

The Initiates

By

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EXT. COUNTRYSIDE HOUSE--NIGHT

We see the outside of a large, wooden house with a tool shed behind it and a vast cornfield in the distance.

INT. COUNTRYSIDE HOUSE LIVING ROOM--CONTINUOUS

The evening news report RAMBLES ON as we see the silhouette of a young woman in a flowing dress on the sofa. We hear INTENSE SUCKING coming from the far right corner of the room. The sucking stops followed by a man's EXHAUSTED SIGH. The woman turns toward him. We can see she is Middle Eastern and very beautiful. She looks questioningly at the man off-screen. The man walks behind her towards the door but we are still unable to fully see him. The woman gets up and follows him. In the corner where the man was, we see, huddled together, an old couple, dead, their bodies dried up like raisins.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--DAY

TRICIA, 23, sits on the dining table, her knee pressed against her, her foot on the table's edge, as she paints her toenails. She is very beautiful but shoddily dressed. STANLEY, 25, full of manic energy, disheveled like a typical starving writer, paces back and forth in front of her.

TRICIA

Stanley, I just don't think you thought this through.

STANLEY

Trish, what is there to think about. Point blank. Your inheritance is gonna run out quick at this rate. We gotta do something.

TRICIA

There is an alternative.

STANLEY

Don't start that again.

TRICIA

It's very simple, Stanley.

STANLEY

I can't quit the diesel now. You know that. I need it for my research.

(CONTINUED)

TRICIA

But how are you gonna continue shooting up with someone else traipsing around in here?

STANLEY

We'll just have to be a little more discrete, that's all.

She picks up the flier beside her on the table.

TRICIA

At least go down on the price. Four fifty a month? C'mon, Stan.

STANLEY

It's reasonable.

TRICIA

They're supposed to be splitting the rent. That would mean the rent here is nine hundred. Nobody's gonna believe that.

STANLEY

We got antique furniture.

TRICIA

Really, Stanley?

STANLEY

That coffee table over there. The bed they'll be sleeping on. That's solid oak, ya' know. And what about your mother's night stand? That's an heirloom.

TRICIA

Old and broken does not mean antique. And the hole in the floor upstairs?

STANLEY

The place has character, Tricia! Okay, I don't have time for this. I don't wanna be late. And you gotta get outta here, too. What's with the toenails over there?

TRICIA

I'll be ready when it's time.

STANLEY

Well, okay, you take care of your business. And don't sweat this. It's the right decision. I'll be back later, Stinkfoot.

TRICIA

Stanley!

Stanley walks to the front door and exits. Tricia shakes her head as she continues with her toenails.

INT. CAR--DAY

JOHN, 23, sits in the passenger's seat with his girlfriend, MEREDITH, 22, in the driver's seat of the parked car.

MEREDITH

Are you sure you don't want me to come with you?

JOHN

No, I know you got things to do.

MEREDITH

It's no problem, really.

JOHN

No, I can handle this by myself.

MEREDITH

Well, don't forget to haggle the price. Four-fifty is ridiculous for that neighborhood. Three hundred, tops.

John opens the door.

JOHN

Gotcha.

They kiss.

MEREDITH

Good luck.

John exits.

INT. COFFEE SHOP--DAY

Stanley sits at a table in the CROWDED cafe, his eyes nervously scanning the room as he sips his coffee. John enters, his eyes scan the room until he sees Stanley. He walks over to him.

JOHN

Stanley?

STANLEY

How were so easily able to pick me out of this crowded place?

JOHN

You look like someone who could use a good roommate.

They shake hands. John sits across from Stanley.

STANLEY

Am I that obvious? Would you like a cup of coffee? My treat.

JOHN

Sure.

Stanley's eyes focus in on the smeared lipstick on John's mouth.

EXT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S HOUSE--DAY

Tricia walks up to the door. She looks around nervously as if invisible eyes were watching her. She takes out her keys and opens the door.

INT. BATHROOM--DAY

Tricia has a spoon full of heroin on the bathroom counter. She draws it up into a needle. She puts the needle between her teeth and tightens the belt wrapped around her arm. She injects herself. She is instantly overwhelmed by the rush. She sinks to the floor and closes her eyes.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--SIMULTANEOUS

The door is being UNLOCKED. It opens. Stanley and John enter, Stanley pushing the door closed behind him.

INT. BATHROOM--SIMULTANEOUS

Tricia is startled by the FRONT DOOR CLOSING. She groggily, but nervously, unwraps the belt from around her arm, tossing it along with the needle under the bathtub. She struggles to stand. She is surprised to see the spoon still on the counter. She tosses it under the tub too.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--SIMULTANEOUS

Andrew looks around the place in disgust. It's a real dump. Tricia comes carefully down the stairs. Andrew's expression instantly changes from disgust to dumbfounded at the sight of her beauty. Still very much high, she struggles to keep her eyes open.

STANLEY

This is my friend, Tricia. She hangs out here a lot.

JOHN

My goodness. Your friend is very pretty.

TRICIA

We sleep in the same bed every night, Stanley. I think that makes me your girlfriend.

STANLEY

You're confused, Tricia. Anyway, let's take a look around.

They walk up the stairs. Stanley trails behind John to whisper something to Tricia.

STANLEY

You shot up without me?

TRICIA

I couldn't help it.

INT. BEDROOM--LATER

They enter a dusty bedroom.

STANLEY

And this would be your room.

John looks even more disgusted.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

What's that awful smell? It's been following us.

STANLEY

Oh, the place just needs some cleaning up. That's no big deal. No one's been in this room for months. It's just been going to waste. That's why we're looking for a roommate. So what do you think?

John glances at Tricia. She looks at him and nods off with one eye closing but quickly regains her composure.

JOHN

Well, I'm definitely very interested.

He winks back at Tricia.

STANLEY

Sure, you'll need some time to decide. Maybe we should go out somewhere together and get to know each other better, first.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S UPSTAIRS BATHROOM--DAY

John is washing his hands. he looks up and sees the lipstick smeared on his mouth and goes into a panic.

INT. COUNTRYSIDE HOUSE LIVING ROOM--DAY

The dried-up corpses are still slumped over in the corner, leaning on one another. They have been completely drained of every last drop of blood, leaving them shriveled up like giant, nightmarish raisins. We hear the HOWLING CRIES and a camera's light FLASHES as the unfortunate couple's picture is taken by a police officer. The howling is coming from MISS EVELYN, 56, who stands in the middle of the room with her back to the corpses, unable to bear the terrible sight of them. She is being comforted by a C.I.A. AGENT. TWO POLICE OFFICERS stand beside them as a dozen other officers and paramedics continue to attend to the bodies.

MISS EVELYN

(between sobs)

In all my years, I ain't ever seen anything like this. I mean, I watched my mama die in the hospital

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MISS EVELYN (cont'd)
when I was a little girl and my
husband passed of a heart attack in
his easy chair right in the middle
of a football game six years ago.
But they didn't look anything
like...

She glances back at the corpses, then breaks down.

POLICE OFFICER #1
She's right. We've never had
anything so horrible happen here
like this. This'll be the talk of
the town for years to come.

C.I.A. AGENT
I assure you, Miss Evelyn, no
matter the cost, the full power of
the U.S. government will be on the
trail of these perpetrators.

POLICE OFFICER #2
We'll do whatever we can to assist
you.

MISS EVELYN
What kind of monsters would do
something like this?

C.I.A. AGENT
(suddenly stunned)
Monsters?... Excuse me.

He quickly exits.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE HOUSE--LATER

The C.I.A. agent paces around the front yard, gazing down at
an I-Pad in his hands. AGENT CLARK, 52, is conversing with
him through SKYPE.

AGENT CLARK
I guarantee you they cannot figure
out anything unless you let them
figure it out. You are in control
of the situation. You are the
situation. You decide what they
will know and what they will not
know. This is how it has been. This
is how it will be. Now, get back in
there and take back control of the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AGENT CLARK (cont'd)
situation by any means necessary or
else, when I get down there, I will
take care of you, personally!

C.I.A. AGENT
Yes, sir. I understand you, sir.

The agent clicks off Skype and looks back at the house,
contemplating his next move. He walks toward the house.

INT. COUNTRYSIDE HOUSE LIVING ROOM--CONTINUOUS

The agent re-enters the living room where Miss Evelyn is now
sitting on the sofa, sobbing into her hands with the two
officers comforting her. The paramedics are preparing to put
the bodies on stretchers. The agent approaches Miss Evelyn
and kneels in front of her.

MISS EVELYN
They never hurt anyone. They were
good people. They didn't deserve to
die so gruesome.

POLICE OFFICER #1
I know, Miss Evelyn, I know. This
is a terrible situation.

C.I.A. AGENT
I know you are devastated, Miss
Evelyn. And you may not be thinking
straight at the moment. But I want
to assure you of one important
thing here, Miss Evelyn. Despite
how horrendous this looks, I want
you to remember one thing. It was
people who did this, insane people,
but people, nonetheless. There were
no monsters involved in this in any
way. I assure you.

Miss Evelyn stops sobbing, lifts her head up from her hands
and joins the two officers in looking at the agent in utter
confusion.

INT. BAR--NIGHT

At a pool table, the cue ball is STRUCK, sending it CLAPPING
against the three ball which just barely misses falling into
its intended hole. John, who just hit the ball, looks
frustrated.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Dammit.

It's Stanley's turn. He circles the table, studying it. Tricia sits on a bar stool behind him.

TRICIA

Stanley, five ball, right corner.

STANLEY

Be quiet. I know what I'm doing.

Stanley focuses and aims for the five ball just as Tricia suggested.

TRICIA

Tap it on the left side but not too hard.

STANLEY

Shut up, Trish.

He TAPS the cue ball but too hard, sending it and the five ball through the pocket.

TRICIA

Stanley!

STANLEY

See what you made me do, Tricia?

TRICIA

I told you what to do.

STANLEY

Yeah, but I would've done it if you hadn't told me to do it. Now you got my blood pressure up and I can't concentrate. You know what?

He digs in his pocket and pulls out a wad of cash, uncrumples it and hands it to her.

STANLEY

Here. Go get us another pitcher and take your time. Make sure you don't spill any on the way back.

She grumpily accepts the cash and walks toward the bar. John takes the cue ball out of the pocket and carefully decides where to place it.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Nice relationship you got there.

STANLEY

What relationship? She won't take 'get the hell away from me' for an answer.

John knocks the three ball into its intended pocket this time.

JOHN

She's not bad looking. A guy could do a lot worse.

STANLEY

Yeah, but I'm trying to concentrate on my writing, right now. I don't have time to take care of an emotional basket case. And that smell in the house. That's her feet, dude. The worst foot odor I've ever smelled. It'll give you a headache sometimes.

JOHN

Sounds like a scratch on a Mercedes to me.

John MISSES a shot. Stanley gets ready for his turn, chalking up his stick. John grabs his beer mug from the table next to the pool table and guzzles it. Stanley KNOCKS a ball through a pocket. Just as the ball falls through, a female in a long flowing, black dress passes the table, catching Stanley's eye.

STANLEY

Now, that's what I'm talking about.

The woman glances back at Stanley. She is a gorgeous Middle Eastern beauty queen, probably in her 30's but looking timeless.

STANLEY

Oh, yeah. She can be my new muse... all night long.

She walks over to the bar and sits next to a young man in a military uniform.

STANLEY

Lucky bastard. G.I.'s and jocks have all the fun.

(CONTINUED)

Just as John spots the young G.I., he seemingly goes completely numb with shock. He drops his beer mug which CRASHES to the floor.

STANLEY

Well, someone has trouble holding their liquor.

John is speechless. The noise of the crashing beer mug has caught the G.I.'s attention. He is also shocked to see John. He points at him and whispers something to the beautiful Middle Eastern woman. They pick up their drinks and walk over toward John and Stanley. As they approach, Stanley gets nervous.

STANLEY

Hey, man, sorry for gawking at your old lady. I didn't know she was with someone.

JOHN

Andrew?

ANDREW

John! Long time, no see, Stranger!

STANLEY

You two know each other?

ANDREW

Yeah, we're old high school buddies, but I had to go play soldier for a while. Oh, and her name is Sarita.

STANLEY

Sorry for being so disrespectful, Sarita.

ANDREW

No worries. We just arrived in the States last night. She turned every head in the airport.

SARITA

What is it you Americans say? Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

ANDREW

Yeah, I can see this relationship won't last much longer. It's only a matter of time before some

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW (cont'd)
millionaire comes along and offers
you the moon and it'll be see ya'
later Drew.

SARITA
Oh, money isn't everything.

JOHN
W-what are you doing here?

STANLEY
Hey, John, loosen up. You're not
happy to see an old friend?

JOHN
Does your mother know you're here?

ANDREW
(laughing)
Oh, I don't need mothers anymore or
fathers or aunties or uncles or any
of that nonsense.

Tricia approaches with a pitcher of beer.

TRICIA
Hey, I see we got a party going on
here.

STANLEY
Yeah, this is John's friend back
from the war and his lovely
girlfriend.

TRICIA
Well, maybe I should get another
pitcher.

ANDREW
Oh, no, no, no. I don't drink.
Sarita is enjoying a glass of wine.
I'm just having a Perrier.

SARITA
Actually, we were just hunting
around, looking for someone we
might know in here but it seems
we're out of luck. Which reminds
me... it's getting late, Drew.

ANDREW

Yeah, we're still jet lagged. We were on our way out. But let me get your number, John, and we can catch up later.

STANLEY

What a bunch of nonsense. You guys are old friends and you haven't seen each other for a long time and you just got back from the war. Sounds like a party to me.

ANDREW

No, we really gotta head out.

STANLEY

Nonsense! You guys gotta come back to our place for a night cap. We just met John and we're thinking about making him our roommate but we're trying to get to know each other better first. And what better way to get to know a guy than through his friends?

TRICIA

Hey, don't be pushy, Stan.

STANLEY

Oh, don't be a party pooper. It'll be fun. Actually, I have a confession. I have an ulterior motive. See, I'm a writer and I'm always on the lookout for some experiences to write about. I'd love to hear some of your war stories.

Andrew gives a questioning look to Sarita.

SARITA

Oh, now you've done it. Drew can never say no to an audience.

ANDREW

Oh, c'mon. Stanley's right. John is my good friend and we haven't seen each other in ages.

John still looks petrified.

(CONTINUED)

SARITA
(whispering to Andrew)
You might regret it later.

ANDREW
(whispering to Sarita)
I think I'll be fine for one night.

INT. RESTAURANT--NIGHT

A semi-crowded family-style restaurant. Everyone is trying to eat in peace but silence is under perpetual assault by the BICKERING going on between a mother and her young daughter in a booth in a far corner. The woman's husband, DR. HENRY MARTIN, 43, prim, proper and super-intellectual, looks on passively as his wife, ALICE MARTIN, 39, beautiful but frazzled, battles with their daughter, KATY, 8, who yells as if there was no one else in the room but her and her mother.

KATY
I want the fried shrimp spaghetti!

ALICE
Katy, I told you already. That's more than 2,000 calories. I read about it on the internet. Do you know how many calories that is?

KATY
I don't care!

ALICE
That's the equivalent of four and a half Big Mac's.

KATY
I don't want four Big Mac's! I want the fried shrimp spaghetti!

ALICE
This is the most disgustingly fattening restaurant in the country! Henry, I told you not to bring her here!

A waiter cleaning a booth next to theirs is visibly disturbed by her words.

DR. MARTIN
It's her turn to choose. We agreed.

(CONTINUED)

KATY

I want fried shrimp spaghetti!

ALICE

Henry, would you do something?
Don't just sit there!

DR. MARTIN

You're telling her she can't have
it. What more can you do?

ALICE

Put your foot down, Henry!

Katy and her mother continue bickering with Katy starting to add CRYING to her performance but the volume of their argument is SLOWLY MUTED as we focus in on Dr. Martin's private thoughts as he stares pensively at Katy.

DR. MARTIN

(v.o.)

Why can't she see that we're only
trying to help her? We don't want
her to get fat.

FOCUS IN on Katy's muted whining in SLOW MOTION.

DR. MARTIN

(v.o. cont'd)

We just want you to stay thin and
pretty like you are now. God, she
is so pretty... and she looks just
like me only... beautiful... with
her hair all done up on the sides
like that... like a little
butterfly...

With tears in her eyes, Katy slowly mouths the words, "Fuck you!" to her mother, prompting her mother to smack her across the face. Katy grabs her smacked, sore cheek and goes into a full-on crying fit but we still can't hear her until Dr. Martin snaps out of his introspection, reaches across the table and grabs his wife by the wrist.

DR. MARTIN

Dammit, woman! That's no way to
raise a child!

Alice breaks free from her husband's grip.

ALICE

You're not helping me, Henry!

Dr. Martin's cell phone RINGS in his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

That's it, young lady! We are never taking you out to eat ever again!

Dr. Martin struggles to talk above the noise of his wife and daughter's continued bickering.

DR. MARTIN

(on the phone)

Yes?... Where?... Louisiana?...
Alright, I'll be ready at 9:00
sharp tomorrow morning... Oh, and,
thank you.

Dr. Martin hangs up. Mrs. Martin directs her angry gaze away from her crying daughter and onto her husband.

ALICE

Henry, what was that about?

Dr. Martin looks down in deference, trying to avoid eye contact with his pissed-off wife.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--NIGHT

Andrew and Sarita are cuddled up on the sofa; John is seated in the easy chair next to them; Stanley and Tricia are relaxing on the floor. In front of them on the coffee table with glasses of wine, a beer bottle and a glass of water.

STANLEY

I'm just dying to know what it's like to kill a man. I mean, to look at a man in the eyes and know that all of his years on this earth come down to this moment. Or to fly over a village and drop a bomb and be above it all, watching indifferently, knowing all of the chaos you've just unleashed down there.

ANDREW

(chuckling)

Oh, that's the romanticized view, Stanley. Very few guys over there are doing any of that. Everyone else is mostly cleaning up something or standing guard.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

Well, you gotta have some stories to tell. What would be the point of being in a war if you didn't have something to tell the grandkids?

ANDREW

Grandkids? Hey, don't give Sarita any ideas.

STANLEY

C'mon, Drew, you gotta give me something. Hey, why don't you tell us about the worst thing you saw over there?

ANDREW

The worst thing?

STANLEY

Yeah, and spare no details. I wanna be able to smell the blood and the burning flesh.

TRICIA

Stanley, if he saw something like that, surely, he wouldn't want to relive it to satisfy your morbid fascination.

ANDREW

No, it's okay. I don't mind.

TRICIA

Well, I mind. I don't wanna hear about any blood and guts and burning flesh. Would you like another glass of water, Andrew?

She doesn't wait for the answer, grabbing the half empty glass of water and walking into the kitchen.

STANLEY

Oh, don't worry about her. C'mon, Drew, tell us a story.

ANDREW

Well, I guess I could tell you about this little incident that happened last year with a crazy soldier in our barracks.

(CONTINUED)

SARITA

Are you sure you want to talk about that?

ANDREW

It's no problem.

ANDREW'S FLASHBACK

INT. ARMY BARRACKS--DAY

Several dozen soldiers and a sergeant have gathered to the center of their sleeping quarters, their eyes intensely focused on something in front of them that we can't see.

ANDREW

(v.o.)

There was this one guy in our unit who had seriously lost it. Of course, guys lose it all the time over there from the pressure and the heat but this was rare. It was one muggy hot afternoon and this guy had somehow...

Finally, we see the back of the soldier at the front of the room in a bulky jacket.

ANDREW

(v.o. cont'd)

...gotten hold of some explosives and strapped them to himself. And he had all of us in the barracks hostage, demanding the craziest things like ending the war immediately and sending all the troops home. And he spoke of this weird philosophy he had invented that would save the world.

The sergeant approaches the soldier, slowly.

SERGEANT

Son, you don't wanna do this. Nobody here deserves to die like this.

ANDREW

(v.o.)

And, after nearly an hour of negotiating, he finally gave up.

(CONTINUED)

As the sergeant approaches, the soldier breaks down, SOBBING. The sergeant hugs him as he cries on the sergeant's shoulder. The sergeant waves toward the door, signaling to the other soldiers behind him to start making their careful exit.

ANDREW

(v.o. cont'd)

And, just when it seemed the situation had been resolved, something terrible happened...

EXT. ARMY BARRACKS--MOMENTS LATER

As the last soldiers make their way out of the barracks to join the crowd of their comrades safely in the distance, there is a LOUD EXPLOSION, engulfing the front area of the barracks in flames.

END OF ANDREW'S FLASHBACK

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--CONTINUOUS

John trembles as he hears the story.

JOHN

The explosives went off, killing the soldier and the company sergeant.

STANLEY

John... how do you know the story? Did Andrew already write to you about it?

ANDREW

No, no, I didn't. I never told anybody back home that story 'til now. How exactly did you know the ending of the story, John?

STANLEY

You guys must have some sort of weird, psychic thing going on.

John gulps, nervously.

JOHN

I think I need another beer.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

Yeah, sure. Let me go check up on what's taking Tricia so long.

INT. KITCHEN--MOMENTS LATER

Tricia stands over the sink, looking out of the window, thoughtfully. She turns around as Stanley enters and approaches her.

TRICIA

So, how was the bloody war story?

STANLEY

You know, I'm really starting to seriously dislike that John guy. Do you see how he's treating his old friend who's a war hero. He's being so cold and distant. How does that make any sense?

TRICIA

Well, we got two more responses this afternoon, so we have more options.

Stanley goes to the refrigerator, takes out a bottle of beer and a pitcher of water.

STANLEY

Well, I'm a little keen on Andrew. He seems like a guy I can relate to. Maybe he could be our roommate?

Tricia hands him Andrew's half empty glass of water and he fills it.

TRICIA

I don't know, Stanley. Andrew kinda gives me the creeps a little.

STANLEY

Oh, now, don't you start. The man's a war hero, for crying out loud.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--LATER

Everyone is gathered around Stanley who occasionally glances up at his audience to gauge their response as he reads from his notebook.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

I was your remorse; under the
blinking sky, we would kiss,
playing this game made for fools,
exploring each other; but now we
are indifferently separate, torn
apart by the despair of time's
weight.

As Stanley finishes, Tricia is moved nearly to tears.

TRICIA

That's so beautiful! Stan, it's
your best one yet!

ANDREW

Yeah, Stanley, you really have a
way with words.

STANLEY

Bullshit! It sucks!

ANDREW

What?

SARITA

It sounded very lovely, Stanley.

STANLEY

Bullshit! Can you even remember one
phrase you just heard? Can you?

JOHN

Of course. You just said something
about... waiting for time.

Stanley throws the notebook across the room.

TRICIA

Stanley, you're too hard on
yourself.

STANLEY

No! I suck! I wanna write lines
that pierce into people's brains
like bullets! I wanna write stories
that people repeat for an eternity!
I wanna be immortal like
Shakespeare, like Poe, like
Hemingway! I need the kind of life
experiences you have, Andrew,
instead of rotting away in this
boring ass town!

(CONTINUED)

Stanley storms out of the room and into the kitchen.

TRICIA

Sorry, guys. He gets like this when he's drunk.

SARITA

Well, I think his passion is beautiful.

ANDREW

All of this water's got me needing to find the little boys' room.

TRICIA

Oh, right. We have a bathroom over there but it doesn't work. We've been meaning to get it fixed. You'll have to use the one upstairs.

INT. BATHROOM--LATER

Andrew is urinating.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--SIMULTANEOUS

John is starting to pass out as Tricia and Sarita chat.

TRICIA

I don't mean to sound too forward or rude, but can I give you some fashion advice? You really don't have to try so hard to cover up your body just because you're a little overweight. To hell with what men think. I'm just saying this from one sister to another.

Sarita just smiles in response.

TRICIA

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be rude. Just forget what I just said. I'm drunk.

Stanley returns from the kitchen with his head down.

TRICIA

Done with your little temper tantrum, Stanley?

INT. BATHROOM--SIMULTANEOUS

Andrew is washing his hands when he smells something that greatly arouses his interest. He sniffs the air like a bloodhound on the trail of a scent. His nose directs him toward the tub. He kneels down and looks under the tub, discovering Tricia's syringe and spoon. He picks up the syringe and holds it under his nose like he's smelling an exquisite perfume. He licks the side of the needle and closes his eyes like he's savoring the world's finest wine.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--MOMENTS LATER

Everyone sits in various states of intoxication as Andrew comes down the stairs with his hands behind his back. He stops behind John who is slumped over in the easy chair and waits in an uneasy silence until he has everyone's attention.

ANDREW

Um, John, how long have you known your two little friends here?

JOHN

we just met this afternoon. Why?

ANDREW

This afternoon, huh?... Well, it seems your new friends here have some explaining to do.

He shows everyone the syringe in his right hand. Tricia GASPS.

STANLEY

Tricia, what the hell?

TRICIA

I... I... I'm a diabetic.

ANDREW

A diabetic, huh?

He shows them the spoon covered in dried powdery residue in his left hand.

TRICIA

Ahh, yeah... that's my... uhh...

ANDREW

I know what this is. I've been in the military for over five years. I've seen it all.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

You guys are... junkies?

STANLEY

No, no, it's not like that, really. It's me, actually, not her. I'm just experimenting with it as research for my writing, just to get a taste of what it's like... but, I'm not addicted in any way. I'll stop when it's time. Don't worry.

JOHN

That sounds like a very dangerous experiment.

STANLEY

No, I have it all under control. Don't worry.

TRICIA

It's not lie that, guys. Stanley's just incredibly dedicated to his work and he'll do anything to become a great writer. He's just looking for experiences to write about.

Andrew looks at Sarita for a second, then they both suddenly burst into LAUGHTER. Andrew sits next to Sarita on the sofa.

ANDREW

Relax, Stanley. There are no angels in this room, least of all John over here. We raged hard back in the day. Of course, not as hard as heroin. You've got balls.

JOHN

Yeah, but I've been tamed in my old age.

ANDREW

Oh, nonsense, John. I'll believe it when I see it. As a matter of fact... I brought a little something-something back from the battlefield.

He takes out a small, rolled-up, plastic bag full of marijuana.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

You'd be surprised how easy it is to sneak something through military security. This stuff is primo. The Floating Butterfly of the Desert, The Gate to the Rainbow Mist--that's what they call it.

STANLEY

Mind-blowing, I betcha.

ANDREW

You want an experience to write about? Blaze this up.

STANLEY

I believe it was Akira Kurosawa who once said, "Being a true artist means never averting one's eye."

LATER

Tricia, sitting next to Stanley on the floor, takes a huge, slow puff from a joint. Stanley is already stoned out of his mind, his eyes glazed over. Tricia passes the joint to John who waves his hand in refusal. She gives it to Sarita, instead.

ANDREW

I never knew you to be such a square, john. You don't know what you're missing. Isn't that right, Stanley?

Stanley stares intensely at nothing.

STANLEY

Is that what I think it is?... The face of God?

Sarita stands over John with the joint in her hand.

SARITA

C'mon, Johnny. Only a weak mind can't be changed.

She seductively leans over directly in front his face.

SARITA

You look like you are not having a good time... and I'm going to make sure you have a good time, even if it... kills me.

(CONTINUED)

She takes a long, slow drag from the joint and hold it. She puts her finger on John's lower lip, separating it from his upper lip. She puts her lips to within a centimeter of his, then BLOWS.

As she slowly pulls back, John's eyes widen at the sight of the horror taking shape in front of him: Sarita's eyes appear to sink back into her head and are replaced by two glowing red lights. As she stands upright, her movements stiffen until she is frozen like a statue.

The room suddenly disappears, replaced by clouds of light and shadow that swirl around everyone. We finally see what Stanley sees and may have been referring to when he mentioned the 'face of God': the faces of angels as well as demons appear to bubble forth out of the frothy clouds surrounding them.

EXT. ANCIENT TEMPLE--DREARY NIGHT

Crowds of people dressed in ancient Mesopotamian garb surround the base of the temple, CHANTING IN ARAMAIC and kneeling. At the top of the temple stands Sarita and Andrew dressed in black robes, holding hands and CHANTING in Aramaic as well. In front of them lie Stanley, Tricia and John strapped to sacrificial altars. They struggle in vain to free themselves.

Andrew is holding a knife which he hands to Sarita. She slides the blade across her right wrist, slicing it open, blood spurting out. She passes her bloody hand over the faces of Stanley, Tricia and John. At first, they eagerly lap up the dripping blood like water, but then, something goes terribly wrong. The blood seems to transform into a dark red acid, burning them. They SCREAM as it HISSES and smolders until their faces melt away. Sarita LAUGHS maniacally.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--DAY

Tricia wakes up suddenly to find herself on the floor. She looks around confusedly and sees Stanley asleep on the sofa and John knocked out in the easy chair. No sign of Andrew or Sarita. Tricia clutches her stomach in pain.

INT. THE MARTINS' BEDROOM--DAY

Several items of clothing are piled up on the edge of the bed. Dr. Martin, formally dressed, rummages through the closet, carefully selecting more clothing. Mrs. Martin is still in bed in her night clothes.

ALICE

Dr. Henry Louis Martin, Rhodes scholar, Harvard PhD., professor of Ancient Middle Eastern studies, wimp of a man, ineffectual father, lousy excuse for a husband.

DR. MARTIN

Alice, don't start.

ALICE

And what about your daughter's recital tomorrow night that you promised to go to?

DR. MARTIN

Alice, I already told you. What I'm doing at the moment is of extreme importance. I'm the only person in the world who is qualified to work on this project.

ALICE

What project? You mean the top secret project only you know about? There probably is no project. You're probably running off for a few days with one of your graduate assistants, for all I know.

DR. MARTIN

Alice, do you really think if I had a girlfriend on the side, I'd be answering her phone call in the middle of a family dinner and packing up to meet her the next morning right in front of my wife?

He has finished picking out his clothes.

DR. MARTIN

Would you mind helping me get all of this in the suitcase?

Mrs. Martin folds her arms and turns her head away from him.

(CONTINUED)

DR. MARTIN

Alice, I promise when I get back, we'll do something special as a family. We'll go to the beach for the weekend. I promise. Could you please help me with this?

He points to the clothes. She doesn't budge. He gathers up the clothes himself.

DR. MARTIN

Fine, I'll do it myself. I'll call to check up on you tonight after I get settled in Louisiana.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S UPSTAIRS BATHROOM--DAY

Tricia is on her knees, puking her guts out into the toilet. She slumps over beside the toilet, wiping her mouth, exhausted, chest heaving, but slightly elated.

TRICIA

(v.o.)

I think it has finally happened.
Life's great miracle.

She caresses her stomach and smiles.

TRICIA

(v.o. cont'd)

The day I have waited for all my
life.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S BEDROOM--DAY

Tricia looks out of the window and sees the mother next door gathering her twins together in the car, taking them to school. Tricia smiles over this pleasant scene, stroking the center of her belly. The serenity of the moment is broken by the sound of Stanley PUKING in the bathroom across the hallway from the bedroom. Tricia's expression goes from elation to anger. She turns to exit the room.

INT. HALLWAY--CONTINUOUS

Stanley emerges from the bathroom, staggering and wiping his mouth just as Tricia enters the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

I think I ate something bad
yesterday.

TRICIA

Oh, Stanley! Goddamn you!

She punches him repeatedly on the chest with both fists.

STANLEY

What the hell's the matter with
you?

TRICIA

You always ruin everything, you
asshole!

STANLEY

What the hell are you talking
about?

Tricia is fighting back tears.

STANLEY

Tricia, I'm telling you I'm sick
and you're attacking me and acting
nutty! See, this is why men always
think you women are crazy!

We hear John RUNNING up the stairs. he races through the
hallway, pushing Stanley out of the way.

JOHN

Sorry! Move!

He runs into the bathroom where we can hear him PUKING all
over the floor. Stanley and Tricia stare at each other in
confusion.

EXT. MILITARY AIRFIELD--DAY

Agent Clark and Dr. Martin, carrying his suitcase, have to
shout to hear each other above the roar of AIRPLANE ENGINES
as they walk across the airfield with a handful of
government agents behind them, struggling to keep up.

AGENT CLARK

This one involves an entire family,
father, mother, teenage son and
daughter, apparently all converted
by the eldest son returning home
from the war. They've slaughtered

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AGENT CLARK (cont'd)
at least ten people so far, mostly senior citizens and one mentally challenged teenager. There are rumors spreading throughout the community about owl-faced serial killers stalking the countryside. Apparently, they are starting to change.

DR. MARTIN
Well, this one better be more organized than last time.

AGENT CLARK
It will be. That's a promise.

DR. MARTIN
This project is severely compromising my personal life. My wife is getting very suspicious.

AGENT CLARK
We've honed in on their exact location. We're totally familiar with their routine. They've been under surveillance for several days now. We should be in and out, no problem.

They arrive at a military jet and board.

INT. DRUG STORE--DAY

At the register, a PHARMACIST'S ASSISTANT hands Stanley, John and Tricia bottles of Pepto Bismol.

PHARMACIST'S ASSISTANT
If it's just a case of some bad food and an upset stomach, this should do the trick. If you continue throwing up after a couple of days, then you definitely should go to a hospital.

EXT. DRUG STORE--DAY

Stanley and Tricia stand next to each other as they converse with John on the sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

We should be okay soon.

JOHN

Yeah, it's so strange. How can all three of us get food poisoning at the same time when we didn't eat the same thing yesterday? Unless it's the beer. Can beer go bad?

STANLEY

I don't know. I've never heard of such a thing.

TRICIA

Maybe it was that crazy weed we smoked last night?

STANLEY

Weed? We smoked weed?

JOHN

We smoked weed last night? That's impossible. I stopped smoking weed after high school.

TRICIA

I think so. With your army friend and his girlfriend. Or, at least, I think we did. Or maybe it was a dream I had. I'm not sure.

STANLEY

Well, in any case, hope you feel better, man. And about the room, we have several candidates contacting us, so we have some deciding to do. We'll let you know one way or the other in a couple of days. It was nice meeting you, John.

TRICIA

Yeah, it was nice meeting you.

They start to walk away from John. He looks at Tricia's beautiful face and body one last time.

JOHN

That story was about him.

They stop and turn around.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

What?

JOHN

The story Andrew told about the crazy soldier who blew himself up along with his sergeant. Andrew was the crazy soldier. It happened June of last year. Blew himself into a thousand pieces. There was nothing left of him to send home. It was an empty casket funeral. Broke his poor mother's heart. We had a big memorial service for him at our high school. The old gang... we got really wasted that night. Anyway, that's why I was acting so strange last night. I thought... he was supposed to be dead.

Stanley and Tricia stare at each other in shock.

JOHN

Well, no hard feelings if you choose someone else. See you around.

He walks away.

EXT. ANOTHER COUNTRYSIDE HOUSE--NIGHT

The house is surrounded by trees.

INT. COUNTRYSIDE HOUSE LIVING ROOM--NIGHT

The living room is in complete disarray, with chairs turned over and clothes and trash strewn everywhere. In the center of it all, on an old sofa, calmly watching TV, a YOUNG MAN in his early 20's sits next to a Middle Eastern woman who could be Sarita's sister, even dressed in the same flowing black dress. Strange SUCKING SOUNDS are coming from other parts of the room behind them.

YOUNG MAN

I think this is a re-run. Let's watch something else.

The woman hands him the remote control and he changes the channel.

(CONTINUED)

Finally, we are beginning to see where the sucking sounds are coming from: the young man's FATHER, MOTHER and sixteen-year-old SISTER are sucking on a man's bloody corpse in a far corner of the room. They make ANIMAL-LIKE NOISES as they fight with each other for prime positioning. We see various body parts surrounding them, leading up to the opposite corner where the young man's thirteen year old BROTHER gnaws on a bloody, severed hand.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE DIRT ROAD--NIGHT

Three black vans with tinted windows slowly creep up the road surrounded by low hanging trees until they reach the clearing where the house is. The drivers ease off the gas, letting the vans drift forward until they reach the front yard of the house where they stop. Several men dressed in black emerge quietly from the vans, including Agent Clark and Dr. Martin.

INT. COUNTRYSIDE HOUSE LIVING ROOM--CONTINUOUS

The grisly scene continues as before. Suddenly, there is a KNOCK on the door, startling everyone. For the first time, we can see their faces clearly--they all seem more animal than human. They freeze, not knowing what to do. There is another KNOCK. The father wipes the blood from his mouth and collects himself.

FATHER

Who is it?

MAN OUTSIDE

The milkman.

FATHER

Sorry, can't come to the phone at the moment. Please, leave a message.

With that, he, along with his wife and two kids, continues his feast. The door is suddenly KICKED OPEN. The entire family SCREECHES like wild banshees as over a dozen agents chase them around the room, Agent Clark and Dr. Martin entering calmly behind them. The young man tries to fight the agents but is quickly subdued. Soon, the entire family is wrestled to the floor. The woman in black circles around the edges of the scene with a look of pleased amusement. The men seem oblivious to her.

(CONTINUED)

DR. MARTIN

Take it easy, would you? He's just a boy.

AGENT CLARK

They aren't children anymore, Doctor. They're bloodthirsty killers.

The woman in black walks into the middle of the scene, LAUGHING. Suddenly, we realize... the agents can't see her!

INT. WHITE ROOM

The windowless room is blindingly white with the five family members strapped to gurneys, struggling in vain to free themselves. I.V. drips are slowly injecting an inky black substance into their veins. In front of them, Dr. Martin, in a flowing black robe, stands at an altar. He holds a long pipe from which he takes a puff, holding in the smoke briefly before releasing it. his eyes glaze over. On the altar in front of him is an ancient parchment full of writing in ancient Aramaic. He begins CHANTING the words from the parchment. As the words resonate throughout the room, the family begins to SCREAM as if they are on fire. Smoke billows from their bodies.

INT. MORGUE

Agent Clark and Dr. Martin look down at the ashen white corpse of the father laying on a slab as the morgue assistant lifts a white sheet over his face. There are four other slabs where the other family members have already been covered up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MORGUE--LATER

We slowly survey four of the family members still covered up on their slabs. When we get to the fifth one, something strange happens--there is movement. The father rises.

FADE OUT

EXT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S HOUSE--DAY

John walks up to the front door and RINGS the bell. After a moment, Tricia opens the door, looking morose.

TRICIA

Hey.

JOHN

I haven't heard from you guys. I just wanted to stop by to get an update. Have you decided on a roommate yet?

TRICIA

We've been having some issues.

JOHN

So have I.

TRICIA

We've been wanting to call you. Come on in.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--MOMENTS LATER

Stanley is laying on the sofa, wrapped in a blanket and looking sickly. Tricia sits on the floor; John is in the easy chair.

TRICIA

We haven't been able to keep anything down for three days, now.

JOHN

Neither have I.

STANLEY

This is all your fault, you know.

JOHN

What did I do?

STANLEY

You brought your freaky, dead friend and his creepy, hot girlfriend over here and they did something to us.

TRICIA

We put our broken memories together and we realized that we did smoke your friend's weed.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

And there was more than just weed in it.

JOHN

Yeah, I know. I came to the same realization. But I wasn't the one who invited him over here.

STANLEY

But why didn't you tell us he was supposed to be dead?

JOHN

I just met you guys. I didn't want you to think I was crazy or something.

STANLEY

Well, your dead friend has probably killed us, too.

TRICIA

Look, arguing about whose fault this is is not going to help solve the issue. We have to decide what we're going to do about it now.

JOHN

Well, what else can we do but go to the hospital?

STANLEY

And what are we gonna tell the doctor? Some dead soldier made us smoke some desert weed with PCP in it and now we're allergic to food?

TRICIA

He's right, Stanley. We can't just sit here and let ourselves die. We're gonna have to think of something else to say when we get to the hospital.

STANLEY

Like what?

TRICIA

Well, let's just sit here and think for a minute.

Tricia and John lean back to think deeply as Stanley stares up at the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--LATER

Night has fallen and the room is in darkness. Tricia, Stanley and John have barely moved a muscle.

TRICIA
Are we ready for the hospital yet?

STANLEY
I just need to rest for a few more minutes. Let's watch some TV. Pass me the remote.

No one moves a muscle.

JOHN
I think this is it. Unless one of us can make it to a phone to call 911.

TRICIA
If I can get to my cell phone...

STANLEY
Where is it?

Tricia thinks for a second.

TRICIA
Upstairs in my coat pocket.

They all SIGH.

STANLEY
Hey, I really don't see what the big deal is about death. I mean, is it really all that great to be alive? Being alive is so overrated. You know the one thing I look forward to the most when I'm dead... no more reality TV.

They LAUGH weakly. Suddenly, the front door is KICKED OPEN, half ripping it off its hinges. With their last ounce of energy, they turn to look as Andrew enters the house with his arm around the shoulder of his new friend, M.J., a stoner hippie. They are followed by Sarita.

(CONTINUED)

M.J.

Hey, man, that's not cool. You just totally broke their door.

ANDREW

I don't think they'll mind. In fact, they should be very happy to see me.

Andrew walks over to John and pats him on the shoulder.

ANDREW

How's it hanging, guys?

STANLEY

Mr. Charming Paradox. Glad you decided to join our little party.

ANDREW

I knew I'd have your undivided attention right about now.

M.J.

Hey, where's the weed, man?

ANDREW

This here is M.J. He's here to brighten up your day.

M.J.

I heard you guys got some killer weed.

STANLEY

Yeah, it's killer, alright.

TRICIA

What the hell did you do to us?

ANDREW

Oh, I just helped you live up to your full potential.

TRICIA

We haven't been able to eat anything for days.

ANDREW

Well, see, you've been approaching the problem of eating from the wrong perspective. Allow me to demonstrate on our new friend here.

(CONTINUED)

Andrew suddenly sprouts fangs, then sinks them unmercifully into M.J.'s neck. M.J. SCREAMS in excruciating pain as blood shoots from his neck.

JOHN

Holy shit!

Andrew steps back as M.J. staggers around, bleeding profusely. He looks around at Stanley, Tricia and John who are all frozen in a state of shock.

M.J.

Help me!

M.J. collapses to his knees. Sarita takes out a black handkerchief and presses it to the gaping holes in M.J.'s neck.

ANDREW

Your mother and father gave you death, and I am here to rescue you from them, for I have given you... life eternal.

When the handkerchief is completely soaked with M.J.'s blood, Sarita carries it, dripping, over to Stanley and squeezes it over Stanley's mouth. At first, Stanley resists having the blood drip on his face, but after a couple of drops touch his tongue, he starts to savor it like honey.

ANDREW

That's it, Stanley. Don't waste it. His blood is your life.

After drinking a few drops, Stanley sits straight up.

TRICIA

What have you done to us?

Sarita places the handkerchief over M.J.'s bloody neck again.

ANDREW

It's not what I have done to you. It's what I have done for you. I have made you immortal.

Sarita places the dripping, bloody handkerchief over Tricia's mouth, but Tricia puts up a violent resistance. Sarita must hold her down and force her mouth open to make her drink the blood, but once Tricia gets a taste, she acquiesces just like Stanley.

STANLEY

Are we... vampires?

ANDREW

You said you wanted to be immortal, Stanley.

STANLEY

What I meant was, I wanted to write something that made me immortal like Shakespeare and Poe.

ANDREW

Well, now you can have it both ways. But, just like everything else, it comes with a price. The more you feed, the more invincible you will become. You will have physical abilities beyond your wildest dreams. There are some who are rumored to be able to travel between dimensions. The fangs thing will come to you eventually. But, as the legend goes, you will also eventually not be able to survive being in the sun. You see, the earth's atmosphere will no longer protect you from the sun's radiation. That privilege only belongs to them.

Andrew looks down at M.J., bloodied and dazed. Andrew bites down and sucks a few drops from M.J.'s neck. Sarita returns the handkerchief to M.J.'s bloody wounds. She takes it over to John who has realized that resistance is futile.

STANLEY

We didn't ask you to do this for us.

ANDREW

Well, Stanley, it didn't take me long to see that you're a really cool character and I'd like to see you stick around... forever. Nobody wants to spend eternity alone. I need some buddies to run with. Just imagine the adventures we'll have together. And you can record it all with your beautiful words.

(CONTINUED)

TRICIA

But we don't want to kill people like this for eternity just to survive.

SARITA

Oh, it will be hard to adjust at first, my dear, but soon you will be grateful.

ANDREW

There are many like us in the world.

Stanley looks longingly at the blood dripping from M.J. who is on the brink of oblivion. In an instant, Stanley is on him with Tricia and John joining in.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--LATER

M.J. lies lifeless and drained on the floor. Stanley, Tricia and John are sitting on the floor, satiated.

ANDREW

Choose your victims carefully and wisely and keep a low profile. You can take a drive out to the countryside and pick on some redneck farmers. They're sitting ducks out there and no one will miss them, really. And some day, you will have to fake your own death like I did. That way you can stay completely under the radar. No government involvement, income tax and all that. Guess that means you'll have to come up with a good pseudonym, Stanley.

With that, Andrew and Sarita make their exit.

EXT. BACKYARD--NIGHT

Stanley and John carry M.J.'s bloody corpse in a blanket to a far corner of the yard and begin to bury him.

INT. MORGUE

All five slabs are empty except for the crumpled up sheets that covered the vampire family. Agent Clark, Dr. Martin and the morgue assistant stare at the slabs in shock.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--DAY

Tricia is on the table, dealing with her toenails again. John is on the sofa, watching TV with no interest. Stanley is NAILING the door back together, the POUNDING of the hammer punctuating his words.

STANLEY

Think about Christopher Marlowe. I mean, without him there's no Shakespeare. He could've been greater than Shakespeare, but he was stabbed to death by some asshole at the age of 29, in the prime of his career. I don't want to end up like that. And what about the 27 club.

TRICIA

The 27 club, Stanley?

STANLEY

Yeah, Hendrix, Morrison, Joplin, Cobain, Winehouse...

TRICIA

What do they have to do with you, Stanley?

STANLEY

You're super talented. You work hard to perfect your talent and the BAM! You get taken out for having a little fun, enjoying the fruits of your labor. That's the gratitude you get from the universe.

TRICIA

But, we're gonna have to kill people.

STANLEY

Yeah, but you gotta admit, there are a lot of people out there who are a total waste of space and have it coming. I'm talking about people

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY (cont'd)
who never use their turn signal,
lazy waitresses, deadbeat dads,
gold-digging basketball wives. Oh,
this is a no-brainer!

Stanley gives the door frame a final BANG and storms out of the house. FOCUS IN on John staring blankly at the TV.

JOHN
(v.o.)
Chasing all the skirts I want for
all eternity and still looking this
young and handsome. Okay.

FOCUS ON Tricia, looking pensive.

TRICIA
(v.o.)
I wonder if vampires can get
pregnant?

INT. MILITARY FACILITY--DAY

Agent Clark and Dr. Martin walk briskly through the hallway, passed occasionally by various military personnel.

AGENT CLARK
Do you have any idea how many man
hours and taxpayers' dollars went
into tracking those demons?

DR. MARTIN
This has never happened before. You
know that. I can't explain it.

AGENT CLARK
Well, can you at least come up with
some kind of theory as to what went
wrong? Did you mispronounce a
syllable? Is there some way we can
further assist you? Do you need a
Chinese back rub or something?

DR. MARTIN
We've done this so many times
already. I'll have to go over my
notes again.

AGENT CLARK
Well, I'm letting you know, Doctor,
we're prepared to do whatever it

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AGENT CLARK (cont'd)
takes to ensure this never happens
again.

INT. NIGHT CLUB--NIGHT

A rock band PLAYS onstage. The place is packed wall to wall, mostly with college students. Stanley, Tricia and John stand near the exit. They have to shout to communicate.

JOHN
Do you think we can still handle
beer?

STANLEY
There's only one way to find out.
Stay here. I'll be right back.

Stanley pushes his way through the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB BAR--LATER

Stanley is at the bar, struggling to gather three large glasses of beer. He begins making his way carefully through the crowd. Suddenly, a guy in a baseball cap pushes carelessly through the crowd. he bumps hard into Stanley, causing him to drop all three beers. Stanley glares at the guy.

STANLEY
What the fuck is your problem?

GUY IN CAP
Hey, you need to watch where you're
going, son!

STANLEY
I need to watch where I'm going? I
don't think so, you son-of-a-bitch!
You own me three Guinesses,
asshole!

GUY IN CAP
Is that right? Why don't you try
taking 'em from me?

STANLEY
You don't know who you're fucking
with! I'll have your liver with a
nice Chianti!

(CONTINUED)

GUY IN CAP
You ain't gonna try nothing, punk!

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB--LATER

Stanley returns to Tricia and John. This time he is carrying three beer bottles, two of which he hands to them.

STANLEY
You're not gonna believe what just happened. Some asshole just knocked three beers right out of my hands, then blamed me for it! I think we just found our first victim!

JOHN
What did he look like?

STANLEY
He was a frat boy, wanna-be-jock in a baseball cap and I have his face tattooed on my brain!

They all sip their beers and quickly spit them out.

JOHN
Oh, no! That tastes worst than microwaved, three-day-old piss with lemon juice in it!

STANLEY
Well, I guess that answers that question!

JOHN
I don't know if I can live for an eternity without beer!

EXT. NIGHT CLUB--NIGHT

Stanley, Tricia and John stand across the street as crowds of people are beginning to leave the club.

TRICIA
What did you say he looked like, again?

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

Look for an idiot in a baseball cap.

JOHN

That describes half the guys over there.

STANLEY

Goddamn frat boy sheep got no sense of individuality!

The guy in the cap emerges from the club with TWO OTHER GUYS IN CAPS.

STANLEY

That's him!

EXT. STREET--LATER

The three guys in caps walk down a semi-crowded sidewalk. Stanley, Tricia and John strategically follow them. The guys in caps enter a bar.

INT. BAR--LATER

The three guys in caps sit at a table, CHATTING. Tricia approaches them.

TRICIA

Can I get you anything?

GUY IN CAP #2

I'll just take a Bud light.

TRICIA

(signaling towards the targeted guy)

I wasn't talking to you. I was talking to 'Sexy' over here.

GUY IN CAP #1

Oh, I'll just take a rum and coke, honey.

TRICIA

Are you sure that's all you want?

GUY IN CAP #1

Sure, darling. But what about my boys here?

(CONTINUED)

GUY IN CAP #3
Yeah, what kinda waitressing are
you doing?

TRICIA
Oh, I ain't no waitress.

She leans over and whispers into the targeted guys ear.

TRICIA
I'm your slave, baby.

His eyes widen.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--NIGHT

Tricia and the guy in the cap enter the darkened house,
passionately kissing and grabbing each other. Tricia breaks
away to switch on the lights and lock the door. She grabs
the guy's head and nibbles on his ears and neck.

GUY IN CAP
Hey, careful with the biting, baby,
I'm a bleeder.

TRICIA
(chuckling)
You know just what to say to turn
me on, don't you?

They continue kissing all the way to the sofa where Tricia
pushes him down.

TRICIA
I'm kinda ashamed to tell you this,
but... I got a little freak in me.

GUY IN CAP
Oh, be as freaky as you want, mama.

TRICIA
Close your eyes.

He closes them. Stanley emerges from behind the sofa and
hands her a blindfold which she ties around the guy's eyes.

GUY IN CAP
Hey!

TRICIA
Just making sure there's no
peeking.

(CONTINUED)

Stanley emerges from behind the sofa and hands her some handcuffs. Tricia lays the guy on his back and puts the handcuffs around his wrists.

GUY IN CAP
Damn, girl!

TRICIA
You're gonna enjoy this. Relax.

John emerges from the other end of the sofa and hands her more handcuffs. She locks them around the guy's ankles.

GUY IN CAP
Hey, now, you're getting a little too freaky!

TRICIA
I like my men hogtied!

Stanley, holding a knife, and John come out from behind the sofa and stand next to Tricia.

GUY IN CAP
Hey, somethin' bogus is going down here!

He removes the blindfold and SCREAMS at the sight of Stanley and John.

STANLEY
Remember me, dumb ass? Where's my Guinness, now, bitch?

GUY IN CAP
What the hell's going on here?

STANLEY
Your dime-a-dozen frat boy, jock ass is about to get swallowed up! That's what's going on!

GUY IN CAP
(to Tricia)
Oh, no! You stone-cold played me, sugar!

Stanley points to a bottle of wine on the coffee table.

STANLEY
You see that, frat boy. That's my Chianti. I'll be sipping it while I'm nibbling on your sliced-up liver!

(CONTINUED)

GUY IN CAP

You mean you're really gonna kill me and eat my liver with a nice Chianti? I thought that was just a joke.

STANLEY

Yeah, it'll be some variation on that, frat boy!

GUY IN CAP

Oh, I didn't know those Guinnesses meant so much to ya'. Here, reach in my back pocket and take out my wallet and get ya' a few bucks and let's call it a day.

STANLEY

Too late for that, frat boy.

The guy struggles to free himself, collapsing to the floor and writhing around in vain before giving up.

GUY IN CAP

What the hell kinda filthy-minded psychopaths are you people?

JOHN

How should we do this?

STANLEY

I'll just cut his throat.

Stanley kneels down and prepares for the cutting.

GUY IN CAP

Oh, dear Jesus! Don't let the Dub Man go out like this!

STANLEY

Who the hell is the Dub Man?

GUY IN CAP

Me. My name is W. Thomas Williams the Third, nice to meet ya'. My buddies call Dub Man. I'm an orphan. I was raised by my auntie. She saved all her money all her life to help pay for my college education. Now, she's gonna be so disappointed.

Stanley places the blade against the guy's throat.

(CONTINUED)

GUY IN CAP
Oh, Lord Jesus, help me!

STANLEY
We don't care to hear your life story, Dub Man.

GUY IN CAP
I was studying to be a doctor, a pediatrician, to be exact. Dub Man always did loved the kiddies.

TRICIA
You're studying to be a doctor?

GUY IN CAP
Yeah, little lady, I was planning on opening a free clinic for the kids in Africa.

TRICIA
Really?

STANLEY
Don't listen to him. What medical school in this reality would accept this semi-literate baboon who allows people to nickname him Dub Man?

GUY IN CAP
Hey, I may look stupid, but I got a 3.7 GPA.

STANLEY
Bullshit!

JOHN
Stanley, we can't kill a pediatrician, especially one trying to help poor kids in Africa.

TRICIA
Yeah, Stanley. That sounds like a recipe for bad luck.

STANLEY
Look, he's just trying to save his ass. There's no way a guy named Dub Man could survive med school. Do you have any idea how hard med school is?

(CONTINUED)

TRICIA

Okay, Stanley! Go ahead! Kill an African child's doctor but leave me out of it!

She storms into the kitchen. Stanley presses the blade deeper against the guy's throat, then hesitates.

JOHN

Go ahead, Stanley. Slide the knife across an African child's doctor's throat.

GUY IN CAP

You don't wanna do this, Stanley. I didn't mean to knock your beers over. I'm sorry. I know I can be a real dick sometimes. But I'm really a nice guy if you get to know me. I got a ton a' friends. If you let me go, we can hang out sometimes. Think about them kids in Africa with their hare's lips and their swollen bellies. I just wanna help them, Stanley.

Stanley takes the blade away from the guy's throat and hangs his head.

STANLEY

You promise not to say a word about this to anyone?

GUY IN CAP

I promise. It'll be like it never happened. I swear.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--LATER

Tricia opens the door for the Dub Man.

TRICIA

No hard feelings, Dub Man?

GUY IN CAP

We cool, little lady.

TRICIA

And, good luck with those kids in Africa.

Dub Man exits and Tricia closes the door.

(CONTINUED)

TRICIA

That guy really thought I was sexy.
Did you see how he was all over me?

STANLEY

Please. That guy would get a
hard-on if a cow looked at him the
wrong way.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--MOMENTS LATER

John sits in the easy chair; Stanley is on the sofa; Tricia is on the floor.

STANLEY

Okay, tomorrow night we drive out
to the countryside and find some
bloated, illiterate redneck and
this time, let's not make friends
with him, shall we? You don't chat
someone up when you're about to
whack 'em. Who does that?

The doorbell RINGS. Stanley gets up to answer it. He looks through the peephole first.

STANLEY

It's Dub Man.

JOHN

What the hell does he want?

STANLEY

Maybe he brought us some Guinness.

just as Stanley opens the door, Dub man SMASHES a long metal pipe against his forehead. Blood gushes out of Stanley's head as he falls to his knees.

DUB MAN

You psycho cannibals done fucked
up!

Dub man charges toward Tricia and John as they get up to escape him.

TRICIA

Dub Man, what the hell?

DUB MAN

Just making sure ya'll don't try
pulling this sick shit on somebody
else.

(CONTINUED)

He throws Tricia to the floor as John is his next target. John tries to escape but Dub Man SMASHES his skull with the pipe. John collapses to the floor and Dub Man POUNDS him unmercifully. Tricia launches up the stairs.

DUB MAN
Stompin' roaches. That's all I'm
doin'.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY--CONTINUOUS

Dub Man creeps around in the hallway with the metal pipe cocked and ready.

DUB MAN
Come on out, sugar! You still owe me
a date!

INT. BATHROOM--CONTINUOUS

Tricia is huddled and trembling with fear in the bathtub with the shower curtain drawn closed. Suddenly, Dub Man pulls back the curtain. She SCREAMS. He POUNDS her with the pipe, blood splattering everywhere. When he feels she's had enough, he exits.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--MOMENTS LATER

Stanley rises to his knees, bleeding profusely. Dub Man gives him a final POP upside the head, sending him face down on the floor. Dub Man spits on him, then exits.

BATHROOM

Tricia lays lifeless in a pool of blood in the tub. In an instant, her gaping wounds begin to magically sew up and disappear.

LIVING ROOM

The gaping wounds on John and Stanley also begin to magically heal themselves.

BATHROOM

Tricia sits up, wiping the blood from her head.

LIVING ROOM

Stanley and John stand up slowly. Tricia comes down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

TRICIA

Well, that didn't make a lick a' sense.

They all begin to sniff the air like dogs. Tracy runs to Stanley's bloodstains on the floor, gets down on all fours and laps up his blood, ravenously. Stanley runs to John's bloodstains and does the same. John runs upstairs.

BATHROOM

John bursts into the bathroom, kneels down in the tub and laps up Tricia's blood.

LIVING ROOM

Her mouth smeared with Stanley's blood, Tricia writhes around on the floor with her eyes firmly closed in total bliss.

INT. OFFICE--DAY

Agent Clark sits behind his desk. Across from him, Dr. Martin's agitated state is in sharp contrast to the calm demeanor of DR. TEKANI sitting next to him.

DR. MARTIN

This is an outrage! I am a Rhode scholar. I am this nation's leading expert in ancient Aramaic. Not to mention, you know you can trust me.

DR. TEKANI

I have been fully briefed on the situation, Dr. Martin. I would never do anything to betray my country. I am only here to help. And, above all, I am not here to step on anyone's toes.

AGENT CLARK

Dr. Tekani, here, is just another set of eyes to double check your translations.

DR. MARTIN

My translations do not need double checking! My marriage is on the ropes. I've put my ass on the line for you and you insult my credentials like this!

(CONTINUED)

AGENT CLARK

Look, Dr. Martin, we seriously appreciate all of your efforts on this project. You're a real American hero. But, I don't know what this bug is you have up your ass at the moment. This thing is much greater than any one person's ego. You need to swallow your Ph.D. for a minute and pay attention to the bigger picture.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--DAY

Stanley and Tricia sit on the sofa, watching TV. The doorbell RINGS. Tricia gets up to answer it. She looks through the peephole.

STANLEY

Who is it?

TRICIA

Some woman.

She opens the door and Meredith, John's girlfriend is on the other side.

TRICIA

Can I help you?

MEREDITH

I'm looking for John.

John comes down the stairs. His hair is wet as it is obvious he has been taking a shower. Seeing Meredith sends him into a panic. He runs outside with her, closing the door behind him.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF HOUSE--CONTINUOUS

John escorts Meredith quickly away from the house to the edge of the street before they can safely begin their conversation.

JOHN

Meredith, what are you doing here?

MEREDITH

I just came by to check up on you. You haven't called me in a few days.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
I've been kinda busy.

MEREDITH
So, it's official? You're rooming here, now?

JOHN
Sure.

MEREDITH
Did you get them to go down on the price?

JOHN
Meredith, there's something I need to talk to you about. I'm... uhh... working on a big project, right now, and... I'm gonna be very busy... for a long time... so, I won't be able to see you very much

MEREDITH
Are you sure? Well, maybe, I could help you with your project?

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--CONTINUOUS

Stanley and Tricia look out the window at John and Meredith conversing.

STANLEY
Who's that girl?

TRICIA
You idiot. That's his girlfriend.

STANLEY
Are you nuts? How the hell can that be his girlfriend?

TRICIA
Stanley, look at their body language. They've had sex. A lot.

STANLEY
Tricia, you are so naive. Any idiot can see he's gay.

TRICIA
(chuckling)
Are you kidding? He's not gay.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

Tricia, I'm a bit older than you, dear, and I've been around long enough to know what a gay man looks like and he's definitely gay.

TRICIA

He is not. Where did you get that crazy idea?

STANLEY

Look at the neat way he dresses and his perfectly combed hair. Straight guys don't look like that, sweetheart.

TRICIA

Neatness does not necessarily mean gay. Not every guy is going for that retro-grunge look like you, Stanley.

STANLEY

I betcha anything that's not his girlfriend.

John enters, looking flustered.

STANLEY

Everything okay?

JOHN

Sure.

STANLEY

So... who was that?

JOHN

Oh, that was... uh... my sister, Meredith... had a little family matter to discuss.

John walks past the two of them toward the TV. Stanley stares. amused, at Tricia. Looks like Stanley won this bet.

EXT. HIGHWAY--NIGHT

Stanley's beat-up, old car cruises down an empty highway.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD--LATER

With Tricia and John standing behind him, Stanley lifts up the car hood and shines a flashlight o the engine.

STANLEY

Okay, we gotta make this look believable. We need to unplug something or remove a cap somewhere. Any ideas, John?

JOHN

Don't look at me. I know nothing about cars.

STANLEY

Dammit! Well, we'll just have to run some experiments.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD--LATER

Stanley is in the driver's seat. John is now shining the flashlight on the engine with Tricia beside him, looking on.

STANLEY

Now, unplug something, but remember what you unplugged just in case.

John fiddles around with the engine.

JOHN

Okay, I just did... something... I don't know what I did...

Stanley turns the key and the car starts, no problem.

STANLEY

Goddammit!

He turns the car off.

STANLEY

Okay. Try again. Make sure not to touch anything that's still spinning.

John hesitates for a moment, then digs deeper and fiddles with something else. After he finishes, he steps back.

Stanley turns the key. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY
Mission accomplished.

EXT. HOUSE PORCH--LATER

Stanley has his arm around Tricia and they both look bright and cheery as a vacation postcard. Stanley RINGS the doorbell. An OLD LADY opens the door.

OLD LADY
Yes?

STANLEY
Sorry to trouble you, Ma'am. This here's my new bride, Tricia. We're on our way to Lancaster to visit my sick grandmother and we're having some car trouble.

OLD LADY
Oh, dear.

They all look at the car on the side of the road with John standing next to it.

STANLEY
That's my brother, John. We've tried everything, but we just can't get the darn thing to start.

OLD LADY
Oh, dear, that's a shame. And ya'll are on your way to visit your poor, sick grandmother. Let me get my husband outta bed. He works on engines all the time. Oh, Butch! Butch!

EXT. HOUSE PORCH--LATER

BUTCH, 69, stands on the porch with his toolkit and his wife, WANDA, 66, the old lady, beside him.

STANLEY
We were just driving down the road here and it just cut off. My brother over there knows a little about cars. He tried everything but no luck.

(CONTINUED)

BUTCH

You don't say. Well, I'll see what I can do for her.

He walks over to John and the car.

WANDA

Ya'll come in and have a seat while you wait.

INT. BUTCH AND WANDA'S LIVING ROOM--CONTINUOUS

Wanda escorts Stanley and Tricia in. The house is elaborately decorated and meticulously neat.

WANDA

We hardly get any visitors out here. Got two grown children who won't take the time to drop by. Haven't seen the grandkids in over a year.

TRICIA

Your house is lovely.

Tricia spots a large, glass case filled with a neatly arranged menagerie of tiny ceramic dolls.

TRICIA

Wow! Check that out!

WANDA

Oh, yeah. Just my little hobby. Butch has his ships-in-bottles. This is my thing.

Wanda and Tricia walk closer to the collection. Wanda opens the case.

WANDA

Go on. Have a look.

Tricia bends down to get a closer look.

STANLEY

Tricia, dear, let's not get sidetracked. We got things to do, dear.

TRICIA

They're very pretty. I'm just having a look, Stanley.

(CONTINUED)

WANDA

You can take one home if you like.

TRICIA

Oh, no. I can't do that. No way.

WANDA

Ain't no problem, at all.

Wanda takes one out and hands it to Tricia.

WANDA

You can have this one. It's the prettiest.

INT. DINING ROOM--LATER

Stanley and Tricia sit next to each other at the dining table. Wanda is walking toward the kitchen.

WANDA

Let me heat somethin' up for ya'll to eat while ya' waitin'.

STANLEY

Oh, no, Ma'am. We're not hungry. Thank you.

WANDA

You sure? Ya'll are headin' to Lancaster. That's still a good two and a half hours.

TRICIA

No, Ma'am. We don't wanna put you out. We just ate.

WANDA

Well, how about a cool glass of lemonade?

STANLEY

Just two glasses of water would be fine.

The front door OPENS. Butch and John enter the dining room.

WANDA

Did ya' get her fixed?

(CONTINUED)

BUTCH

You're not gonna believe this, Wanda. The darndest thing I ever seen. The ignition cable was unplugged. How in tarnation does a thing like that happen? Never seen the likes of it.

STANLEY

Oh, we're so grateful for your help. If I could use your restroom for a minute, we'll be on our way.

INT. DINING ROOM--LATER

Tricia and John sit across from each other at the dining table, sipping water. Butch and Wanda sit at the other end with their back to the door. Stanley creeps into the room behind them, holding a knife behind his back. He stares at the back of Butch's head as he slowly approaches him. John and Tricia glance up at Stanley but struggle to pretend they don't see him.

WANDA

You and Stanley make a lovely couple. And newlyweds. That's so exciting.

BUTCH

Wanda and I have been married 42 years. Don't know what I'd do without her.

TRICIA

42 years. You guys are so lucky. My best friend has been dating this guy for about a year. She adores him. But he's too much of a wimp to commit to her.

Stanley is distracted from his task by Tricia's words.

STANLEY

I told you a million times, Tricia. Your friend's boyfriend is too dedicated to his work to have time for marriage. It would be a terrible marriage. She would feel neglected. He's married to his muse, already.

As Butch and Wanda turn around toward Stanley, he puts both hands behind his back.

(CONTINUED)

BUTCH

Well, it's a shame about your young friend and his muse. A muse can't see to it that you take your pills every night before bed, as far as I know. Life is short and he'll be full of regret when he's old.

Butch turns back toward the table and takes a sip of his lemonade.

BUTCH

A man's life will always feel incomplete 'til he finds a good woman to treasure him.

Tricia looks at Stanley with sad eyes. Stanley puts his head down in contemplation. Behind his back, he tucks the knife into his belt.

INT. BUTCH AND WANDA'S LIVING ROOM--LATER

Stanley, Tricia and John begin to leave. Butch opens the door for them but Wanda stops them.

WANDA

We just can't let them leave like this, wouldn't be hospitable. They're newlyweds.

STANLEY

Really, Ma'am. You've already done so much for us.

WANDA

No, no, I got a sweet potato pie in the fridge. I'll go wrap it up for ya'.

BUTCH

She makes the best sweet potato pie in the world. Melts in your mouth. While you're at it, Wanda. Go down in the attic and get 'em a jar of your strawberry preserves.

WANDA

Oh, good idea!

EXT. FRONT PORCH--LATER

Tricia holds the pie and the jar of preserves with John and Stanley beside her. Butch and Wanda stand by the door.

TRICIA

You guys have been so kind. I wish there was some way we could repay you.

WANDA

Well, there is something you could do for us.

TRICIA

What is it, Miss Wanda?

WANDA

On your way back from Lancaster, could you stop by and pay us a visit? Our kids don't pay us no mind anymore and we're all alone out here.

BUTCH

Oh, Wanda, they got better things to do with their time.

TRICIA

Oh, no, it's no problem. Sure thing, Miss Wanda.

WANDA

Oh, wonderful. I'll make ya'll a lovely supper.

TRICIA

Bye, Miss Wanda.

Tricia and John walk back toward the car with Stanley trailing them. Stanley suddenly turns around and approaches Butch and Wanda.

STANLEY

You know, you guys shouldn't be so trusting, letting total strangers into your home like this. There are a lot of bad people out there who might wanna hurt you. Wouldn't want to see something bad to such good people.

Stanley stares at them a little too long, letting his words of warning darken the atmosphere, making Butch and Wanda visibly nervous until Butch puts his arm around his wife.

INT. CAR--NIGHT

In a disgusted silence, Stanley drives with Tricia, pie and preserves in her lap in the passenger's seat and John in the back. Stanley rolls down his window. He picks up the pie from Tricia's lap and throws it out the window. He goes after the preserves next, tossing them out as well.

EXT. HIGHWAY--CONTINUOUS

The jar shatter against the road, splattering preserved strawberries all over the asphalt.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--DAY

Stanley paces up and down, nervously. Tricia is on the sofa. John is in the easy chair with his face in his hands.

STANLEY

You don't have Drew's phone number or email or anything?

JOHN

Sorry, Stanley. You tend to throw all of that away after you find out the person died.

STANLEY

Well, he can't just leave us twisting like this on our own. He was a trained killer to begin with. We don't know anything about killing people. We need some guidance.

JOHN

What guidance? I mean, you just stick a knife in someone. Simple as that. I don't know what the hell is wrong with us.

TRICIA

Maybe Andrew will pop up again soon.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

Yeah, but when? We can't rely on that. I'm starting to feel weak and hungry again.

JOHN

Me, too.

TRICIA

Well, you know what... I'm beginning to think all of this is not such a good idea. Maybe there's some way we could reverse this thing or something.

STANLEY

What?

TRICIA

Maybe there's some way we could go back to being normal.

STANLEY

You mean go back to all that sickness and aging and death. Hell, no! Are you insane?

JOHN

Well, what's your plan, Stanley?

STANLEY

Well, maybe, we can go back to that bar where we met him and leave a message with the management in case he comes back there. It'll be hard to describe him as someone they'd remember, but Sarita certainly stands out in a crowd.

JOHN

Yeah, that sounds like our best shot.

TRICIA

Well, you guys go ahead. I'm staying here.

STANLEY

Are you serious, Tricia?... Suit yourself.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET--DAY

Stanley and John walk among crowds of mostly office workers on their lunch break.

INT. SUPERMARKET--DAY

Tricia enters the supermarket, looks around for a moment, then gets a cart.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

In the fruit section, she squeezes apples and oranges, checking for ripeness.

In the frozen food section, she tosses frozen pizzas, microwave dinners and ice cream into her cart.

In the dairy section, she checks dates before putting cartons of milk, various cheeses and cups of yogurt into her cart.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET--DAY

Stanley and John continue walking down the CROWDED street.

STANLEY'S P.O.V.

As the crowds pass by Stanley, their faces begin to blur.

STANLEY

Do you see that?

JOHN

Yeah, what's happening to our eyesight?

STANLEY

They're all starting to look the same.

John begins to sniff the air.

JOHN

Smell that?

In an instant, they take off running at full speed down the street, weaving their way through the crowds. They turn a corner. Suddenly, they begin making ANIMAL-LIKE GROWLS as they continue running.

In the distance, we can see what is arousing their senses--a bloodmobile. A handful of people are standing around it, preparing to donate blood. Stanley and John push them out of the way, then leap into the bloodmobile.

INT. BLOODMOBILE--CONTINUOUS

A MALE NURSE and three female nurses are drawing blood from three donors. Stanley and John enter, GROWLING, and snatch the bags containing the donors' blood. They rip the bags open and guzzle down the blood like ravenous wild animals, getting it all over their faces in the process.

MALE NURSE

Hey, are you guys outta your minds?

They push him out of the way and search frantically through the cabinets, finding other bags of blood. The male nurse tries to stop them, but Stanley pulls his pants down, snapping the button and breaking the zipper. As the male nurse struggles to pull his pants back up, Stanley and John escape from the bloodmobile with their bags of blood.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK--CONTINUOUS

Stanley and John race down the street, tearing the bags of blood open, guzzling them and GROWLING. Struggling to hold his pants up, the male nurse chases after them.

MALE NURSE

Hey! Somebody stop them! They're stealing our blood!

A POLICE OFFICER sees Stanley and John running and hears the male nurse's cries. He joins the nurse in the chase.

POLICE OFFICER

Hey, you two! Freeze!

Stanley and John turn a corner with the male nurse and the officer still doggedly in pursuit.

We hear a camera shutter SNAP ONE, TWO, THREE TIMES, freezing Stanley and John's movements, as someone takes pictures of them.

Stanley and John run into an alley. The male nurse and officer follow them.

Stanley and John's strides begin to widen. The male nurse and officer watch in astonishment as Stanley and John make a

(CONTINUED)

running leap over the fifty foot wall of a building in front of them, giving their last animal-like GRUNTS as they sail through the air. The male nurse and officer stop, out of breath, eyes wide in amazement, then look at each other incredulously.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--DAY

Tricia arranges various types of food on the coffee table: drinks, fruits, desserts, crackers, chips, cakes, ice cream, etc.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

Tricia, with a disgusted look, force feeds herself a handful of chips and washes them down with a soda. She gags.

She throws up in the wastebasket next to the sofa.

She stuffs a banana in her mouth.

She violently throws up in the wastebasket.

INT. KITCHEN--MOMENTS LATER

She waits patiently for a frozen dinner to finish in the microwave.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--LATER

She stuffs the potatoes and meatloaf from the frozen dinner into her mouth.

She throws up so violently into the wastebasket that she passes out on the floor when she finishes.

She takes a bite of cheesecake.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--LATER

Stanley and John enter, looking exhausted, their faces caked with blood. Tricia sits on the sofa with a pile of food and empty wrappers on the coffee table in front of her. She jumps up excitedly when she sees Stanley and John.

TRICIA

What happened to you two?

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

We've had an eventful afternoon.

TRICIA

Me, too. I have great news. I found something that we can eat without getting sick.

STANLEY

What is it?

TRICIA

You're not gonna believe it.
It's... cheesecake!

STANLEY

Cheesecake?

TRICIA

Yeah! I ate two pieces over a half hour ago and I feel fine!

STANLEY

You expect me to sit around all day eating cheesecake?

TRICIA

Yeah.

STANLEY

No way.

TRICIA

Why not?

STANLEY

'Cuz cheesecake is gay!

Stanley instantly realizes his mistake. He looks at John, apologetically.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF HOUSE--DAY

Stanley and John stand in front of the house.

STANLEY

I just wanna apologize for what I said in there. I'm not that kind of person. It's just an expression. Doesn't mean anything.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
I don't care.

STANLEY
As long as we're cool, right? Are we cool?

JOHN
Sure.

STANLEY
Okay. As you can see, Tricia's veering off in another direction, here. But I wanna make sure you and I are still on the same page.

JOHN
Absolutely.

STANLEY
Okay, 'cause I got a plan.

EXT. FREEWAY--NIGHT

Stanley's car cruises down the freeway which is mostly empty as it is late at night.

EXT. HOSPITAL--NIGHT

Stanley parks in the hospital parking lot.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY--LATER

Stanley and John enter the lobby. Stanley has a Jay-Z mask on; John has on a Kanye West mask. Both are carrying machine guns and wearing black gloves. Stanley is carrying a large duffel bag. The SECURITY GUARD behind the desk is stunned at their appearance.

INT. HOSPITAL FLOOR--LATER

The elevator door opens. The security guard stands nervously with Stanley and John, still in their masks, behind him, their guns in his back. They emerge from the elevator.

INT. NURSES' STATION--CONTINUOUS

Two nurses sit at the station as Stanley, John and the nervous security guard approaches them. Stanley points his machine gun at the nurses who GASP.

STANLEY

Oh, it just got gangsta up in here!
J-Hova's in the house!

INT. NURSES' STATION--LATER

John stands guard over the security guard next to him. One of the nurses still sits on pins and needles at the station.

INT. BLOOD STORAGE--SIMULTANEOUS

The other nurse stands by as Stanley fills his duffel bag with blood packets.

INT. NURSES' STATION--SIMULTANEOUS

John seems to be lost in a daydream under his Kanye West mask. The security guard seizes his chance and goes for John's gun. They struggle.

JOHN

Oh, you're trying to play hero...
don't know who you're fucking
with...

They push through an emergency exit.

INT. EMERGENCY STAIRWELL--CONTINUOUS

Their fighting continues in the stairwell. Just as it seems the security guard is about to successfully take the gun from John, John begins to GROWL like a wild animal. He relinquishes the gun and lifts up his mask. He has sprouted long fangs and his eyes have turned a devilish red. The security guard SCREAMS. John sinks his fangs into the security guard's neck, quickly sucking his blood. John grabs the guard with one hand to get better positioning and places his other hand against the wall to keep his balance. Suddenly, his fingers begin to lengthen and his nails extend, becoming claws tearing through his gloves.

When the security guard is completely drained, John tosses his lifeless body to the floor. John's face has morphed into something more animal than man. Slowly, he begins to return to normal, his fingers shrinking back into the torn glove. John wipes his mouth in astonishment.

INT. NURSES' STATION--CONTINUOUS

The nurse SCREAMS when she sees John return from the stairwell with his bloody mouth. He wipes his mouth with a bed sheet from a nearby gurney and puts his mask back on. Stanley, with his full duffel bag, comes around the corner with the other nurse.

STANLEY

Yo, Yeezy, let's break outta here!

INT. STANLEY'S CAR--NIGHT

Stanley is pulling out of the parking lot just as several police cars are pulling up to the front entrance of the hospital which he can see from his rearview mirror.

INT. STANLEY'S CAR--LATER

Stanley is pumped with excitement while John, in the passenger's seat, looks worried.

STANLEY

Whoa! That was awesome! Now, I know what it's like to be a criminal! Hey, there's another hospital on Lafayette! We'll hit that one up, too!

EXT. ANOTHER HOSPITAL PARKING LOT--NIGHT

Stanley parks the car.

INT. HOSPITAL FLOOR--NIGHT

Another scared security guard gets off the elevator with Stanley and John behind him in their masks and holding machine guns and Stanley carrying his duffel bag.

They walk over to the nurses' station where one nurse sits behind her computer.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

It's gangsta time up in here!

They expose their machine guns to the nurse who GASPS. An AFRICAN-AMERICAN NURSE enters the scene from around the corner.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN NURSE

What the hell is going on in here?

STANLEY

It's a stick up, lady! Give us what we want and you might get outta this alive!

AFRICAN-AMERICAN NURSE

Boy, I've been working here for 20 years. Do you know how much trauma I've seen in my life-- third degree burns, cardiac arrests, bullet wounds? You don't scare me. And I guess you two are supposed to be a couple a' 'niggaz in Paris', huh?

STANLEY

That's right, so don't give us no shit!

AFRICAN-AMERICAN NURSE

Well, you look like a couple of stupid white boys itching for a long prison sentence to me. We don't have any money up here, but you're welcome to the vending machine change I have in my purse.

STANLEY

Oh, we're not here for money! We're here for this!

Stanley opens up the duffel bag and shows her the packets of blood.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN NURSE

What? You mean, you fools are here to steal blood?... What the... oh, I know what this is about... ya'll are on that stuff I read about in the newspaper the other day.

She stares at Stanley's machine gun.

(CONTINUED)

AFRICAN-AMERICAN NURSE
Hey... wait a minute... that ain't
real!

She snatches the machine gun from Stanley and shoots him with it, dousing him with water. Stanley and John start running with the nurse chasing them, beating them over their heads with the fake machine gun.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN NURSE
Shame on you two!

Stanley and John run up to the window and CRASH into it, shattering it in a thousand pieces. They sink through the night air until they SLAM against the ground ten floors below. The nurse looks down at their motionless bodies.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN NURSE
What the hell kinda drug were those
fools on?

She turns to the other nurse and security guard.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN NURSE
Well, call the boys downstairs and
tell 'em we got a couple a' stiffs
outside.

EXT. HOSPITAL GROUND--NIGHT

Several paramedics exit the hospital and walk toward the spot where Stanley and John landed. To their astonishment, all they find is broken glass.

INT. STANLEY'S CAR--NIGHT

Stanley and John both look morose.

STANLEY
Let's just pretend that never
happened.

JOHN
Gotcha.

EXT. PARK--DAYBREAK

Stanley and John sit on a small, grassy hill, looking up at the sky as sunlight begins to trickle over the city.

JOHN

It's not gonna be much fun living without sunlight.

STANLEY

There's a price for everything. Besides, I always preferred the night, anyway. That's when all the really interesting stuff happens.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK--LATER

Stanley and John are both sprawled out asleep on the hill. It is full morning.

MORNING NEWS REPORT

The NEWS ANCHOR speaks with a graphic saying 'BLOOD BANDITS' beside her.

NEWS ANCHOR

We have a very bizarre story to report this morning. The New Orleans Police Department are on the hunt for two white males who committed three robberies yesterday, one of which included a murder. But it wasn't money or valuables they were after. Get this folks--they stole blood. That's right, you heard that correctly. Take a look at these photos.

Three photos of Stanley and John running through the downtown street with bags of blood.

NEWS ANCHOR

(v.o.)

Here are photos of the two suspects police are dubbing 'The Blood Bandits' being chased by an officer through the downtown area yesterday. And those are bags of blood they're carrying which they stole from a bloodmobile.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO footage of Stanley and John walking down the first hospital hallway with their plastic machine guns.

NEWS ANCHOR

(v.o.)

Here are the two suspects later at St. Joseph's Hospital where they have disguised themselves in what appear to be Jay-Z and Kanye West masks.

CUT TO a split screen of Stanley and John running down the street, faces exposed/Stanley and John in the masks in the hospital.

NEWS ANCHOR

(v.o.)

However, as you can plainly see, they are wearing the exact same clothing they had on during the bloodmobile robbery. But this is no laughing matter because a security guard was murdered during this particular robbery.

CUT TO footage of Stanley and John walking through the hallway of the second hospital.

NEWS ANCHOR

(v.o.)

Here, they are at it again at Northside Mercy Hospital. However, their robbery attempt here was thwarted by a brave nurse.

CUT BACK TO photos from the bloodmobile robbery CLOSED IN on Stanley and John's faces. They have a wild look in their eyes.

NEWS ANCHOR

(v.o.)

Authorities speculate that, judging from their eyes in these photos, their crimes may be fueled by hallucinations caused by the designer drugs that are growing in popularity these days such as bath salts.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--DAY

Tricia sits on the sofa, watching the news report with her hand over her mouth and tears in her eyes.

INT. BOARDROOM--DAY

Agent Clark stands at the front of the room where a monitor has just played the news report. Behind him, several agents, Dr. Martin and Dr. Tekani sit around a large, wooden table. He turns toward them.

AGENT CLARK

Looks like this one's gonna be real easy, folks.

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL--DAY

Police dust down the wall for fingerprints where John sucked the life out of the security guard.

COMPUTER SCREEN

The fingerprints spin through several arrest records until they hit on John's photo of his arrest for a DUI.

INT. POLICE STATION--DAY

Meredith sits across from a police officer who is behind his desk, listening to her.

MEREDITH

He's really a nice guy. Really. We've been going out for over six months. It's those crazy new roommates of his. They probably pressured him into this. You guys, please go easy on him.

INT. OFFICE--DAY

Agent Clark sits behind his desk, talking on the phone.

AGENT CLARK

You have their address? Okay, Sergeant, here's what I need you to do. I need you to stand down on this one. This is a federal government issue. You just point

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AGENT CLARK (cont'd)
out where they live and we'll
handle the rest.

EXT. SKY--DAY

A helicopter hovers along in the sky. On board are Agent Clark, Dr. Martin, Dr. Tekani and several agents.

EXT. PARK--DAY

Stanley and John continue to sleep on the park ground. A poodle on a leash comes up and licks the area around John's mouth, slowly waking him up. A WOMAN calls for the poodle.

WOMAN
(o.s.)
Missy? Missy? Where are you,
sweetie? Come here, girl!

The poodle runs toward her master's voice. John is now fully awake. He looks around and sees people jogging, senior citizens playing chess, etc. He nudges Stanley awake.

JOHN
Hey, Stanley, wake up. We better
get outta here.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--DAY

Tricia sits on the sofa, looking worried. Stanley, carrying his duffel bag, and John enter, both looking disheveled.

STANLEY
Hey, Trish, you won't believe what
I got in the bag.

TRICIA
I already know, Stanley! The whole
goddamn world knows!

CUT TO:

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--LATER

John sits on the easy chair, face in hands; Tricia is on the sofa, looking very pissed off. Stanley paces, frantically.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

We gotta get out of town quit! We can't even walk down the street! Everyone would recognize us!

STANLEY

Don't panic. We were wearing masks.

TRICIA

Oh, really, Stanley? Were you wearing masks when you robbed that bloodmobile, running down the street like a couple of drug-deranged maniacs?

Stanley PUNCHES his palm.

STANLEY

Dammit!

TRICIA

And which one of you killed the security guard?

STANLEY

Killed the security guard? we didn't kill anybody! Nobody got hurt!

John raises his hand, timidly.

STANLEY

What? John, tell me your joking. Oh, shit! We're going to prison and we're gonna get a life sentence but we can't die so that means we'll spend eternity behind bars!

Stanley PLOPS down on the sofa.

TRICIA

Stanley, I've been thinking about what Butch said about treasuring someone. Maybe we've got it all wrong about death. Maybe death isn't really bad. Maybe death, in some weird way, is our friend. maybe nothing is supposed to last forever and that's the beauty of it. I mean, if someone is in some really horrible situation or maybe they're just having a really shitty life, the good news is it's not

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRICIA (cont'd)
gonna last forever, so don't sweat
it so much. But, on the other hand,
if you're having some really
awesome experiences or you're
surrounded by really cool people,
you should treasure them because,
once again, they won't last
forever. And, maybe that's the
meaning of it all. But, if you live
forever, the endless repetitions of
of everything would probably get
pretty boring and there'd be
nothing to treasure.

Stanley looks at her, incredulously.

STANLEY
That's the most ridiculous
philosophy I've ever heard! But,
then again. Look at who it's coming
from: the almighty Stinkfoot!

JOHN
Stanley, that's not cool.

STANLEY
You've just wasted a year of your
life trying to get someone to marry
you who's told you over and over
again that they will never marry
you! I will never marry you or
marry your stinky feet!

Stanley gets up and STOMPS up the stairs. Tricia looks down,
sadly. We hear Stanley BUMPING around upstairs. Tricia gets
up and walks to the bottom of the stairs, looking up. John
follows her.

JOHN
You didn't deserve that. None of
this is your fault. It seems to me
you really are wasting your time.
You need to be with someone more
mature, someone who appreciates how
beautiful you are.

She turns to John and they embrace. They kiss each other
passionately. Stanley starts to come down the stairs,
carrying a suitcase. He sees them kissing and smiles, slyly.
They notice him and stop, stepping away from each other.
Stanley continues down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

You'd better pack up some things so we can get outta here before the cops find us.

Suddenly, the front door is KICKED open, ripping it from its repaired hinges again. Andrew and Sarita enter.

STANLEY

Do you ever just knock?

ANDREW

On the other side of the world, in the middle of a war zone, I found the secrets to everlasting life, what every man who has ever lived and died has only dreamed of. Physical powers the world's greatest fantasy writers could not imagine. And, out of the kindness of my generous heart, I decided to share them with you... and you FUCKED EVERYTHING UP!

STANLEY

It's all your fault! You left us here to fend for ourselves! We don't know anything about killing people! We're not trained killers like you!

ANDREW

You don't need any training to cut some redneck's throat! You were the one who was dying to know what it's like to kill someone!

EXT. STREET--DAY

Three black vans pull around the corner and drive down the street toward Stanley's house.

INT. VAN--CONTINUOUS

Agent Clark sits in the passenger's seat of one of the vans. He looks at Stanley's destroyed front door.

AGENT CLARK

Looks like we got ourselves an open invitation.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--CONTINUOUS

Andrew is still ripping into everyone.

ANDREW

It was so simple! You could've just lived on illiterate farmers! Anything to keep a low profile! There are those out there who do not wish us to be!

SARITA

Boys, boys. No need to fight. What looks like chaos, is not... it's all well-designed, everything is going according to a plan, everything is as it should be... and every secret is soon to be revealed...

She slowly pulls up her long black dress, revealing her legs a little at a time. Andrew stares, intensely.

ANDREW

Yes, Sarita. Finally. Show me your magnificent body. I've waited for so long.

He drops to one knee. She puts her foot on his lifted knee.

SARITA

You see, our people have had this little... ancient problem. It's plagued us for thousands of years. We could never quite figure out how to get rid of it. So, we just learned to painfully live with it. At times, it has even been our friend, our ally. And, now our country's little, ancient problem... is your country's big, new problem...

She stops her lifted dress at her thighs.

SARITA

Enjoy the show!

She finally lifts the dress over her entire body, but, at the same moment, she disappears into thin air, leaving behind only her sinister, ECHOING LAUGHTER. Andrew SIGHS and nearly topples over in frustration like a man in a desert who as just had a glass of water snatched from him.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

You mean all of this has been based
on that!

JOHN

Who are they?

John points toward the broken door where over a dozen agents
are pouring into the room. Andrew stands up and turns around
to see them.

ANDREW

RUN!!!

Stanley, John and Andrew try to run away. In an instant, the
agents are on them. Tricia manages to escape into the
kitchen with two agents going in after her. The other agents
pin the three guys, face down, on the floor. Agent Clark,
Dr. Martin and Dr. Tekani enter, calmly. The two agents
return from the kitchen with Tricia who is kicking and
SCREAMING.

STANLEY

No! No! Not her! She's not one of
us!

AGENT CLARK

What?

STANLEY

She's not one of us! She was
supposed to be... a victim!

AGENT CLARK

Excuse me?

STANLEY

She's not one of us! We were gonna
kill her!

Tricia looks very confused.

AGENT CLARK

She's not one of you? Then, why was
she running?

STANLEY

She's probably confused. We have a
lot of marijuana and heroin in the
house. We used drugs to lure her.
She probably thinks this is a drug
raid.

(CONTINUED)

AGENT CLARK
Is this true, young lady?

Tricia is confused about what to say.

STANLEY
Look at all that food on the table.
That's for her. We can't eat that.
It would make us sick.

JOHN
He's right. Let her try some and
you'll see. Give her some of the
cheesecake. She likes that.

Agent Clark goes to the coffee table and picks up the
cheesecake and a fork. He cuts off a forkful and holds it to
Tricia's mouth. After a moment of reluctance, she eats it
without incident.

AGENT CLARK
Today is your lucky day, Miss. You
have no idea what these guys were
gonna do to you. Come with us,
sweetheart.

He puts his arm around her. She stares sadly at Stanley
pinned on the floor, then goes outside with Agent Clark.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF HOUSE--MOMENTS LATER

Tricia stands outside with Agent Clark's arm still around
her. She looks back into the house through the broken door.
The agents now have the three guys on their backs. Black
straps are wrapped around them, pinning their arms to their
bodies, restricting their struggle. The agents hold up
syringes with the inky black substance inside them, then
inject them into the guys arms, causing them to SCREAM in
pain.

TRICIA
No!

She runs back into the house.

INT. STANLEY AND TRICIA'S LIVING ROOM--CONTINUOUS

Agent Clark comes in behind her.

(CONTINUED)

TRICIA

My baby!

JOHN

I'm right here, beautiful.

She runs past John and kneels down next to Stanley with tears in her eyes.

TRICIA

Stanley, no!

STANLEY

Whatever they injected us with...
it's making me weak.

TRICIA

I'm so sorry, Stanley.

STANLEY

I'm sorry, too, Tricia. I didn't
mean what I said.

TRICIA

And I didn't mean to kiss John. I
was just trying to make you
jealous.

STANLEY

I was never good enough for you,
Tricia. You want that nice house
with the backyard and the two kids
and the dog. I was never meant for
that life. Forget about me, Tricia.
Go on and find that life you want.
You deserve it.

TRICIA

No, Stanley. Maybe... everything
will be alright. Maybe they'll just
cure you.

She looks up at Agent Clark.

TRICIA

You're just gonna cure him, right?
Make him normal again.

Dr. Martin, standing behind Agent Clark, turns away in pity.

AGENT CLARK

Sure, young lady. Everything will
be okay.

(CONTINUED)

She turns back to Stanley. Agent Clark puts his hand on Tricia's shoulder.

AGENT CLARK
I'm sorry, young lady. It's time to go.

TRICIA
No.

STANLEY
Go on, Tricia.

She reluctantly gets up.

STANLEY
I treasure you.

Tears fall down her face and she walks away. Agent Clark looks down at Stanley.

STANLEY
Guess I must've really charmed the hell outta her.

INT. WHITE ROOM

Stanley, John and Andrew squirm as they are being strapped down to white beds by agents in black robes. The agents inject them with I.V.'s containing the inky, black solution. Agent Clark and Dr. Tekani, also in black robes, oversee the process. Dr. Martin, in his black robe, stands behind the altar with the ancient parchment on it. He sneakily takes out a piece of black chalk and blacks out some of the writing. He looks up at Agent Clark and Dr. Tekani to make sure his actions aren't noticed.

INT. WHITE ROOM--LATER

At the altar, Dr. Tekani READS the Aramaic text in a chanting tone with the other agents and Dr. Martin surrounding him.

Stanley, John and Andrew squirm violently as if the words chanted by Dr. Tekani are tearing at their flesh.

Dr. Tekani comes to the blackened-out passage and stops. The other agents turn toward him. He stumbles trying to continue. Agent Clark is obviously annoyed by this. The three vampires stop wiggling for a moment while Dr. Tekani stumbles.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

(whispering to John)

You know, it's looking like this could be it for us. But I wanna say one thing to you before we go. I wanna apologize once again for the word I used about the cheesecake. I want you to know I'm an open-minded person, but I thought it was beautiful how you converted earlier today.

JOHN

(whispering back)

What the hell are you talking about?

STANLEY

I'm talking about how, you know, you kissed Tricia with you're being... a homosexual and everything. I've always heard about conversions like that happening, but I never thought I'd see it happen with my own eyes.

They begin to squirm and GROAN again as Dr. Tekani confidently continues.

JOHN

(through his grinding teeth)

What the hell are you talking about? I'm not gay.

STANLEY

(teeth grinding)

But... you were wearing lipstick when I first met you.

JOHN

That's because Meredith kissed me and I didn't know about the lipstick.

STANLEY

You kiss your sister in the mouth?

JOHN

She's not really my sister. She's my girlfriend.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

Boy, you really are full of a lot of bullshit, aren't you? You would've made a terrible roommate.

JOHN

You don't know how to treat a beautiful girl like Tricia.

STANLEY

Wait a minute... You're not gay and you kissed Tricia. If we survive this, I swear I'm gonna make you wish you could die!

With that, all three of them pass out.

FADE OUT

INT. MORGUE

Covered up in white sheets, the three vampires lie, lifeless, on slabs. After a moment, there is some movement from one of them. Suddenly, Andrew sits straight up, removing the white sheet. He GASPS for air as if he had been underwater for a long time. After a moment, John gets up in the same manner.

JOHN

What the hell just happened?

ANDREW

Their little ritual didn't work, that's what the hell just happened. We're still alive.

John looks over at Stanley's covered body.

JOHN

What about you, Stanley? Are you okay?

No response. John goes over to Stanley. He pulls the sheet down. Stanley is dead as a doornail. John and Andrew are stunned. Andrew thinks for a moment.

ANDREW

Let me guess. You were the one who killed the security guard, right?

John looks down in shame.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

You fools. It's not in the blood...
it's in the act of killing. It's
letting the universe know how badly
you want it, how far you're willing
to go to live forever.

JOHN

But, what about what Sarita said.
This is some kind of curse or
something.

ANDREW

Curse? Fuck that, dude. I'm
immortal. Nothing cursed about
that.

John looks sadly at Stanley's lifeless face.

JOHN

(v.o.)

This is all my fault. None of this
would've happened if you hadn't met
me. Rest in peace, sweet poet.

FOCUS IN on Andrew as he looks around in contemplation.
Images of crowded streets are SUPERIMPOSED on his face as we
hear his thoughts.

ANDREW

(v.o.)

I am the great traitor. No victim
shall escape my clutches. If I,
Andrew, want the birds to drop dead
from the trees... then, the birds
will drop dead from the trees. I am
the wrath of God. The earth I pass
will see me and tremble and the
children will sleep uneasy in the
dark...

INT. MORGUE--LATER

Agent Clark, Dr. Tekani and Dr. Martin look at the two empty
slabs and Stanley's body, still lifeless.

AGENT CLARK

I knew something would go wrong
when you stumbled. What was that
about?

(CONTINUED)

DR. TEKANI

I couldn't read part of it. It was blurred. I don't understand it. I read the entire text many times before with no problem.

AGENT CLARK

Well, at least you got one of them.

Dr. Martin looks at Stanley's dead body and kicks one of the other empty slabs.

AGENT CLARK

What's your problem?

DR. MARTIN

Why do we have to kill them! what are they doing that you wouldn't do in the same position? Who wants to die? They hold the key to eternal life! Did you ever think that maybe we should study them? Found out their secrets? No, you don't think of that! All you military types think about is kill and destroy!

AGENT CLARK

Dr. Martin, if we allow them to persist, it would rip this country apart!

DR. MARTIN

Well, maybe it needs to be ripped apart!

Agent Clark and Dr. Tekani stare at him in stunned silence.

TV NEWS REPORT

The NEWS ANCHOR gives her report as a graphic saying, 'Serial Killer' is imposed behind her.

NEWS ANCHOR

Police are still on the hunt for a vicious murderer terrorizing the city's young women...

The report cuts to photos of about a dozen women... all looking like Tricia!

INT. LARGE OFFICE--DAY

Several rows of cubicles with office workers working hard on their computers or on the phone. Among the, Tricia types away on her computer, looking neat, professional, confident, beautiful.

INT. RESTAURANT--DAY

The sandwich shop is packed with office workers on their lunch break. At one table, Tricia sits with a half dozen or so female office workers, all enjoying their sandwiches and chips. They are CHATTING and LAUGHING with Tricia appearing to be the life of the party as she gobbles up her sandwich.

INT. PARKING DECK--NIGHT

Tricia and two other female workers exit the parking lot elevator. They EXCHANGE GOODBYE'S and proceed their separate ways to their cars.

Tricia walks toward a section of the lot where it is so quiet you can hear a pin drop. Suddenly, we hear a MAN'S GRAVELLY VOICE whisper from the shadows.

MAN'S VOICE

Tricia.

She is startled, stopping and turning around.

MAN'S VOICE

Tricia.

TRICIA

W-who are you?

MAN'S VOICE

John.

TRICIA

John? I didn't recognize your voice.

JOHN

I've been looking everywhere for you.

TRICIA

I... I know, John... but, all those girls... why did you have to kill all those girls?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Because they weren't you.

TRICIA

I want you to know, John, I'm all better, now. I'm back to normal. I had to live on cheesecake for a long time, but... eventually, gradually, I'm now able to eat anything. And, if I can be cured, you can be cured, too. If you turn yourself in...

JOHN

Turn myself in?

TRICIA

Yeah, maybe they can cure you.

JOHN

Turn myself in, so they can cure me... like they cured Stanley?

TRICIA

But, I can help you. I'll vouch for you--

John steps out of the shadows and into the light. Tricia is so startled by his appearance that she SCREAMS and drops her purse. John has been transformed into a horrible-looking demonic creature. Tricia is shaken with fear until she can't stand the sight of him any longer and she runs away. John remains in the light for a moment. He appears sad and pathetic, a slight vestige of his humanity buried underneath all that horror. He sinks back into the shadows. There is no cure for him now.

FADE OUT

EXT. BEACH--DAY

Now many years older, Tricia is a hot milf in spandex, jogging along the boardwalk. Several bodybuilders put the weightlifting on hold to watch her ass trot by.

EXT. BEACH BENCH--DAY

A pretty AFRICAN-AMERICAN GIRL, 11, sits on a beach bench as an AFRICAN-AMERICAN BOY, 12, reads his poetry from a notebook as he stands in front of her. He takes a sip from his bottle of Coke before he begins.

(CONTINUED)

AFRICAN-AMERICAN BOY

My pretty, sweet rose that knows
 the keys to my heart that unlocked
 this love right from the very
 start; if you only knew the
 blossoms of love I have waiting for
 you, then you, too, could feel this
 feeling of love, of bliss and
 there's nothing sweeter than this.
 this kiss from me to you, oh, what
 I would do, if you only knew...

The girl CLAPS.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN GIRL

Oh, that's so beautiful! It's your
 best one yet!

Tricia is jogging near them. As she gets right in front of them, suddenly, she stops, bends over and puts her hands on her thighs. Breathing hard, she is shaking and in a panic. She sits on the bench next to the girl.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN GIRL

Ma'am, are you okay?

TRICIA

I think I may have... pushed myself
 too hard... I think... my blood
 sugar is too low...

She notices the boy's bottle of Coke.

TRICIA

Kid, I'll give you... ten bucks for
 that soda.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN BOY

Deal.

He hands it to her. She guzzles it down. She takes a moment to gather herself.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN GIRL

Are you okay, now, Ma'am?

TRICIA

I'll be okay. Sorry to bother you
 guys.

She takes out a ten from her money bag strapped around her waist. She stands up and continues to gather herself. She hands the bill to the boy.

(CONTINUED)

TRICIA
Thanks a lot, kid. You're a
lifesaver.

As she starts to walk away, the boy waves his hand under his
nose.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN BOY
No problem... (under his breath)
Stinkfoot.

Tricia turns around to the boy and stares at him.

TRICIA
Stanley?

THE END