

"NIGHT BLOOMING JASMINE"

Jennifer Weber

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FADE IN: EXT. TRUCK STOP - JACKPOT NEVADA - PRESENT DAY

INT. TRUCK STOP CAFE - DAY

JEWELL, 15, brunette, tall and skinny, waiting to blossom, sits at the counter drinking a large coke as she nervously glances to her right at two state troopers eating breakfast in a window booth.

A pink duffel bag is under the counter at her feet. Jewell motions for the counter, WAITRESS, who stops.

JEWELL

Can I have a refill?

WAITRESS

That's your third one. Where you puttin' it, hon? You got a hollow leg?

Jewell looks stricken. She grimly nods in agreement.

WAITRESS

(continuing)

Oh, goodness, sugar. I'm sorry, I...

She quickly turns away and grabs a pitcher. Jewell smiles to herself and the waitress re-fills her drink. Looking warily towards the highway patrol officers, a relieved, Jewell, sees they're finished eating. She turns in her seat to check out ride prospects from the dozen or so truckers eating in their section.

All are fat and redneck looking. One has soup in his beard. Jewell winces. The state troopers get up and stop at the register. Jewell casually picks up her duffel and sets it on her lap. The troopers leave. Jewell watches them drive away. She lays two dollars on the counter and gets up.

The waitress smiles sympathetically at Jewell, who walks with an obvious limp past a trucker at a slot machine, then out of the cafe.

EXT. TRUCK STOP COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jewell gets out of view of the waitress and begins to walk normally. She looks around for additional ride prospects, then sees a trucker on his cell phone with his big-rig idling beside him. Jewell hurries toward him, then pauses, reading the bumper sticker on the truck's rear fender.

CLOSE ON: "Gas-Ass-or Grass. Nobody rides for free"

Jewell quickly turns and walks toward the "Passenger Cars Only" gas pumps and looks around in frustration.

She sizes up an old man with his fly open, then spies a very handsome young man gassing up his old car. MITCH, early twenties, tall, slender, intense looking, with very thick dark black hair worn in a tight braid that hangs down past the middle of his back. A thick black woolen ski cap is worn over his head.

Jewell makes a bee-line toward Mitch, who appears nervous and on edge. He looks around warily.

JEWELL

Hey, you by any chance heading to Vegas?

A startled Mitch almost let's go of the gas nozzle.

MITCH

Huh? No, I'm not. I'm going to L.A. But I'm staying off the interstate. Taking back roads all the way.

JEWELL

But you're on the interstate. From here there are no back roads. I-93 goes straight through Vegas, unless you wanna go, like, three hundred miles out of your way.

MITCH

Shit.

A concerned, Mitch, stands there in a quandary.

JEWELL

So... Can I come with?

MITCH

Yeah... Yeah. Throw your stuff in the back.

Jewell opens the back door and starts to toss her pink duffel inside. Mitch tenses up.

MITCH

(continuing)
Careful. Don't move the-

JEWELL

Is it okay?

Mitch nods and Jewell places her pink duffel bag in the backseat next to a small wooden crate. Another duffel bag and a large dark backpack belonging to Mitch are next to the crate.

JEWELL

(continuing)
This is so cool. My Grandmother lives right outside Vegas. I can walk to her place from the highway.

MITCH

Why didn't she just send you a bus ticket or something?

JEWELL

She doesn't exactly know I'm coming. Figure if I just show up, she'll have no choice but to keep me. I'd explain, but it's worse than a E!True Hollywood Story.

Mitch obviously doesn't get the reference.

INT. MITCH'S CAR - DAY

Mitch and Jewell travel along the virtually empty highway. The windows are down. Jewell looks uncomfortable from the heat. Mitch stares straight ahead, continuously checking out who's behind them in the rear view mirror.

JEWELL

Where you comin' from?

Mitch wipes sweat off his upper lip.

MITCH

Idaho.

JEWELL

I just went through there.

(Turns in seat)

Do you have wanderlust? That's what a trucker told me I must have, 'cause I've hitch-hiked across the United States twice, and no one's tried to kill me. But I have had a couple guys pull over and ask where I was headin' and they were playing with their wieners.

MITCH

There's a lotta crazies out there.

JEWELL

What's your name?

Mitch passes a slow moving camper.

MITCH

Caleb.

(momentarily flustered)

I mean, Mitch. My name's Mitch.

(as if he has no choice)

What's your name?

JEWELL

Jewell. Unfortunately, I was named after my great-grandmother. Why'd you say Caleb at first?

MITCH

I used to call myself that. It's from the bible, but I'm not into that anymore.

JEWELL

Were you, like, a big drug addict and became born-again or something?

MITCH

Something. I'd rather not talk about it.

JEWELL

Can I ask you another question? And
I swear it's not about the bible.
Aren't you hot wearing that ski cap?
It's over a hundred degrees. You ever
take it off?

MITCH

Never. Not in public.

Mitch notices a truck a mile back and drives off the road,
parking near a cluster of big boulders.

JEWELL

What's wrong? What are we doing?

MITCH

Hold on. I just gotta see something.

Mitch waits nervously. A semi-truck passes. A relieved,
Mitch, starts the car.

JEWELL

Are you wanted by the cops or
something?

Mitch just shakes his head and drives off.

EXT. MOTEL - SUNSET

Mitch's old car is parked near a row of tall oleander bushes.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room has twin beds. The small crate and the back pack are
on the dresser.

Jewell sits on her bed watching the black and white TV set.
The shower is turned off in the bathroom and Mitch walks out
sopping wet with a towel around him and his ski cap on his
head.

MITCH

Excuse me.

He picks up his large duffel bag from the bed, then abruptly
stops and looks strangely at the TV.

JEWELL

Weird, isn't it? I've never watched a black and white TV before. Have you?

MITCH

I'm not allowed to watch TV. I'm sorry. I have to turn it off.

JEWELL

What?

Mitch turns off the TV and goes back into the bathroom. Jewell is shocked. She sits in silence a moment, then Mitch comes back out in a t-shirt and boxer shorts.

MITCH

Look, I'm sorry, but-

JEWELL

You at least have a radio?

MITCH

I'm not allowed that, either. I am allowed to read certain materials.

JEWELL

You mean you weren't allowed to watch TV and stuff when you were called Caleb, right?

Mitch is quiet a moment. He sighs and shakes his head.

MITCH

Yeah, yeah. You're right. I guess it doesn't matter, now. It's just that... Forget it.

Mitch turns to the TV, reaches for the knob and hesitates.

MITCH

(continuing)

Shit. It's hard to break the rules even now.

Jewell hops off the bed.

JEWELL

I'll do it.

Mitch goes back into the bathroom. Jewell rushes over and turns on the TV.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Mitch sits solemnly on the edge of the bed. Jewell is intrigued.

JEWELL

So, you were kind of like in a cult then, right?

MITCH

Yeah. Sort of... I guess.

JEWELL

They must've really wanted you to be brainwashed. You're lucky. Caleb isn't really that dorky of a name. What if they made you call yourself Moses and you had to walk around all day with the Ten Commandments.

MITCH

No. We called ourselves biblical names to mock God.

Jewell looks at him quizzically.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Jewell sits in the car yawning as Mitch puts things in the trunk. She looks back and eyes the wooden crate curiously.

EXT. I-93 - SUNSET

Mitch and Jewell travel along the highway.

INT. MITCH'S CAR - NIGHT - LATER

Jewell sleeps in the passenger seat. Mitch dozes off at the wheel, not wearing his seatbelt.

EXT. I-93

The car veers to the side of the road.

INT. CAR

Jewell wakes up hearing the car tires driving over the rumble strips. She looks over at Mitch, who is asleep at the wheel. Jewell opens her mouth to say something and the car drives off the road and tumbles down a deep ravine, rolling over twice.

EXT. CAR

The car comes to rest on it's roof, wedged precariously on a rocky embankment that extends down a hundred feet.

INT. CAR

Jewell hangs upside down by her seatbelt. Thick dust fills the car. The wooden crate has broken open against the dash. Black soil from it is everywhere. Mitch lies crumpled on the interior roof of the car. Jewell wipes the soil off her face.

JEWELL

We crashed! Oh, God. Are you all right? Can you hear me?

MITCH

Yes, yes.

The dust begins to settle and Jewell can finally see. She gropes along the dashboard for the interior light. The car lurches. Jewell watches several rocks roll down into the darkness.

She clicks on the light revealing the terrible shape Mitch is in. He bleeds profusely from his face and neck. The ski cap has come off his head revealing a large, intricate tattoo that covers Mitch's sizeable bald spot. The rest of the tattoo is hidden by his hair and apparently covers his entire head, except his ears and face and extends down the back of his neck.

JEWELL

Can you move? I'll-

Jewell gasps and looks wide-eyed at something.

A human skull that came out of the smashed crate is on the interior roof of the car near Mitch.

The skull has a set of long razor sharp fangs, and the entire dome of the skull has an intricate design carved into it, that's identical to the tattoo Mitch has on his head.

JEWELL
(continuing)
What's that?

A car approaches on the interstate above.

JEWELL
(continuing)
A car's coming!

She beeps the horn. Mitch stops her. The car passes.

JEWELL
(continuing)
No. What are you doing? This time of night another car might not come by for hours.

Jewell undoes her seat belt and maneuvers herself to the floor next to Mitch, who she accidentally steps on.

JEWELL
(continuing)
I'm sorry.

Mitch speaks barely above a whisper.

MITCH
They're after me.

JEWELL
Huh?

The car creaks and moves. Jewell grabs the door frame, terrified. More rocks are dislodged from around the car and roll down the embankment. Jewell realizes she's kneeling in a puddle of Mitch's blood and looks at her blood covered hands.

JEWELL
(continuing)
Oh, God. You need help, bad.

Jewell glances at the skull and grimaces, then tries to get out of the car. With his last bit of strength, Mitch grabs her tiny wrist and holds it tightly. A semi-truck approaches.

JEWELL
 (continuing)
 Let go. I have to get help.

With great difficulty Mitch speaks. Every breath is agony.

MITCH
 It doesn't matter. I think I'm dying.
 I need to tell you something
 important... Some... "people" are
 after me. They want the skull.

JEWELL
 What? Who'd that used to be?

MITCH
 Their God. I worshipped him too.
 (Spits up bloody saliva)
 I was a "willing" slave for a coven
 of vampires. They want the skull. And
 a book I took from them.

Jewell desperately tries to pull away.

JEWELL
 Let go!

MITCH
 Listen to me, please. It was taboo
 for my secret mark to show. They were
 going to kill me 'cause they met
 someone to take my place.

JEWELL
 There's no such thing as vampires.
 Let go of me.

The car lurches and moves sideways. Jewell cries out and
 tries to pry his fingers off her wrist.

MITCH
 You're wrong. The skull is from the
 middle ages. My professor at U.C.L.A.
 can authenticate it. Prove vampires
 exist. Take my duffel. I... I know
 they're not far behind me.

Mitch, so weak now he can barely muster words, loses his
 grip. Jewell yanks her hand away

MITCH
(continuing)
The book... It's in there with my
professor's number.
(Groans in pain)
You have to call. They're not human.
I'm telling you.

Using every ounce of strength, Mitch stuffs the skull into the backpack and looks up at Jewell.

MITCH
(continuing)
Don't report the accident. Don't ever
let them know who you are.

He goes limp and dies with his eyes open. Jewell is stunned and in an absolute panic.

JEWELL
Oh, God. Oh, my God.

Crying, Jewell finds her pink duffel and carefully squeezes through the open car window clutching both duffel bags and the big backpack. Rocks fall away. The car lurches and rocks back and fourth.

Jewell crawls on her stomach half way out of the car and it rocks violently from her weight. She screams and the car slides sideways right out from under her, then rolls over twice and crashes into the darkness below.

Gripping the duffel and backpack, Jewell inches her way toward the highway above.

EXT. I-93 - NIGHT

Jewell makes it up the embankment to the pitch dark interstate above. She sees the mile marker, making a mental note of it.

EXT. 1-93 - NIGHT - LATER

Jewell, exhausted and weary, walks along the dark highway. She sets down her load a moment to catch her breath and sees lights in the distance.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Jewell approaches several double wide trailers that are crudely attached. Miles of desert surround them in every direction. A large painted wooden sign with glowing red lights around it, reads: "THE CAT'S MEOW".

A sign outside the entrance door reads "ATM Machine Inside."

A few cars and two semi-trucks are in the dirt parking lot of the brothel. Jewell stops at the entrance door. Music and talking can be heard from inside. Waiting a moment, she knocks.

The door is answered by a huge, burly man, NICK, wearing a black t-shirt that says "SECURITY" in white letters across it. Behind him, several scantily clad women and five men mill about the noisy, music filled room. The GUARD speaks gruffly.

NICK

Yeah.

His voice softens upon seeing Jewell in her blood soaked clothes.

NICK

(continuing)

Ah, shit. What happened to you?

The MADAM, late forties, big red hair, wearing a flowing caftan, comes up behind Nick.

MADAM

Who is it, Nicky?

(sees Jewell)

Jesus, what the hell...

Nick just stands there. The madam nudges him out of the way.

MADAM

(continuing)

Move over and let her in.

INT. BROTHEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

All of the girls, the Madam, and seven customers, some bathrobe clad, stand in the kitchen watching, Jewell, who is at the table woofing down a TV dinner. Someone has lent her a bathrobe that is too big for her.

SHELLY, mousy looking, early thirties, speaks in a soft voice to Jewell.

SHELLY

You should never get into a van.

NICHOL, late 20's, plump, with a rose tattoo over one breast, takes a drag from her cigarette.

NICHOL

Word. Serial killers and perverts
always drive vans.

JEWELL

I know. I never will again, that's
for sure. But I was so dang scared I
didn't know what to do.

(puts down fork)

I'm lucky he was drunk or I might not
have been able to take his knife away
and stab him in the arm.

CUSTOMER

That son-of-a-bitch!

The madam folds her arms, but her tone is caring.

MADAM

Now I should call the sheriff in
Farley...

Jewell looks at her nervously.

MADAM

(continuing)

... But I won't. Who ever did this is
long gone. But there ain't no way
you're going back out there and
thumbing rides again. We'll get you
to Farley and put your little butt on
a Greyhound.

Nichol puts out her cigarette.

NICHOL

I'll stay with Shelly tonight and let
Little Red Riding Hood sleep in my
room.

INT. NICHOL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Jewell sits on the edge of Nichol's king-size bed, looking around the rather garishly decorated room. Nichol knocks and enters holding something in a cellophane packet.

NICHOL

Howdy. Brought you some munchies.
We're all on diets, so there's no
sweets around, 'cept these... Edible
panties. They haven't been opened yet.
(hands them to Jewell)
It's just cherry licorice. A customer
ate my black ones last night.

JEWELL

Thanks.

NICHOL

Sleep tight, kiddo.

Nichol smiles and pulls the door closed. Jewell opens the cellophane bag and sniffs the contents.

INT. NICHOL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jewell sits on the bed eating a piece of the licorice panties, which she has torn into small strips so it actually resembles strips of licorice instead of panties.

She has Mitch's large black duffel next to her and looks through it. She pulls out a large book, then finds a prescription bottle with Mitch's name on it. She examines the label.

CLOSE ON: Methlyandrogen 1.25 MG. Take one tablet orally.

Jewell puts them up and examines the book now, which is extremely old with a raised embossed design on the leather cover. Opening it reveals several dozen slightly cracked, yellowish pages made from centuries old parchment.

The first page is a life sized head portrait of a strange looking bearded man, who is completely bald and has the same intricate tattoo covering his entire head.

Jewell turns various pages, each of which have meticulous illustrations that are religious in tone, but very strange. Several illustrations show scenes of Monks from the 13th century whipping each other.

There are illustrations of hundreds of sick people in agony, and of walking skeletons.

Another page shows dozens of vampires baring long fangs at peasants in a field. Despite her curiosity, Jewell yawns, having trouble keeping her eyes open. She closes the book and lifts it up to place back in the duffel and two folded pages from a more modern book fall out onto the bed.

Jewell unfolds them. They are pages torn from a Gray's Anatomy book that show vivid ink illustrations of the exposed human throat.

CLOSE ON: The major arteries, the Jugular and Carotid, have been circled in pencil by someone.

EXT. BROTHEL - NIGHT - LATER

A half mile in the distance, a lone vehicles headlights approach on the dark interstate. It slows down and pulls over near the dirt road that leads to the brothel. A few moments pass. The vehicle turns around and drives a short distance.

The tail lights flash and it pulls over. The headlights go off leaving it in total darkness.

In the distance, the sun has just begun to rise.

EXT. INTERSTATE 93 - DAY - LATER

A 1965 Mustang is the only car on the road.

INT. '65 MUSTANG - DAY

Shelly stares straight ahead. Jewell sits in the passenger seat, bored and hot. She has on a change of clothes. The duffels and backpack are at her feet. The car radio is tuned to an oldies station playing songs from the 1960's.

JEWELL

Do you like being a hooker?

SHELLY

It's okay. I worked at Walmart for two years before I came out here. The money's better, but I don't have dental anymore.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

Jewell sits outside the tiny station in small town Farley, holding the two duffels, the backpack and her bus ticket.

She eyes the pay phone next to her.

EXT. UNION PLAZA BUS STATION - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT - LATER

Jewell steps off the bus holding the duffel bags and backpack. She looks warily around at the dirty lot of the rundown bus station, which is surrounded by street people.

INT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

Jewell stands at a pay phone dialing a number. She clutches the phone as she looks warily around at the people milling about. The answering machine picks up and an older woman's voice is heard. Scratchy pre-recorded Polka music plays in the back ground.

OLDER WOMAN (V.O.)

You know where I am. Leave a message.

JEWELL

Grams, Grams. It's Jewell. Oh, where are you? Gram's, I'm in Vegas at the Union Plaza bus station and everyone they haven't caught on America's Most Wanted is here, too. Please come get me.

(sees man staring at her)

I think a drug dealer wants to use the phone.

INT. BUS STATION - NIGHT - LATER

Jewell dozes in a chair near a plate glass window which affords a view of adjacent Main street.

A big older station wagon pulls up in front of the plate glass window. Jewell's grandmother, REBECCA RILEY, better know as "GRAMS" a vivacious blond in her late sixties, and still extremely attractive, shuts off the car.

She, and best friend, THELMA, gaze into the bus station to see if they can spot Jewell.

Thelma excitedly taps Grams and points into the station. The women get out of the car dressed in loud, garish dresses one would wear for polka dancing.

INT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

Grams and Thelma hurry inside. Grams calls out:

GRAMS
Baby girl!

Jewell opens her eyes and stares at Grams, then bursts into tears. She gets up and falls into her grandmothers open arms, the stress of everything coming out now.

GRAMS
(continuing)
It's okay, it's okay. Oh, baby. I'm here now, I'm here.
(Beat)
What's your mother done, now?

EXT. I-93 - NIGHT - LATER

Gram's station wagon drives up the interstate. The left turn signal is on.

INT. GRAMS CAR - NIGHT

The left turn signal blinks away.

Thelma listens to the car radio as Gram's drives. Jewell is asleep in the backseat. Gram's passes an old WHITE MOVING VAN in the safety lane struggling to make it up the interstate.

Las Vegas is fifteen miles behind them and the view is quite stunning. Jewell wakes up and yawns.

GRAMS
Hello sleepy head. Feeling better?

Jewell leans over the seat and shuts off the turn signal as if it's a common occurrence. She smiles and gives the older women's outfits the once over.

JEWELL
You're still polka dots?

THELMA

You bet. It's not a phase you go through.

Grams travels a short distance and passes a tall rocky hill that blocks out the view of Vegas. To the right of them, two miles in the distance, lights twinkle from various homes in the small town of Sloan Nevada, which can best be described as Mayberry in the desert. Three businesses are situated a half mile in the distance.

A large battered billboard sticks out from the desert on the side of the interstate stating:

"SLOAN STORAGE. Cram a lot in. Only Pay a Little... Cheapest rates in the state"

Farther up a neon sign for "The Prickly Pear Motel" can be seen. Grams makes a right onto a badly paved two lane road.

JEWELL

Thought you were gonna get a new sign, Grams.

GRAMS

Not till the wind blows that one over.

INT. GRAM'S CAR - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Gram's car approaches Sloan storage. Jewell sees the light from Gram's small apartment above the office, which is like a Beacon of hope to her. The car brakes at a four way stop.

A new black Cadillac Escalade driven by, ROBIN, early twenties, beautiful, speeds through the stop sign in front of them and continues on to the interstate. Grams shakes her head in disgust.

THELMA

You see that?
(looks over)
Was it Robin?

GRAMS

Yep.

Grams drives on.

JEWELL

Robin McCallister?

GRAMS

Yes. She's a grown woman now. Not that she wasn't when she was ten. Her father and two of her uncles are still judges in Las Vegas, so she does anything she wants. Even jay walks.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Grams pulls over and drops Thelma off at her house.

INT. GRAM'S CAR - NIGHT- SHORT TIME LATER

Gram's and Jewell turn a corner. Sloan storage is a short distance away. Jewell sits up.

JEWELL

Grams, look...

The old white moving van Gram's passed earlier is parked in front of the gate at Sloan storage. From the weight inside, the fifteen foot bed of the truck hangs so low the back tires look ready to burst from the strain.

JED, tall, striking, early twenties, a walking Abercrombie and Fitch ad, with a lush, thick mop of short curly black hair, rings the buzzer next to the gate.

Beyond the gate is the storage shed facility, which consists of three rows of various sized cinder block sheds with metal roofs and flexible aluminum doors that slide up into the ceiling. Each row contains twenty sheds.

Gram's hits her high beams and they flash in Jed's face. She stops several yards from him.

GRAMS

Wait in the car.

Grams gets out, still holding onto the door and sizes up Jed. Jewell stares at him, obviously enamoured.

GRAMS

(continuing)

The gate closes at six.

Jed walks a few steps closer and calls out.

JED

I know, I know. I'm sorry. My truck
broke down on the highway.

Grams leans in the car, tosses Jewell her flip phone and
lowers her voice

GRAMS

If he acts nutty, call 9-11 and run
off and scream to the top of your
lungs.

Jed walks up to the car.

JED

Think it's my tranny. It only drives
in third gear. Could I rent a shed?
I know it's late. I'm so sorry.

GRAMS

Think we passed you on the
interstate, right?

He smiles sheepishly.

JED

It was me. Took this long to get up
the hill. Is it okay if I just pay
for a few days? I don't have much
stuff.

GRAMS

No, Hon. Wish I could. You have to
pay a month's rent and a deposit.
Owner's a real stickler 'bout that.

INT. SLOAN STORAGE OFFICE - NIGHT

Grams and Jewell are behind the counter, facing Jed. A stair
case to his right leads up to Gram's apartment.

GRAMS

Would you like a five by seven?
That's as small as I have.

Jewell tries not to stare at Jed. He looks back, seeing a row
of large sheds outside.

JED

... What about one of them, three rows back? Any available?

GRAMS

Yes, but they're quite large and they're eighty five a month. You said you didn't have much stuff, right?

JED

Yeah, but... One of those will be fine.

(Beat)

You have a shed in the back?

INT. GRAM'S APT - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Jewell holds the big backpack while she examines several framed black and white photos from Gram's show girl days in late 1960's Las Vegas.

Various photos show 21 year old Grams posing in front of the Sands hotel in full show girl regalia. A nearby photo shows Grams posing with Sammy Davis Jr. and Frank Sinatra.

Grams opens a dresser drawer and sees Jewell examining the photos.

JEWELL

Gosh, Grams. I bet it was so exciting.

GRAMS

Better believe it. You didn't have to be six feet tall back then. Just have a nice rack.

(reaches for the backpack)

Here, baby. Lemme lighten your load.

Jewell holds Mitch's backpack protectively.

JEWELL

No, no. I got it, Grams.

(Sits on bed)

Does Greg Jerkins still live here?

GRAM'S

Sure does. His dad just bought him a car for his sixteenth birthday.

(more)

GRAM'S (CONT'D)

But I know he's going back east for the summer.

JEWELL

Really? Think I'll look him up.

Grams glances at Jewell's rumpled clothes.

GRAMS

After we find you a cell phone and get some new clothes, I'll splurge and buy you a new backpack, too.

JEWELL

I like it fine the way it is. But shopping sounds fun. I haven't washed my clothes in two weeks.

Jed's loud truck drives by below. Jewell hops up and looks out the window. Its load lightened, the bed of the truck is evened out now. Jewell watches it drive off toward the Prickly Pear motel

EXT. CHAIN LINK FENCE - NIGHT - LATER

Jed kneels down near the back of Sloan storage, which is surrounded by desert. He cuts a large hole in the fence with wire cutters and slips through the opening onto the property.

Jed pulls out a single key to the storage shed he rented and walks down the dark aisle of sheds.

INT. JEWELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jewell is asleep. A loud reverberating banging noise comes from the back area of the storage sheds. Jewell opens her eyes and sits up. The noise stops. She lies back down to sleep.

INT. ROBIN'S CADILLAC - SUNRISE - LATER

Robin is very dressed up, wearing a tight halter top and short skirt. Music blares from her car stereo. She slows down seeing several Sloan police and Highway patrol cars parked at the rest area.

SHERIFF HENDERSON, tall, late forties, pot belly and clogged arteries, looks into an empty Mustang with Arizona plates. The motor still runs and the radio is on.

Eight additional empty cars, most of them with out-of-state plates, are parked in front of the public rest rooms.

Two Sloan officers, KYLE, mid-twenties, tall, good looking, with close cropped meticulous hair, and MARCO, buffed, late thirties, look into one of the empty cars.

Robin pulls into the parking lot and waves at the sheriff.

ROBIN

Hey, sheriff.

SHERIFF HENDERSON

You're up early.

Robin looks over and exchanges a furtive glance with Kyle.

ROBIN

Haven't been to bed yet. Looks like a used car lot. What's going on?

SHERIFF HENDERSON

I'd like very much to know the same thing myself. Apparently, all these cars stopped here at different times of the night, but the drivers are no where to be found.

Marco leans into an older car and takes out an object. He holds it up for Sheriff Henderson to see.

MARCO

Hey, this one still has a lit cigarette in the ashtray.

INT. GRAM'S CAR - DAY

Grams and Jewell drive out of the parking lot of a new outlet mall located on the outskirts of Las Vegas. Several shopping bags are on Jewell's lap and she wears a new outfit.

There's a grand opening going on and the mall is sponsoring a blood drive. People stand in line waiting to give blood in a new converted motor home with writing on the side, that reads:

"Valley Hospital Blood Mobile" A MAN on a megaphone calls out:

MAN

Be a good samaritan. Give blood!

Grams glances back at the blood mobile, then looks at Jewell.

GRAM'S

How 'bout we do our civic duty. You mind?

Jewell grimly nods.

INT. GRAM'S CAR - DAY - LATER

Grams approaches Sloan storage. Jewell holds a cotton ball to her inner arm where she gave blood.

GRAMS

I meant to ask, what's the name of that cat house you spent the night at?

Grams leans out the window and punches in a gate code outside the car.

JEWELL

Think it was the Cat's Meow. Why?

The gate groans open.

GRAMS

That's appropriate. Well, after I have a long talk with your mother, I wanna give the Madam a call and thank her for her hospitality.

They drive through the gate. SAL, 22, sexy, very buffed, bare chested, wearing cut off's and head phones, sweeps the ground outside the entrance to Gram's apartment.

JEWELL

Who's that?

GRAMS

Sal, my maintenance man. Best ticker medicine I've ever had.

EXT. PRICKLY PEAR MOTEL - DAY

Jed sits in the passenger side of a tow truck idly watching as the tow truck driver hooks Jed's disabled truck onto the tow bar. Jed looks intently in the direction of Sloan storage, checks his watch, then looks up at the sky.

Nearby, a car turns the corner driven by GREG, 16, African American. Jewell sits next to Greg in the passenger seat. She notices Jed and waves enthusiastically at him. Jed looks away and the tow truck driver climbs inside.

EXT. SLOAN GARAGE - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

A slightly distressed looking, Jed and an old, grizzled MECHANIC stand at the back of Jed's truck, which sits in a work bay in the garage. The mechanic wipes his forehead.

JED

I... Oh... shit. I...just assumed it could be fixed in one day.

MECHANIC

(Scoffs)

One day? Don't assume nothin' when it comes to a tranny. I ain't even got a good look at it yet.

The mechanic spies the large double doors of the moving truck are ajar.

MECHANIC

(continuing)

Best make sure everything's outta here.

(Pulls open the truck back doors, which swing outward)

I don't wanna be responsible if you-
(Sunlight fills the bed of the truck)

Jesus H.

The mechanic stares intently at dozens of deep claw marks that run all along the inside walls of the truck and the inside of the swinging doors. Metal shavings are on the floor.

MECHANIC

(continuing)

Well, hell. Whatever was in there,
got out.

JED

Oh, uh. Yeah... It was like that when
I bought the truck.

The mechanic pushes the doors closed and flips the latch to lock them.

MECHANIC

(Let's out breath)

Hope you got a good deal.

INT. LAS VEGAS LIBRARY - DAY - LATER

Jewell and Greg look around. Jewell holds the black duffel bag Mitch gave her. MR. LOWELL, 40's, bow tie, nerdy, walks out from a back room.

GREG

He looks pretty smart. Let's ask him.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

MR. LOWELL sits at a round table near the information counter, looking through the ancient book. Jewell and Greg are seated next to him.

Mr. Lowell carefully turns the pages, so as not to damage them, and carefully goes over them with a magnifying glass. He's obviously in awe at what he's seeing.

MR. LOWELL

Where did you ever get this?

JEWELL

At a yard sale.

MR. LOWELL

Only in Las Vegas. They'd hock the
Mona Lisa to play video poker.

Mr. Lowell starts to lift the book. Jewell keeps her hand gripped on the side of it. Mr. Lowell being the polite man he is, lowers it back down.

MR. LOWELL

(continuing)

This is unbelievable. Do you have any idea what you have here?

JEWELL

I know it's old. Least I think it is.

MR. LOWELL

That's an understatement. This book should be in a museum. I'm not sure exactly, but it could be a type of illustrated diary of Europe in the middle ages.

(flips through additional pages)

No doubt during the black plague.

Mr. Lowell stops at a page where monks are whipping one another.

JEWELL

What are those people doing?

MR. LOWELL

Something that's not mentioned very much in high school text. They're called Flagellants.

Jewell and Greg look at each other.

JEWELL

Is that another name for vampires?

MR. LOWELL

Vampires? Good grief, no. Supernatural images frequently show up in art work from the middle ages. Flagellants were a group of zealot Monks who would gather in town squares and publicly beat themselves to make penance for their sins.

JEWELL

Sounds like one of my mom's boyfriends.

MR. LOWELL

Well, it was considered such a bizarre practice the church banned it.
(more)

MR. LOWELL (CONT'D)

(turns page)

Ironically, many of them became victims of the plague because the severe whippings caused open sores allowing the disease to enter their bodies.

Jewell nods solemnly, trying to take it all in. She turns to a marked off page, where there is an illustration of a tall, intense looking older man, who is bald and has the large intricate tattoo covering his scalp.

The opposite page is an almost lifesize illustration of his head and face that shows the very detailed artwork of the tattoo.

JEWELL

Do you know who this guy is?

Mr. Lowell looks closely at the illustration.

MR. LOWELL

He doesn't look familiar. Meaning, I've never seen him in any history books... Do you suppose I could keep this a day or two? I'd like to show this to an expert in the history department at U.N.L.V.

JEWELL

Uh, uh. I better not.

MR. LOWELL

(Sighs)

I wish you'd reconsider.

(Beat)

You know, since I did you a favor, would you grant me one?

JEWELL

Sure. What is it?

MR. LOWELL

Simple. Fill out an application for a library card. We're always trying to get young people to read more.

INT. LIBRARY - MR. LOWELL'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER

Mr. Lowell sits at his desk with Jewell's application in front of him.

CLOSE ON: He copies down Gram's address and slips it into his pocket.

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jewell is on the phone holding a torn piece of paper with the phone number of Mitch's professor. Greg watches her intently.

JEWELL

Hi. Does Professor Hewitt work there?
I mean, teach classes there about
archaeology and stuff?

WOMAN (V.O.)

Yes, he does. But he's on summer
hiatus. Won't be back until September-

Jewell abruptly hangs up on the woman.

JEWELL

Oh, shit. He really teaches there.
He's a real person.

(quiet a moment)

I don't know what to think. He didn't
seem mental, but the skull has fangs.

GREG

Do you have the backpack hid real
good?

JEWELL

Yeah. Under the bed. But I trust
Grams. I told her my diaries are in
it.

(Beat)

I might just throw it all away. I
wish he never gave it to me.

EXT. FRONTAGE ROAD - DAY - LATER

Greg and Jewell drive toward Sloan storage. Robin drives away from the gate in her Escalade and stops beside Jewell.

ROBIN
 Hey, you. Heard you were back.
 Remember me?

JEWELL
 MmmHmm. You look a lot different.

ROBIN
 I'm a lot older. Got boobs and hips.
 The whole works. Listen, I was just
 telling your grandmother my folks are
 out of town and I'm having a pool
 party this Saturday. You're both
 welcome to come, okay?

INT. GRAMS APARTMENT - DAY

Jewell walks inside just as Gram's hangs up the phone looking
 as if something is very wrong.

JEWELL
 Grams...

Gram's just stares at Jewell.

JEWELL
 (continuing)
 You okay?

GRAMS
 I... I just called the Cat's Meow.
 The FBI answered. Jewell... They're
 all dead.

JEWELL
 What? Who?

GRAMS
 Everyone... Someone killed everyone
 in that house you spent the night at.
 They said it was a robbery gone
 bad... My God.

Jewell lowers herself onto the couch.

INT. JEWELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jewell sits on her bed deep in thought, watching traffic go
 by on the interstate.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A lone figure walks through the desert approaching Sloan Storage. As the figure gets closer, it's revealed to be Jed. Jed walks to the very back of the storage shed property and slips through the hole he cut earlier in the chain link fence.

Stopping at the unit he rented, he quietly unlocks the shed door. There is movement inside. Jed looks around, then slowly raises the squeaky metal door.

Rhythmic breathing is heard, and from the soft light of the full moon, several sets of eyes glow iridescent like a cat's from inside the pitch dark shed.

EXT. SLOAN STORAGE - DAY

Jewell walks through the open gate drinking a soda. An older restored classic car is parked in front of the office.

INT. SLOAN STORAGE - OFFICE

Jewell walks inside. Grams is behind the counter facing a man in a tweed suit. He turns around. It's Mr. Lowell, from the library. Jewell is taken aback.

MR. LOWELL

Well, hello, there. Speak of the devil.

GRAMS

I just got an earful. We need to talk.

INT. GRAMS BEDROOM - DAY

The fanged skull is out in the open resting on the night stand. Grams and Jewell sit on the bed as Grams looks through Mitch's duffel bag.

JEWELL

He told me not to, but I called the Highway Patrol in Farley and told them where to find the car.

Grams takes out the prescription pills and reads the label.

GRAMS

Huh. Least he told you the truth about something. His name was Mitch.

JEWELL

What kind of medicine is it?

GRAMS

Never heard of it.

JEWELL

Maybe it's for your nerves. They were chasing him on the interstate.

GRAMS

Vampires weren't chasing him, Jewell. You know that. Now there's nutty people out there who think they're vampires. But if one of 'em gets run over by a 1972 Mercury Grand Marquis, they'll find out real quick they're mortal.

Grams examines one of the fangs with a magnifying glass, then touches the end of it with her index finger.

GRAMS

(continuing)

Bet someone paid a pretty penny to have a dentist make these.

JEWELL

They look real to me.

GRAMS

The police would know. I think we should call them. This could be a missing person.

JEWELL

Don't call the police. Not now. His professor's gonna be back in a couple weeks. We can drive to Cal ourselves and... Gram's, your finger.

Grams looks at her index finger, which bleeds from touching the fang.

GRAMS

I'll be darned. I didn't even feel it.

Grams grabs a tissue and wraps it around her finger.

INT. GRAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Jewell unloads the dishwasher in her bikini. A mesh bag with a change of clothing is on the counter near her. Jewell takes a freshly washed bong out of the dishwasher and looks at it strangely.

A car horn beeps several times.

Jewell rushes to the window holding the bong and sees Thelma in her car with two other women dressed in Polka dancing outfits.

JEWELL
(calls out)
The polka dots are here.

GRAMS (O.S.)
Okay.

Gram's hurries into the living room, noticing the bong in Jewell's hand.

GRAMS (O.S.)
(continuing)
Careful. That's one of Sal's candle holders. They're a dickens to get clean. Well, I'm off to Platex Living Girdle land.

Thelma beeps the horn again. Grams hands Jewell the car keys.

GRAMS
Remember. Straight up the road to Robin's and back. No where else. Have fun. And just say no to drugs.

EXT. GRAMS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sal stands near a storage shed holding a broom as he watches Grams drive away with Thelma. Having just finished his chores, Sal takes a big joint from his pocket and ducks into a small empty shed. He lights the joint and inhales deeply.

A shadow looms over him. He squints to see who it is and something lunges at him.

INT. AMERICAN LEGION HALL - NIGHT - LATER

The old hall is filled with Polka dancing senior citizens. Grams stands next to a table speaking with DOC PARDEE, late sixties, who takes a sip of punch.

GRAMS

You mean, he didn't want to have children?

DOC PARDEE

No, Rebecca. He didn't want a vasectomy. He wanted a complete castration and all that goes with it. Complete loss of sexual function and desire. He told me, quote, "I messed around a few times and felt nothing. So I won't be missing much".

GRAMS

Goodness. How old a man is he?

DOC PARDEE

I'd say, early twenties. Matter-of-fact, his truck broke down and he's-

GRAM'S

(Nodding)

Staying at the Prickly pear. Oh, my goodness.

DOC PARDEE

Yes, till it's fixed. You know him?

GRAM'S

Uh... Not really. He rented one of my sheds. Probably some tourist from California. You know how they can be.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - LATER

Jed slips through the hole in the chain link fence at Sloan storage and walks through the desert toward the coffee shop in the distance.

A few moments pass and three figures hurry out of the storage shed area through the hole in the chain link fence. A moment later, seven more figures slip through the chain link fence and go off into the night.

EXT. ROBIN'S HOME - POOL AREA - NIGHT

Music blares. Robin is in the pool with several friends, some of whom are topless or naked. Robin passes a joint back and fourth to another party-goer.

Jewell sits bored and alone at the end of the deck watching the noisy activity at the 24 hour gravel pit a mile in the distance.

The Sloan police officer, Kyle, comes around the corner and walks into the pool area. He sniffs the air. Robin squeals and hops out of the pool still holding the joint as she kisses Kyle passionately.

Jewell watches a moment. She picks up her towel and walks dejectedly down the steps to the driveway, passing Kyle's patrol car, where officer Marco dozes in the front seat.

INT. GRAMS CAR - NIGHT

Jewell slowly drives along the pitch dark road in Gram's station wagon. A lone house is to the left of her.

A woman dashes out of the desert in front of the car.

Jewell gasps and slams on the brakes. The woman stands frozen in front of the headlights. Jewell gets a good look at her seeing it's SHELLY, the prostitute from the brothel.

Shelly looks different now. Her hair is braided in small dread locks and she's very pale.

Shelly runs into the desert on the other side of the road. Jewell looks over and sees two men standing in the darkness. She panics and slams on the gas. The old car burns rubber and shoots down the road.

INT. GRAMS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jewell runs inside, shuts the door and locks the dead bolt.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Jed is at a window booth eating a sandwich. The Prickly Pear motel is a mile in the distance.

EXT. PRICKLY PEAR - MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT - LATER

Shelly and the two very pale men with her, CAIN, tall muscular, with flowing blond hair, and ABEL, tall, slender, approach the motel office, where four cars and a camper are parked in front of various rooms.

Cain holds something behind his back.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Cain, Abel and Shelly enter and stop near the front desk, where the, CLERK, overweight, greasy hair, is on the phone.

He eyes the three walk-ins contemptuously and lowers his voice.

CLERK

Hold that thought. Duran Duran and Alanis Morissette, circa 1995, just walked in. I gotta go.

The clerk hangs up. Cain walks up to him.

CAIN

We need a room. One double bed.

CLERK

In each room, or-

ABEL

Only want one room. What do we have to fill out? He's Cain. I'm Abel. This is-

CLERK

Lemme guess. The Virgin Mary. You actually want a room or were you all sitting around and decided it'd be fun to go taunt a motel clerk?

SHELLY

No, we're still hungry.

Cain swings a sickle decapitating the clerk's head. Abel rushes to catch it before it hits the ground. The clerk's body falls to the floor behind the counter.

EXT. PRICKLY PEAR MOTEL - ROOM 2 - NIGHT

A camper is parked out front. Cain, Able and Shelly stand to the side of the door. Cain knocks on the door and holds up the clerk's head by the hair in front of the peephole.

CLOSE ON: The clerks eyes are open.

INT. ROOM 2 - NIGHT

An OLD MAN lies on the bed watching TV in his underwear. He gets up, goes to the door and looks through peep hole. The old man's WIFE comes out of the bathroom in a white girdle and bullet bra.

WIFE

Who's knocking this late?

OLD MAN

Young man from the front desk.

WIFE

What's he want?

OLD MAN

I don't know, but he looks like he's on drugs.

EXT. ROOM 2 - NIGHT

Cain presses the clerk's eye against the peephole.

INT. ROOM 2 - NIGHT

The old man rears back from his side of the peephole.

MAN

(calls out)

What do you need? Missus and I were just going to bed.

CAIN (O.S.)

I know it's late, sir. I'm real sorry, but this is an emergency. I just got a call from some folks who stayed here last night.

(more)

CAIN (CONT'D; O.S.)
 Seems they had a Boa Constrictor that
 apparently slithered into the toilet
 next to your room.

The old couple look at each other.

CAIN (O.S.)
 (continuing)
 If you could please, just-

OLD MAN
 Hold on.
 (to wife)
 Get my Sansabelts and put on a robe.

His wife hands him a pair of tight, high-waisted polyester shorts, which he strains to pull on.

CAIN (O.S.)
 Sir... Sir. There's just so many air
 pockets in a sewer pipe. The snake
 might come up for air on your side.

OLD MAN
 Yes, yes. All right.

The old man buttons his shorts and opens the door. His wife ties her robe. Shelly and Abel step in front of the doorway. Cain smiles and holds the clerk's head behind his back.

OLD MAN
 (continuing)
 What the... Where's... Did you take
 over the clerks shift?

CAIN
 He called in sick.

The three of them quickly walk in and pull the door shut.

OLD MAN
 What are you doing? What do you want?

Cain eyes the wife.

CAIN
 Have you taken Metamucil today?

WIFE
 What? No.

CAIN

Good. I hate the after taste.

Cain attacks her. Shelly attacks the husband. Abel watches as he holds the clerk's head. Shelly and Cain feed hungrily, then are done. They toss the old couples bodies onto the bed.

EXT. MOTEL - ROOM 3 - NIGHT - LATER

An older SUV is out front. The motel door flies open. Shelly, Cain and Abel walk out. A red-haired young man with a bloody neck lies motionless on the bed behind them. Cain pulls the door closed.

The three vampires walk toward the nearby frontage road. Cain clutches the clerk's head by the hair. A car's headlights appear a mile in the distance. The three vampires hurry to the edge of the frontage road and stop.

A speeding Chrysler 300 nears them.

Abel throws the clerk's head through the windshield of the car, which swerves and drives off the road, where it flips over once and comes to a rest on it's roof.

The three vampires run over to the car. Inside, three male OCCUPANTS are seat belted in upside down.

FIRST OCCUPANT

What the fuck was that!

THIRD OCCUPANT

Is everyone okay? Shit.

SECOND OCCUPANT

Did we hit a dog or something?

FIRST OCCUPANT

Dude... Dude... There's something in the car. It's not a dog. Fuck, it's a-

Abel lifts the car and flips it right side up. The men inside reel and are disoriented. They stare in shock at the three vampires staring back at them. Shelly licks her lips and leans into the passenger side of the car.

The man rears back. Shelly bares her long fangs and bites his neck. The other two men freak out and are attacked by Cain and Abel.

INT. CHRYSLER - NIGHT

Cain drives. Shelly is in the middle. Abel is next to her. The three men lie dead in the backseat. Cain drives back to the Prickly Pear and backs the car up to the old couples room. He pops the trunk and hurries inside. A moment later he comes back out with each one under his arms and tosses them into the trunk.

CAIN
(To Abel)
Go get the rest of them.

Abel goes into room 3. Shelly hurries into room 6.

INT CHRYSLER 300 - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

Cain, Abel and Shelly drive along the dark road passing a few secluded desert homes. The three dead men lie crumpled in the backseat.

Cain, who drives, glances back at them and goes through a stop sign. A car driving the opposite direction makes a quick u-turn and begins following Cain, who watches the driver in his rear view mirror.

The driver behind Cain begins flashing his headlights. Cain just continues driving. The headlights flash again and the driver speeds up, passes Cain and slams on his brakes.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Cain stops and the driver of the other car, WAYNE, tall skinny, redneck looking, hops out and flashes a badge at Cain.

WAYNE
My name is Wayne Modine. I'm an off-duty Sloan police officer. Please shut off your vehicle.
(looks at watch)
At approximately 11:34 I observed you running a stop sign. Sir, again, please shut off your vehicle. I am authorized to-

Cain shakes his head "no". Abel and Shelly laugh. Abel calls out:

ABEL

One Adam 12, One Adam 12, see the
redneck jerk in Wranglers, so tight
he has camel toe. Copy, over and out.

Wayne shakes his head and pulls out his cell phone and takes
a photo of the license plate number of Cain's car.

WAYNE

I got your plate number. We can do
this the easy way or-

Cain slams on the gas and peels out.

WAYNE

(continuing)
Shit. You asshole!

INT. WAYNE'S CAR - NIGHT

Wayne jumps in his car and roars down the road after Cain,
who drives wildly. Both cars swerve around corners at speeds
of 80 miles an hour. Wayne realizes he's going a hundred now.
He watches the Chrysler driving erratically.

WAYNE

Goddamn, Vegas trash.

The Chrysler suddenly swerves and flips over several times.

WAYNE

(continuing)
Jesus H. Christ!

Cain, Shelly, Abel, the three men in the back seat and the
clerk's head are all ejected.

The clerk's head rolls to a stop at the edge of the road.

The car flips again and the trunk flies open. The six bodies
of the motel guests fly out and smash into the ground with a
thud. Wayne slams on his brakes and stares in shock at the
horrible scene of carnage before him. The Chrysler is
completely destroyed.

Twelve bodies lie strewn about the road and in the desert.

WAYNE

(continuing)
Oh, sweet Jesus. Oh, no.

Wayne hurries out of his car and just stands there a moment in stunned silence.

WAYNE
(continuing)
Whew. Get a grip, Wayne. Get a grip.
Ah, God.

Wayne heads toward Shelly's body, then stops short. Several feet away, the old woman, still wearing her bra and girdle, suddenly gets up, her neck obviously broken.

Then one by one everyone else starts to get up despite their obviously massive injuries. Twelve "people" now surround Wayne. They begin to hiss and bare long fangs. He staggers back as they close in.

WAYNE
(continuing)
What the fuck!

Wayne reaches for a gun he has in an ankle holster and is attacked in a frenzy of fangs and blood lust.

INT. GRAMS APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

Gram's, hands on hips, stands in front of Jewell in her night gown.

GRAMS
Jewell, what has gotten into you?

JEWELL
Nothing. And I'm not mistaken. I know it was her. She worked at The Cat's Meow. She's the one who gave me a ride to the bus station, but now she has a weird hairdo. Two creepy guys were hiding in the desert with her. She looked right at me.

There's a loud rapid knock on the front door. Gram's hurries over and answers. A goggle-eyed Thelma stands in the doorway.

THELMA
Oh, my God, Rebecca. I'm going to the mall and buying a stun-gun this instant. You'll never believe what's happened!

EXT. PRICKLY PEAR MOTEL - DAY - LATER

Grams, Thelma, and Jewell stand near Gram's car, watching the commotion at the motel. Various cop cars from Las Vegas, the Highway Patrol and Sloan, are parked near the office, as is a Coroner's van.

Kyle and Marco point at dozens of large blood drops as the Coroner takes photos. Yellow police tape surrounds the entire front of the motel except for Jed's room.

Grams has Sheriff Henderson cornered near his squad car.

GRAMS

What are you going to do about this?
Do I have to keep my grand daughter
on a leash, now?

THELMA

We should just re-name it the Bate's
Motel already.

SHERIFF HENDERSON

Mrs. Riley. As you can see, we're in
over our heads right now. In addition
to this... "bloody debacle", one of
our day shift officers hasn't shown
up.

Jewell stares at Jed's room. He peeks through the shades.

EXT. SHERIFF HENDERSON'S HOUSE - -SUNSET

Sheriff Henderson pulls up to his rural home and sees the off-duty cop, Wayne Modine, sitting on his front steps. Sheriff Henderson gets out and smiles

SHERIFF HENDERSON

Hey, Wayne. Where you been, buddy?

Wayne speaks. His voice flat and unemotional.

WAYNE

Vegas.

SHERIFF HENDERSON

Well, you missed it. All hell broke
loose last night. You okay, there?

Wayne nods and looks around. He bares his fangs and lunges at the Sheriff.

EXT. SLOAN STORAGE - DAY

Gram's waits in her car. Jewell hurries out of the office and crinkles her nose as she passes Sal, who wears sunglasses as he sweeps.

Dozens of flies buzz around Sal. Jewell gets into Gram's car and they drive off.

As they drive past the Prickly Pear, Jewell spies Jed with his shirt off, crouched down on the ground near the edge of the interstate. He stands and wipes his forehead.

EXT. EDGE OF INTERSTATE - DAY - LATER

Jed walks toward his room. Behind him, several yards away, dozens of plants in small containers dot the area near the interstate.

An old pickup truck driven by SKIP PRESTON, 30's, haggard looking, passes Jed and turns into Sloan storage.

Jed watches the truck drive through the gate and continue all the way to the back and turn right. Curious now, Jed jogs through the desert for a better view and sees the pick-up stop in front of a shed that is next door to the one Jed rented.

EXT. SHED - DAY

Skip removes his sunglasses and puts them on the dash. He gets out of his truck, unlocks his shed, then pushes up the door. A look of bewildered shock comes across his face.

A sofa he has stored inside has two vampires sleeping on it.

Each concrete wall on either side of the shed has a large hole knocked in it so the adjoining shed can be entered. The vampires stir and wake up. They hiss and rear back as they realize its daytime and a small amount of direct sunlight has filled the otherwise dark shed.

Several new vampires peek in from the adjoining sheds, see Skip and hiss.

Skip hears a noise, looks to his left and is hit over the head with a rock by Jed. Skip falls to the ground and is grabbed by the feet and dragged into the shed by a vampire.

Jed quickly pulls the door shut and gets in Skip's truck. The keys aren't in the ignition.

JED

Shit.

Jed hops out and bangs on the shed door.

JED

(continuing)

His keys. Give me his keys!

The door slides up two inches and the keys are pushed out. Jed grabs them, locks the shed back up and gets in Skip's truck.

He drives up to the gate and sees Gram's and Jewell heading back to Sloan storage. Jed grabs Skip's baseball hat and tucks his hair under it, then puts on the sunglasses.

Two blocks ahead, Grams car brakes at the stop sign. Jed speeds out of Sloan storage and passes Grams, who turns left toward Sloan storage.

INT. GRAM'S CAR - DAY

Jewell holds a grocery sack on her lap as she sips from a large soda. Gram looks back at the speeding truck.

GRAMS

He must have a hot date.

JEWELL

Who is it?

GRAMS

Skip Preston. Unit 27 C. Drives all the way from Vegas and pays me with change sometimes. Guess the man hasn't heard of Coinstar.

Grams drives into Sloan storage. Jewell glances at Sal, who still sweeps nearby.

JEWELL

Grams...

GRAMS

Yes?

JEWELL

Have you got a whiff of Sal, lately?
He's got the worse case of B.O I ever
smelled. He's even attracting flies.

GRAMS

That's not very nice, Jewell. He blow
dries his hair and wears cologne,
just to sweep.

JEWELL

Not anymore.

INT. GRAMS APARTMENT - DUSK

An empty packet of Pillsbury chocolate chip cookie dough is
on the counter. Grams dozes in her recliner. Jewell walks
over holding out a tray of cookies.

JEWELL

They're done.

Grams opens her eyes and smiles.

GRAMS

Mmmm, I see.

Grams, apprehensive now, looks at the clock, which reads:
7:05.

GRAMS

(continuing)

After all that's happened, I really
don't want you out after dark.

JEWELL

Its not dark yet. I'll just give him
the cookies and come right back.

Still hesitant, Gram's sits up, then relents.

GRAMS

All right. I kinda feel sorry for
him, anyway.

JEWELL

Why? He's a hottie.

GRAMS

No reason... Look, he probably won't, but why don't you invite him over for supper tomorrow night. Hate to think of him all alone in that room.

EXT. INTERSTATE NEAR THE PRICKLY PEAR MOTEL - DUSK

Jed is hunched over packing dirt around the base of a flowery shrub he just planted. Dozens of the same plants are in the ground and empty plant containers lay about. A shovel rests on the ground.

Jewell approaches holding the plate of cookies. She stops near Jed.

JEWELL

Hi...

Jed turns and looks at Jewell strangely.

JED

Hey.

Jewell looks around at the shrubs and the velvety white blossoms. Jed eyes the plate of cookies warily.

JEWELL

What are you doing?

JED

Just... planting some flowers.

JEWELL

What for? My Grams said the heat here kills everything. 'Cept cactus and Mesquite trees. What are they?

JED

Night Blooming Jasmine.

Jewell kneels down and smells one. She looks up at Jed.

JEWELL

They don't have a smell. Isn't Jasmine supposed to smell real sweet?

JED

It's a new variety... A hybrid. This one's real hardy. It can grow anywhere, even in snow.

JEWELL

But it doesn't smell good.

JED

No, no. It has a very strong scent. I plant it where ever we go. I mean, where ever I go... But only certain types of "people" can detect it. Even from miles away.

Jewell gives him a dubious look.

JEWELL

For real?

Jed nods and forces a smile. Jewell holds out the plate of cookies.

JEWELL

(continuing)

These are for you. I made them myself.

JED

Sorry. I don't eat sweets. I'm a Vegan. In fact, I'm really beat. I need to finish up and go back to my room.

He turns, picks up the shovel and walks back to the shrubs. Jewell stands there in shock holding the plate of cookies. She snaps out of it and quickly walks away.

INT. GRAM'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Jewell has her head on Gram's lap. She wipes away a tear as Gram's strokes her hair.

JEWELL

Grams, he's not interested in me at all. I made a fool of myself. He's got a dumb name, anyway. I betcha he was named after Jed Clampett.

GRAMS

I don't know about that. From the bible is more like it.

Jewell sits up and looks at Grams.

JEWELL

The bi... You sure?

GRAMS

"Jedidiah". It's from the bible. I'm not real religious and I'm pretty old, but I remember some of the names from Sunday school.

JEWELL

The bible?

GRAMS

Yes. I was named after someone in the bible.

JEWELL

Grams, so was-

There is an urgent knock on the front door.

GRAMS

Who the heck's that?

Jewell and Grams hurry to the front door.

GRAMS

(continuing)

Who is it?

SAL (O.S.)

Sal... It's Sal... Please, open the door.

Grams opens the door. She and Jewell rear back from the smell and gasp at Sal's condition. He stands before them, shirtless, wearing his jean shorts and tennis shoes. His eyes are clouded over. His skin is no longer tanned.

It's a ghastly white color.

His lips are shriveled back from his teeth and gums, and his legs, from the top of his thighs to his feet, are a deep purple.

CLOSE ON: Two tiny, barely noticeable puncture wounds are on the side of his neck.

Sal holds out his finger which has a deep cut.

SAL

I... I cut my thumb, but it didn't bleed. I think something's wrong with me.

INT. HALLWAY - GRAMS APARTMENT - NIGHT LATER

Jewell pulls her bedroom door closed and immediately begins spraying the hallway with air freshener, making her way into the living room, where Grams dials the phone.

GRAMS

Yes, hello. Doc, it's me. Rebecca, over at Sloan storage. I'm sorry to disturb you, but I need you to come over right now.

(Beat)

No, it's not Jewell. It's Sal, my maintenance man.

EXT. SLOAN STORAGE - NIGHT

The gate is open. A Lincoln Town Car is parked next to Grams old station wagon.

INT. JEWELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom window is wide open. An oscillating fan is pointed right at Sal, who sits on the edge of Jewell's bed.

Doc Pardee stands in front of Sal covering his nose. Grams and Jewell stand to the side covering their noses. Doc Pardee kneels down and gently touches one of Sal's purple legs. He looks back at Grams.

DOC PARDEE

This... this is just not physically possible.

(stands)

It appears that post-mortem lividity has set in. All of his blood has settled in his legs.

GRAMS

What?

DOC PARDEE

When a person dies... Let's say, on their back or their side. Gravity takes over and their blood settles.

(to Sal)

Have you slept?

SAL

No. I have no appetite either. I haven't gone to the bathroom in two days. Not even to pee. What's happening to me? Am I gonna die?

Doc has no idea what to say.

DOC PARDEE

I think you should just lie down and stay still. I'll call an ambulance.

Sal grabs Doc Pardee's arm. His voice full of alarm.

SAL

No, no. Hospitals are too bright. Light hurts my eyes.

(Lies back on bed)

I don't have insurance, anyway. I need to sleep.

A few moments later all of the blood in the front of Sal's legs settles to the back of his legs. Jewell, Grams, and Doc Pardee stare incredulously.

SAL

(continuing)

Can you please shut off the light? My eyes are burning.

EXT. OFFICE - SLOAN STORAGE - NIGHT

Doc Pardee stands next to his Towncar with Grams and Jewell.

DOC PARDEE

It's... It's like he's slowly decomposing. The smell. Everything.

(more)

DOC PARDEE (CONT'D)

He's experiencing all the physical characteristics that a deceased body goes through. Except talking and breathing, mind you. But for all practical purposes... He's dead.

GRAMS

I'll try and convince him to go to emergency.

Doc opens his car door.

DOC PARDEE

Give me tonight to go through some medical journals. He must have some obscure disease that mimics the symptoms of human decay. I don't know.

(gets in car)

I've never seen anything like it in my life.

INT. HALLWAY - GRAMS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Several Glade stick-ups are stuck to Jewell's bedroom door.

INT. GRAMS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Grams and a visibly upset, Jewell, are in the kitchen. She can barely catch her breath.

JEWELL

Grams, I think Jed's one of them. He's their new slave. Mitch said he used to call himself, Caleb, from the bible.

GRAMS

Jewell, cut the crap about this vampire stuff.

JEWELL

What about, Sal?

GRAMS

What about, Sal? What's he got to do with this? He's... sick. It's unusual, but-

JEWELL

He's dead. I mean, one of the undead.
Like how vampires become. Even light
hurts his eyes.

INT. GRAMS KITCHEN - NIGHT

Grams is at the table looking through the parchment pages of the ancient book. She turns several pages and comes across an illustration of a group of black robed vampires, fangs bared, surrounding another group of vampires who are holding a naked man's legs apart.

CLOSE ON: A vampire holding a dagger kneels between the man's legs reaching for his genitals.

Grams stares uneasily at the macabre illustration.

EXT. LIBRARY - LAS VEGAS - DAY

INT. LIBRARY - MR. LOWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Gram sits next to Mr. Lowell, who studies a page of the ancient book with unusual writing above the illustration.

MR. LOWELL

I have a very rudimentary knowledge of Latin. I can detect here and there a snippet of what something might say. If this was, in fact, commissioned by a secret society, the words may be in a type of code.

GRAMS

May I...

Grams flips to the page that reveals the illustration of the nude man with his legs held apart by vampires.

MR. LOWELL

Oh, my. I didn't get a chance to see this particular page. Your grand daughter was very protective of this book.

GRAMS

What do you think they're doing?

MR. LOWELL

Good question. It does appear to be some type of ritualistic ceremony. Possibly he's being circumcised. But again, in regard to vampire lore, what would be the point?

GRAMS

So, besides circumcision, why would someone need to be messing around down there, anyway?

Mr. Lowell looks closely at the illustration.

MR. LOWELL

I can only think of one other reason. And I say it only because the legs are being held apart, most likely by force.

(glances at Grams)

They could very well be castrating him. In the thirteenth century Eunuchs were frequently kept as slaves.

Gram's stares at the page, wracked with worry.

INT. GRAM'S STATION WAGON -DAY - LATER

Grams exits the interstate into Sloan and pulls up to the small 24 hour gas station. A large sign in the window states "CLOSED". Gram's checks her gas gage, which is on empty.

EXT. DOC PARDEE'S HOME - DAY - LATER

Grams parks next to Doc Pardee's Towncar. She gets out holding Mitch's prescription pill bottle and knocks on the door, waits, and knocks again.

GRAMS

Doc. You home? It's Rebecca... Doc...

INT. DOC'S OFFICE - DAY

Doc Pardee's, NURSE, early fifties, is at her desk looking up at Grams.

NURSE

Mrs. Riley, two days ago Doc Pardee up and retired on me. Tomorrow is my last day.

GRAMS

What?

NURSE

Yes, said something about he's really always been a night person, which is news to me.

GRAMS

That was sudden. I was waiting to hear from him.

Grams takes out Mitch's prescription bottle.

GRAMS

(continuing)

Maybe you could help me with something, then. What are these for?

The nurse puts on her glasses and examines the label.

NURSE

Oh... okay... "Androgen".
(Opens bottle and peeks
in at the pills)
They're a male hormone supplement.

GRAMS

Would a man need these if he... lost his "manhood" in some sort of industrial accident... or something?

NURSE

I guess so, yes. Where'd you ever come across these, anyway?

EXT. SLOAN STORAGE - DAY - LATER

Grams drives through the gate seeing a box of items outside the door which leads up to her apartment. She gets out and looks through the box, which contains a sunlamp and several crosses and crucifixes.

Jewell comes downstairs.

JEWELL

Hi, Grams. What's all that?

GRAMS

I don't know. It was here when I pulled up. You see anybody?

JEWELL

No one. Grams there's a note on the box.

Jewell takes the note off the box and reads it aloud.

JEWELL

(continuing)

... "This may be the best advice you will ever get. Hang the crucifixes above your doors and windows and keep the sunlamp on from dusk till dawn. A friend"... Grams, what's going on?

EXT. ROBIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Robin and Kyle stand on the balcony of Robin's enormous two-story luxury home looking in the direction of the gravel pit, which is dark now.

There is a panoramic view of the interstate. In several locations, lights can be seen from patrol cars that have pulled over drivers to ticket.

KYLE

Maybe they closed a couple days for a safety inspection.

ROBIN

I don't think so. Ever since the Mirage was built, they've worked on every new hotel twenty-four seven. The gravel pit never shuts down.

KYLE

There's a hundred gravel pits outside Vegas. They'll pick up the slack.

(pulls Robin inside)

Get in bed, woman. I have to get up at the crack of dawn.

They fall onto the bed.

ROBIN
 Sleep on the plane.
 (cuddles up with Kyle)
 Guess it must be quota time.

KYLE
 Huh?

ROBIN
 Your buddies. They're out there
 giving speeding tickets like they're
 working an assembly line.

EXT. I-93 - NIGHT

On one section of the interstate, a mile from the rest of the police and Highway Patrol cars, an UPSET WOMAN is led away from her car in hand cuffs by Sheriff Henderson.

UPSET WOMAN
 You can't arrest me for speeding.
 This is ridiculous.

SHERIFF HENDERSON
 It's a double penalty when the roads
 being worked on.

UPSET WOMAN
 Oh, please. What roadwork? Stop
 beating around the bush. If you want
 money, I ain't got any. I drive a
 Ford Escort in case you need glasses.
 Pull over a rich person for Christ
 sake.

He ignores her and they approach a nearby police van. The driver stares straight ahead. Sheriff Henderson takes the woman to the back of the van and opens the double doors.

The woman softly gasps and stares inside. At least twenty other ticketed drivers, their hands cuffed behind their backs, are crammed together like sardines on the built in metal benches.

The group of arrested drivers all begin talking at once exchanging various pleas: "What's going on?" "Let us out or I'm suing". "You're violating my civil rights" etcetera.

UPSET WOMAN
 (continuing)
 Just where the hell am I supposed to
 sit?

He grabs her arm and roughly hoists her up into the van and plops her down onto a man's lap.

UPSET WOMAN
 (continuing)
 Hey, what are you doing you asshole!

A second police van quickly pulls up with its high beams on, illuminating the inside of the first van. The cuffed people squint and look away. The van doors are slammed shut.

INT. BACK OF POLICE VAN - NIGHT

Everyone sits in total darkness.

UPSET WOMAN
 How long has everyone been in here?

PERSON IN VAN
 Shhh... Listen.

The second police van's doors are heard opening and slamming shut, followed by dozens of heavy footsteps and a strange guttural breathing audible outside the doors.

SECOND PERSON IN VAN
 What's going on?

The van doors fly open. Everyone looks up seeing several "people" bunched together outside the van, staring in at them hungrily. Several of the vampires hiss and bare long fangs.

The occupants in the van stare in shock. The vampires are on them in an instant, screeching and attacking the helpless cuffed people, who scream madly as throat flesh is torn open and blood sprays everywhere.

A male vampire grabs a man by the hair and yanks his head back exposing a bulging vein in his neck.

CLOSE ON: A second female vampire violently bites sideways into the vein. Her long fangs sink into the flesh as she gorges on the blood, her body undulating as if she were in the throes of an orgasm.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

Sheriff Henderson stands outside the van, which literally rocks back and fourth as the frenzied vampires feed on their cuffed prey.

EXT. ROBIN'S BALCONY - NIGHT

A few miles in the distance along the dirt road, three cars and a Grey hound bus, their headlights off, follow a police car toward the gravel pit.

INT. GRAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jewell sleeps next to Gram's in the bed. Gram's lies there, restless and unable to sleep. She checks the clock.

CLOSE ON: It's 3:55 A.M.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grams walks into the dark living room and turns on a lamp. She stares dubiously at the box with the crucifixes and sunlamp inside. Jewell walks into the living room.

GRAMS

What are you doing up?

JEWELL

I'm a light sleeper, now.
(Glances at crucifix)
Grams, please hang them up. Please.

GRAMS

If it's any help the sun will be up soon. But we don't need them. We never have. There's got to be a logical explanation for...

Jewell's look implores her.

GRAMS

(continuing)
... All right. If it's what you want.

Grams reluctantly picks up two of the crucifixes. Jewell rushes over and takes out the sunlamp, which she plugs in and points at the front door.

Grams pauses as she hears the downstairs door knob being jiggled.

JEWELL

Grams...

A plaintive voice is heard from downstairs.

THELMA (O.S.)

Rebecca... Rebecca...

GRAMS

It's Thelma.

Grams reaches for the doorknob.

JEWELL

Don't go down there. Maybe she-

GRAMS

Jewell, I just spoke to her before I went to bed.

Grams opens the door, enters the stair well and turns on the light. The bulb burns out.

GRAMS

(continuing)

Damn.

Grams grips the handrail and cautiously makes her way down the dark stairs. Jewell hurries over to a lamp that's off, and takes out the bulb. She races over to the stairwell fixture, quickly takes out the dead bulb, and begins to screw in the new bulb.

INT. STAIRWELL

Grams reaches the bottom step and sees Thelma standing outside a few feet from the door.

THELMA

Rebecca, let me in, please. I need help.

Grams goes to unlock the door.

CLOSE ON: Jewell does a final twist on the bulb.

The stairwell is illuminated, as is Thelma, who now has a long set of fangs, deathly white skin and strange eyes. Grams gasps loudly and rears back onto the last step. Jewell rushes downstairs holding up the crucifix.

Thelma screeches and cowers, then flees. Jewell helps Grams to her feet.

JEWELL

Grams, Grams, you okay?

Grams grips the hand rail for support.

GRAMS

Yes, yes. Oh, my God. What was... Oh, God! It can't be.

JEWELL

Grams, she's one of them. Please, let's go upstairs, now!

INT. GRAMS BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

The sunlamp glows. Three crucifixes are on the window facing out. Grams and a teary eyed, Jewell, sit on the bed.

GRAMS

I'm sorry I didn't believe you.

(Hugs Jewell)

It'd be a heckuva lot easier if I was just going crazy. I could handle that. This is... Baby, girl, we need to get out of here, right now.

JEWELL

Shouldn't we warn people? Well, whoever's left, I mean.

(Gets up)

At least Robin. Grams, her boyfriend's a cop. We can tell him everything.

EXT. OFFICE - SUNRISE - SHORT TIME LATER

Grams puts luggage into the backseat. Jewell and Sal come outside. Sal has on a light jacket with a hood and is wearing Grams sunglasses. Jewell winces from the smell as she helps Sal into the car.

INSERT: A note on the office door reads:

"CLOSED for family emergency. Please come back in a week or leave message. Thank you."

Jewell gets in the car, and as Grams pulls away, she notices a Sloan cop car parked on the side of the road, which leads to the interstate.

Leaning over the back seat for a better look, Jewell sees Officer Marco standing behind the cop car with his arms crossed.

EXT. ROAD - SUNRISE

Gram's old station wagon strains to get up the hill leading to Robin's home. It suddenly stalls and Gram's tries to start it again to no avail.

GRAMS

Goddamnit. We're outta gas.

INT. ROBIN'S HOME - DAY

A bathrobe clad, Robin, stops at the large balcony window of her spacious home as she talks on her cell and holds a cup of coffee.

Robin watches an exhausted Grams, Jewell and Sal walking toward the house holding suitcases.

ROBIN

It appears I have company. Listen, dad. Lemme get back to you. Mrs. Riley and her grand daughter are here... With the Unabomber.

INT. ROBIN'S HOME - DAY - LATER

Robin, Grams and Jewell are in the large living room, which overlooks the whole town and the interstate two miles in the distance.

The fanged skull and the ancient book are on a table. Robin holds the land line house phone. There is no dial tone. She jiggles the receiver and hangs up. Jewell places the three crucifixes in the front window. Robin watches bemusedly.

GRAMS

We did try to call first, but-

ROBIN

Phones been out since last night. But the sheriff already stopped by. He told me a road construction crew cut through the lines.

GRAMS

He came by today?

ROBIN

No, last night. He stopped working the day shift.

Jewell softly gasps and sits next to Grams.

GRAMS

What did he look like?

ROBIN

Worse than usual. He could use some sun and lose fifty pounds... But he didn't have fangs. Listen, basically everything you've told me can be explained away. You'll see.

GRAMS

That's just what I told Jewell.

ROBIN

And it has to be like Doc said. Sal has some weird, rare, totally revolting disease.

GRAMS

I understand your reluctance, but it's real. I wish it weren't, but it is. We only want you to be safe.

ROBIN

And I thank you.

GRAMS

(Stands)

Now if you could please just drive us into Vegas before it gets dark. I tried to get gas but the station's closed. That should tell you-

Robin suppresses her exasperation.

ROBIN

Mrs. Riley... Listen, if it'll make you feel any better you can stay here till Kyle gets back.

JEWELL

When's that?

GRAMS

Yes. Where is he? Who's watching the town?

ROBIN

Officer Marco. He's feeding Kyle's dog until he gets back... But keep in mind. Kyle is a cop. He's heard everything.

Robin glances back at the guest room door.

ROBIN

(continuing)

No offense, but Sal looks like he might need to be quarantined.

EXT. BALCONY - ROBIN'S HOME - NIGHT - LATER

The house is dark except for the sunlamp which is pointed at the patio door. Jewell is in her bathrobe looking through the binoculars.

On the interstate, several people have been pulled over in various locations and are being "ticketed" by Troopers. Jewell focuses on something and follows it with the binoculars.

INT. ROBIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jewell hurries inside clutching the binoculars and opens the guest room door.

JEWELL (O.S.)

Grams, Grams. Wake up! There's someone at your place with a great big truck.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Grams, Jewell and Robin stand on the balcony. Robin looks through the binoculars, watching as a semi-truck with its bed open, backs up into Sloan storage.

ROBIN

Jesus, I bet someone saw the note and they're gonna clean the place out.

(lowers binoculars)

We have to call the Sheriff, Mrs. Riley.

GRAMS

No. He might be one of 'em. I'm sure of it. After twelve years he up and goes off day shift.

ROBIN

Then why didn't he get me?

GRAMS

I... I don't know. But I don't want him to know we're still in town.

Jewell takes the binoculars.

ROBIN

Mrs. Riley, this is crazy. Someone's robbing the sheds. You might get sued.

GRAMS

It's no use. They don't need material things. For some reason they're cleaning them out.

ROBIN

What in the world for?

GRAMS

I think to move something else in... or out.

INT. ROBIN'S CADILLAC - DAY

The wind blows very hard. Robin, Grams and Jewell ride in silence. The sky is very overcast with thick dark clouds.

EXT. JED'S STORAGE SHED - DAY

Grams looks around nervously as she opens the handles on her set of lock cutters. Jewell looks up at the sky, where the sun has gone behind a thick cloud.

ROBIN
I'll do it, Mrs. Riley.

Robin takes the lock cutters and she clamps it together with all her might. The lock breaks on Jed's unit and Grams removes it.

GRAMS
Get back Jewell.

Jewell steps back and takes a crucifix out of her pocket. Robin rolls her eyes and slides up the aluminium door, which doesn't make a sound.

GRAMS
(continuing)
He must've oiled it. They're noisy as hell.

Robin hoists the door over her and it goes into the ceiling. Grams gasps. Jewell holds up the crucifix. In the shed before her, Robin sees several sleeping "people", huddled on the concrete floor.

ROBIN
(whispers)
Mrs. Riley... What... Are they homeless? Who are they?

Robin leans carefully into the shed and turns on the flashlight. She casts the beam to her left, into a gaping hole in the concrete wall and gasps.

ROBIN
(continuing)
Oh, God...

As far as the eye can see, all the way to the end shed eighteen units down, similar gaping holes have been knocked out of the concrete walls. Each shed has been completely emptied of it's contents, and are now inhabited by dozens upon dozens of sleeping vampires. Their guttural heavy rhythmic breathing is the only sound.

INT. SHED

Three units down from where Robin is, several candles are lit in the shed. A dozen vampires sleep on the floor. A cardboard box is in one corner with bags of chips and soda piled on it.

ROBIN (O.S.)
What the hell is this?

GRAMS (O.S.)
Shhhh! Don't wake them.

Marco's son, SHANE, 6 years old, suddenly sits up from the floor, panic stricken.

CLOSE ON: Looking down at his handcuffed wrist, Shane's afraid to move as the other handcuff is attached to a sleeping vampire. The attached vampire stirs a moment, then resumes sleeping.

Shane looks helplessly at the gaping hole in the wall and lies back down.

EXT. SHED - DAY

Robin carefully steps back. Grams reaches up for the sliding shed door. One of the sleeping "people" appears to be dreaming.

His body flinches and he opens his mouth in a grimace.

CLOSE ON: Robin leans down for a better look, noticing he has a set of short, razor sharp fangs, which grow an inch, then revert back to their normal size. Robin jumps back, whispering:

ROBIN
Oh, hell no!

Robin stares at Grams incredulously.

ROBIN
(continuing)
I'm being massively punked, aren't I?
My God. His... his teeth grew. They
actually-

JEWELL
The sun's coming back out. They might
wake up!

Grams pulls the shed door shut.

ROBIN

Mrs. Riley, there's so many. You wouldn't believe it.

GRAMS

What do you mean?

ROBIN

Each shed is filled with... I can't believe I'm saying this... Vampires. There's a shit ton of 'em in there. I owe you an apology.

INT. ROBIN'S CAR - DAY - LATER

Robin drives her Escalade toward a stop sign.

ROBIN

Let's get the hell out of here right, now.

(Pulls out cell phone)

I'll have to tell the police we found a dead body in one of the sheds, otherwise they'll hang up on me. Mrs. Riley, when they look inside they're just gonna shit!

(Applies brakes)

I wish Kyle could see it. He's always wanted to post something on YouTube.

GRAMS

What's he doing?

ROBIN

Huh?

GRAM'S

Over there.

Robin notices Officer Marco standing in the middle of the two lane road, which leads to the freeway onramp.

ROBIN

It's Marco!

Robin speeds up, driving a half mile ahead. She throws the SUV in park and hops out, running over to the officer.

ROBIN
(continuing)
Marco. You're not gonna believe this!
(Gasps)
What are you doing?

Marco stands in front of Robin pointing his gun at her with a shaking hand.

MARCO
Gimme your cell phone.

ROBIN
Oh, God. You're one of them.

MARCO
No, no. They have my goddamn kid somewhere. I'm supposed to hold any "humans" I find in the jail until it gets dark.

ROBIN
No way. Marco...

MARCO
Don't fucking test me. I fought two years to get custody of my son. I'm not losing him again to creatures of the fucking night of all things. I'll do anything I have to. Give me your cell phone!

Robin quickly hands over her cell. Marco takes a labored breath, throws it to the ground and stomps on it.

ROBIN
(Gasps)
That's a new Apple 13 Pro...

Kyle hurries over to the Escalade holding up his gun.

MARCO
Gimme your phones. C'mon. Both of you.

An alarmed, Gram's and Jewell hand them over. He turns to Robin.

MARCO
(continuing)
Don't even think about going to Kyle's house. I have all his guns.

ROBIN

You dick.

MARCO

Look, they'll be gone soon. They... they want more vampires to join their ranks or whatever the fuck you call it. But they've nearly wiped out the town. Just go back to your house and hide. Go!

Marco watches Robin jump back in her Escalade and turn around throwing up a plume of dust as she speeds off.

INT. ESCALADE

ROBIN

God, if they didn't have his kid, I'd just go back and run his ass over.

(Beat)

I can afford a new windshield. You two duck down and I'll bob and weave if he fires at me. The interstates only...

Grams looks at Robin as if she's lost her mind. Jewell looks over at the fenced in gravel pit and sees the top of a couch sticking up from a desert area in the gravel pit property.

JEWELL

You see that? Robin, back up.

EXT. SLOAN GRAVEL PIT - DAY

Grams, Robin and Jewell stand over the rim of a massive football field sized hole that has been dug out of the ground by gravel pit workers for the last several years.

At the bottom of the hole dozens of wrecked cars, trucks, tour buses, mini vans and motor homes have been pushed over the side. The contents of dozens of storage sheds lie strewn about the sloping dirt walls that lead to the bottom.

ROBIN

Duh. That's why they're waiting on the highway like vultures giving out tickets.

JEWELL

Grams, I think Jed was trying to warn us. I bet he found the sunlamp in a shed.

ROBIN

Why don't we ask him? Well, confront him while it's still day light. I have pepper spray and it's three against one.

EXT. PRICKLY PEAR MOTEL - DAY

Robin's car is parked in front of Jed's room. Jewell sits in the backseat with the door open. Grams knocks on the motel room door again. Robin tries to see inside the room through the drapes.

ROBIN

You think he's just not answering?

INT. ROBIN'S CADDY

Robin, Grams and Jewell turn down Barrel Cactus road. Sloan storage is six blocks in the distance. Jewell sees Jed walking out of Sloan storage.

JEWELL

There he is, Gram's. He's at your place!

ROBIN

Shit.

Robin makes a screeching u-turn and speeds toward Sloan storage. Jed walks into the parking lot and stops in his tracks as Robin's Cadillac screeches to a halt ten feet in front of him. Robin, Grams and Jewell stare intently at Jed, who holds the cut padlock.

ROBIN

(continuing)
What do we do?

Grams calmly gets out of the car.

ROBIN

(continuing)
Mrs. Riley, no.

GRAMS

Young man, we're not as clueless as you might think. But we need your help.

INT. ROBIN'S HOME - DAY - LATER

A fan turned on high is pointed at the door of the guest room Sal stays in. The door is ajar. It's semi-dark inside the room. The door opens and Jed, Grams, Robin and Jewell, walk out nearly gagging from the smell inside.

Robin holds her breath as she pulls the door closed. She rushes over to a window, opens it and lets out her breath, as does everyone else. Robin turns to Jed.

ROBIN

What's happening to him? Can he be helped?

JED

He... he's been fed on, but...

(To Grams)

What was he doing before he was bitten?

GRAMS

Sweeping, like always.

JED

When your bitten, the vampires saliva acts as a powerful preservative. You never grow old. The effects begin right away. His immune system could be fighting it somehow, but that's impossible.

Jed sighs, looking like his world has fallen apart.

JED

(continuing)

Why did you bring me here? I can't help you.

(looks at Robin)

But you are safe with her... For the time being. Sheriff told us your father's a judge. You'd be missed.

Jed turns and heads for the door.

GRAMS

Jed, please. Don't go.
 (walks right up to him)
 We have something you might be
 interested in.

INT. ROBIN'S HOME - DAY

Jed is seated at the table looking incredulously at Jewell.
 Grams and Robin stand nearby.

JED

My, God. You knew him? How? What did
 Caleb tell you about Saint Victor?

JEWELL

"Mitch" told me everything. I even
 saw his secret mark. And what's left
 of that Victor guy's skull.

Jed springs out of the chair.

JED

(adamant)
 Saint Victor! What do you mean?

JEWELL

It's all messed up. I couldn't even
 find all the pieces. Now are you
 gonna leave town?

Distraught, Jed paces anxiously a moment, then stops,
 fighting back tears.

JED

His skull has been protected for
 generations. I can't believe Caleb
 betrayed us.

JEWELL

They were gonna kill him.

JED

He knew the risks. So do I.

GRAMS

Jed, what do they have over you?

JED

Nothing!

Jed crumples into the chair. Grams sits in front of him, takes his hand and looks him straight in the eye.

GRAMS

Mitch broke free. You don't have to follow their rules. You don't have to be... Jed, you may want children someday.

Jed yanks his hand away and looks at Grams strangely.

GRAMS

(continuing)

This is a small town. You can't tell someone you want to be maimed like that and not expect it to get out.

JED

I won't be maimed. It's the ultimate test of loyalty. And I'll do it because they're the chosen ones. The bible said Jesus came back from the dead, but there's no actual proof. I've seen it with them. I've seen with my own eyes the dead resurrected. Saint Victor was the very first. He only lived a relatively short time. A hundred and forty-eight years. But each new generation of vampires live longer.

ROBIN

How do you know he's the first?

JED

The book. He contacted the black plague, but somehow the disease mutated in him...

There's a tapping sound coming from the door inside the guest room. Sal calls out.

SAL (O.S.)

Hey... hello.

JED

... Saint Victor didn't die like everyone else. But his eyes and skin became extremely sensitive to the sun... And he craved blood.

(more)

JED (CONT'D)
(Sits in silence a
moment)

It wasn't supposed to go this far. We
never stay anywhere more than a night.

Sal taps and calls out more urgently.

SAL (O.S.)
Anybody...

Jed stands and eyes the front door, wanting very much to
leave.

JED
I've only protected you because I've
never met any mortals I even remotely
liked. But there's nothing more I can
do.

SAL (O.S.)
Will someone please come here!

Gram's and Robin look toward the guest room. Jed abruptly
leaves the house.

ROBIN
Hold on, Sal.

Robin, Grams and Jewell hurry to the window. Grams pushes
aside the drape and they watch Jed kneel down and tie his
shoe. The sun is setting.

GRAMS
Whew. He is going to be one tough nut
to crack.

EXT. ROBIN'S HOUSE

Jed pretends to tie his other shoe. He glances back and sees
Gram's let go of the drape and he pulls out a switch blade.

INT. ROBIN'S HOME

Robin, Grams and Jewell turn hearing the guest room door
creak open. Sal is in the open doorway staring at them.

One of his eye sockets is empty now.

His top lip is almost nonexistent, exposing all of his upper teeth, where two short fangs are trying to grow. The three women suppress gasps, so as not to upset Sal anymore than he already is.

SAL

Can someone put a blanket over my window?

Robin hurries across the room and grabs her car keys.

ROBIN

I don't care what he said. We're getting out of Bum Fuck Egypt, now.

JEWELL

No, it's getting dark.

ROBIN

It's okay. I basically drive a fancy tank. Vampires versus an Escalade. We'll win. Sal, lock the door and barricade it. We'll be back with help.

EXT. ROBIN'S HOUSE - SUNSET

The three of them hurry outside and stop short. Grams covers her mouth. All of the tires on Robin's Escalade are slashed.

ROBIN

Punk ass bitch!
(Looks around)
How did he...

Robin sees the fear in Gram's and Jewell's eyes and regains her composure.

ROBIN

(continuing)
Look, we have the sunlamps and the crucifixes. It's almost like a church in there. I don't have Holy Water, but we'll be fine.
(Looks out over town)
I'm worried about Kyle. I couldn't leave, anyway. Someone has to warn him.

INT. ROBIN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

A large, expensive self-tanning bed is open and glowing brightly in the living room next to the smaller sunlamp.

INT. JEWELL'S GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Jewell sits up in bed changing channels with the remote. Grams looks deep in thought as she plumps Jewell's pillow.

The guest room door is open and Robin can be seen in the living room gazing out the window. Gram's softly gasps, looking as if she's had an epiphany.

GRAMS

Oh, my goodness.

JEWELL

What?

GRAMS

(Forces smile)

Nothing.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Grams and Robin stand against the railing looking out over the dark desert.

GRAMS

I'm ashamed to even be thinking it.

(smiles to herself)

But he is a strapping young man. I'd do it myself if I could. And I know it's a terrible thing to ask. To even suggest, but I'm too old. I think I've forgotten what to do.

ROBIN

I haven't. It's just I'm so mad I could knock him out.

(Beat)

Heck, who am I kidding? In this day and age a hot-looking male virgin is a rare commodity. I'm on the pill. He's safe. It's a no-brainer... After we're through, the last thing on earth he's gonna want is a scalpel aimed at his testicles.

P.O.V: Robin raises the binoculars and focuses on a long line of cars, their headlights off, following a Highway patrol car toward the gravel pit.

ROBIN
 (continuing)
 More recruits. I'll go to Jed's room tomorrow. Under the circumstances, it's almost patriotic.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STREET - NIGHT - LATER

A black Mercedes with tinted windows drives through an industrial area of Las Vegas and slows down in front of a massive storage shed facility.

A large sign states "Opening Soon. Vegas Verdes Storage. 1250 units. Ask about our Move-In specials. Office open till 10".

The Mercedes parks in front of the office and a tall African American man gets out.

EXT. ROBIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Robin wheels an old decrepit bike with a banana seat and a basket out of the garage. She wears make-up and is very dressed up, wearing a tight dress with lots of cleavage and stiletto heels.

Gram's and a pajama clad, Jewell, stand nearby. Jewell eyes Robin's outfit quizzically.

ROBIN
 I better go now. It's supposed to be a hundred and fourteen degrees later.

GRAMS
 You can't ride a bike two miles in this heat.

ROBIN
 Sure I can.
 (Gets on bike)
 See 'ya.

EXT. BARREL CACTUS ROAD - DAY

Robin rides the bike down Barrel Cactus road. The Prickly Pear motel is a short distance away. Robin sees Marco parked on the side of the road a mile away.

EXT. JED'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY - LATER

An out of breath, Robin, stands in the open doorway facing Jed, who gives her sexy dress the once over. Jed's demeanor is very different, now. He looks awkward, nervous and self-conscious. Robin has her hand over his heart. She smiles.

ROBIN

We weren't even sure you had one. But your's is beating right out of your chest. Sounds like a little bongo drum. Can I come in?

Robin walks right past him and stops near the bed. Jed just stands there.

ROBIN

(continuing)
Close the door.

Jed closes it, but doesn't move. Robin sits in the only chair.

ROBIN

(continuing)
Jed, sit down. It's okay. C'mon.

Jed stiffly walks over and sits on the edge of the bed near Robin, who gets up, walks over and faces him.

CLOSE ON: She runs her fingers through his hair and catches a glimpse of the lavish tattoo on his scalp.

ROBIN

(continuing)
That's better. You know, I've been thinking about what you said.

JED

What?

ROBIN

That they're gonna get us. So I figured, if you become a vampire you won't need sex anymore, right? So I want it one last time.

She reaches back and unzips her dress.

JED

I... I'm not allowed to.

ROBIN

What? Have sex? They'll never know.

Her dress falls to the floor. Jed grabs it. Robin presses her legs together trapping his arm, then leans down and unzips his fly.

EXT. BARREL CACTUS ROAD - DAY - LATER

Jed rides Robin's bike up the road, peddling with all his might as Robin sits on the handle bars with her make-up smeared and her hair messed up.

Robin spies the local church in the distance.

ROBIN

Make a left!

INT. SLOAN CHURCH - DAY

Jed wanders around the pulpit area with several crucifixes under each arm. He finds another and tucks it under his arm with the rest.

Nearby Robin pulls with all her might on a four foot tall cross with a crucified Jesus figure on it, that's attached to the wall. Giving it a final tug the cross comes off the wall followed by chunks of plaster.

A winded, Robin, brushes plaster off her dress and examines the Jesus figure.

ROBIN

If vampires hate crosses, this will scare the holy hell out of them, huh?

Robin spies a row of communion wafers in a open wooden container. She grabs one and eats it.

ROBIN
 (continuing)
 I'm starved. Take some crackers for
 the road.
 (Grimaces)
 They need salt.

Jed gives her a look.

JED
 Don't you attend this church?

ROBIN
 No. I never even went to Sunday
 school. Why?

JED
 Nevermind.

INT. ROBIN'S HOME - DAY

The Jesus figure on the cross leans against the kitchen
 counter. A pile of new crucifixes are on the table.

"Jed" sheepishly stands in front of Grams, who shakes his
 hand and smiles slyly.

GRAMS
 Nice to meet you, "Sean". That's a
 fine Irish name. I like it better
 than Jed. You should've never changed
 it.

Jed/Sean shyly nods. Jewell watches curiously, surprised at
 his sudden change of heart. Robin tries not to gloat. Sean
 smiles at Robin, completely smitten.

Jewell frowns as it's just become apparent what happened
 between them.

GRAM'S
 Now I want you to look me right in
 the eye and tell me where those
 creatures hid that little boy.

SEAN/JED
 I... I don't know. I swear. I heard
 he might be in a basement or one of
 the shed's, but he's safe.
 (more)

SEAN/JED (CONT'D)

They know if he's fed on, Officer Marco won't cooperate.

GRAM'S

I say we cut all the locks off the sheds and-

SEAN/JED

No, it'll be dark in an hour. You'd never have enough... Listen... There's... there's no other way to say this.

(Beat)

They've got their eye on Jewell.

Gram's clutches Jewell.

GRAM'S

Not on my watch.

Jed stares longingly at Robin, who forces a smile.

SEAN/JED

I better go back so they think everything's okay.

INT. ROBIN'S HOME - SUNSET - SHORT TIME LATER

The open self-tanning bed lights up the living room. Grams is on the couch watching TV. Robin is next to her nervously checking her watch.

Jewell is on the balcony looking through the binoculars. She sticks her head inside.

JEWELL

I see Kyle! I think his car broke down.

ROBIN

Oh, God. It's almost dark.

EXT. BARREL CACTUS ROAD - SUNSET

Kyle stands next to his car which has driven over a spike strip laid across the road. All four of his tires are flat.

He looks up seeing Robin peddling a bike furiously toward him. She comes to a skidding stop. Kyle sees Robin clutching a crucifix, with another around her neck. A third one is taped to the front of the bike light.

ROBIN

Jesus, where were you?

KYLE

Missed my flight. What's going on?

ROBIN

Please tell me you have your cell?

KYLE

Dead, but my chargers in my luggage.
The airline can't find it.

ROBIN

Marco didn't stop you?

KYLE

I didn't see him. Was the sheriff
chasing someone? Where is everyone?
Where's your Caddy?

ROBIN

Right now it's a three thousand pound
paper weight.

(Motions to spike strip)

Those were meant for you.

(Scoots back on seat)

Get on. I don't have time to explain.
Hurry!

INT. ROBIN'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Grams, Jewell and Robin stand next to Kyle, who looks at the three women strangely. Robin lightly knocks on Sal's bedroom door and grips the doorknob.

ROBIN

Sal... We're coming in, okay?

SAL (O.S.)

Okay.

Robin opens the door and turns on the light. Kyle gags from the smell. Sal lies back on the bed wearing the jacket and sweats. A blanket covers the window.

KYLE
Hey, Sal. It's Kyle.

Sal sits up and his entire scalp, including his hair, slides off his skull and falls into the hood of his jacket. Sal strains to smile and has one long fang, now. The other has fallen out.

Kyle is stunned.

KYLE
(continuing)
Whoa, call 911. Sal, dude. What the hell happened to you?
(to Robin)
What's going on? Has Doc seen him?

JEWELL
Can't. He's a night person.

GRAMS
So is everyone else. And they've turned Sloan storage into a Vampire Motel-6.

KYLE
What?

ROBIN
And your buddy Marco is the day-shift security guard.

EXT. ROBIN'S HOME - BALCONY - NIGHT - LATER

Kyle adjusts the binoculars. Robin, Jewell and Grams stand nearby.

ROBIN
Just wait. You'll see.

P.O.V: Kyle focuses on the chain link fence near the back of Sloan storage, where, in a moment, throngs of vampires stream out through the large hole and disperse into the darkness.

KYLE
Christ. What the... There's like, sixty of them. My God.

GRAMS

I think they all go back before sunrise. Doc, the Sheriff. Even Thelma.

KYLE

They got her, too? Doesn't she wear dentures?

Kyle lowers the binoculars.

KYLE

(continuing)

How many units are at your place?

GRAMS

Eighty. So far they've only taken over rows B and C.

KYLE

Where's that rat bastard who rented the shed?

Grams and Robin exchange looks.

ROBIN

Back at his room. But leave him alone, Kyle. I finally got him to cooperate.

KYLE

How?

GRAMS

She means we all talked some sense into him. We don't want to upset the apple cart. Deal?

Robin looks thankfully at Grams. Jewell smirks.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Gram's looks through a notebook containing the names of renters and their coinciding storage unit numbers. Jewell watches her.

JEWELL

Grams, you're not gonna call everyone and tell 'em their stuff is gone, are you?

GRAMS
Eventually, I'll have to.

ROBIN
Grams.

GRAMS
Yes?

JEWELL
I was just thinking... Does that guy
with all the animal cages still have
his stuff in storage?

Gram's checks the page.

GRAMS
MmmHmm. For now. Why?

INT. ROBIN'S HOME - NIGHT - LATER

The sliding glass door affords a view of the desert, where several vampires approach the house. Cain is one of them. He silently breaks the front doorknob and enters, as do the others.

They rear back seeing the open tanning bed.

Cain crawls along the floor and unplugs the self-tanning bed. The room goes semi-dark. The other vampires see the crucifixes placed all around the living room and scowl, giving them a wide berth. Two vampires approach one of the guest room doors and abruptly stop, rearing back.

The four foot tall Jesus figure on the cross is nailed to the door. The vampires hurry away.

Two other vampires stand outside Robin's bedroom door and quietly open it. Robin sleeps next to a shirtless, Kyle on the bed. He has a large crucifix around his neck as does Robin. The vampires pull the door closed. All four vampires re-group in the living room.

Cain walks out of Sal's bedroom and he and the other vampires leave the house.

INT. SAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sal is asleep on his back breathing raspily. The blanket, the drapes and the shade have been removed from his window and placed on the floor.

INT. ROBIN'S HOME - NEXT DAY

Kyle looks into Sal's room, very stunned.

KYLE

Shit!

Robin rushes up to Kyle and gasps. Morning sunlight fills the room. What looks like steaming, charred afterbirth is all that's left of Sal on the bed. Grams and Jewell hurry over. Robin quickly pulls the door shut.

GRAMS

What? What's going on?

Robin strains to speak.

ROBIN

Sal's better off. Just take my word for it.

EXT. ROBIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Kyle examines the broken front door lock. Robin stands next to him. Grams and Jewell watch nearby. Robin takes a second look, noticing Jed walk up the road. She quickly lets go of Kyle, hurries over to Gram's and motions to her. Grams sees Jed.

ROBIN

(whispers)

God. Hope he doesn't ask for seconds in front of Kyle.

EXT. ROBIN'S HOME - DAY - LATER

Robin stands next to Jewell and Grams. Kyle looks angrily at Jed.

SEAN/JED

They were gonna get you last night. One of them almost sacrificed himself throwing down the spike strip. It was still light. But they're leaving.

KYLE

How and when?

SEAN/JED

Sheriff's gonna pull over another semi-truck later. I'm supposed to drive 'em all out of here at sunset, then...

ROBIN

What?

JED

They're... heading to Las Vegas. The sheds here turned out to be the perfect hiding place to make others and go unnoticed.

GRAM'S

Until it's too late, you mean. Now they're doing the same thing in Vegas?

JED

(Nodding)

A new storage facility with over twelve-hundred units is opening. One of your rich neighbors was "turned". He-

JEWELL

Greg's dad! He owns..."owned" the gravel pit.

JED

Yeah. Rented every unit and prepaid for six months.

KYLE

(Let's out breath)

Fuck me. There won't be any of us left.

(to Grams)

So, who's this guy?

GRAMS

Oh... Row D. Unit 18. Leonard Cabrini. He owned a circus and had a big animal act at the Dunes in the late eighties that went belly up. Three years ago he showed up here, rented the biggest shed we had and stuffed all the cages and props inside. Jewell was visiting and watched him move everything in. Best of all, he's got rental insurance. But this thing is huge.

JEWELL

I'm sure it's big enough to cover both rows. Officer Marco won't see what we're doing. He's a mile away.

KYLE

Right. Then we'll jack a van, kidnap the driver-

JEWELL

When Gram's and I gave blood the nurse told me they were closing up shop at five this Friday and taking extra blood to local hospitals in L.A.

ROBIN

There you go. We can do this, Kyle. Get off the pot and hike over the mountain to Vegas, or let's get rid of 'em ourselves.

EXT. SLOAN STORAGE - ROW A - DAY - LATER

It's very sunny and breezy. The lock is removed from unit "18". The door is up.

Animal cages and several boxes are outside the unit. Kyle, Robin, Sean and Jewell strain with all their might to pull a gigantic folded circus tent out of the shed.

They stop and rest a moment. Kyle wipes his forehead and glares at Sean, which Grams notices.

GRAMS

Should be a lot lighter after it's unfolded.

(more)

GRAMS (CONT'D)

Why don't we do it now and drag it over. This winds really kicking up.

EXT. SLOAN STORAGE ROWS B AND C - DAY

Jed/Sean, Kyle, Robin and Jewell are on the roof of Row C in various locations as they open and spread out the thick massive tent until it completely covers the roof and hangs over the sides.

The remaining section hangs down covering the entire front of Row C and part of the ground.

Circus animals and clowns are painted all over the tent, and the words "Cabrini's Magic Big Top Circus" cover the entire middle section.

KYLE

You three stay here.

(to Sean)

Let's get the rest of it on the other roof.

EXT. ROWS B AND C - DAY

Sean is on the ground between Rows B and C holding up a section of the heavy tent over his head.

Kyle is on the roof of Row B reaching out to grab the end of the tent, which he does with some difficulty as the wind is blowing harder. He pulls it back and looks down at Sean.

KYLE

C'mon, help me spread it out on this side. Hurry...

EXT. SLOAN STORAGE - DAY - LATER

Grams, Jewell, Robin and Sean, who holds a power drill, all stand near Row C looking up at the tent which now completely covers the long open space between Rows B and C.

Dozens of desert rocks hold down the tent material on each roof top. Holes are drilled in several areas near the edge of the tent on the roof of Row C.

Twenty long sections of rope are tied in knots in each hole, and the rope leads out over the chain link fence and into the desert.

At the end of each of the storage units, cut pieces of additional tarp are draped from the top to the ground to completely block out any sunlight.

A long dark "cocoon" has been created in the entire space between Rows B and C.

Kyle slips out from under the end of a hanging piece of tarp.

GRAMS

How is it in there?

KYLE

It's not pitch dark, but it'll do.

Grams looks concerned. She squeezes Jewell's hand.

SEAN/JED

It's okay. They'll just think the moons full... Maybe.

Jewell takes Gram's wrist and checks the time.

JEWELL

It's four hours till sunset.

GRAMS

(To Kyle)

She's right. You have to find a car.
Be careful.

EXT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - DAY

Kyle, now in his cop uniform, smashes the lock off the garage door with a sledge hammer. He raises the door and finds the sheriff's patrol car backed into the dark garage. Kyle quickly gets in, finds the keys in the ignition and starts it.

He puts it in gear and the sheriff suddenly sits up from the back seat with fangs bared and lunges at Kyle, who guns the car into bright sunlight.

Sheriff Henderson lets out an ear splitting shriek and bursts into flames, filling the car with thick black smoke.

Kyle rolls down all the electric windows, stomps on the gas and shoots forward causing all the smoke and flames to billow out the back windows.

EXT. SLOAN STORAGE - DAY - LATER

Robin, Jewell and Sean stand on the covered roof of row B sweating profusely in the hot sun.

Grams stands below in the lot.

The wind is really blowing. Grams shields her eyes from the dust, then checks her watch. Robin looks toward the sheriff's home and gasps, seeing Kyle driving at a high rate of speed in big circles as flames and black smoke shoot out the back windows of the patrol car.

ROBIN

Oh, God! What the hell. What's going on? Mrs. Riley, the car's on fire!

Grams can't see a thing over the sheds. Jewell and Sean watch the burning car in shock.

GRAMS

What! What do you mean? What car?

ROBIN

Kyle's! The one he's driving!

The smoke coming out of the patrol car is a light gray, now. The flames are gone. Grams is frantic.

GRAMS

What's happening?

P.O.V: Robin grabs the binoculars and watches Kyle stop the patrol car, then quickly get out and open the back door, where something smoulders in the back seat.

ROBIN

He's okay... He's okay.

Kyle grabs the police rifle from the front seat and uses the butt to scoop out the sheriff's burnt remains onto the road. He looks toward Robin's direction and gives a thumbs up.

Robin lowers the binoculars, weak from shock.

EXT. SHERIFF HENDERSON'S SQUAD CAR - DAY

Kyle grimaces at the burnt remains. He tosses the rifle in the passenger seat, gets back in, starts the car and drives toward the two-lane road Marco guards.

EXT. TWO LANE ROAD - DAY

Marco sits behind the wheel of his cop car with the driver's side door open as he chugs down a bottled water. Noticing another cop car approaching in the rear view mirror, he throws down the water and jumps out of the car with his gun drawn.

Kyle slams on the brakes, puts the car in park and warily gets out with his hands up. He notices Marco looking curiously at the scorch marks and black soot covering the back of the cop car.

KYLE

I woke the sheriff from his nap.

MARCO

He's dead?

Kyle nods and warily leans to the side as Marco points the gun at him.

KYLE

Yeah, and if you'll cut the High-Noon act and help me, the rest of the blood suckers will be too. We can kill 'em all at once.

MARCO

If you mean the sheds, my son might be in there. Their fucked up driver, slash vampire guardian will let them know and he's good as dead.

Kyle vigorously shakes his head.

KYLE

No, no. He changed sides.

MARCO

Huh? That loser is so fucking brain washed, he'll never-

KYLE

He's helping us right now, goddamn it!

(Looks back)

He's up at the sheds. They're putting this... Dude, just take my word for it. If you wanna help your son just listen to me. We don't have much time.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY - LATER

Kyle and Marco are parked on the shoulder of I-93, looking tired and weary. Kyle yawns and looks back at the oncoming traffic, hoping to spot the "Blood Mobile" on it's way to L.A.

A motor home approaches, then passes. It's a false alarm. Kyle looks at his watch. It's 5:20. He looks back at the traffic.

KYLE

Jesus, c'mon.

MARCO

Where the hell is it? I'll break your neck if this is some fucked up ploy to get them more blood. Man, you gotta level with me.

KYLE

Wait...

A new, white, nondescript van whizzes by.

Kyle takes a second look and sees a medical emblem on the back doors and makes out the word "Hospital".

KYLE

(continuing)

Oh, shit. That's it!

Kyle turns on the siren and guns the patrol car to catch up with the van. Cars veer out of his way and Kyle is right behind the van.

"Valley Hospital" is printed across the back doors. The van pulls over. Kyle turns off the siren and announces on the loud speaker from the patrol car:

KYLE
 (continuing)
 Driver, continue on the shoulder and
 exit at the next off-ramp.
 (beeps horn)
 Driver, continue-

The van drives along the shoulder and exits into Sloan. Kyle pulls in front of the driver, DALE, tall, skinny, early thirties, and motions for him to follow.

MARCO
 I hope you know what you're doing.

Both vehicles travel up the road, then turn into Sloan storage and stop near Row B, where a smiling Grams waves at Kyle and Marco.

Robin, Jewell and Sean make their way down the ladder. Kyle, Marco and Grams walk up to the nervous, confused Van driver.

DALE
 What'd I do officer?

KYLE
 You... you were going almost 80.

DALE
 What? I swear, I wasn't. Sir, I am carrying human blood and plasma. I need to get it to California.

KYLE
 I know. How much is back there?

DALE
 Fifty pints. Why?

EXT. GRAVEL PIT - DAY - LATER

Heavy equipment vehicles, including a large bull dozer, are parked in the lot.

A very shocked, Dale and Marco look over the rim of the huge hole at all of the vehicles and buses that have been dumped into it. Kyle takes a peek.

KYLE

About twenty more were pushed over the side last night. You know how to operate a dozer?

DALE

Little. I done some work on a Bobcat when I was helping put in a pool, but-

KYLE

Then we'll have to figure it out along the way. C'mon.

EXT. DESERT AREA OUTSIDE SLOAN STORAGE- DAY

The bulldozer is on the other side of the chain link fence surrounding Sloan Storage.

The twenty sections of rope leading from the tent and over the fence, are stretched out taut and tied to the back of the bull dozer now.

At the end of Row C, everyone stands outside the cocoon.

Robin and Kyle hold empty six pack cartons that once held soft drink bottles. Grams holds an armful of engorged bags of blood as does Marco. Jewell quickly takes blood packs from Grams and packs them into the six pack containers.

Dale watches the goings on with disbelief. Jewell stuffs a final blood pack into Kyle's container.

JEWELL

I'll be right here if you need to reload.

MARCO

(To Kyle and Robin)
Why don't you let me help.

ROBIN

Marco, we got it covered.
(Motions to cocoon)
It's a tight squeeze in there as it is.

GRAMS

Ready?

Kyle and Robin force nervous smiles and nod. Grams hands Robin a lantern, then turns to Dale.

GRAMS
(continuing)
Hurry, now. Get on the dozer.

Dale scrambles over the chain link fence and gets on the dozer. Kyle takes Robin's hand and they enter the dark "cocoon" as Marco watches uneasily. Noticing, Marco's concern, Jewell smiles at him.

JEWELL
(Not so sure)
It's okay.

INT. COCOON - SIMULATED NIGHT

Robin holds up the lantern, which doesn't give off much light. Kyle walks a few feet ahead of Robin.

ROBIN
(whispers)
Wait. Kyle, don't let go of my hand.

KYLE
Baby, we have to split up. We'll crush it. Don't worry. I'm gonna head down to the end and spray blood as I make my way back. You keep the lantern.

Robin nods, scared to death.

KYLE
(continuing)
You can do it. Rip 'em open and get busy. You have to.

Kyle walks a few feet more and disappears into total darkness.

ROBIN
Kyle... Shit.

With trembling hands, Robin yanks off the small cap from the bulging blood filled plastic bag.

ROBIN
(continuing)
Eh...

She sets down the lantern and begins squirting blood all over the front of the storage sheds. She drops the bag, opens another and squirts more blood against the shed doors and on the ground.

Suddenly, from each shed, there is a loud ruckus as the vampires have awakened and are in a frenzy from the smell of fresh blood.

EXT. ROW B - DAY

The wind continues blowing fiercely. Part of the tent is raising, the weight of the rocks not helping.

GRAMS

Oh, no, no. If they see sunlight
they'll run back inside.

Sean and Marco run over, climb up the ladder and scramble onto the roof to hold the tent down.

INT. COCOON - SIMULATED NIGHT

Robin squirts out the contents of a new bag of blood, totally panicking now.

ROBIN

Oh, God. Shit, shit!

There is a loud thundering banging as the vampires try to smash out the metal doors from inside.

ROBIN

(continuing)

If you're real, help us Jesus! Oh,
God. Kyle, Kyle!

KYLE

Don't stop. We're okay!

Kyle hurries toward Robin squirting blood from one of his bags. He drops it and opens another.

A shed door is pushed up and smashes violently into the ceiling.

Robin screams. Kyle turns toward her squeezing the bag with all his might and accidentally sprays Robin in the face, drenching her head in blood. She kicks over the lantern and wipes blood from her eyes.

A hoard of screeching vampires stream out.

KYLE

(continuing)

Fuck! Get out, get out! Run into the sunlight!

ROBIN

I can't see shit! Oh, God! Kyle!

EXT. SHEDS B AND C - DAY

Grams and Jewell listen panic stricken to the inhuman shrieks from the frenzied vampires. Jewell grabs onto Grams, who looks up at Marco and Sean on the roof.

GRAMS

What's happening in there? My God, what if they're being killed?

INT. COCOON - SIMULATED NIGHT

The dark space between rows B and C are filled with panting, hissing, screeching vampires clamoring in the darkness for the copious amounts of blood sprayed every where.

Robin screams as Vampires crash into her amidst the pandemonium. A vampire bites into the full bag of blood Robin holds.

She screams and jumps back falling over another vampire, who laps up blood from the ground inches from her face. Robin covers her head as she's trampled by several vampires.

Kyle isn't faring much better with the disoriented, frenzied vampires, fighting and clawing each other to get to fresh blood.

Kyle yells to the top of his lungs.

KYLE

Now, goddamn it, NOW!

EXT. BULLDOZER - DAY

Dale grips the controls as he looks back at the sheds, mesmerized by the inhuman shrieks coming from within the "cocoon". He doesn't even notice Jewell and Grams, who run toward the chain link fence frantically waving their arms at him.

Grams picks up a small rock and throws it at the bulldozer.

GRAMS

You idiot. Go, go!

DALE

Huh?

He sees Grams and Jewell shaking the chain link fence.

GRAMS

Put the Son-of-A-Bitch in drive and go!

Dale pushes the control and steps on the gas. The huge machine goes in reverse. Dale stomps on the brake before mowing down the fence. He shifts gears. The dozer lurches forward, then rapidly gains speed.

The tent flies off the roof of Row B, then out from under Sean and Marco on Row C, instantly exposing the vampires to harsh, searing bright sunlight.

Their blood lust frenzy stops on a dime and there is a second of stunned silence before the 100 or so vampires burst into flames and run pell-mell in every direction screaming like banshee's, some exploding, their heads and body parts shooting out like shrapnel.

Several vampires engulfed in flames run past Grams and Jewell, crash into the chain link fence and explode. Jewell and Grams jump out of the way as they watch the vampires continue their fiery death dance. Then all is still.

The smouldering remains of all the vampires surround them. Robin and Kyle stand in place covering their heads. A wide eyed, Robin, is an absolute bloody mess. She shudders and tries to wipe as much blood off herself as possible.

Marco scrambles down the ladder and looks around frantically at the sheds.

Kyle hurries up to Robin and starts to give her an embrace, thinks better of it, and instead kisses his own finger tip and gives her a symbolic kiss with it on her cheek.

KYLE

Babe, I'm so sorry.

Robin shoots him a look through all the blood. Dale climbs over the fence, looks at something a moment, then runs up to Grams and Jewell.

DALE

We got 'em. What ever in the heck they were.

(Gazes at a smouldering vampire)

Shit, look at that... Oh, wait. Your friend. He's back there knocked out cold.

Marco runs up to Kyle.

MARCO

Did you see my son?

Kyle and Robin grimly nod. Gram's and Jewell run over.

JEWELL

Look!

Everyone turns. Marco's crying son walks out of a shed holding a half empty liter of Cola like it's a Teddy bear.

MARCO

Shane!

Marco runs over and scoops him up, holding his son tightly.

INT. SEAN/JED'S MOTEL ROOM - DUSK - LATER

The motel room door is open. Marco, Shane, Jed, Robin, Jewell, Grams and Dale are crammed in the room. Grams sits in a chair. Jewell is seated on the arm next to her.

Jed/Sean sits in another chair holding a wet wash cloth against his bruised forehead.

JEWELL

(to Dale)

You won't get in trouble, will you?

DALE

Naw, it's okay. I'll doctor the books. Only used twelve pints. Not like there's a big black market for illicit blood.

GRAMS

You better believe there would be if we hadn't killed them all. But we've done it. Now we have to file missing person's reports for people who aren't missing... And mourn our friends.

(squeezes Robin's hand)

You two were very brave. I'm proud of you.

Robin smiles at Jewell.

ROBIN

Jewell thought of it. Girlfriend, you can just go tell Buffy to talk to the hand. Think you found a new side hustle.

Jewell beams. Robin high fives her. Kyle appears in the open doorway holding several Night Blooming Jasmine plants he's torn from the ground. Grams and Jewell stand. Jewell looks at Kyle anxiously.

JEWELL

Is that all of them?

Kyle nods. Grams takes one of the plants and eyeballs it in disgust.

GRAMS

Just what the world needed, huh? A vampire horticulturist. Let's get rid of 'em.

EXT. CALIFORNIA - DAY

Gram's big Vista Cruiser station wagon turns into the parking lot of U.C.L.A. Jed/Sean drives. Gram's is in the passenger seat. Jewell is in the backseat looking around at the students milling about the grounds.

Behind her, the fanged skull is in a box wrapped in protective bubble wrap, with the ancient book placed beside it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. I-15 - NIGHT (WINTER)

It's late night and very cold. Only a few cars are on the interstate. An older Chevy Suburban with extremely dark tinted windows speeds by, then abruptly brakes. A few seconds pass and the Suburban backs up several yards and stops.

A ghostly pale young couple get out wearing jeans and black T-Shirts, despite the cold. They walk a few feet off the interstate and stop where the Night Blooming Jasmine were growing.

The woman inhales deeply and looks around.

CLOSE ON: A small plant has survived, hidden under a large desert shrub. Its tendrils wrap around the prickly branches.

A single white Night Blooming Jasmine blossom is in full bloom.

The couple look at each other intently, then gaze out curiously at the lights of Sloan.

FADE OUT:

THE END