drives to the end of the ramp.

The girls look left. It's a two lane road, nothing in sight.

They look right, the same.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Any ideas?

WENDY

I vote - turn right.

LOLA

Left it is.

Wendy sits back hard in her seat.

Jeana laughs.

Lola begins her left turn.

WENDY

Why do you even ask?

A HORN blasts.

Lola slams on the brakes.

Wendy SCREAMS.

Jeana grabs for the seat, bracing for impact.

Out of nowhere, a car screams past from the right with a
teenager hanging out the back window.

CAR PASSENGER

Assholes!

JEANA

Where did they come from?

LOLA

What are you screaming about? I got this.

WENDY

You almost got us killed.

JEANA

Can we just go, before this heap runs out of gas?

Lola, Wendy, and Jeana carefully look both ways - checking each direction twice.

INT. CIVIC - LATER

Wendy bounces up and down on her seat.

WENDY

OK. I've really got to go now.

LOLA

Hold your horses.

JEANA

How far have we gone?

LOLA

Almost a mile - and nothing.

The narrow road is skirted on each side by swamp water and marsh.

The car lurches.

WENDY

No.

JEANA

I don't believe this shit.

LOLA

Come on baby, just a little farther.

JEANA

Look. There's a sign.

Off to the left, a driveway that leads to the house in the swamp.

As the car chugs closer, the girls can read the signs.

LOLA
Keep Out.

JEANA
No Trespassing.

The engine dies.

LOLA
Not now.

JEANA
Perfect.

The Civic coasts to a stop near the stone entrance.

JEANA (CONT'D)
What now?

LOLA
Who has the cell?

Beat.

WENDY
Oh, I do.

Wendy digs through her bag on the floor board. A T-shirt, a hair brush, a fake breast augmentation, all spill out.

Finally, she produces the cell phone.

Lola snatches the cell and flips it open.

LOLA
The battery is almost dead.

JEANA
Didn't you charge it?

WENDY
I forgot.

JEANA
Shit. That's great Wendy.

WENDY
I'm sorry OK.

LOLA
There may be juice for one call.

Lola dials.

WENDY
Who are you calling?

LOLA
Eric.

JEANA
Don't call your boyfriend, call Mikey.

LOLA
It's ringing.

The telephone BEEPS. Lola checks it. A message says "low battery".

LOLA (CONT'D)
Come on.

The answering machine picks up at Eric's place. A rap song plays.

JEANA
Well?

LOLA
It's the machine.

JEANA
His message takes forever. Hang up and call Mikey.

The telephone BEEPS.

The answering machine BEEPS.

LOLA
Eric, it's me. We should be home tonight. Car ran out of gas at Exit 23. Call Mikey.

The telephone battery runs dry.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Call Mikey and let him know.

Lola looks at the blank screen on the telephone.

LOLA (CONT'D)
It's dead.

JEANA
How much of the message did you leave
before it shut off?

LOLA
I don't know.

JEANA
What do you mean, you don't know?

LOLA
I don't know when the damn thing shut
off.

WENDY
Perfect.

LOLA
Perfect! You're the one who didn't
charge the phone.

Wendy opens her door and jumps out.

JEANA
You can't just run away.

Jeana and Lola follow.

LOLA
Where are you going?

Wendy heads past the signs and onto the drive.

JEANA
I don't think they're accepting visitors.

WENDY
I've got to pee.

JEANA
Find a bush.

WENDY
Do you know how many people have been
killed by gators this year?

LOLA
No. How many people have been killed by
alligators this year?

WENDY
I don't know. But it's a lot.

Jeana throws up her hands.

Wendy displays an "I've got to pee now" bend at the waist.
Wendy hustles up the drive toward the house.

JEANA
Wait up.

LOLA
I've got a bad feeling about this.

Lola and Jeana reluctantly trot off to catch up.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Wendy freezes at the bottom of the staircase that leads to the porch. Jeana and Lola stop close behind.

JEANA
I thought you were in a hurry?

WENDY
Look.

On the top step, a CROW stands guarding the entrance.

JEANA
It's just a bird.

The black eye of the crow stares Wendy down.

Lola nudges Wendy forward.

LOLA
Go on.

Wendy backs up.

WENDY
I changed my mind. I'll find a bush.

JEANA
Christ, I'll do it. We need to use the phone anyway.

Jeana places a foot on the first step.

The crow CAWS.

Jeana quickly retreats.

LOLA
Come on.

JEANA

I hate fucking birds.

Lola picks up a stick and swats at the bird.

LOLA

Get out of here.

The crow flies away. Taking a perch on a nearby post, the crow CAWS at the intruders.

Lola starts up the stairs.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Let's go you two.

Jeana and Wendy close ranks.

When Lola hits the top step, it CREEKS.

She eases off of it slowly. The board CREEKS again as she picks up her foot.

JEANA

Are we trying to sneak up on somebody?

Jeana pushes past and proceeds to the door.

Nailed to the door, a small sign reads: DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.

Jeana blows it off, raising her hand to knock.

Wendy grabs Jeana's arm before she can rap on the door.

WENDY

Can't you read.

LOLA

This is an emergency.

Jeana pulls her arm free. She knocks right on the sign.

JEANA

Do you want to spend the night out here?

Wendy does a nervous pee dance.

Jeana knocks again, this time more loudly.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

The black and white television plays a rerun of an old situation comedy.

The knock rouses Karin lying on the couch. He sits up slowly.

KARIN

You've got to be kidding me.

Karin rises. He makes his way warily to the front door, but he doesn't answer.

EXT. HOUSE - SAME

The girls see Karin's outline appear through the tattered curtain hanging on the door's window.

JEANA

Here he comes.

WENDY

It's about time.

They wait.

Nothing.

LOLA

What the fuck?

They look at each other.

JEANA

We can see you in there.

WENDY

What's this guy doing?

INT. HOUSE - SAME

Karin rubs his face.

KARIN

Shit.

He opens the door a crack.

EXT. HOUSE - SAME

One of Karin's eyes peeks through the slit between the door and the frame.

KARIN
Did you see the signs?

JEANA
Yeah.

KARIN
But you knocked anyway?

WENDY
We need some help.

KARIN
I took my time. I used wood and paint.
Nailed them up. Keep Out - I really
thought that would do it.

Lola pushes forward.

LOLA
Look. This is an emergency.

KARIN
Not my problem.

LOLA
Our car is out of gas.

KARIN
I'm not running a gas station.

Karin tries to close the door.

Jeana intervenes, blocking the door.

Frustration pours over Karin's face.

JEANA
Hey. We just need to use the phone.
We'll be out of here in thirty seconds.

KARIN
You're not going to go away, are you?

LOLA
Nowhere to go.

Karin's face relaxes as he slowly opens the door.

He extends an arm inviting them inside.

EXT. ERIC'S LOFT APARTMENT - EVENING

The brick building sits in the heart of Atlanta near the King Plow Art District.

INT. ERIC'S LOFT APARTMENT - EVENING

ERIC, late twenties, enters carrying a bicycle on his shoulder. He wears all the gear - biker shorts, U.S. Postal Service racing jersey and an aerodynamic helmet. His pedal clips CLICK as he walks across the hardwood floor.

Eric sits his bike in the corner, then moves to the counter where the answering machine flashes one message.

Eric taps the button.

LOLA
(on machine)
Eric, it's me. We should be home
tonight. The car's out of gas off Exit
23. Call

The message ends.

ERIC
Alright, Lola will be back home tonight.

Eric throws himself on the couch. He closes his eyes for a nap.

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

The girls take a good look around as they enter.

JEANA
The telephone?

KARIN
On the wall in the kitchen. Back there.

Karin points down the hallway.

Jeana heads off in that direction.

Wendy extends her hand.

WENDY
I'm Wendy.

KARIN

Karin.

Wendy giggles.

KARIN (CONT'D)

What?

WENDY

Isn't Karin a girl's name?

KARIN

I spell it with an "i".

WENDY

Oh.

Wendy gives Karin the once over.

Karin checks himself.

KARIN

What?

WENDY

Do I know you from somewhere?

KARIN

No. We've never met.

WENDY

You look very familiar. I bet you get that a lot.

KARIN

No. I don't.

WENDY

Really?

KARIN

I don't get many visitors.

WENDY

Ah, the signs.

KARIN

Right.

Beat.

WENDY

Can I use your bathroom?

KARIN
Do I have a choice?

Wendy shrugs.

KARIN (CONT'D)
On the second floor, you will see five doors. Two on each side and one at the end of the hall. The one at the end is the bathroom.

WENDY
Thanks, Karin.

As she passes, Karin takes her arm. His hand on her arm sends a creepy shiver through Wendy.

KARIN
Don't bother with the other doors. Those rooms are a mess. OK?

WENDY
Sure.

Karin releases his grip.

Wendy hurries up the stairs. Her footsteps can be heard as she goes down the hallway and enters the bathroom.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

The place is a 1960's olive green remodel job.

Jeana spots the matching green telephone hanging on the wall and picks up the receiver.

The telephone is dead.

JEANA
You're kidding.

She operates the lever up and down, trying for a dial tone.

Nothing.

Jeana follows the cable down the wall and finds that the cord is not plugged into the jack on the base board.

She snaps the plug into the jack.

JEANA (CONT'D)
There we go.

Again, she listens for a dial tone.

Silence.

JEANA (CONT'D)

Shit.

She hangs it up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Karin and Lola stand around awkwardly.

LOLA

Lived here long?

KARIN

Yeah.

LOLA

I like what you've done with the place.

KARIN

It's a real looker.

LOLA

Sort of a post-apocalyptic, Greek destructive period.

KARIN

Something like that.

Beat.

KARIN (CONT'D)

What happened to your neck?

Having forgotten the bruise, Lola quickly attempts to cover it with her hand.

Lola points up in Wendy's direction momentarily, then returns her hand to her neck.

LOLA

Wendy . . . a -- I burned it with a curling iron.

KARIN

The neck is a very sensitive area. You have to be more careful.

LOLA

I guess so.

Jeana returns.

JEANA
Your phone's not working.

KARIN
It's not?

JEANA
No. Do you have another one?

KARIN
That's it. I don't use it much.

JEANA
Can we send an e-mail?

KARIN
No computer.

ARRGGRGH, the guttural sound of human suffering from upstairs.

JEANA
Wendy.

Jeana and Lola move toward the staircase.

KARIN
No, no. That's just Billy.

LOLA
Billy?

KARIN
I take care of him.

LOLA
Someone else lives here with you?

KARIN
Yes.

JEANA
What do you mean, you take care of him?

KARIN
Well, he was in this terrible accident
and can't take care of himself, so I do.

LOLA
And Billy is your . . . ?

KARIN
Cousin.

JEANA
Cousin. Right.

The door opens and closes to the upstairs bath.

Jeana, Lola, and Karin look up, their eyes follow the sound of Wendy's steps down the hallway.

The steps stop.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Outside the first door, Wendy takes in a deep breath.

Wendy opens the door.

WENDY
Hello?

Nobody there. Just an old bed frame and dirty mattress.

She steps to the other side of the hallway and opens a door.

Nothing unusual inside.

WENDY (CONT'D)
Anybody there?

Wendy moves down and opens the third door.

Again nothing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Karin starts up the stairs.

KARIN
I'll just go check on your friend.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Wendy opens the last door.

She SCREAMS bloody murder.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Karin only reaches the third step before the scream freezes him.

Jeana and Lola spring into action, pushing Karin aside as they rush up the staircase.

KARIN

I said, don't open the other doors,
understand?

KARIN (CONT'D)

(mocking Wendy)
Sure, I understand.

Karin stays put. Leaning against the wall, he closes his eyes, dropping his head in disbelief.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wendy stands frozen at the foot of Billy's bed as Jeana and Lola arrive at the room.

The smell fills their noses and waters their eyes.

Lola gags and dry heaves from the stench.

JEANA

Awe Jesus. Something died in here.

Billy, early twenties, lies motionless in bed fully covered to the chin by a wool blanket. A black rag blindfolds his eyes.

The bluish veins and arteries show through the transparent skin of Billy's gaunt, pale face.

Jeana steps closer to Billy.

Lola places an arm around Wendy's shoulders.

LOLA

Are you alright, Wendy?

WENDY

Is it dead?

JEANA

It's Billy.

WENDY

You know this guy?

LOLA
No. Karin told us about him.

JEANA
We heard him scream just a minute ago.

JEANA (CONT'D)
He's not moving.

LOLA
Is he breathing?

WENDY
Who's Billy?

LOLA
Karin's cousin.

JEANA
He takes care of him.

WENDY
He's doing a shitty job.

Jeana draws closer, putting her ear near Billy's mouth.

LOLA
This is despicable. Who would let
someone live like this?

Jeana listens for breath sounds.

WENDY
We've got to tell someone about this.

Suddenly, Billy arches, taking in a gasp of air with the
massive spasm.

Jeana straightens.

JEANA
Son of a bitch.

WENDY
Do something?

JEANA
What?

The spasm subsides. Billy labors for each quick, shallow
breath.

Jeana leans forward, reaching for the blanket.

LOLA
Let's get Karin.

WENDY
Let's just get out of here.

Jeana looks at her companions, then slowly pulls back the covers.

LOLA
Jeana don't.

A new wave of horrific odor fills the air.

This time, Lola vomits.

Jeana covers her mouth and nose, breathing through her sleeve.

Leather straps bind Billy's wrists and ankles to the bed frame. His emaciated body makes the single bed seem large.

A dirty adult diaper serves as his only clothing.

Small round sores cover his entire body.

WENDY
He's in bad shape.

Lola regains her composure a bit.

LOLA
How could anyone live through this?

Sounds gurgle from Billy's throat.

WENDY
What's he saying?

JEANA
I don't know.

Jeana bends down to listen, again placing her ear near his mouth.

JEANA (CONT'D)
I can't make it out.

Billy spasms, this time raising his head, mouth wide open like he's about to bite an apple. There is not a tooth in his head.

LOLA
What's he doing?

WENDY

I think he tried to bite Jeana.

Jeana picks up a jar from the night stand. Inside are Billy's teeth, pulled out roots and all.

Four large fangs stand out among the others.

Jeana rattles the teeth around in the jar.

JEANA

That would be a little hard without these.

Jeana tosses the jar to Lola, who examines the contents.

Jeana looks into Billy's gaping mouth.

JEANA (CONT'D)

No tongue either.

WENDY

Who would do such a thing?

Jeana and Lola know.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Karin?

LOLA

Not so loud.

Lola moves to Jeana's side.

JEANA

We've got to get out of here.

LOLA

What about Billy?

WENDY

We can't just leave him.

JEANA

Look at him. He can't be moved. He'd never make it.

Billy's body lies lifeless.

LOLA

He stopped breathing again.

JEANA

Billy, we're here to help you.

No response from Billy.

Jeana removes the blindfold from Billy's eyes.

His eyes bulge from his skull.

The eyelids have been cut away.

The light blinds him. Billy thrashes and groans.

WENDY

Oh shit. Do something. Help him. Make him stop.

Jeana attempts to replace the blindfold, but Billy's spasm makes it impossible.

JEANA

Hold him down.

LOLA

I'm not touching him.

JEANA

Hold him down.

LOLA

No way.

Wendy rushes in to help. She places her body across Billy's chest.

Karin enters the room.

KARIN

What are you doing? You're going to kill him.

Jeana and Lola step aside.

Karin snatches the blindfold from Jeana's hand.

KARIN (CONT'D)

Hold him tight.

The spasms bounce Wendy up and down.

WENDY

I'm trying.

After some difficulty, Karin manages to replace the blindfold.

The struggle proves too much for Billy. His lungs collapse after a long exhale.

LOLA
Is he dead?

Karin rubs his forehead.

The stress forces him to pace back and forth.

KARIN
I've kept him alive for two years, and you three managed to kill him in ten minutes.

WENDY
We're sorry.

JEANA
Who treats somebody like this anyway?

KARIN
Don't judge me.

LOLA
He's probably better off.

Karin can not contain his anger.

KARIN
Better off? What do you know about it?

The girls take a step back.

WENDY
Calm down. They didn't mean it.

He tries to compose himself. Karin paces, talking to himself out loud.

JEANA
We will just be going now.

LOLA
Yeah, get out of your hair.

KARIN
Two years. I put up signs. Keep Out. No Trespassing. Don't even think about knocking. You can't come in. But, they won't listen. I tell her not to open the doors upstairs, she opens the doors upstairs.

The girls are a little frightened and want out of there.

Karin pauses at the door and closes it. With his back to the girls, he places his forearm on the door and rests his head on it.

WENDY

We really are sorry.

KARIN

Now, I have a big problem.

JEANA

What is it? Can we help?

KARIN

Yes.

WENDY

Do you want us to help with the body?

LOLA

No way. Count me out.

KARIN

It's not that. I need one of you to take his place.

WENDY

What? What's he talking about?

JEANA

None of us are taking Billy's place.

LOLA

This is bullshit man, let's get out of here.

KARIN

This is no bullshit. Billy there was my - meal ticket.

Jeana gestures toward Billy.

JEANA

What? You got paid to take care of him.

KARIN

Let's just say, I fed him and he fed me.

LOLA

That's it. I'm out of here.

Lola moves to the door.

Karin wheels around revealing his piercing eyes and vampire fangs.

KARIN
(booming roar)
You're not going anywhere.

Jeana, Wendy and Lola flit around the room like moths around a flame. Each searches desperately for a means of escape.

KARIN (CONT'D)
There's nowhere to run.

Jeana stops.

LOLA
There's three of us, and one of him.

WENDY
But what is he?

JEANA
Let's get him.

Jeana rushes Karin.

Lola seeing the attack follows.

A backhand from Karin sends Jeana flying across the room.

The impact destroys the night stand.

Broken glass, teeth and fangs fly from the broken jar.

Limp and unconscious, Jeana's body slips to the floor.

LOLA
You mother

Lola slaps Karin across the face.

Nothing.

Karin grabs Lola by the hair, forcing her head backward as he pulls her close.

His eyes fall on Lola's exposed, bruised neck.

Mouth open wide, his fangs glimmer.

Just before he buries his teeth, Wendy attacks with a vase.

WENDY
Stop hurting my friends.

The vase crumbles against his head.

Karin shakes it off, momentarily surprised, but not injured.

He punches Lola hard in the face, breaking her jaw.

The force of the blow blasts blood and saliva from her mouth. The thick, crimson ooze, splashes against the wall.

Her head snaps to the right from the impact, then returns to the center. Like a beaten prize fighter, Lola drops like a rag doll. Her body twitches, face contorted from the dislocated jaw.

Wendy backs away. Her nerves shattered, tears stream down her face.

WENDY (CONT'D)
Please. Please don't hurt me.

He slaps Wendy across the face.

She cries out.

WENDY (CONT'D)
What do you want?

Karin slaps her again and she drops to her knees.

Wendy disappears, blocked by Karin's form.

Black.

Wendy screams.

EXT. ERIC'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

The streets in the art district are quiet after business hours.

INT. ERIC'S LOFT APARTMENT - SAME

Drool streams from the corner of Eric's mouth.

The telephone rings, waking him with a start.

Eric ambles over and picks up the telephone.

ERIC
Yeah.

MIKEY (O.S.)
Eric, it's Mikey.

ERIC
Mikey, what's up?

MIKEY (O.S.)
You seen Lola.

ERIC
Not yet. You haven't heard from them?

MIKEY (O.S.)
No.

ERIC
I had a message. Said they ran out of gas at exit twenty something.

MIKEY (O.S.)
Well, they never made it back.

ERIC
Did you try the cell?

MIKEY (O.S.)
Yeah. It's not working. Wendy probably didn't charge the damn thing.

ERIC
That explains why the message cut off in mid-sentence.

MIKEY (O.S.)
I don't like this.

ERIC
Do you think something happened to them?

MIKEY (O.S.)
I don't know.

ERIC
What do we do?

MIKEY (O.S.)
I think I'm going to go look for them.

ERIC
Swing by and pick me up. I'll go with you.

MIKEY (O.S.)
Listen to that message again and get the
exit number.

ERIC
Will do.

MIKEY (O.S.)
See you in ten.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Karin spoons broth into Billy's mouth.

KARIN
They thought you were dead, Billy boy.

Billy gurgles.

KARIN (CONT'D)
That's right. Those girls didn't know
that my Billy boy is virtually
indestructible.

Billy arches slightly.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Anyone who can live off my rat and
cockroach soup for two years deserves
some sort of medal.

Billy thrashes a little.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Settle down now or I'll take your
blindfold off.

Billy ceases.

KARIN (CONT'D)
That's better.

Karin's attention turns to a muffled noise down the hall.

KARIN (CONT'D)
I'd better go check on those three.
Sounds like someone's waking up.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Karin enters and faces the door across the hall. He turns an
ear toward the door, listening for signs of life.

He taps on the door twice and then swings it open.

INT. LOLA'S ROOM - SAME

Lola lies with arms and legs tied to the four posts of the bed. Still unconscious, a bloody drool oozes from the side of her mouth.

Karin moves closer, studying Lola's dislocated chin.

He dips a finger into the bloody spital, then licks it off. Karin's eyes close, a shiver of ecstasy races through his body.

KARIN

Tasty.

After a moment, he composes himself.

With one hand on her forehead and the other on her chin, Karin snaps Lola's jaw back into place.

CRACK.

He rolls her head from side to side, admiring his handiwork.

The muffled sound from down the hall, again captures his attention.

Karin investigates.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Karin taps on the door to the room next to Lola's.

Behind him, the muffled sound.

Karin turns and opens the door.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Out on the road, a car comes to a stop behind Lola's.

Eric and Mikey slowly exit the vehicle.

ERIC

It's their car all right.

Eric looks inside the windows of Lola's car. He tries the door. It's open.

Mikey reads the signs.

MIKEY

Keep Out. No Trespassing. Perfect place
to run out of gas.

ERIC

All of their stuff is still in here.

The men look down the dark lane toward the house.

MIKEY

What do you think?

ERIC

I don't know.

MIKEY

It's creepy as hell.

ERIC

Think they're in there?

MIKEY

I don't know.

ERIC

Let's go check it out.

MIKEY

I'll wait here with the cars, you go
check it out.

ERIC

I think that we should stick together.

MIKEY

But the cars?

ERIC

Who is going to mess with the cars out
here?

MIKEY

You never know when a hill-billy might
stroll by.

INT. WENDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

In the back of the room, a bed frame, standing on end, is
attached to the wall.

Wendy's strapped upside down on the frame, feet in the air. She's wide awake and struggling for freedom, her voice muffled by gray electrical tape.

The plaid miniskirt falls over her waist, revealing the black boy pants that she wears underneath.

Karin enters and squats down beside her.

The electrical tape pulses in and out as Wendy breathes.

KARIN
You doing OK?

The tape muffles Wendy's reply, rendering it inaudible.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Let me get that.

Karin rips the tape from her mouth.

WENDY
Son of a bitch.

KARIN
Your face is a little red.

He places the back of his hand across her crimson cheek.

WENDY
Please let me go.

She pleads with puppy dog eyes.

Wendy's warm skin sends a shiver through his body.

KARIN
The blood warms your flesh.

WENDY
Don't hurt me.

Karin pushes her head to one side. His thumb prods the bulging blood vessel on her neck.

Wendy shakes her head free.

A tear streaks down the side of her forehead.

KARIN
If I sank my teeth into that vein, your blood would leak out all over the place.

WENDY
What are you?

KARIN
What am I?

WENDY
Some sort of vampire or something?

Karin chuckles.

KARIN
I'm just a guy, who wanted to be left the
fuck alone.

WENDY
Where's Jeana? Where's Lola?

KARIN
I think you might want to just worry
about yourself for now.

Karin stands. He runs the back of his index finger down the
inside of Wendy's thigh along her femoral artery.

WENDY
Don't.

The harshness of her tone stops Karin at the hem of the boy
pants.

KARIN
Don't what?

Wendy softens, pleading again.

WENDY
Please don't hurt me.

Karin kneels again.

KARIN
You're the one.

WENDY
No.

KARIN
I've picked you.

Wendy thrashes, shaking her head emphatically.

WENDY
What? Picked me for what?

Beat.

Karin stands.

KARIN
To take Billy's place.

Karin buries his fangs deep into Wendy's muscular inner thigh severing her femoral artery.

Wendy SCREAMS in pain and terror.

EXT. HOUSE - SAME

The SCREAM focuses Eric's and Mikey's attention on the house.

ERIC
Lola.

Eric tears off toward the house.

MIKEY
What the fuck?

Mikey struggles with what to do. He watches Eric run down the drive.

He looks at the cars.

Hesitant, Mikey checks the ground, summoning some courage.

MIKEY (CONT'D)
Wait up man.

Mikey begins a slow jog to the house. He's in no hurry to run head long into danger.

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Eric arrives at the base of the steps. He pauses, reading the sign: "Don't Even Think About It."

He checks behind him, Mikey catches up, out of breath.

ERIC
What do you think?

MIKEY
Don't Even Think About It. The sign says
it all.

A SCREAM from inside. This time weaker, yielding.

Eric springs up the steps.

Mikey spots a broom stick and breaks the wooden handle in half. He wields his newly found weapon through the air like a saber.

Eric bangs the door with his fist. Unlatched, the door swings open.

INT. WENDY'S ROOM - SAME

Wendy, her face now pale and serene, hangs on to life. Her shallow breathing barely expands her chest.

Karin sits on the floor, breathing heavily. He runs a hand over his bulging belly, gorged on Wendy's blood.

Karin licks his mouth, ringed by the thick red liquid.

Karin stops when he hears the door swing open.

KARIN

What now? Can't anyone read anymore?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eric and Mikey enter the room and look around. They come to the stair case.

ERIC

I'll check upstairs. You look down here.

MIKEY

I thought we were supposed to stick together?

ERIC

Just do it.

MIKEY

Alright already.

Eric moves cautiously up the stair case.

Mikey gets distracted by the television program.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Eric studies the corridor. It's quiet.

He turns the knob on the first door on the left, Billy's room, and pushes the door open.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - SAME

Billy lies in bed, tucked in neatly beneath the covers.

From the doorway, Eric can't see the face.

The pungent odor forces him to cover his nose.

ERIC

Lola?

He steps closer.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Wendy? Jeana?

At the bedside, Eric cringes at the site of Billy.

Billy sighs, startling Eric who steps back momentarily.

Eric pulls back the covers revealing the straps around Billy's wrists and ankles.

ERIC (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

Eric removes the wrist straps.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'm going to get you out of here Dude.

Billy springs up, grabbing Eric with all his might.

ERIC (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Billy's hissing, fangless mouth gums at Eric's neck. He pulls Eric down on top of him.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Get off me man. I'm trying to help you.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Mikey hears the ruckus upstairs and sprints off to Eric's aid.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - SAME

Billy and Eric flail about the bed.

Billy's long, uncut nails penetrate Eric's clothing and dig into his back.

ERIC
You son of a bitch.

Eric tries everything, but he can't break free.

Billy's slimy mouth coats Eric's neck with a thick ooze.

Mikey arrives in the doorway.

MIKEY
What the fuck man?

ERIC
Get this thing off of me.

Mikey smacks Billy across the back with the broom stick.

No affect.

Billy's nails cut into Eric's back. Blood spills from the wounds.

MIKEY
I can't get it off.

The smell of blood works Billy into a frenzy.

ERIC
Kill the mother fucker.

Mikey looks at the sharp end of his broom, then at Eric's back.

With one thrust, the broomstick pierces Billy's back and slices through his heart.

Billy gasps, his body becomes rigid. There is no blood. His skin cracks like parched earth in the desert.

MIKEY
What the hell is that thing?

Eric finally escapes Billy's grasp.

Billy explodes into a thousand pieces of charcoal-like rubble.

The explosion sends Eric and Mikey to the floor, covering them with small pieces of Billy.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Have you ever seen anything like that?

ERIC

Hell no.

When Mikey notices the Billy rubble on him, he stands quickly and feverishly brushes it away.

Eric examines the wounds covering his shoulders.

ERIC (CONT'D)

That little son of a bitch tore my ass up.

MIKEY

This is some sick shit.

ERIC

Come on. Let's find the girls and get out of here.

They start to move, then realize Karin has stepped into the room.

KARIN

Did you guys see the signs?

MIKEY

Signs?

KARIN

The signs. You know, Keep Out, No Trespassing.

ERIC

Look man we're sorry. We're just looking for some girls.

KARIN

This isn't a pick-up joint.

Karin stands on his toes to get a better view of the bed behind Eric and Mikey.

KARIN (CONT'D)

Where's Billy?

Eric and Mikey look at the bed.

MIKEY
Who's Billy?

KARIN
Billy is my cousin, and he was asleep in
that bed.

MIKEY
That thing was your cousin?

ERIC
Dude. We don't know any Billy. All we
want is to find the girls and we'll be on
our way.

Eric steps forward.

Karin slams the door, using an unseen supernatural force.

KARIN
I think we're going to have to talk this
out first.

Mikey slaps the broom stick against the palm of his free
hand.

MIKEY
We've had enough talk for one day.

ERIC
Where are the girls?

Karin shakes his head, staring at the ground.

MIKEY
Their car's outside man.

KARIN
Alright.

In one lightning quick move, Karin takes the broomstick from
Mikey and returns to his original position.

Karin slaps the broomstick against his open hand, mimicking
Mikey.

Mikey astonished, can't believe it.

MIKEY
How did you do that?

ERIC
We don't want any trouble.

MIKEY
We just want the girls.

ERIC
Then we'll be on our way.

KARIN
Can't let you do that.

ERIC
Can't let us do what?

KARIN
Can't let you leave. Not alive anyway.

Mikey swallows hard.

MIKEY
Let's just bust this fucker up.

Before Mikey can move, Karin runs the stake through Mikey's eye.

KARIN
That's for Billy.

ERIC
What the fuck man?

Eric breaks for the door and into the hallway.

Karin removes the stick from Mikey's head, leaving a fleshy hole behind.

Mikey collapses to the floor.

As Karin turns to leave, he drops the broom stick to the floor. The bloody stake rolls under Billy's bed.

Karin pounces on Mikey. He displays his fangs before biting Mikey's neck.

Mikey's body convulses slightly as Karin drains his blood.

Karin's eyes lock onto Eric in the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Eric scans left and right.

ERIC
Lola.

Eric turns and sees Karin's eyes fixed on him.
He flies through the door across the hall.

INT. LOLA'S ROOM - SAME

Two steps into the room Eric stops.

Lola raises her head.

Eric smiles.

ERIC

Lola.

Eric rushes to her side.

ERIC (CONT'D)

You OK honey?

Lola nods.

Eric looks over his shoulder.

Karin still feeds on Mikey across the hall.

Eric struggles to unfasten the strap on her wrist.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'm going to get you out of here.

Lola's eyes grow wide with fear.

Eric stands.

Eric's smile fades as he looks down.

An arm protrudes from inside Eric's chest.

The hand clutches Eric's still beating heart.

It's Karin. With his left hand, he pushes Eric's dying corpse forward, face first to the floor.

Karin examines the heart that he clutches in his bloody hand.

Lola spasms with agony.

KARIN

Do you know this guy?

Tears streak down Lola's cheeks.

Karin holds the heart above his mouth, squeezing the blood out.

The heart takes its final beat.

Karin uses his sleeve to wipe his bloody mouth.

KARIN (CONT'D)
I mean, did you know this guy? Past tense.

Lola thrashes and struggles.

Karin drops the heart.

The raw muscle splats onto the floor.

KARIN (CONT'D)
That's enough excitement for one day. I think I'll catch a little TV.

Karin slams the door behind him.

After Karin leaves, Lola turns as far as she can to see Eric.

Eric's eyes gape wide open.

Lola falls back onto the bed, weeping.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The light from the television illuminates Karin stretched out on the couch. With one hand, he rubs his full belly.

The whiff of a putrid odor wrinkles his nose. He sits up on the couch, breathing in deeply.

KARIN
Rotting already? Hot ass weather.

Karin makes for the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Karin squints through the strong odor.

He throws open Billy's door. The smell, even stronger now, forces him to turn away.

KARIN
Shit. That's even worse than Billy.

INT. LOLA'S ROOM - SAME

Karin opens the door hard, banging it against the wall.

Lola jerks from the sound.

Flies swarm around the decaying heart and rotting flesh.

KARIN

You live like a slob.

Karin rips the tape covering Lola's mouth.

Lola grunts in pain.

KARIN (CONT'D)

You and your friend have some work to do.

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

In the back yard, Karin sits in a lounge chair sipping a glass of dark red blood.

Lola and Jeana stand waist deep in holes with shovels in their hands. Sweat pours from their bodies, soaking their clothing.

Next to each hole, lies a body. Eric next to Lola's hole, Mikey near Jeana's.

Lola whimpers as she digs. She is nearly all cried out.

JEANA

You all right?

KARIN

No talking over there.

Lola nods, she's OK.

Jeana pauses to inspect her hands. Her palms bleed and ooze from busted blisters.

JEANA

Did you kill Wendy?

KARIN

You're only digging two holes, right?

JEANA

So, where is she?

KARIN
In her room, upstairs.

JEANA
Did you hurt her?

Karin doesn't answer.

LOLA
He hurt her. He hurts everyone.

KARIN
That's deep enough. Put them in.

Lola and Jeana climb from the shallow graves.

First, the girls pick up Mikey and place him in his grave.
Then, Eric is laid to rest.

KARIN (CONT'D)
You forgot a piece of that one.

Lola and Jeana turn.

On the ground lies Eric's heart, covered in dirt.

Lola snuffles. Another tear breaks down her face.

Jeana moves toward the crusty heart.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Wait. She can get it.

Lola glares at Karin. She wipes the tear, and with new resolve picks up the dismembered organ.

She kneels down and places the heart ever so softly into Eric's gaping chest cavity.

Jeana kneels beside her and prays.

JEANA
Our father, who art in heaven

Karin rolls his eyes.

Lola joins the prayer.

LOLA/JEANA
. . . hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom
come, thy will be done on earth

Lola's head snaps back from the impact of Karin's kick in the back. She falls forward into the grave on top of Eric.

KARIN
Give your boyfriend one last kiss while
you're in there.

Jeana leaps to her feet.

JEANA
Why did you do that? What's wrong with
you?

Lola shakes her head, attempting to ward off the cob webs.
She raises herself, now face to face with Eric.

Lola grips something under Eric's clothes. She works the
item from his pocket - his cell phone.

She hides the cell under her clothing, being careful to
shield it from Karin.

KARIN
What's wrong with me? I just wanted to
be left alone. I live in a swamp. I
post signs to keep out. You came here.
I didn't come to you.

Lola crawls from the hole, rubbing her neck.

LOLA
That's not true.

KARIN
What?

LOLA
You're lying.

KARIN
No, I'm not.

Lola struggles to her feet.

LOLA
Wendy saw you at the club last night.

KARIN
I was here last night. Not at some
sleazy club.

JEANA
That's right. And she saw you in her
nightmare.

KARIN
I was here. You said it yourself, she
was dreaming.

JEANA
She bit Lola on the neck.

LOLA
That part seemed pretty fucking real.

Karin contemplates the situation.

KARIN
Fill in these holes.

Karin rubs his chin.

Lola and Jeana grab the shovels and throw dirt onto their
dead friends.

KARIN (CONT'D)
You're serious.

JEANA
Dead serious.

Karin shakes his head.

KARIN
Fucking Billy.

LOLA
Billy?

KARIN
It had to be Billy.

JEANA
That poor boy that you kidnapped and
tortured?

KARIN
I'll admit, Billy was a tough little
fucker. Lasted two years. That's
eighteen months longer than anyone else.

JEANA
Anyone else? How many others were there?

KARIN
I don't know, forty, fifty, a hundred.

Distracted, Karin reflects on Billy's strength.

LOLA
You can't blame our being here on Billy.

KARIN
You should have seen the way he went
after your boyfriend. If he still had
his fangs . . .

Karin realizes that Lola probably doesn't need to hear this.

KARIN (CONT'D)
I'm just saying, if that other dude
hadn't come along, Billy could have done
some real damage.

LOLA
Mikey killed Billy?

KARIN
Billy never saw it coming. Staked him
right through the heart.

LOLA
Where's Billy?

KARIN
A million little pieces. Now, finish the
holes.

Karin returns to his chair.

JEANA
How long have you been doing this?

KARIN
Doing what?

JEANA
You said Billy lasted longer than the
others.

KARIN
Yeah. About ten years I guess.

LOLA
You're a sick son of a bitch.

Karin shrugs his shoulders and sips his glass of blood.

EXT. BACK YARD - LATER

The holes now full, Jeana and Lola drop the shovels.

Karin sits up.

KARIN
What are you doing?

JEANA
We're done. They're buried.

KARIN
I need two more holes.

JEANA
What for?

Karin looks at Lola, then at Jeana.

KARIN
Just dig.

JEANA
I'm not digging my own grave.

Karin stands.

KARIN
I'll just kill you now then.

JEANA
Why are you such a fucking asshole?

Karin steps forward aggressively.

Lola steps between Jeana and Karin.

LOLA
We'll do it. We'll do it.

Lola pushes Jeana back.

JEANA
What are you doing?

LOLA
This is no time to get into a pissing
contest, Jeana.

KARIN
Listen to your friend. She's making good
sense.

Lola whispers to Jeana.

LOLA
Come on. We've got to stay alive as long
as possible.

JEANA
(to Karin)
Jerk.

Lola picks up the shovels and hands one to Jeana.

Jeana snatches it from her hand.

KARIN
Besides, if I kill you, Lola will have to
dig both holes.

Jeana wields the shovel at Karin.

He catches it by the handle.

Shock rushes to Jeana's eyes.

KARIN (CONT'D)
You don't want to make your friend do all
of the work, do you?

A side kick by Karin impacts her sternum, forcing out every
last bit of air.

Holding her stomach, Jeana collapses, gasping for oxygen.

Karin raises the shovel above his head, ready to deliver the
death blow.

Lola intercedes, draping her body over Jeana.

LOLA
Stop.

Karin hesitates.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Don't kill her. We'll dig the holes.
We'll do whatever you want.

Karin lowers the shovel, then tosses it to the ground.

KARIN
Any more trouble and I will suck the life
right out of her.

LOLA
OK. We've got it.

KARIN
Or maybe I'll let Wendy do it.

Lola glares.

LOLA
You did hurt her.

KARIN
Hurt is the wrong word. I changed her.
Trust me, she enjoyed every minute of it.

Jeana's breath slowly comes back to her.

LOLA
So, she's like Billy now.

KARIN
No, no. She's much better looking than
Billy.

Lola helps Jeana to her feet.

JEANA
Billy was a breathing corpse.

KARIN
When you met him, he had already been
through so much.

Lola and Jeana start the new holes.

JEANA
You mean, you put him through so much.

KARIN
I had to make a choice. I could go out
and feed on a new victim every night or I
could pick someone, keep them alive to
feed on.

JEANA
You forgot one option.

KARIN
Yeah, what's that?

JEANA
Falling on a fucking stake.

KARIN
I don't know why I bother.

Jeana rips the material from the bottom of her shirt and wraps it around her blistered palms.

Karin stares at the bloody sores. The sight of blood stirs his thirst.

Jeana catches his stare and holds out her bloody hand, palm up.

JEANA
You want to lick this clean.

Karin licks his lips.

LOLA
Jeana.

Jeana doesn't respond.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Jeana.

JEANA
What?

LOLA
Dig.

KARIN
I'm not hungry now, anyway.

Jeana takes the advice and digs.

EXT. BACK YARD - LATER

Lola and Jeana sit on the edges of their own graves. Dirt and sweat covers their clothes and bodies.

Jeana grimaces as she unrolls the cloth protecting her blisters. The bloody rag sticks to her tender skin.

LOLA
So, what now?

JEANA
You kill us?

KARIN
Not today.

LOLA
When?

KARIN
Whenever I feel like it, or if Wendy gets hungry.

LOLA
I can't believe you're doing this to her.

KARIN
Are you kidding? She's better than ever.

JEANA
I think that it's safe to say that she was happier before she was chained to the bed.

Karin stands and approaches the graves of the two buried men.

KARIN
Shit. Which one did I bite?

LOLA
Mikey.

Karin points to Eric's grave.

JEANA
No, the other one.

LOLA
What difference does it make?

Karin walks over and pulls a wooden stake from a long since abandoned rose garden.

JEANA
You're not getting sentimental on us are you.

Karin smirks.

He places the stake over the spot where Mikey's chest might be underground.

KARIN
I think about right here should do it.

Karin picks up the shovel and hammers the stake into the dirt.

The stake hits something hard.

Karin raises the shovel over his head and drives the stake home.

Nothing.

JEANA
You missed.

A small explosion underground shakes the loose earth off the grave. Smoke snakes out around the edges.

KARIN
Bulls eye.

Karin turns his attention on the two women.

KARIN (CONT'D)
You two are a mess. Follow me.

Karin walks to the edge of the yard and turns the knob for an outdoor shower.

Water sputters from the nozzle.

Karin steps aside.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Help yourselves.

Karin moves away out of ear shot.

Lola tests the water with her hand.

LOLA
It's freezing.

Jeana doesn't test. She places her head under the icy spray. Jeana rubs her face and arms, attempting to remove the grim and sweat.

Karin observes from a distance.

KARIN
There's a bar of soap on top of the pole.

Jeana retrieves the bar of soap. She removes her shirt, steps from the spray and begins to lather up.

Lola replaces Jeana under the spray.

LOLA
Don't antagonize him. We have to look for a chance to get away.

Jeana looks over her shoulder at Karin.

JEANA

Get away? Not before I kill that son of a bitch.

LOLA

Jeana, let's just get out of here.

JEANA

He has to be stopped.

LOLA

Let's get out of here and we can get help. We can't do this alone.

Jeana nods agreement.

Lola accepts the soap from Jeana and the two girls switch places.

Karin enjoys watching the girls shower.

KARIN

You two just take your time. No hurry.

JEANA

(to Lola)

Asshole.

LOLA

Just promise me. You'll do whatever it takes to stay alive.

JEANA

I promise.

INT. LOLA'S ROOM - LATER

Karin fastens the last buckle on Lola's ankle.

LOLA

Please. You don't have to do this.

KARIN

I've been doing this long enough to know that you can't be trusted.

She's strapped to the bed as before.

Karin covers her mouth with tape.

Karin ignores her muffled pleas and begging eyes.

KARIN (CONT'D)

Sleep tight. It's almost sunrise.

Karin slams the door behind him.

Lola tugs at each of the restraints. After a full night of digging, she tires quickly.

INT. JEANA'S ROOM - MORNING

Jeana, also tied as before, lies in a dead sleep.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The television plays a black and white comedy.

Karin snoozes on the couch in the darkened room.

INT. WENDY'S ROOM - MORNING

Awake, but still hung upside down, Wendy studies her bindings.

She twists and turns her wrists and ankles in every direction, but nothing gives.

She concentrates on one wrist. Closing her eyes, she focuses her mind. The buckle shutters, then flies open.

Wendy pulls the tape from her mouth and takes in a long breath of stale air.

WENDY

That's right.

Quickly, she unties herself with her newly freed hand.

Once her second ankle is free, she does a silent and graceful flip onto her feet.

She raises her skirt, examining the bite marks on her inner thigh.

WENDY (CONT'D)

You son of a bitch.

The holes left by the fangs are open and oozing puss. Dark streaks approximately six inches long mark the artery's path.

Wendy silently moves across the floor to the door. It creaks as she pulls it open. She winces.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Karin jerks and snorts in short fits, but he doesn't wake up.

INT. LOLA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lola sleeps. Her head is turned to the side, exposing the bruise left by Wendy's earlier bite attempt.

Wendy's face edges closer to Lola.

Wendy exposes her fangs, as her mouth nears Lola's neck.

Sensing something, Lola jolts awake. Frightened at the sight of Wendy, Lola struggles against her bindings.

WENDY

Quiet. Quiet. Do you want him to hear?

Lola composes herself as Wendy removes the tape from Lola's mouth.

LOLA

We have to get out of here. He killed Eric and Mikey.

Wendy works the buckles on Lola's straps.

Lola grabs Wendy's shoulders.

LOLA (CONT'D)

I have Eric's cell phone.

Lola pulls out the cell. She attempts to turn it on.

WENDY

What's wrong?

LOLA

The damn thing won't come on. It got wet.

WENDY

Let me see.

Wendy presses the "on" button, with the same result.

LOLA

Where's Jeana?

Wendy fixates on the phone.

WENDY
This thing is fucked up.

LOLA
We have to find Jeana and get out of
here.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Wendy leads Lola down the hallway toward Jeana's room.
They open Jeana's door and go inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Karin sits on the couch, his eyes cast to the ceiling.
He listens as Wendy and Lola release Jeana from captivity.

KARIN
These three never stop.
Karin moves off toward the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Wendy exits, followed by Lola then Jeana.
Wendy stops in her tracks.
Karin stands between the girls and the staircase.

KARIN
Going somewhere?

WENDY
It's over. We're getting out of here.

KARIN
You know I can't let you do that.

LOLA
We won't tell anyone.

KARIN
Come on. Everyone says that.

The cell phone slips from Lola's clothing and falls to the ground.

Karin gets agitated.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Who did you call?

LOLA
No one. It's broken.

KARIN
Kick it over here.

JEANA
This is bull shit.

Lola kicks the phone down the hall.

LOLA
(to Jeana)
Remember our talk.

Karin picks it up and tests it.

KARIN
It got wet during your shower.

Nonchalantly, Karin drops the telephone to the floor, then crushes it with his foot.

LOLA
No.

The cell lies in pieces on the floor.

KARIN
Now, do you girls wish to return to your rooms, or is there going to be a scene?

JEANA
There are three of us.

KARIN
Right. Wendy, come stand over here with me.

Wendy's eyes fall to the floor. She shakes her head no.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Wendy. Now.

Wendy takes a step forward.

Lola grabs her arm.

LOLA
Don't.

Wendy gazes blankly into Lola's eyes.

She pulls away and stands next to Karin.

KARIN

Now, it's two on two.

JEANA

Let's fuck him up.

In the blink of an eye, Karin flies past Lola.

With his hand clutched tightly around Jeana's neck, he forces her backward into her room.

The door slams shut hard.

Lola and Wendy frantically attempt to open the door.

LOLA

Let us in.

WENDY

Don't do this.

Jeana murmurs and screams behind the door.

They can hear her clothes being shredded.

Lola rams her shoulder into the door, trying desperately to break it open.

Wendy steps back.

LOLA

What are you doing? Help me.

Wendy looks at the floor. Her chest expanding and contracting with deep full breaths.

WENDY

Run.

LOLA

I'm not leaving without Jeana.

Lola slips on the floor, busting her ass.

Blood puddles at their feet from under the door.

Lola looks at her blood covered hands.

WENDY
(shouting)
Run!

Wendy drops to her knees and laps at the blood like a dog.

Lola backs slowly down the hall, not believing her eyes.

Wendy's head snaps in Lola direction.

In a ferocious voice, her fangs gleaming in the dim light,
Wendy cries out again.

WENDY (CONT'D)
Run!

The sight of Wendy sends Lola back peddling. She goes too far
and tumbles down the stairs. Lola lies twisted, unconscious
at the foot of the stairs.

The door to Jeana's room slowly opens.

Karin holds Jeana's naked, blood drenched body across his
lap.

Karin's eyes lock onto Wendy's.

KARIN
Come here. Feast.

Wendy, in a trance, crawls into the room.

Her eyes look up and down the body of her dying friend, then
back to Karin.

Karin nods approval.

Wendy sinks her teeth deeply into Jeana's neck.

Jeana's body stiffens momentarily, then relaxes.

The door to Jeana's room slowly closes.

INT. JEANA'S ROOM - LATER

Jeana's face is ghost white.

Wendy pulls away from Jeana's neck, exposing a blackened
bruise surrounding four festering fang holes.

Wendy wipes her mouth with her forearm.

The trance broken, she reaches for Jeana, hugging her tightly.

KARIN
It's too late. You killed her.

Wendy's hands jerk back.

A tear streaks down her cheek.

WENDY
What have you done to me?

Karin stands, allowing Jeana's limp body to roll from his lap onto the floor.

KARIN
I've made you better.

WENDY
Better?

Wendy rubs at blood on her arm like it's searing her flesh.

KARIN
Immortal.

WENDY
Immortal? Where's Billy?

KARIN
Billy?

WENDY
Yeah, Billy. Wasn't Billy immortal?

Karin steps back, considering his own mortality.

WENDY (CONT'D)
If you think I'm going to end up strapped to a bed like Billy, then you have another thing coming.

Wendy turns for the door.

KARIN
You will do as I say.

Wendy reverses course and with lightning speed attacks.

Her fists collide with Karin's chest, sending him flying over the bed. He lands on a night stand, splintering the wood and shattering a lamp.

WENDY

Eat shit.

Wendy again turns to leave.

Swiftly to his feet, Karin brushes away the debris.

Wendy reaches for the knob and opens the door.

A flying side kick to the back, flattens Wendy against the door, slamming it closed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

The slamming door snaps Lola back to life.

She looks around trying to remember where she is.

Something CRASHES upstairs.

Lola wobbles to her feet, then staggers to the front door.

She throws it open. The knob hits the wall with a thud.

Lola's shoulders tighten from the sound.

INT. JEANA'S ROOM - SAME

Wendy peppers Karin's face with punches as she straddles him on the floor.

Their faces turn when they hear the thud.

Wendy looks at Karin. Strengthened by Jeana's blood, she's determined to stop him now.

WENDY

Don't even think about it.

Wendy pulls a fist back preparing a mighty blow.

Determination turns to surprise when Karin runs a wooden night stand leg through Wendy's heart.

KARIN

Mortal.

Karin shields his face as Wendy explodes into a million tiny pieces of charcoal.

When he stands, the tiny black marbles fall to the floor.

KARIN (CONT'D)

Lola.

EXT. HOUSE - DUSK

Half-way down the long drive, Lola hears her name. She looks back over her shoulder, but picks up the pace as she staggers toward the cars.

She reaches for the handle of Mikey's car, it's locked.

LOLA

No. Son of a bitch.

KARIN (O.S.)

Lola.

Lola sees Karin on the porch.

Karin steps off, striding briskly toward her.

Lola frantically searches the ground. Finding a large stone she breaks out the driver's side window of Mikey's car.

Karin closes in.

Lola unlocks the door and jumps inside.

She reaches for the ignition. No keys.

Karin stands beside the door.

Lola rests her head on the steering wheel and begins to cry.

Karin casually opens the door.

KARIN (CONT'D)

Let's go.

LOLA

No.

Karin reaches in and yanks her by the arm.

KARIN

Now.

Lola pleads as she grasps the wheel with all her strength.

LOLA

Please. No.

Karin rips her from the car. He drags Lola behind him for ten steps before she struggles to her feet.

Karin whips her around in front of him and releases her arm.

KARIN

Now walk.

He gives Lola a shove to the back to get her started.

EXT. BACK YARD - LATER

Lola drags Jeana's bloodless body into the hole that Jeana dug the day before.

Karin follows dropping the bag that he carries next to the burial pit.

He takes a seat in the lounge chair.

Lola grabs the shovel and tosses dirt onto Jeana.

KARIN

No prayer this time?

LOLA

Nope.

KARIN

Giving up hope. It's about time.

Lola just shovels dirt.

KARIN (CONT'D)

Don't forget Wendy and Billy.

Lola picks up the bag and tosses it into the hole on top of Jeana.

KARIN (CONT'D)

Those two deserve a proper burial.

Lola shovels.

KARIN (CONT'D)

It was a good idea, don't you think?

LOLA

What?

KARIN

Digging these two holes yesterday?

LOLA
Yeah, brilliant.

KARIN
Saved you a lot of work.

Lola shovels.

KARIN (CONT'D)
(to himself out loud)
Two years.

LOLA
What was that?

KARIN
What? Oh, I was just thinking about
Billy. We were together two years. I
think I'll miss him.

LOLA
That's sweet. You'll miss your little
torture victim.

KARIN
The kid had a lot of heart to last that
long.
(beat)
I wonder how long you will last.

Without warning, Lola spins, throwing the shovel at Karin.

Karin grabs the shovel from mid air, just before the blade
strikes his face.

Karin tosses the shovel aside.

LOLA
I'm not going to be a Billy.

KARIN
You don't have a choice. I don't have a
choice. All of the others are six feet
under.

Karin gazes over the three piles of dirt.

KARIN (CONT'D)
Two feet under anyway.

Lola rushes to Karin, sobbing and pleading.

LOLA
Please kill me now.

KARIN
I can't do that.

LOLA
I'm begging you.

He stands. He forces Lola backward until she stumbles into the empty grave. Karin jumps into the grave on top of her.

KARIN
Is this what you want?

LOLA
Please.

He flings dirt onto her face.

KARIN
If I kill you, I just have to go find someone else.

Lola spits and blinks, half blind from the dirt.

LOLA
I can't take anymore.

KARIN
I don't want to go back out there. I just want to be left alone.

Karin grabs her by the throat, his face inches from hers.

LOLA
Kill me.

KARIN
You're already dead.

Karin releases her neck and climbs out of the hole. He resumes his seat in the lounge chair.

Lola slowly sits up. She brushes the dirt from her face. The fight out of her, she sniffs her runny nose.

LOLA
I surrender.

Karin sits up.

KARIN
What?

LOLA
I surrender.

Lola looks into Karin's eyes.

LOLA (CONT'D)
But I don't want to end up like Billy.

KARIN
What do you mean?

LOLA
I mean, I don't want to be strapped to a bed. I don't want to be fed rat soup. I don't want to wear a diaper.

KARIN
No more escapes.

LOLA
I can't escape.

KARIN
No more attacks.

LOLA
I can't beat you.

KARIN
You want me to trust you?

LOLA
I'll give myself freely to you.

KARIN
Completely?

LOLA
Completely.

Karin lays back and looks at the stars.

Lola looks up too.

LOLA (CONT'D)
In Atlanta, there's too much light. You can't see this many stars.

Karin stands and takes Lola by the hand. The couple walks hand in hand to the house.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Karin and Lola step through the door.

Lola hesitates, looking upstairs.

LOLA
Can I go freshen up?

KARIN
Please, by all means.

Lola scales the staircase.

Karin enters the living room and sets up camp in front of the television.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lola opens the door. The smell of death fills her nostrils, activating her gag reflex.

Lola crosses the room and enters the adjoining bathroom.

She returns with a bucket filled with water and a scrub brush.

On her hands and knees, she works on the bloody spot in the center of the floor.

The BROOMSTICK. Lola spots it under the bed.

After a quick glance at the open door, she scurries over and pulls it out.

Lola spins around, searching.

LOLA
Where?

Lola slides the BROOMSTICK between the box spring and mattress.

Back on her hands and knees, Lola exhales.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Breathe.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The show Karin watches goes to commercial.

He picks up the remote and mutes the sound.

Karin hears water running upstairs.

He investigates.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Karin steps inside.

He takes a moment to admire Lola's cleaning efforts. The room is greatly improved.

The water valve creaks off from the bath.

INT. MASTER BATH - SAME

Billy slowly pushes the door open.

Lola bends, checking the water temperature.

KARIN
The bedroom looks nice.

LOLA
Thank you.

KARIN
Smells different too.

LOLA
The bed needs clean sheets.

KARIN
They're in the laundry room.

LOLA
I'll get them.

KARIN
Downstairs, off the kitchen.

Lola nods.

LOLA
Thought I'd take a bath.

KARIN
Sure.

Lola's weight shifts between her feet.

Slowly, she pulls her shirt off over her head. Her body is no cleaner underneath.

Karin's breathing increases.

LOLA
Are you going to be OK?

KARIN

Yes.

Lola unbuttons her shorts. They drop to the floor.

LOLA

Am I in danger?

KARIN

What do you mean?

LOLA

Will you bite me today?

Lola's underwear drops. She stands before him naked.

KARIN

Not today. I can hold out.

LOLA

How long?

KARIN

Tomorrow night. Maybe the next.

Lola steps into the water and sits down.

She slides under, disappearing beneath the surface.

Karin takes the stool from the corner and sits on it behind her head.

When Lola comes up, she wipes her eyes looking for Karin.

KARIN (CONT'D)

I'm here.

Lola grabs her throat, startled.

LOLA

You scared the shit out of me.

Karin pours shampoo into his hand, then works it into Lola's hair.

KARIN

Sorry, it's a gift.

Lola relaxes slightly as his firm hands massage her scalp.

LOLA

You have strong hands.

Karin's hands move from Lola's hair to her shoulders.

Her eyes close.

LOLA (CONT'D)
That's nice.

Karin's hands slip below the water and massage Lola's breasts.

Lola stiffens.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Do you have a razor?

Lola lifts a leg, resting it on the side of the tub.

KARIN
Can't risk it.

LOLA
I'm not going to hurt you with it.

Karin's hands move back to her hair.

KARIN
If you cut yourself . . . the blood.

Lola's leg splashes back into the water.

LOLA
Oh.

Karin stands and walks to the door.

KARIN
I'll see you when you've finished.

Karin leaves and Lola takes in a deep breath.

She feels around under the water, then lifts the broomstick from below the surface.

LOLA
Shit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Karin lays on the couch. He steadily presses the channel button on the remote.

The television changes from one show to the next, pausing only momentarily on each.

Lola crosses the room wrapped in a towel.

KARIN
Where are you going?

Lola pauses.

LOLA
The sheets.

KARIN
OK.

Lola continues.

Karin resumes his channel surfing.

Lola enters with a stack of sheets.

KARIN (CONT'D)
I'll be up in ten minutes.

Lola pauses again, then continues.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Lola makes the final tuck of the sheet around the mattress.

She steps back to take a look.

The end of the broomstick protrudes from between the mattress and box spring.

Lola pushes the stick in a little further.

KARIN
It looks nice.

Lola jumps back.

LOLA
You scared me again.

KARIN
No reason to be so jumpy.

Karin walks around the room making a cursory inspection.

He sits on the mattress, directly above the broomstick.

Karin takes a long look at Lola.

Clean looks good on her.

LOLA
What are you staring at?

KARIN
You clean up nice.

Karin takes her hand and examines her palm.

LOLA
Is that supposed to be a complement?

Karin shrugs.

KARIN
The blisters look better.

LOLA
They stopped oozing anyway.

KARIN
Still sore?

LOLA
Yeah.

Karin kisses her palm ever so lightly.

KARIN
My mother used to kiss my boo-boo's and
make them all better.

LOLA
Well, my mom was a crack whore.

KARIN
Sorry.

LOLA
Don't be. She died before I got to know
her.

Karin's hands move to the inside of Lola's knees.

The towel raises as his hands work up her thighs.

Lola steps back, vulnerable.

Beat.

LOLA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

Lola untucks the towel and slowly opens it.

The towel falls to the floor.

Karin stares at her form.

KARIN
Turn around.

Lola shyly places a finger in her mouth, but slowly turns as instructed.

Karin's speechless.

Lola scans her body.

She holds out her blistered palms.

LOLA
This is from digging your graves.

She points to the bruise on her ribs.

LOLA (CONT'D)
This is where you kicked me in the side.

She thinks for a moment, then points to her eye.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Oh yeah, and you gave me this black eye.

Karin snickers.

LOLA (CONT'D)
What's so funny?

KARIN
It's the other eye.

Lola puts her hands on her waist.

LOLA
Ha. Ha.

Karin stands, pulling Lola close.

He kisses her hard on the lips.

They fall onto the bed locked in the embrace.

Karin kisses her neck, her breasts, her stomach.

Lola writhes and wriggles.

LOLA (CONT'D)
No.

His head disappears between her legs.

She bites her lower lip, trying to turn back the passion that grows inside her.

LOLA (CONT'D)

God no.

It's no use. She breathes heavy now. Soft moans cross her lips.

Ecstasy.

Lola's chest rises and falls as her lungs pump the air in and out.

Karin places an ear over her heart.

KARIN

It's pumping a thousand gallons a minute.

Lola picks up his head and looks him in the eyes.

LOLA

Focus on me now. Not on my blood. I'm keeping it warm for you.

She kisses him hard on the mouth.

Karin sits up, straddling her.

He pulls his shirt up over his head, covering his eyes.

Lola reaches for the broomstick, pulling it from its scabbard.

She thrusts the wooden stake at his chest, but it's too late.

His vision restored, Karin stops the sharpened weapon.

He rips it from Lola's hands and tosses it aside.

Karin slaps Lola hard across the face.

KARIN

Why?

LOLA

Please.

He drags her from the bed.

Lola's head strikes the floor with a thud.

Karin slams her against the wall.

Lola's body crumples.

Karin stands her up, holding her by the throat.

KARIN

I was going to give you everything.

Lola spits in his face.

Now, he's really mad.

Karin buries a fist in her stomach.

He lifts her over his head and drops her to the floor.

KARIN (CONT'D)

You could have lived like royalty.

Lola spits up blood.

LOLA

Like Billy?

Karin kicks her across the back, sending her across the room.

EXT. HOUSE - DAWN

The sun breaks over the horizon.

Bugs and bees swarm over the swamp.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Lola and Karin lie face down, naked on the bed.

Scrapes, scratches, and bruises cover Lola's back and legs.

She stirs, revealing her badly beaten face.

Lola sits up, then slowly stands.

KARIN

(without moving)

Where you going?

LOLA

Got to pee.

She shuffles to the bathroom and takes a piss.

On her way back, she stops.

Jeana stands between Lola and the bed. She's filthy.

LOLA (CONT'D)
You're alive.

Karin stands behind Jeana now.

Jeana presses her index finger to her lips - quiet.

In her other hand, Jeana holds the broomstick.

KARIN
Jeana, you're looking well.

Jeana doesn't turn.

JEANA
You buried me alive.

LOLA
I thought you were dead.

JEANA
Not yet.

KARIN
Choices, choices. Two girls to choose from.

LOLA
I thought we had a deal.

KARIN
We did until you tried to stake me.

LOLA
That's in the past, I've learned my lesson.

Karin places a hand on Jeana's shoulder.

KARIN
Perhaps Jeana and I will hang out for awhile. Let you do a Billy number for both of us.

LOLA
No. Jeana don't do this.

JEANA
I'm sorry.

LOLA

Please.

Jeana thrusts the stake between her arm and chest.
It's sharp tip penetrates Karin's chest and heart.
Karin looks down at the stake protruding from his chest.
Jeana turns to face him.

JEANA

How do you like that, mother fucker?

Lola staggers back.
Jeana pulls at the stake.
The stake moves forward slightly.

KARIN

Why?

Karin explodes into a thousand tiny pieces of charcoal.
Lola collapses, her body pelted by the small black
projectiles.
Jeana remains standing, holding the stake.
Lola cowers when Jeana turns around.

JEANA

Told you I was going to kill that son of
a bitch.

Jeana holds out the stake with both hands, the sharp end
points at her chest.

LOLA

Stop.

JEANA

Goodbye.

Jeana plunges the stake deep into her chest.
She goes to her knees.

LOLA

No.

JEANA

It doesn't even hurt.

Jeana cracks and crumbles into tiny black charcoal stones.

TITLE CARD: ONE YEAR LATER

EXT. CROCODILE CLUB - NIGHT

Just another dive.

A sign reads: OPEN AUDITIONS TONIGHT.

INT. CROCODILE CLUB - SAME

Twenty red necks make up the sparse crowd.

On stage, Lola finishes singing to a driving rock beat.

CARL MILLER, the club's manager, saunters by the stage.

CARL
My office.

LOLA
Be right there.

Lola jumps from the stage and follows Carl.

INT. CARL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Carl takes a seat behind his desk.

Lola stands.

CARL
You've got a good voice kid.

LOLA
Thank you sir.

CARL
Ever sing anywhere before?

LOLA
I was in a bar band about a year ago.

CARL
What happened?

LOLA
We got broken up.

CARL
Bad manager.

LOLA
Bad guy.

Carl nods.

CARL
Well, I need a singer, but I usually give
a try out back here in the office too, if
you know what I mean?

Lola walks around the desk.

She pushes Carl's chair back and hops up on the desk.

Lola places her high heel covered feet up on the arms of
Carl's chair.

Her skirt slides up, giving Carl a view right down main
street.

Carl moves in for a closer look.

LOLA
Like what you see?

CARL
That's kind of an odd scar you got there.

Lola slides her skirt up revealing the scars of four puncture
wounds on her inner thigh. Fang marks.

LOLA
That bad guy I told you about.

CARL
Yeah.

LOLA
He got rough with me once.

CARL
You like it rough.

Lola drops her feet leaning forward.

LOLA
Come closer. I'll tell you just how I
like it.

Carl moves close enough to hear Lola whisper.

As her mouth nears him, Lola exposes her fangs.

Her mouth opens wide.

Black.

Carl's scream.

FADE OUT.