

EXT: DESERT HIGHWAY- NIGHT

CLOSE UP ON A SPINNING CAR WHEEL

We PULL BACK and see that the car is laying upside down by the side of the road. Someone is MOANING. High, bright headlights illuminate the scene.

We hear the sound of Mack truck air brakes SIGHING. RED, A dark figure in a cowboy hat, descends from the seat of the cab and approaches the overturned car. He looks down at the broken and bleeding driver.

RED

Looks like you could use a hand.

He pulls the man from the car and throws him over his shoulder in a fireman's carry. He walks back toward the Mack truck. Opening up the back, he lays the man down inside. The man moans, confused, barely conscious. Suddenly, behind him in the deep darkness we see a hundred white eyes opening, glowing, moving. The injured driver's eyes open wide. He's awake now.

The cowboy closes the big ole doors and locks them up with a BANG. There is a SCREAM from inside. And then terrible RENDING SOUNDS, and the SCREECHING of unknown beasts. A lonely wind whistles over the wide prairie, rustling Red's hair. He looks up at the big sky of stars and tips his hat. He spits a gooey red wad of chewing tobacco onto the road, and climbs back up in his cab, whistling "She'll Be Coming around the Mountain".

MONTAGE

BUNKY, an old man, stands on the porch of his house looking off into the distance. A deformed Kitten with only three legs tumbles and wrestles on the floor, playing with a severed chicken's foot.

Bunky spots headlights moving on the highway. A convoy of trucks. The old man points with a gnarled hand which is missing fingers.

BUNKY

The Migration has begun.

An inbred looking little boy smiles and runs through a squeaky screen door out into the night. The boy enters the barn and opens a stall. There's a goat there with a red handkerchief tied around its neck.

The boy takes hold of a rope on the goat and leads it out to the end of the driveway, where he ties it to the mailbox. He puts his lit flashlight on the ground. Its beam of light shines up into the sky.

The giant Mack trucks come around the bend, gleaming in moonlight. The inbred boy lifts his fist in the air and pulls it down, over and over again. Up in the cab of the truck, Red smiles and hits the horn. It BOOMS into the night.

A blur of something incredibly fast swoops down and when the boy looks again, he sees the goat is gone. Nothing left but a shredded piece of rope. The boy screams with excitement and claps.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Several cowboys on horseback pursue a terrified man through a cornfield. They are hooting and hollering and twirling lassos in the air. Several carry flashlights which they use to spot and follow the man as he runs. Beams of light bounce and crisscross in the sky, as the wild pursuit continues.

The cowboys catch hold of the man with their ropes and drag him through the corn. He ends up face down in the dirt. Boots land in the dust next to him. He is screaming and struggling, as the men hold him down. They place a strip of red cloth around his neck. He is hefted up on the back of a horse, and the group YEEHAS! into the darkness.

We PAN UP into the air from the cornfield and see down the road a piece, where the Mack trucks move along a twisty road.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Mack truck comes to a stop along a forlorn looking road. Red looks out of his cab at a sign that says "Weaverville" 12 miles.

RED

Home sweet home.

He knocks on the metal of the cab behind him.

RED (CONT'D)

You boys can fly from here.

He reaches down and pushes a button on his dashboard.

The top of the Mack truck slides open like a giant convertible. A hundred giant silhouettes, flying things cut from the fabric of darkness, rise with a "WHOOSH" swirling and twisting together up from inside the truck into the sky. Red lays on the horn, laughing, and whooping.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

HOPALONG, a three legged dog, yelps and growls in his dreams, contorting on the bed, bumping into his master. The SHERRIFF, a stone faced old Texan, prods the dog with his toe, and rumbles in a deep sleep crusted voice.

SHERIFF
Hopalong, Hopalong, You're
dreaming.

The dog wakes up and licks the Sherriff's hand

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
What are you running from boy? In
those dark dreams of yours?"

EXT. HIGH IN THE SKY - NIGHT

VAMPIRE P.O.V.

The sound of GIANT WINGS FLAPPING. Far below, the little towns and solitary farms sleep in the dead of night.

Here and there across the countryside we see faint beams of light shining up into the sky

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

Red numbers on the face of an automatic coffeemaker read 5:59 AM. The numbers change to 6:00 AM and the coffeemaker groans to life and begins to percolate.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

A man's bare feet are warmed by the rising sun. Hopalong lies next to the feet, curled up on his back.

The sheriff sniffs, smelling something good, and yawns.

SHERIFF
Thanks babe.

Birds are singing outside. The Sheriff opens his eyes.

There's a little bird on the birdfeeder outside the window.

The bird's feather's stand up straight on his head, like a punk rocker.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Look at this here little fella,
he's got a funny haircut Hon.

He rolls over and sees that there is no one beside him.
Hopalong looks at him with mournful dog eyes.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Ten years.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The sheriff enters a messy kitchen. Lots of dishes in the sink. He picks up the coffee pot and pours himself a cup.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

The Sheriff waters the flowers outside a small house. He stares at a Rose, absently. A NEIGHBOR walking his dog down the road waves.

NEIGHBOR
Morning, John.

Hopalong barks and wags his tail. The Sheriff looks down at him and then up at what he's barking at. He sees the neighbor and nods his head in recognition.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Sheriff sits in his living room. A blanket embroidered with many flowers is draped over the couch behind him.

A grandfather clock in the corner ticks off time loudly.

SERIES OF SHOTS

CLOSE UP

A Mother Mary statue.

A painting of a cross eyed Siamese cat looking at a flying bee.

A statue of Cherubs holding a glass ball.

Rocks and crystals.

A gnome sitting on a mushroom.

Something BEEPS. The Sheriff walks to the microwave and takes out an Egg sandwich. He removes the top piece of bread off and walks across the room.

He stops in front of a large display cabinet full of porcelain salt and pepper shakers. He looks them over like Napoleon surveying his army. There are animal salt shakers, matching penguins, elephants, cats. There are matching cars, stars, fruits and vegetables, people, you name it.

He picks the salt shaker combo of the sun and moon, and uses them to season his sandwich. Carefully he puts them back in their place in the cabinet.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Inside the office of a small jailhouse. A messy desk with many papers, a computer. Wanted posters on the walls.

The Sheriff opens the door and enters. Hopalong jaunts in and goes to his box with a blanket in the corner. There's a sign there that says. "Deputy Hopalong- the Bark stops here".

The Sheriff sits at his desk and turns on an oscillating fan.

INT. OFFICE -DAY- SOME TIME LATER.

The Sheriff has stopped writing midsentence and is staring out the window. The piece of paper he's writing on flaps in the wind of the fan.

He looks down at the front of his desk. There are more salt shakers. A little windmill and a Don Quixote figure. A drunk and his jug of whiskey, and a male bear. But only one bear. The Sheriff moves papers around on his desk. He looks around and behind things. Nothing. He looks on the floor behind the garbage can and sees the female bear broken into several pieces.

He takes in breath sharply. He picks up the pieces and gets out some glue.

The phone rings. He ignores it or doesn't hear it.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

The sheriff sits by a grave, eating his lunch out of a paper bag. He tosses small pieces of bread to birds.

He lies down on the empty plot of land next to the grave he's visiting, and looks up at the clouds.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

The sheriff unlocks the door and comes back in. He sits down at his desk. He looks at the little bear salt shaker.

He clicks the mouse on his computer and heads to Ebay. He types in the words. "Salt and Pepper Shakers...Bear".

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

CLAY, a cocky young man, and MARY, His girlfriend, zoom down a busy freeway in a tricked out 1960 El Camino. Mary looks at herself in her sideview mirror. Her face is distorted by the glass, made long and exaggerated. She is pretty but has an ugly scar across her cheek. Clay searches the road with his eyes. Looking for trouble. They pass a beautiful Trans Am.

Clay looks down over his sunglasses at the driver. The other guy betrays no emotion, just looks. Clay shakes his head.

CLAY

What's the point? Car like that.

He looks in the rear view mirror.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Oh. Any way you want it pal.

MARY

Dammit, Clay.

CLAY

That's the way you need it.

He hits the play button on his stereo, and "Any Way you want It" blasts out. He jockeys for position in front of the Trans Am. The guy goes left, Clay blocks him. The guy goes right, Clay is there.

Trans Am goes way right into the slow lanes and cuts off a crappy truck. The truck swerves, but maintains control.

Clay guns it and flies into the carpool lane, crossing double yellow lines. Someone's going too slow in that lane so he cuts over two lanes.

The Trans Am is up ahead, he's hitting some traffic.

Clay cuts off the road and drives in the pull-off lane. Now he sees what the slow-ups for. Everyone's rubbernecking at a guy changing his tire.

Clay tries to get back into traffic but there's no space, he hits the gas, bearing down on the man who's standing on the birm holding a tire and looking terrified.

At the last second Clay swerves back into the exit lane, cutting off another car. Then he's back into the pull off lane and gunning it.

He looks over and sees Trans Am. Clay cuts across four lanes of traffic and gets in front of him. The driver freaks out and slows way down. He's had enough.

Clay smiles. He leaves Trans Am in the dust. After a moment or two he exits the highway fast.

They cruise down a road in a small town.

MARY

I hate you. You have no respect for me, for yourself, or anybody else.

CLAY

I respect the Dali LLama, and Steve McQueen.

MARY

Everything's a joke.

CLAY

Baby.

He looks at her seriously.

CLAY (CONT'D)

You may not think I care for you when you know down inside that I really do, and it's me you need to show. How deep is your love?

He starts to sing.

MARY

Bee Gees. You suck.

CLAY

I really need to learn. Cause we're living in a world of fools

MARY

You're the biggest one of em.

CLAY

Breaking us down.

MARY

Seriously, it's not funny anymore.

CLAY

You used to love when I did the lyrics.

MARY

Until I realized how reciting song lyrics was symptomatic of your immense insincerity and complete lack of commitment to anything or anybody.

CLAY

Huh? (acting dumb)

MARY

Huh?(imitating Him)

CLAY

All I know is, it's Friday night, we're gonna make some money, we're gonna spend some money, we're gonna drink, and we're gonna play the jukebox. Does that sound like a plan?

MARY

Sounds like...(every Friday night for the last five years.

He pushes Play on the stereo and "Anyway You Want It" starts up again, blasting over her voice. He bobs his head with the music. We can't hear her saying the following, but we get the gist of it.

MARY (CONT'D)

(You're an asshole! I can't believe I tattooed your name on my arm!)

She points to her arm where his name is tattooed.

She punches herself on the tattoo repeatedly.

He hits the gas.

We see her yelling "Slow Down!" Looking frantically out the front and back at him. Clay laughs and drives.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Sheriff drives down the highway in his police car. Hopalong is in the backseat smiling and panting in the heat, wearing a red bandanna.

The Sheriff slows down as he passes three big red Mack trucks parked alongside the road.

SHERIFF

Son of a bitch! There they are again!

He pulls the squad car over, slamming on the brakes. Dust and dirt flies up. He gets out of the car and hitches up his pants. He grabs his ticket book off the front seat, and opens up the door for Hopalong to follow him. The dog won't come out.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

C'mon Hopalong. Hopalong. Where's my backup? I need backup on this one.

The dog cowers and growls.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

What's the matter with you boy?

The Sheriff heads over to the first Mack truck. He notices a strange symbol on the side of the truck painted in black. It looks to be some sort of Japanese calligraphy or an astrological sign.

The sheriff knocks on the window with his knuckles. No response.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Hello! Hello! How many times I got to say you can't park here? Hey!

He climbs up and opens the cab of the first truck. He takes a big black flashlight out of his holster and bangs on the wall of the sleeping compartment behind the big rigs seats.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Wake up Sleeping Beauty! You got to move this here dinosaur. You can park at Momma's cafe. Two miles down on the right. You can't miss it. Get yourself some coffee so you can WAKE UP and move on down the road. Ok? Hello! Don't make me drag you out of there.

Silence from the sleeping compartment. The Sheriff tries to find a way to open it but it's a sheer wall of metal.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

How the Hell does this thing open?
You want a ticket you got a ticket.
One hundred thirty five dollars and
twenty cents. Have a nice day,
asshole.

The sheriff climbs down from the cab. He puts tickets on all three trucks, muttering to himself under his breath.

In the back of the police car, Hopalong's ears perk up. He begins to growl.

HOPALONG'S POV

He is staring at the side of the nearest truck.

CLOSEUP - HOPALONG'S EYES

HOPALONG'S POV

The camera zooms in slowly towards the truck. As we draw closer the volume of STRANGE SOUNDS increases. As if we are beginning to hear what Hopalong hears. A terrible scraping sound like nails on a chalkboard, a deep wet gurgling.

Hopalong's ears twitch and he whines.

Outside the car the sheriff steps in a gooey something in the dirt.

CLOSE UP - CLOTTED MASS

of what appears to be strawberry flavored chewing tobacco. He is disgusted, and wipes his heels along the gravel.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Nasty habit.

He gets into the police car and starts it.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Tough guys, rascals and cowboys, seductresses and whores, and whisky, lots of whisky. Games of chance, tests of skill, and a jukebox.

Clay and Mary sit at a booth, drinking. Clay's eyes flit around the room, noticing every female worth noticing.

Mary drinks. With a finger she traces the outline of an infinity symbol carved into the table, (a figure eight on its side.) Inside the symbol are carved the words Clay + Mary.

From the corner, Red the cowboy watches the couple. He's got a beautiful and wild looking girl on each side of him. REDGIRLONE and REDGIRLTWO scope the crowd like tigers. Red says something to one of his girls. She nods. The music suddenly is quiet, between songs. Red makes his way across the dance floor in slow motion, His gold spurs "cha-ching" on the bare wood floor. Men cringe from him, retreating subtly, eyes averted.

A collective shudder passes through the crowd. It parts before him like Moses and the Red Sea.

Red puts two drinks down on the couples table.

RED

They call me Red. I just wanted to buy a drink for the prettiest looking woman in the room and the toughest looking cowboy.

MARY

Well, A flirt **and** a liar. Pleased to meet you Red. I'm Mary, this is Clay.

She motions for him to take a seat. He does. Clay gives Mary a dirty look, then goes back to scoping out the room.

MARY (CONT'D)

I've never seen you in before. You from around here?

RED

I'm just passing through. But I was born right up the road in Weaverville. Feels like a couple hundred years ago, now.

CLAY

So what kind of car you got?

RED

Come again?

CLAY

I'll take your money, but I won't race you if your car is a piece of shit. I got a reputation to maintain.

RED

Fella, I'm just lookin for some good conversation. I drive a rig and the road is long and lonely. Like my Daddy told me, "Every stranger is just a friend you haven't met yet."

He pushes a beer across the table toward Clay.

CLAY

Well, like my Daddy told me "Stop thinking and start drinking".

He CLINKS bottles with Red. There is laughter and everyone drinks.

RING OF FIRE by Johnny Cash comes on the jukebox.

The camera circles the table slowly, then faster. The party goes on with drinking, and laughing and talking.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The back door to the bar opens and we briefly hear the roar of the noisy bar, two figures slip out ma

into the night. The door shuts and we hear CRICKETS. A biker dude is lead toward his motorcycle by Redgirlone. They hop on the bike.

The biker dude starts to put his helmet on, but she throws it against the wall, puts her hand in his crotch, and kisses him on the neck. He revs up the motorcycle and peels out of the parking lot, spraying gravel.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The couple zooms towards us down the highway, riding the yellow lines. Redgirlone is whispering in his ear. He drives faster. She whispers again, he laughs and nods. She sinks her teeth into his neck and he screams.

The motorcycle flies past us, moving driverless down the road. Behind it in the distance, the faces of the feeding woman and the biker dude recede into darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

VAMPIRE POV

The motorcycle zooms away down the highway, its headlights illuminating the road ahead. Suddenly it falls over and flips through the air, it's light reveals the desert plants on this side of the highway, then the other, and then the light goes out with a distant CRASH.

A figure shrouded in darkness stands in the center of the highway making SUCKING SOUNDS. The biker hangs in the air struggling with all his might to escape.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

An RV with a nerdy looking couple drives down the highway.

WADE a crewcut guy with glasses is listening to the old 70's song "We got a Convoy" and is reciting the dialogue along with the radio. DORIS his wife, is asleep in the passenger seat.

WADE

It was a dark a the moon on the sixth of June and a Kenworth pullin logs cab over Pete with a reefer on and a Jimmy haulin logs. We was headin for bear on 'I-One Oh' bout a mile out Shakey Town. I says Pig Pen this here's the rubber duck, And I'm about to put the hammer down. Chorus! Cause we got a little 'ole' convoy...

Suddenly the RV's light reveals a big blue nasty looking creature in the center of the road eating the face of the biker dude, dangling from its mouth.

WADE (CONT'D)

Holy shitcakes!

The creature snarls towards Wade with a mouthful of bloody teeth. In a split second it leaps off the highway into the darkness carrying the body in its mouth.

Wade pulls over, screaming. Doris wakes up screaming without knowing why.

DORIS

What's happening?

WADE

You're not going to believe this.
But I just saw a blue demon eating
somebody's face.

She stares at him.

DORIS

Well what are you stopping for! Go!
Go!

Wade guns the gas and gets back on the highway.

WADE

You believe me?

DORIS

I believe in Bigfoot don't I? Why
wouldn't I believe you saw a big
blue demon? Go faster Wade! For
Heaven's sake. You see a blue
demon eating somebody's face and
you stop the car? What's the
matter with you?

Fade out as the song "Convoy" plays on the radio.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Clay and Red are alone at the table. Mary is coming back to them across the dance floor. She holds up two beers and politely refuses a guy who comes on to her. She looks at the table and smiles without confidence.

RED

You love this girl? You gonna make
an honest woman of her? Gonna marry
her, give her some children?

CLAY

We'll see what happens.

RED

I'll show you what happens.

He jumps up, with surprising grace and speed, and sweeps Mary who is just about to sit down, back out onto the dancefloor.

They spin around and take command of the space. Mary's hair flies as she twirls and she looks beautiful and happy.

Clay watches her and smiles.

Red swings Mary around and ends up hanging her head over the table where Clay sits. Her long blond hair brushes across Clay's face.

RED (CONT'D)

Well what's it gonna be? Do you love this girl or should I steal her away from you?

CLAY

She's a big girl she can do what she wants to do.

RED

Oh, a woman is gonna do what she wants to do it don't take Socrates to reason that. But do you love her? A girl needs to know. She ought to know. And she's a big girl like you say. She can take it. She's been looking for the love of her life, and are you it? Or is he away out there somewhere, far or near, maybe in this very bar, just awaiting the chance, the one chance to show a good woman how good a good man's love can be.

CLAY

And are you that good man?

RED

Me? I'm no good at all. But at least I'm honest. What I'm saying is, there's nothing worse then to waste a persons time, cowboy. Do you love this woman?" Simple question.

A very tense, long moment. Clay is taken off guard, he tries to laugh it off, then thinks about it, looking at her. He stares for a second too long, and the music kicks back in. Red whisks Mary back to the dance floor.

RED (CONT'D)

Too late!

In slow mo, we see Marys face as she is pulled away from Clay toward the crowd. Clay starts to say something, then falters.

He finds a use for his open mouth by taking another drink.

Mary disappears into the crowd.

Clay looks down at the tabletop. He searches it with his eyes. The infinity symbol with his and Mary's name in it is gone. Where it was, the wood is perfectly clean and undamaged. Clay rubs the wood with his fingers. Confused, he looks around himself, looks at the table behind his.

And he takes another drink.

The jukebox lights flash, the music gets louder. The faces of the crowd assert their existence, coming in and out of focus.

Clay sees people laughing, kissing, touching. He sees a sad old lady at the bar, smoking. Her eyes meet his and he stares at her.

The music on the jukebox cuts out, and there is relative silence. Scattered applause, laughter, talking. It fades out to Clay who is focused on the Jukebox. He watches the needle come down on the record. A tell tale piano riff starts up and he smiles. It is "Don't Stop Believin"

Everyone yells out, happy.

CLAY

They're playing our song baby!

He looks around and doesn't see Mary.

He rises and searches for her, moving faster and faster. She's not at the bar, she's not on the dance floor, she's not at the cigarette machines.

He rushes down a narrow hallway which is lit with a red bulb. A line of women stretch along the wall. He brushes past them and busts into the bathroom.

All the women yell and object. After a moment Clay bursts back out. He rushes back down the hallway. Women yell at him and hit him with their purses as he goes by.

EXT. BAR -NIGHT

Clay bursts out the front door of the bar, and into the parking lot. Dust flies up from his cowboy boots, swirling like snow in the glow of the streetlamp. He looks down the dark highway, the long road. He looks up at the stars.

CLAY

They're playing our song.

A group of smokers watch him, interested in the drama. One points, laughing. Clay takes off his jacket and throws it in the dirt. He walks fast toward the man.

All the guys smoker friends back away from him. Clay punches the guy and he goes down. Another man steps in to talk to Clay. Clay punches that guy in the face. Now two or three guys jump on Clay to hold him back. He keeps punching. The guys get mad and start punching back. He twists and squirms striking out at anything. The three guys back off, hurting.

Someone hits Clay over the head with a log. He's down and out.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Red drives down the highway, Mary sits in the cab next to him. She is looking out the window.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

CLOSE UP

A parking ticket lying in the dirt. It's torn in half and there is a big nasty clotted glob of red stuff on it.

Sheriff John picks it up by one clean corner and grimaces.

The three Red Mack trucks are still parked in the same place along the highway. The sherriff's tickets are all on the ground, torn up and blowing in the breeze.

SHERIFF

What an asshole.

Hopalong barks in agreement from the squad car.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A dinky, dusty little jailhouse with papers scattered all over the place. The Sherrif sits at his desk. He's on the phone.

SHERIFF

Hello there. Is this a real person?
Hallelujah. I'm trying to reach
Detective Bob Davis. Is he still
alive around there? No. No
voicemail. I don't want to talk to
no robot. Honey I'm 65 the closest
I get to talking to a computer is
when I curse at the pinball
machine. Thank you.

He's on hold.

The Sherriff looks over at Hopalong, who lies on his blanket in the corner. The dog is chewing on a big baggie of pot.

SHERIFF (CONT' (CONT'D)
 Hey what you got there? Hell no,
 gimmee that! You son of a bitch!

He drops the phone on the desk and grabs hold of the baggy in the dogs mouth, tugging at it. Hopalong growls. We hear a tiny voice come out of the phone.

BOB (V.O)
 Hello?

SHERIFF
 Yeah, Bob, it's me John. Let me put you on speakerphone. My dog is about to destroy some important evidence over here. (to Hopalong) I need that for my arthritis. You eat it you get no walks! Hear me?

BOB
 You wanna call me back John?

SHERIFF
 No I been on hold for forty minutes already.

He talks as he stalks the dog around the room, trying to trap him in a corner.

SHERRIFF
 Listen Bob, those goddamn trucks I told you about are back.

BOB
 What trucks?

SHERRIFF
 The big Red ones, that come once a year and I never seen a driver. They used my tickets for toilet paper again, like always. Nothing new.

BOB
 Ok.

SHERIFF
 But I just went into the computer and put in their license plate numbers? Nothing. They are all bogus. All three of them.

(MORE)

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

You are going to get the shits big time if you eat that.

He rushes Hopalong, but the dog skirts past him.

SHERRIFF

Dammit! So I thought of you.

BOB

What?

SHERRIFF

I say I thought of you with these trucks. I figure they must be hauling something **illicit** if they went to all the trouble of making fake plates and all. Maybe drugs?

He has gotten close to Hopalong and snatches the baggie of pot from his mouth. It rips open and pot sprays across the floor. Hopalong starts to gobble it up. The Sheriff tries to kick the dog away.

SHERIFF

Get away you crack whore! You're an addict. Stop it. You're an embarrassment.

BOB

John. John.

SHERIFF

Yeah bud. Sorry about that. Yeah.

BOB

These trucks. They have any kind of symbol on them. Like graffiti?

SHERIFF

Yeah! Like a Japanese character, in black.

BOB

Kinda looks like the drawing for a game of hangman?

SHERIFF

Yes! That's what it is. That's exactly what it is. You know who they are?

BOB

I think you got a tiger by the tail there John.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

And what do we do when we got a tiger by the tail? We let it go. Or we get bit.

SHERIFF

Well actually if you let go, that's when the tiger is gonna bite ya, cause he can reach ya then.

BOB

Seriously John. Let it go. I gotta take a call here.

SHERIFF

Bob...

Click buzz. The line is dead. Hopalong sneezes loudly and shakes his head. The Sherriff looks at him.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Bless you.

He pours himself a cup of coffee and watches the sun rise.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Red walks through a field where the hay is shining like gold in the sun. The wind blows and countless birds sing.

Red smiles and takes off his hat, letting the sunlight bathe his face. Suddenly his skin begins to redden, now it is bubbling and he screams in agony. He falls to his knees. His skull is flaming and the camera zooms into the blackness of his eye and..

INT. TRUCK SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - DAY

He wakes up in the sleeping compartment of a Mack truck, bathed in red light like in a darkroom. Mary is lying beside him under the covers.

MARY

What was it?

RED

Just a walk in the park. And then I'm burning. The worst part is the realization. It's like forgetting someone you loved is dead, and then remembering. Except the person is yourself. Regret. That's what it is.

MARY
Thanks a lot.

RED
No, no, no. Not about last night.
You're like sunshine to me darling
believe me. Your smile warms my
heart. In fact I think I'll call
you sunshine from now on.

MARY
From now on?

RED
Forever.

MARY
That's what they all say.

RED
Believe me, I'm not like all the
rest.

MARY
They all say that too.

RED
What happened here?

He touches the scar on her face.

MARY
I was in an accident.

RED
Was it your fault?

MARY
It was my dumbass boyfriends fault.
No. It was my fault for being in
the car.

RED
You want me to kiss it and make it
all better?

MARY
Yeah.

He kisses the scar. It disappears. She doesn't even know it.
She closes her eyes, curled up in a ball in his arms.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Sunrise.

CLOSE UP

A watch ticking on a man's wrist. (A man checking the time?)

We pan out to see the arm is not attached to a body, but is lying in the dirt beside the highway. The sheriff is looking down at it.

SHERIFF

Takes a licking and keeps on
ticking.

Hopalong barks from nearby.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

What? Somebody had to say it.

Hopalong barks again. He's found something. The sheriff crosses to him and looks at the ground.

A big red clotted mess lies mixed in the dirt.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch. Good job Hopalong!
That there is our first lead.

INT. COUNTRY STORE - DAY

A group of old timers sit around the potbelly stove, shooting the breeze. Everything stops when the sheriff hurries in carrying something wrapped in a towel. He goes up to the counter and motions for the owner of the store to come over.

BUNKY a creepy old man by the fire whittles a piece of wood with a giant knife. He holds the wood with one gnarled stump of a hand which is missing fingers.

BUNKY

Whatcha got there, Sheriff, a big
fish?

SHERIFF

Yeah bunky, big fish.

The sheriff barely acknowledges him.

BUNKY

Looks like your fish is married.

The sheriff looks down and sees that a finger with a wedding ring is sticking out from under the towel. The old timers laugh. The sheriff hurriedly wraps up the item.

SHERIFF

This here's police business Bunky,
why don't you mind yours?

He speaks to ERNIE, the man behind the counter quietly.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Ernie, I need to buy a cooler and
three bags of ice.

BUNKY

I might have information pertinent
to the case.

Everybody reacts to his use of a big word.

SHERIFF

I'm listening.

BUNKY

What that there lonely appendage
signifies, sheriff is that the
Migration has begun.

Silence.

SHERIFF

Ok, I'll bite. What's the
migration?

BUNKY

Why don't you ask Hopalong? He
knows.

Everybody laughs. Even Hopalong seems amused, wagging his tail. The store owner has brought the Sheriff a cooler and ice. The sheriff puts the arm in the cooler and drops the ice bags on top of it.

BUNKY (CONT'D)

I still remember the day John come
in here, what was it five years
ago? Just after he became sheriff.
John comes in all in a tizzy
looking for the Doc cause this here
dog come out of the desert with his
leg prit near ripped off, and
wearing no identification, no
collar, just that red bandanna tied
around his neck.

(MORE)

BUNKY (CONT'D)

And John says 'What do you reckon happened to em?'

Everybody laughs.

The sheriff starts to leave, annoyed with Bunky.

BUNKY (CONT'D)

The migration happens twice a year.

The Sheriff stops.

BUNKY (CONT'D)

You see there's these two cities. One a way up at the south pole and one away north at the north pole. Now this is where all the vampire's live, seeing as it's dark for six months at a time in these places. Cause of the way the Earth is tilted see, and the way the sun hits it. See while one city is all sun the other is all dark, and vice versey. You got a globe Ernie?

ERNIE

No I ain't got no globe.

BUNKY

Anyway. Twice a year, the vampires move from one city to the other, highway 49 is the most popular route. They move by night, only at night. And as they move, they feed.

SHERIFF

Ok, Bunky.

He walks out the door. Bunky calls after him.

BUNKY

You got more questions about vampires you come and see me, ya hear?"

He waves a gnarled and diseased hand, black at the knuckles and missing fingers.

BUNKY (CONT'D)

And sheriff if you love that dog. Take off that there necktie. If you don't hear nothing else, hear that.

The Sheriff leaves.

Bunkie sways in his rocking chair and sings low.

BUNKY (CONT'D)

"Iffen their eyes is white you
better take flight, if they eyes is
red they already fed, and the
blood's gone to their head."

Someone plays the fiddle. They all sing.

OLD MEN

Stay out the dark, stay in the sun,
for the migration has begun.

INT. NIGHT - ROLLER SKATING RINK

Clay sits at the bar on a noisy disco night. Women in tight pants twirl around on the dance floor. The lights are hypnotic. There's a crowd jammed next to the bar crowding him. Someone bumps him and nearly spills his drink.

Someone tosses a note into his lap. A woman retreats through the crowd, he can only see the back of her head.

He opens and reads the note. Then gets up quickly and heads across the room.

INT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Clay enters the women's bathroom. A girl at the mirror fixing her face leaves in a hurry. He goes to the first stall and opens it.

Mary crouches on top of the toilet.

MARY

Come in. Close the door.

He does so.

CLAY

Your face. What happened to your
face? Your scar. It's gone. You're
perfect. Baby, you're beautiful.

He gets close up, touches her skin. He kisses her.

CLAY (CONT'D)

How is this possible? I just saw
you two days ago. You couldn't have
had surgery.

MARY

Clay...

CLAY

What is this? Was it fake? Did you put on a fake scar to make me feel guilty for the accident? Did you do that?

MARY

He did it. Red. The cowboy. He healed me. He's a vampire and he has powers. You can't see him in the mirror. He can levitate. Float in the air. He's fallen in love with me and if he sees you, he could hurt you he could kill you. I'll get away from him and come back to you, cause I love you so much Clay, you know I do, this was just a stupid mistake. But look at my face. Like you said it's perfect. Don't you want to kiss me Clay. Clay.

CLAY

Everybody's got to learn sometime.

Clay backs up.

MARY

You've got to believe me Clay,

CLAY

Everybody's got to learn sometime.

He exits the stall and walks out of the bathroom.

The music comes up with the lyrics of the song Clay started.

MUSIC

And I need your loving, like the ocean.

Mary cries.

INT. BAR -NIGHT

Clay hurries through the bar, looking confused and upset. He sees Red talking to some men. They all turn and laugh in his direction. SLOW MO. Clay exits the bar.

Mary comes out of the hallway looking for Clay, upset. Red walks up and holds her comforting her. He rubs her arm gently. The tattoo on her shoulder which reads CLAY, disappears, as if it were made of invisible ink. Red hands her a drink.

INT. JAILHOUSE -DAY

CLOSEUP

The severed arm lies on a table. It's thumb is black with ink.

The Sheriff sits in front of his computer. A face pops up on the screen.

It is a mugshot of a hippy looking dude with a ponytail. He's smiling wide and giving the peace sign. His name is Jasper Willow.

SHERIFF

Merry Xmas, look at this fruitcake,
Hopalong. Jasper Willow.

Hopalong's ears pop up where he's lying on the floor. He whines.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Arrested in 1968 Berkely CA. Sit in
protest. Didn't resist arrest.
What's the big deal? Indecent
exposure. Ha ha! He was as naked as
you, dog! What happened to you out
there in the desert Jasper?
Whatever it was, I guess you didn't
deserve it.

He doodles on a pad beside his computer. It's the sign he saw on the big ole red truck.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Red's trucks are parked alongside a large field of wheat. A boy walks towards us from the distance, running his hand over the top of the hay, lost in childhood innocence.

We pan to a tiny camera on the side of Red's truck.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK SLEEPING COMPARTMENT- DAY

A small monitor screen on the wall displays exactly what we saw outside. The boy is getting closer. Red's face is a foot from the screen. Mary Lays with her head on a pillow.

MARY
It's like a memory.

RED
Yep. That's me.

He taps on the screen.

MARY
Where are you going?

RED
I could be coming or going. At that age it doesn't mater. Wherever you go. There you are.

He plays with a control like a video game joystick.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The rear view mirror on Red's truck rotates and bright sunlight hits the boy in the face. The light flashes across his eyes and away, several times. The boy starts walking toward the source of the light.

INT. TRUCK SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - DAY

On the monitor, we see the boy walking toward the truck.

RED
Life wouldn't be so bad if it were never good. But in the beginning, if you're lucky, the world feels like your home. You feel safe there. Like you belong. And then one day you step outside the house, and when you turn around the door is locked and you can't get back in.

As he speaks he is manipulating another control. The boy is standing right next to the truck. Red pushes a button. A metal arm with a claw at the end shoots out of the truck and catches the boy around the neck. The boy screams and grabs hold of the mechanism trapping him, trying to escape. Red uses the camera control to zoom in on the boy's face.

RED (CONT'D)
Your life is ruined and you can't
fix it. All you can do is ruin it
for other people.

MARY
Does it make you feel better?

RED
For a moment. Like catching a fish.

MARY
That one's pretty small. I think
you should throw it back in. For
me?

She wraps her arms around him.

RED
Anything for you Sunshine.

He pushes a button and the claw around the boy's neck opens.
He falls to the ground, then gets up and starts running.

RED (CONT'D)
The one that got away.

He kisses Mary.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DUSK

The sheriff packs up shotgun shells, and revolver shells. He
puts a shell in the shotgun and pumps it.

Hopalong barks and wags his tail.

SHERIFF
Let's go get that son of a bitch,
Hopalong.

EXT. JAILHOUSE- DUSK

The sheriff and Hopalong jump in their car and pull out.

They hit the highway, as the sun is beginning
to go down.

SERIES OF SHOTS

It's a cold and mysterious night, full of shadows and
suspicious. Every face seems to hold a secret.

Deals are being done in the dark. People move into the shadows when they see the sheriff look their way. He's seeing his county in a way he's never seen it before.

As he drives along the highway, John notices that the symbol he saw on the red mack truck keeps popping up. At bars and hotels, he sees it on the "welcome signs" with no explanation.

We see the sheriff showing people the symbol. Everyone shakes their heads and goes away. Nobody is talking.

He drives slowly past a farm by the highway. There's a flashlight on the ground pointing into the sky. There is a goat roped to the mailbox, with a red bandanna tied around its neck. Its eyes meet the sheriffs, and seem to stare right into his soul.

INT. BAR -NIGHT

A crowded, rough looking bar, with far too few women. Red's escorts, the Blond and the Redhead are cooking up trouble at the pool tables, strutting their stuff and getting men riled up in competition over them.

EXT. BAR -NIGHT

Red smokes a cigarette outside the back of the bar. He's talking to some bikers. A cell phone rings. He takes it out of his pocket.

RED

Hello.

DUSTY (V.O.)

Hey Red. This is Dusty.

RED

Hey Dusty.

DUSTY

Listen, we are so crowded over here, you wouldn't believe it. No one's checked out for like two months. Could you send your boys by? Please?

RED

Yeah.

DUSTY

Thanks Red, I really appreciate it.
I'll put em in the room with the
big window.

RED

You're a sick man Dusty.

DUSTY

I know.

He hangs up. Stubbing out his cigarette he heads back inside.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Red goes to the bar and the bartender sets him up with
whiskey.

Clay enters and goes straight up to the bar next to Red.

CLAY

Where is she?

RED

Buy me a drink.

Clay signals to the bartender.

RED (CONT'D)

She's out in the cab of my truck.
Getting her wind back. Poor thing's
been sleeping all day. Sometimes
when a horse is ailing all it needs
is to be taken out for a good hard
ride, just something to remind it
that it's still alive. The earth
under her feet, the wind in her
mane, and the sound of thunder.
Whoo! I'm getting worked up all
over again." "You know what they
say, one man's trash is another
mans treasure.

CLAY

I want to see her.

RED

She don't want to see you. Ever
again. I believe if she could by
some miracle go back in time, she'd
take a left turn instead of a right
just before she met you.

CLAY

We'll see.

RED

All right, I'll take you out to truck, and you can plead your case.

They start walking toward the door. Red lays down a single bright gold piece to pay his tab. He sees that the piece has caught Clay's eye.

RED (CONT'D)

You like shiny things? This here is an antique. Pure gold. Each one is worth about a thousand dollars. It's the smallest denomination I have, and I just can't bear to trade em in for dirty, shabby looking bills. Bartenders love me.

The BARTENDER takes the gold.

BARTENDER

Thanks Red.

Red and Clay start toward the door again, halfway there, somebody yells across the room from the poker table.

MAN

You in Red?

RED

Just a minute. (To Clay) I'll be straight with you. I'm a pretty good judge of character and you ain't got none. She was sleeping like a baby when I left her. I say, let the innocent sleep while the wicked play. That's what you came for wasn't it Clay, to play with me? To try and take from me, like I took from you. That's why God created poker boy. Well maybe it wasn't God. --Like the man said are you in?"

INT. TRUCKERS SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

In the bed up behind the cowboys cab, under the darkroom red light, Mary stirs in her sleep. She is having a nightmare. She reaches out with her hand.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

In the bar, Clay seems to feel her pull. He hesitates. Red smiles at him. He turns and heads towards the table. Clay takes a step forward.

MONTAGE

Shots of the poker game, sped up, and then slowing down for the moment's of truth. The throwing down of cards, the disgusted looks, and Red laughing and having a great time.

There's a big roar of disbelief at the table, and everyone throws their cards down. Red rakes in money.

RED (CONT'D)

Where'd all my friends go to?
Where's all them smiling faces?
It's like magic. Don't pout boys.
It ain't manly. I got a better
game, anyway. A chance to win all
your money back, and much much
more. See here.

He tosses his hat to the center of the table.

RED (CONT'D)

I'll put two gold pieces in this
hat . Whoever can grab it first,
gets to keep it. And...every ten
seconds I'll double the number of
gold pieces in that there hat.

He drops two pieces of gold in the hat. Immediately some loser snakes his hand in and grabs the gold.

LOSER

I win!

Clay hits the man in the back of the head.

RED

Wanna play again.?

Clay nods.

Cowboy puts two more pieces in the hat, the same guy goes to grab them. Clay grabs the guys arm and stops him.

CLAY

Wait.

He stares everyone down. They wait. The gold doubles, and doubles again. The tension mounts. Red and the Clay stare at each other.

Eventually someone grabs, and they all start grabbing. The table gets knocked over, the gold flies everywhere, they are fighting on the floor. It's pandemonium. A huge barfight.

Red whoops and hollers, laughing. The bartender shoots a shotgun in the air. Everyone stops moving. Red chuckles.

RED

Now that's the sorriest bunch of fools I've seen in a long time."

Clay comes forward.

CLAY

I think you're the fool, and I think a fool that throws gold around like that must have a lot more where it came from and that's why he doesn't care. What I was thinking is, someone could kick your ass, take your keys, and get the gold that I bet you got in your truck.

RED

Someone like you?

He backs away towards the bar.

CLAY

I'm a lover not a fighter.

RED

Well ain't you just a shiny little snake? I see where you're going. Let me help you out. Yeah I got a shitload a gold out in my truck. It's the big Red one. And here's the keys.

He drops them in his shirt pocket. Clay walks to the jukebox. He gives a meaningful glance around. A few very big men rise from a booth in the back of the room. A biker puts on a pair of brass knuckles.

The bartender puts the shotgun away under the bar and starts washing dishes. The group closes in on Red.

EXT. BAR -NIGHT

CUT TO

High in the sky above the bar, huge black forms circle and CROAK to each other.

INT. BAR- NIGHT

RED

Could someone be so kind as to
watch out for my lady friends.
They're the fragile kind.

A big bald guy makes an arm movement toward a back door. The ladies walk out, tottering on high heels and jiggling all the way.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Outside under a humming streetlamp the bald guy tries to make time with the two girls.

BALDIE

Smoke?

He holds out a pack of cigarettes.

Inside we hear yelling and shouting, chairs being smashed.

BALDIE (CONT'D)

Don't worry they won't kill him. We
only want the money.

One of the girls speaks to him in Latin, getting very close to him.

BALDIE (CONT'D)

Ooh baby, I don't know what you're
saying but I like how it sounds.
You guys Latina?

The two girls suddenly morph into nasty looking vampires and jump on him. As they suck his blood, they hump and ride him as if in a sexual ecstasy.

INT. BAR -NIGHT

Red is kicking everyone's ass, one at a time, two at a time, all at a time. He is superhuman. Clay hides under a pool table, watching. By the end, the men lie all over the place, knocked out, hurting. Red looks around for Clay, but doesn't see him.

RED

Now where did that big talker crawl
off to?"

INT. BATHROOM -NIGHT

Red comes into the bars ratty looking restroom. He stands in front of the mirror but does not appear in it. All we can see in the reflection is the toilet stall behind him. Red's face is a destroyed mess from the fight, as are his hands, which are torn up and bleeding.

He takes off his shirt, and we can see stab wounds, and what looks to be a broken rib sticking out through his flesh. He washes his face, hands and body, and as he does so, we see that he is healing. The cuts close up, the bloodshot eye clears, etc etc, in a moment, he is good as new.

Red moves to the urinal and pisses long and happily. He speaks out loud apparently to no one.

RED

I don't like you much boy. I think
I'm starting to hate you. You know
why? Because when I look at you I
see myself oh about 200 years ago,
when I still had a chance. You are
a mirror of my regrets.

He is still pissing.

RED (CONT'D)

Dammit! No matter how much I drink
I can't get drunk. Now that's what
I call Hell.

He steps away from the sink, his spurs jangling. Suddenly he rips the door off the toilet stall and reveals Clay crouched like a bird, feet up on the toilet.

RED (CONT'D)

I'm trying to teach you something
boy!

The scream is huge and deep, and for a moment, Red's face turns into a horrible vampire face, Nosferatu all the way, blue and boiling with rage. He draws himself up to his full height which seems to make him reach the ceiling. Clay cowers in fear. Red seems to hold himself back. Suddenly he is gone, moving in a blur out of the bathroom.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Red is back to normal. He walks through the destroyed bar with his spurs jangling. He goes to the bar and reaches over it, pulling out a shotgun. He crosses toward a beaten man lying on the floor.

POV

The man watches Red's boots striding across the floor, gold spurs jangle eerily in the silence. Red cocks the gun. The beaten man holds his bloody hands up in front of his face.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM. Red shoots three times into the ceiling, making a big hole.

Red pushes his way through the old western style swinging doors of the bar, heading out into the night. Light streams through the hole in the buildings roof. Red looks up into the sky.

RED
Come and get it!

POV

From the sky they descend. Dark flying slices of night. Red walks casually towards his rig.

He whistles and one of the buzzards lands next to him.

RED (CONT'D)
After you're through here, head over to Dusty's place. You know the place with the bad smell? Bad smell place. After this.

The buzzard nods its head.

INT. BAR - NIGHT- SAME TIME

A bloody cowboy crawls towards the exit. He looks up at the light coming from outside. Shadows flicker across his face, he shields his eyes and tries to see what's out there.

The western doors swing open and shut rhythmically. In flashes we can see giant creatures gathering outside. White shiny eyes. Huge, ugly taloned feet are seen beneath the doors.

Clay runs out the back of the bar and into the woods. We hear screaming and crashing from inside the building.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

On a long stretch of empty highway, the Sheriff drives, listening to "I Fall to Pieces"

Suddenly, "KABOOM!" A dead and decimated cow plummets from the sky and crashes onto the hood of the his patrol car.

The desert is silent as the Sheriff steps out. Smoke rises from the car, the Sheriff creeps up and examines the dead cow. It is torn to pieces with missing legs and gaping holes all over, it has been sucked dry of blood. On its hindquarters, John sees the symbol he's been following, branded into the animals skin.

SHERIFF

I believe we got another lead here
Hopalong.

Hopalong barks.

EXT. STORE - NIGHT

John and Hopalong walk out of the darkness of the highway, up to a little roadside liquor store.

INT. LIQUOR STORE -NIGHT

A clueless looking CLERK reads a comic book and eats twinkies. He throws the wrappers away as the Sheriff comes in.

The sheriff slams a twenty on the counter.

SHERIFF

Whisky.

The clerk hands it to him and he opens it, chugging it down.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

You got a phone?

The clerk pulls a phone out and puts it on the counter. The Sheriff makes a call. He talks quietly, trying to keep his conversation from the clerk. We hear the words "cow" and the phrase "car is totalled."

As he's talking we hear a Mack truck pull up outside. Red and Mary enter the store, though we barely see them in the background, as John argues with someone on the phone who's asking dumb questions.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

I didn't hit the cow, the cow hit me I'm telling you. The car is totaled. Can you give me a ride.

Mary picks up a bunch of food, and Red pays for it. As he passes by the Sheriff and towards the door, the Sheriff feels a chill up his spine and turns in slow mo to look. He hears the cha-chink of Red's golden spurs, he looks at them, spinning spinning. Then he looks up at Red's face. The cowboy tips his hat and smiles. Then exits into the night.

Hopalong growls menacingly outside.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

(to the clerk)

Spurs. Who the Hell wears spurs anymore?

Red's truck roars and glides by the front door of the store. The Sheriff sees the symbol he's been looking for big and black on the side of the truck.

He runs outside.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Hey you son of a bitch! I wanna talk to you! Dammit!

He throws his hat down in the dust.

The sheriff gets an idea. He runs back into the store.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

You got a security camera?

CLERK

Uh, yeah.

The clerk leads the Sheriff into a tiny back room. The clerk points to a VCR in the corner.

SHERIFF

Rewind it.

The Clerk rewinds the tape. We can see the sheriff talking on the phone, we can see Mary, but the cowboy doesn't show up at all. He's not there.

The Sheriff and the clerk just look at each other. They watch the tape. In it, the clerk puts out his hand and a piece of gold appears. A few moments later, the front door opens without anyone appearing to be there.

Excited, the clerk reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small piece of gold.

CLERK

I was gonna put it back in the register. I just wanted to look at it some. This means he was real don't it? Don't it?

The Sheriff looks closely at the gold. It's got Red's symbol etched into it.

INT. OLD AGE HOME - NIGHT

A room full of senior citizens listening to an old lady play the piano terribly. ROSE a smily old lady sings to accompany herself.

ROSE

Raindrops keep falling on my head.

Some of the group sings along, some stare into space.

The camera tracks along a big long window on one side of the room. Beyond the glass, lights shine into a dense and forbidding stand of trees. The camera discovers two giant buzzards standing there, staring into the room.

And old lady screams out, spotting them. More old people scream. There is a mad rush to get out of there, a chaos of chairs being knocked over, people falling, and screaming.

Three old people drop dead of heart attacks on the spot.

An orderly in a white coat and holding a clipboard, smiles.

His nametag reads "DUSTY"

EXT - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Red and his convoy move down the highway. Mary is in the passenger seat.

We hear the DRONE of a high powered motor. Red looks out his window and sees a Citron zooming up beside him. DAD, an older man, is driving. He's dressed to the nines in an expensive suit. He grins and waves.

Red tries to ignore him.

The driver sits up on the back of his seat and drives the car with his feet.

MARY
You know that guy?

RED
That's my Dad.

He slows down and pulls his rig over.

The man pulls over behind them.

Red swings down from the cab of his truck. Mary follows suit. She walks around to his side of the truck

RED (CONT'D)
Don't speak unless spoken to, and
don't look directly at his eyes.

Dad saunters up to them, grinning widely. He throws open his arms inviting an embrace. Red does not move to him.

Red's Girls get down from their trucks. They open up the back of the last rig. We hear the sound of a car engine.

DAD
You haven't changed a bit. Still a
dirty smelly cowboy. You know
they've made this marvelous
invention it's called a shower. I
believe I could have even enjoyed
the middle ages if I had a hot
shower to come home to at the end
of the days labors.

Redgirlone drives a sooped up 69 Red Mustang and parks it beside them.

DAD (CONT'D)
Oh lovely. And what will be the
wager this year? Of all this worlds
riches, pleasures and mysteries,
you desire...

RED
My freedom.

Dad sighs.

DAD
As usual. If you win you get your
"freedom" and if I win, I get,
let's see. Oh, you haven't
introduced me to your friend, Red.
What's your name young lady?

RED

No.

DAD

No? No? You lost the privilege of saying that word to me a long time ago. If I win I get the girl. Isn't that how it's done in America?

He gets in his car.

DAD (CONT'D)

First one to Indian Rock wins. Ta-ta.

He hits the gas and peels out. Red jumps in his car.

RED

Get in.

Mary hops in with him. He floors it.

He flies up fast on Dad's car. Dad switches lanes back and forth boxing Red out.

Red finally gets past him. He shifts down and hits the gas. They pull ahead. Dad smiles and weaves his car sideways toward them. Red swerves away from him.

They are even neck and neck, and a car is coming toward Red. He tries to get ahead, then has to cut in behind Dad at the last second. The car goes by slamming on its horn.

Dad gets right in front of them. He bends down in his seat and then comes back up, holding a lit Molotov cocktail. He tosses it into the air.

A ball of flame smashes through Red's windshield and catches him on fire. His face and hair smokes and burns.

He points into the back seat, Mary sees a bottle of Evian. She grabs it, opens it and dumps it on Red. The flames are extinguished. He puts his head out the window and the wind blows charred pieces of flesh from his cheeks. He hollers into the wind.

RED (CONT'D)

Woo!

His face contorts and grows. The flesh getting thicker and turning blue. His giant vampire teeth gnash. His whole body is bigger and now his head is sticking out through the broken windshield of the car.

He zooms up behind Dad and slams into his car from behind.

Once, twice, three times. Dad looks back, his face now bright Yellow, thick and muscular.

DAD

Do you have any idea how much this car costs!?

They continue the race on a straightaway. It's neck and neck but Dad pulls ahead and finishes first, flying by a big granite rock alongside the road.

Dad swings his car around. The wheels squeal on the pavement. He gets casually out and heads towards Red's car.

He points up at a bunch of petroglyphs drawn high on the rocks.

DAD (CONT'D)

Can you read the writing on the wall? The drawings near the top are over two hundred years old. The ones at the bottom could have been made last night.

He points at gang signs and names that have been painted on the rocks.

DAD (CONT'D)

But they both say the same things. I was here. I loved. I fought. I triumphed. I existed. Where are they now? When you get caught up in the drama, you're part of the play. And the play will end. But when you're merely a spectator, you just sit in the theater and wait for the next performance to begin.

He applauds.

Red steps out of his car.

DAD (CONT'D)

No attachments, world without end, Amen. Do what you will, it's all a dream. Remember? Mary. Please get in my car.

She immediately starts walking toward the other car.

Red smiles and puts out his hand to shake.

RED

Congratulations. But I warn you,
you'll have your hands full with
that one.

Dad grabs his hand and shakes it. Their eyes meet. Dad suspects something is up.

A stake falls down out of Red's left shirtsleeve into his hand. He grips it tight. Lifting Dad's right hand with his own, he stabs for his heart with the other hand. Dad grabs the stake with his left hand and squares up with Red.

His face morphs with rage and becomes bright yellow, with long gleaming fangs. He snaps forward like a rabid dog with his jaws. Red bobs and avoids the bite. He comes back up blue faced and hissing. They wrestle and roll across the ground.

Dad breaks free and reaches inside his car. He pulls out a stake and shifts it back and forth between his hands, circling Red.

The two clash again, thrusting and parrying each other with the stakes.

Dad kicks Red's leg at the knee and we hear a CRACK! Red goes down onto one knee. Dad thrusts with his hand and sticks his fingers right into Red's chest.

RED (CONT'D)

What's going on inside this dead
Heart? Love? Love?

He grabs Red's heart squeezes it.

RED (CONT'D)

I am not dead!

He throws Dad off. The battle intensifies. It's all Dad can do, to fend off the ferocious attack. He blocks every fatal thrust but seems to be tiring out. He falls to the ground and Red kneels on top of him, slowing driving the stake towards his heart. Suddenly Dad grabs a rock and slams Red on the head. He goes down. His face fades from a furious blue and blood streams down his forehead.

DAD

See you next year.

He starts to walk away, toward Mary.

RED

I don't think so.

Dad turns back.

RED (CONT'D)
I had a dream.

Dad knows just what he means. He sighs.

DAD
Well, strong dreams become
realities. We know that.

Dad bends low by him and kisses him on the head.

He comes away with blood on his lips.

DAD (CONT'D)
You were my favorite.

RED
I bet you say that to all your
children.

DAD
I wouldn't be a good father if I
didn't. But I'm not a good father.
I'm just..

TOGETHER (RED AND DAD)
An asshole with too much time on
his hands.

DAD
Exactly. What did I tell you about
love?

RED
I know.

Dad turns to leave.

DAD
Keep the woman. She's not my type.

RED
Blond?

DAD
Breathing. Ta ta.

He gets in his car and guns it, disappearing down the highway. Red concentrates and the wound on his head heals up quickly.

MARY

Thanks. No one's ever fought for me before.

RED

I find that hard to believe.

MARY

I've had men fight over me. To decide who I was going to go home with, like cavemen. But never on my behalf. To defend my honor, or to save me or anything like that. You kicked his ass.

RED

Doesn't feel like it.

She helps him up.

EXT. RAMSHACKLE HUT - DAY

John and Hopalong jump out of a truck in front of a crazy, ramshackle house.

SHERIFF

Thanks for the lift.

The man inside the truck "MOOS" out the window as he drives off.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Very funny.

The sheriff and Hopalong walk up on the creaky porch. The Sheriff knocks on the door.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Bunky! Bunky!

BUNKY (O.S.)

I'm in the back!

The Sheriff makes his way through the mess.

There's all kinds of crazy stuff in this place. Taxidermy, weird art, and crosses everywhere.

The Sheriff turns a corner and finds Bunky sitting on a little toilet.

SHERIFF

Dammit Bunky! I don't want to see you on the toilet! I'll be out here when you're done.

BUNKY

Might be an hour or more, my insides don't work so well.

The Sheriff comes back, keeping one hand over his nose.

He holds out Red's piece of gold.

SHERIFF

All right. You ever seen the likes of this before?

BUNKY

Is it Ill gotten gains?

SHERIFF

Huh?

BUNKY

Is it stolen?

SHERIFF

I'm the Sheriff. I don't steal.

Bunky takes the gold and holds it up to the light. He sees the mark.

BUNKY

Yep, on his gold, his women, and his unholy buzzards he puts his mark. This boy is a local, he was born, born again, you might say just up the road in Weaverville. He's got a gold mine there, that has held a curse for 200 years. When I was young and foolish I stole some gold from it. Just a little chunk. Soon enough I got cancer in the hand that took the gold. One by one all my fingers rotted off.

SHERIFF

What's his name?

BUNKY

Dunno. I call him..

He spits on the floor.

BUNKY (CONT'D)
I'll do anything to help you get
that son of a bitch.

SHERIFF
How about lending me your truck?"

Bunky doesn't look thrilled about the idea.

EXT. BUNKY'S HOUSE -DAY

Sheriff John and Hopalong ride out Bunky's driveway in a
crappy old truck. John notices a scarecrow hanging out in
Bunky's cornfield. He hits the brakes.

CUT TO: John puts the big wooden cross the scarecrow was
hanging on into the bed of the truck. He tosses the scarecrow
to the ground.

He gets in the truck and peels out, spewing dirt onto the
scarecrow. The scarecrow's stuffed face looks surprised and
comical lying there abandoned.

INT - SLEEPER CAB - DAY

Red and Mary lie together illuminated by red light.

MARY
Time doesn't exist in here does it?

RED
Time doesn't exist anywhere.

MARY
I think I could fall in love with
you.

RED
You already have.

His face moves closer to hers.

MARY
What do you want from me?

RED
Everything.

MARY
I'm not afraid of you.

RED
That's because you're crazy.

MARY

All I know is that when you look at me, you see me. I didn't know how starved I was for that till I met you.

She kisses him.

EXT. HIGHWAY- NIGHT

A stretch of lonely highway. Red's convoy snakes along. Suddenly the trucks stop on a straight and deserted stretch of road. Their bright lights shine on...

The Sherriff with a big ole cross in the middle of the highway. He's got his arms crossed, shotgun in hands.

Red opens his door and hangs halfway out to talk.

COWBOY

Howdy. I don't believe we've met.

SHERIFF

I'm Sheriff John Sampson.

COWBOY

They call me Red.

SHERIFF

I know who you are. I know what you are. Who's the woman?

RED

Just a new friend.

SHERIFF

Girl I suggest you come down out of there.

MARY

What's he done?

SHERIFF

Murder and illegal parking. Come on down out of there, you're under arrest Mister.

Red laughs. He hits a button, and the top of his rig rolls open. Up into the sky fly the vampires, funneling up like a tornado. John watches them go, his head craning backwards on his neck.

RED

These are my boys. Looks like your dog has already met them.

Hopalong barks crazily and bares his teeth.

RED (CONT'D)

Evening Sheriff. You can shoot at my boy's they don't mind it. But take my advice and save a bullet for yourself. You might want it.

Red drives off the road and around the Sheriff's roadblock. The other two trucks follow him.

The Sheriff stands alone in front of the giant cross, lit up by the headlights of Bunky's old truck. Outside the circle of light, creatures circle in the darkness.

The Sheriff hears a SCRITCH-SCRATCHING on the pavement.

He strains his eyes trying to make out what's there. Something starts to take shape, a large beak emerging into the light. A giant bird head with bright red grizzled looking skin. Evil looking eyes blink in the bright light.

SHERIFF

What in the Sam Hill are you?

The vampire looks like a giant turkey buzzard. It is ten feet tall. Giant bird talons Scritch-scratch on the blacktop of the highway. The creature spreads it's black wings twenty feet wide and croaks at the Sheriff.

Another vampire swoops down from the sky and tries to grab the Sheriff. He ducks and backs up.

The vampires land around the sheriff but shy away from the big cross. They won't come near.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

You don't like that cross do you?
No sir. That's right you just stay back cause Jesus is watching you bad birds. That's what that there cross means.

He slides slowly into the old truck and tries to start the engine. It makes a TERRIBLE NOISE and then goes silent.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

He tries the ignition again. Nothing. The vampires are eyeing him, circling on the ground.

One of them finds a rock by the side of the road and throws it at the truck. It smashes through a window. Another rock thumps against the metal of the truck. The vampires are all throwing them now. It's like a hailstorm of baseballs.

The Sheriff gets down in the cab of the truck, covering his head. Stones smash the headlights and the highway goes dark.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

INT. MINI-VAN - NIGHT

A family with several kids. Some inane childrens program is blaring from the overhead TV. A purple creature dances and sings in a fairy-tale land of mushrooms and lollipops.

The mother is asleep in the front seat. The father looks grim and tired staring at the road.

POV

The father looks out at the hypnotic yellow lines of the road. Suddenly there is something coming up on him fast, right down the center of the road. He slams on the brakes and slides for forty feet. When the car comes to a stop he can see clearly what he almost hit.

It's the Sheriff, bloody faced and sweaty, dragging the cross on his back down the center of the highway. Hopalong is right beside him, tail between his legs.

The father of the family sticks his head out the van's window and stares at the Sheriff. The Sheriff tries to talk but his voice is a dry croak.

SHERIFF

Vampires.

FATHER

What?

A flock of vampires fly by perilously close overhead. The wind is huge and blows back the hair of the father. His mouth falls open.

SHERIFF

Vampires!

He picks up the big cross and puts it through the sunroof of the van so it's sticking up in the air. Opening a door of the van, he lets Hopalong jump up in the backseat with the kids, and then dives in himself.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
How fast does this thing go?

FATHER
I don't know.

SHERIFF
Find out.

A vampire screeches above. The Father hits the gas and burns rubber on the highway. The van lurches away at high speed.

The purple creature on the TV seat is singing loudly.

A kid in the back is crying and screaming.

The vampires fly alongside the car, diving and clawing at the windows.

The Sheriff loads his gun and pops up through the sunroof. His back is against the cross as he fires his shotgun into the air. He swings it around in another direction and fires again.

The Sheriff sees a sign along the road. "Pixley"

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Exit here!

The van veers off the freeway into a small town. They careen down the main street, veering back and forth under the vampire assault.

FATHER
Where are we going?

SHERIFF
Turn left!

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

A largely black congregation sings "Go tell it on the Mountain". MANNY GORDON a spirited preacher struts in the front of the church, playing it big.

CRASH!

The van crashes through the front doors of the church and halfway down the center aisle. Rubble and debris fly everywhere, and the congregation screams out.

The van comes to a stop. There is an amazed silence. We can hear the purple monster on the TV inside the car still singing his stupid song.

The Sheriff crawls out of the wreckage, a bloody, dusty mess.

PREACHER

Are you people drunk or out of your mind? This is the house of God.

Sheriff John points behind the preacher.

SHERIFF

Vampires.

PREACHER

Say what?

The Sheriff points.

The Preacher turns slow, feeling a shadow looming over him. A big ugly buzzard vampire stands in the doorway. It hisses and saliva drips from its beak onto the ground.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Holy Mary Mother of God! Sweet Jesus. Lord Almighty! And the Holy Spirit preserve us. Get thee behind me Satan, ass face ugly demon bird thing! Thou shalt not enter up in here. Not into my Father's house. No way.

The creature cocks its head and looks at him quizzically. It steps forward into the church with one of its hideous taloned feet. The foot begins to smoke and burn.

The buzzard yanks his foot back and screeches. The group of vampires circle about in the air outside. Another buzzard peeks around the corner of the door.

Far off on the highway a Mack truck horn sounds, like a distant train. The buzzards turn reluctantly and fly off towards the sound. The congregation claps and praises the preacher.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Someone fetch me my medicine.

Someone hands him a flask. He takes a big swig.

INT . CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

The parishioners clean up their church. Several men are trying to fix the front doors. A woman nurses the family that was in the van. They are in shock.

The Sheriff and the Preacher talk privately by the altar.

SHERIFF

You see what I'm dealing with here,
Preacher, I'm out of my element.
Can you help me?

PREACHER

I'll pray for you, we all will.

SHERIFF

Will you come with me? Help me hunt
this guy down?

PREACHER

I'm a Shepard, I need to stay with
and protect my flock. But if
there's anything else I can do.

SHERIFF

Can I borrow your car?

The preacher looks uncomfortable.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Somewhere out alongside the highway, Red walks to the back of one of the trucks. He opens it up and immediately we hear the voices of many people, screaming. He does a quick head count, and then shuts the door. The buzzards return, landing around him. One of them is walking with a limp, favoring a hurt claw. Red looks mad.

He gets on his CB and speaks to whoever is listening.

RED

This here is the cowboy, giving a
shout out to all my friends along
highway 49. I'm running real low on
birdfeed, and I could sure use a
helping hand. Looking for
volunteers. And if you see my
friend John, you'll know him by the
star on his chest, you can thank
him for your restless dreams this
beautiful warm evening. Over and
out."

SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A weird man on a ham radio in some dark basement, hears the call and takes note. He looks across the room at another man who looks very grim. The second man gets on the phone.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

A farmer picks a cow out of the herd and puts a red cloth around its neck like a bandana. He walks the cow out to the end of his driveway and ties it to a post alongside the road. He crosses himself and hurries to get back inside his house.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A group of men drag another man out of his bed kicking and screaming.

In the middle of a field, they tie him up and put a red bandana around his neck.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A family; mother, father, baby and GRANDMA sit at a kitchen table. ARLAND, the father is crying.

ARLAND

I won't let you do it.

GRANDMA

You can't stop me. It has to be somebody. I can't work, I'm no use. I'm old, and weak. They'll give you gold. The crops will be blessed and grow prodigious. You know their magic.

ARLAND

It ain't magic it's evil.

GRANDMA

I choose. Your hands are clean.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The cow tied to the post at the end of the farmers driveway, moos and rolls its eyes in terror.

A huge black shadow swoops in from the sky, and the cow is swept up and away, gone in an instant.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The man in the field tied to a post is surrounded by giant buzzards. Their heads are bowed in silence.

From behind a tree nearby, ZEKE and LUKE, two dumb rednecks watch the proceedings.

ZEKE

What are they waiting for?

LUKE

They're saying Grace. Their daddy raised them right.

The buzzards peck and tear at the man tied to the pole. One of them sinks its beak into his neck and sucks with all its might. Its eyes turn from white to blood red.

Another buzzard hops toward the men behind the tree. This buzzard has a little bag around his neck.

LUKE (CONT'D)

See, I told ya. This is how it works. Well, go and take it.

Zeke looks terrified. He creeps forward toward the buzzard and with a shaky hand he opens the little bag around the buzzard's neck and pours out several gold pieces.

ZEKE

Got it .

He hurries away. Bringing the gold back to Luke.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

We're rich!

LUKE

I'm rich.

He stabs Zeke in the back. Zeke falls to the ground, dying, trying to reach the blade in his back.

He pulls out a loop of red cloth and puts it around Zeke's neck.

A buzzard steps out of the shadows and pulls Zeke's body out of sight into the darkness. Another buzzard with a little bag of gold steps toward Luke. Luke smiles wide. He's got one gold tooth.

EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO - NIGHT

An outside patio overlooking the river. Geese float in the water below and nibble on bread thrown down to them. Mary and Red are sitting at a table. They are both dressed up. Mary wears a dress and Red has on a clean hat and a lasso necktie.

Far in the distance, they hear a scream. Red cocks his eyes in that direction and smirks. Mary shakes her head disapprovingly.

Red calls the waiter over. It's a teenager and he looks scared.

RED

What's your name son?

RICK

Rick.

RED

Rick, I'm nobody to speak of, but this lady here is a princess. Visiting from a foreign country name of Sunshineland. Now it's very important diplomatically for America, understand, for this here dinner to go off well. In consideration of which, Congress has authorized me to give you this.

He slips the guy a hundred dollar bill.

RED (CONT'D)

And the senate has another one of these for ya at the end of the night. If it goes off without a hitch.

RICK

Yes sir! Let me get you some bread.

He takes off for the kitchen.

Mary tries to look (without looking) at Red's fat money filled wallet. She glances up to see his gaze is locked onto her.

RED

It isn't real, you know. Money. It's as easily created as anything else, including misery.

MARY

If misery were money, I'd be a millionaire.

RED

Do you know how they train elephants to stay in one spot? When they're babies, they put a big chain around their neck and attach it to a stake driven deep into the ground. That elephant is not going anywhere. Anywhere outside his circle, that is. A ten foot circle. Now as the elephant gets older and bigger, they don't increase the size of the chain holding him. No. They keep making it smaller and smaller. Till you've got a two thousand pound beast being held back by a clothesline around his neck. In the end you don't need anything at all but the stake. Anywhere you put the stake, the elephant will stay within ten feet of it. The most powerful thing in the world is habit.

He lights a cigarette and laughs at her. He pushes the carton toward her provocatively. She takes one and lights it.

MARY

Oooh. How'd you get to be so wise?

RED

That's part of the curse of living long. You keep getting smarter and smarter and everyone around you keeps getting dumber and dumber.

MARY

And what's the stake for you? What do you stay within ten feet of at all times?

RED

I'm not held back by anything. There are no restrictions on my reality. There are no consequences. There is no end and there is no joy. It's a hoot, you should try it.

MARY

Maybe I will.

RED

It isn't your choice. It's mine.

The waiter brings bread and drinks.

RED(CONT'D)

Thanks Rick. (to Mary) Did you ever consider that I might not want you. That you might not be good enough? Or maybe I care about you and want to spare you the suffering. The world is a circle. There is nothing outside the circle. You will be within the circle, but not of it. You will be separate in a way you can't imagine. You will be truly alone.

MARY

Can you feel love?

RED

Vampires say if you do, it means you're going to die.

MARY

Well, are you going to die?

Rick arrives breathlessly at the table, carrying food.

RED

There he is, my man Rick. Arriving just in the nick of time.

Rick starts handing out the food.

RED (CONT'D)

Look at that. Life is good.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Sheriff and Hopalong drive down the highway, in a beautiful blue Thunderbird. Hopalong smiles into the wind whooshing through the window. The sheriff notices people putting out animals at their mailboxes. Now he's getting dirty looks from all the folks he passes.

He sees an old lady sitting at the end of her driveway, with a red bandana around her neck.

SHERIFF

You've got to be kidding me.

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Someone is in one of the stalls, throwing up.

A JOLLY MAN enters the bathroom and uses the urinal. BRACK!

The person in the stall throws up again.

JOLLY MAN

Whoa! I guess you won't be sending
your compliments to the chef.

RED

I've got food allergies.

JOLLY MAN

What are you allergic to?

BRACK! The sound of someone throwing up.

RED

Food.

He opens the stall door.

JOLLY MAN

Well, you won't get fat...

He looks up in the mirror and sees no one there. Confused, he turns around and sees Red, who's got his vampire face on, blue and nasty. He looks sick. Vomit hangs from his chin.

He grabs the Jolly Man by the back of the head and drags him into the stall. The man grabs Red's arm and tries to break free. He kicks wildly. Red sinks his teeth into the man's neck and sucks hard. He takes a long drink and then takes a quick gasp of air, like a kid drinking too fast at a drinking fountain.

RED

Ah, that really hits the spot.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Sheriff John kicks open the front door of the farmers house. He sees the father, mother and baby sitting at the kitchen table.

SHERIFF

What the Hell is wrong with you
people?

GRANDMA
Why don't you mind your own
business, Mister?

He looks at her, and sees beyond her one of the giant buzzards flying toward them out of the sky.

He pulls her inside and slams the door. A sharp beak tears through the wood. John pushes a big piece of furniture to block the door.

SHERIFF
Help me with this.

Arland jumps up and helps push.

We see buzzards peeking through the windows, shiny white eyes in the dark.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
You got guns?

Arland hesitates.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Fight dammit. Fight for your life.
Fight for your soul!

A buzzard smashes through a window and sticks its ugly head inside, screeching. The Sheriff shoots it in the face and it shrieks and retreats.

Arland runs off and grabs two shotguns from the top of the cellar stairs. He quickly loads one and hands it to his wife.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Red and Mary lie on the hood of his Mustang looking at the stars.

MARY
Don't you miss the sun?

RED
Every star is a sun.

He tries to look profound, but can't hold it.

RED (CONT'D)
Yeah. I miss the sun. Im a goddamn cowboy. Who's got no reason to wear his hat.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A buzzard slams into the front door pushing the piece of furniture blocking it forward half a foot. John rushes over, he sticks his shotgun through the crack of the door.

The buzzard grabs hold of it and tugs. The Sheriff nearly loses his weapon. He fires and misses. The buzzard croaks as if laughing at him and spreads it's wings wide. It moves fast and disappears around the side of the house.

GRANDMA

Stop it you damn fools. We'll get
no gold and they'll curse our
crops. Poop unholy mess on them.
Let them take me or they'll take us
all!

There is the CRACK! of breaking wood from one of the back rooms.

A vampire buzzard tiptoes into the room, its talons gently clicking on the wood floor. It spots grandma with her red bandanna and lunges for her.

SHERIFF

Look out!

Arland shoots it. It squeals and dodges away. Clearly it feels pain. But in a moment the wound heals itself. When another vampire goes after the baby, snapping at him in his high chair, this is too much for the father.

He takes the bandanna off of grandma and puts it on himself.

ARLAND

Take me!

A vampire grabs him and flies out the big living room window, smashing it.

GRANDMA

It's over. They got what they came
for.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT-SAME TIME

Red hops off the roof of the car and plays with the radio. He finds a song to his liking. Then comes over to Mary, offering his hand.

RED

May I have this dance?

MARY

Certainly.

He lifts her hand and twirls her. She flies up into the air as if she is on the moon or under water. Red floats up to meet her.

RED

This way I won't step on your toes.

They float and twirl through the air around and around.

The headlights of the Mustang illuminate their dance. Mary laughs. She's loving it.

RED (CONT'D)

You're quite a girl Mary Johnson.
Where have you been all my death?

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT -SAME TIME

Wanda, Grandma and the Sheriff stand where we last saw them. Exhausted and afraid to move. SCRITCHSCRATCH something with scaly feet is walking on the wood floor. The humans tense up again, looking around. In the next room a single bare bulb is shining. A giant buzzard creeps up to the doorway and peeks around the corner. It blinks.

The sheriff lifts his gun.

GRANDMA

Wait.

A little bag hangs from the buzzards neck.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

Get the gold, Wanda.

Wanda edges toward the vampire. By the front door she stoops down and picks up a sharp splintered piece of wood which was broken off when the house was attacked. She puts the wood behind her back and moves forward.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

Don't do it girl. Your baby lost
his daddy tonight, is she gonna
lose her momma too? Just take the
gold.

Wanda rotates the stake in her hand facing it downward.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

You do it and they'll take us all,
they'll burn this place to the
ground. And he will come. You hear
me? These here ain't nothing
compared to him.

Wanda's hand is inches from the gold around the vampires
neck. She cries and trembles. Then suddenly, she plunges the
stake into the vampire's heart. It reels and squawks, backing
away from her.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Red and Mary are dancing. Red grabs at his heart, and shouts.
They both tumble to the ground.

Red writhes in pain.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME TIME

The vampire slowly, in great agony, changes back into a man.
DEVON, a skinny nerd, looks around in wild fear and pain. He
stares wide eyed at the stake in his chest.

SHERIFF

Take it easy. You're free now.

DEVON

Is he dead? The cowboy.

SHERIFF

Not as far as I know.

The ex vampire wails in misery.

DEVON

Then I'm damned.

He looks down at his arm. The Cowboy's symbol is branded
there in pinkish scar tissue.

The man dies in agony. His skin bubbling and burning. He
becomes a pile of ash.

SHERIFF

I quit.

He gets up and heads toward the door. He looks down at
Hopalong who is staring up at him. John takes the red
bandanna off his dog and throws it into the corner.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Red lies sideways in the seat of his car, recovering.

MARY

What is it? What happened?

Red gets on the CB

RED

This here's Red. One of you has been very bad tonight. And so everyone has to suffer. It's open season tonight, folks. That is all.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A middle aged couple, sleeping. From somewhere outside the room comes a BUMP. FLORENCE wakes up, and shakes FRED

FLORENCE

Fred. I heard a noise.

Fred doesn't open his eyes.

FRED

It's just the wind.

The BUMP comes again. Louder.

FLORENCE

There it is again. Fred get up and check it out.

FRED

It's just the wind.

FLORENCE

Fred.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Fred comes down the stairs with a flashlight. He shines it around the living room. Nothing.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Fred walks out on the porch, and flashes his light around the yard. Nothing. Strong wind blows across his face. BUMP. There's the sound. He sees a shutter swinging in the gusts of wind and hitting the wall of his house.

FRED

What did I say, It's just the wind.

Wind blows down on his face from above, he shines his flashlight up into the trees. He sees ten giant vampires hovering in the air, their wings beating widely and sending down air as if a helicopter were taking off.

He screams.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A FAT MAN watches TV. The flickering white light of the set illuminates a trashy living room and a porch beyond.

He hears a sound and grabs his remote. He hits Mute and the room becomes silent. SCREECH. A cat leaps across the porch.

FATMAN

Trixie. What are you doing?

SCREECH. The cat goes by again.

FATMAN (CONT'D)

Trixie knock it off.

The fat man gets up and goes to the sliding glass door. He opens it and looks to the right. He sees a giant buzzard with a big Grey cat squirming in its mouth. The buzzard tosses the cat across the porch, SCREECH, where it is caught in the mouth of another buzzard. This buzzard looks at the fat man, and drops the cat. He spills beer on his gut, shouts out, and slams the sliding glass door shut.

One of the buzzards collides with the glass. THUMP. It looks confused. It moves forward again. THUMP. It rears back its head and pecks powerfully at the glass, which explodes inward. The man turns and runs. The buzzards run into the house and pursue him. Up the stairs he goes. They are right on his tail. One grabs his leg and pulls him back down. He screams and claws at the stairs. The buzzard chomps him right in the square of his back with its beak. He screams louder.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

We see a man being dragged through the dirt by a horse. His leg is caught in the saddle and he struggles to get it free. We pan up the man's legs, over the horse's butt and see that the horse is also being dragged, by a buzzard that's got him by the bridle. The horse whinnies in terror.

EXT. LAKE -NIGHT

Two men are fishing in a rowboat on a gigantic lake. MARSHALL a tall man with big ears, casts his line out into the water. KEITH, a hippy looking guy with glasses, sits drinking beer. At his feet are about a dozen fish.

MARSHALL

This is wonderful. I'm so glad I came out. Only three hours from the city, but it's like a whole different world. It's like we're back in prehistoric times. What is that?

KEITH

What?

MARSHALL

Oh my God, what is that? There.

Keith looks where he's pointing. There is a big black eye in the middle of a red fleshy head, looking up at them from the water.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Is that an alligator? What is that?

Keith puts his finger to his lips. Shh. He picks up a fish off the floor of the boat and tosses it toward the eye in the water. CHOMP. The buzzard takes the fish with it's sharp beak and gobbles it down. Marshall gasps and puts his hands up to his mouth, he's freaking out.

KEITH

Be very quiet if you want to live. I'm going to start rowing us in. You keep throwing fish. Ok? Stay calm. Stay quiet. Throw a fish.

Marshall throws a fish in the water. The Buzzard swallows it up. Marshall picks up another fish.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Slow down. We got a ways to go.

MARSHALL

Oh my God. I hate the woods. I hate the wild. I'm never leaving Manhattan again. Here monster. Good monster.

He throws a fish.

INT - TRAILER - NIGHT

An old man with a poodle sits in a tiny trailer. He's writing quickly, longhand on a yellow legal pad. He finishes the page and rips it off, adding it to a pile about three feet high sitting on the table next to him.

Something slams into the trailer. The poodle starts barking crazily. The old man grabs a baseball bat and peers out one of his windows. BOOM, the trailer is hit again. The old man stumbles.

Now the trailer rocks and bounces as if an earthquake were taking place. The old man loses his footing and falls to the floor. The dog barks and barks.

As soon as it began it is over. All is still. The old man rises slowly. He crosses to the metal door of the trailer. He opens the door, and falls forward with a scream discovering that he and his trailer are thousands of feet in the air, flying along carried by several giant buzzards.

The old man twirls and falls, screaming all the way. His poodle stands at the edge, looking down and barking.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Marshall and Keith are almost at the shore. Marshall throws a fish overboard.

MARSHALL

...There's no shops around here, no dance clubs, nowhere to get a decent cappuccino. And there's monsters in the water.

KEITH

Stay calm, we're almost there.

MARSHALL

We're out of fish. Now what?

The buzzard eye stares at them. The monster squawks. Marshall moans in terror.

KEITH

Ok. You remember what I told you to do if you see a bear? Get real big. Make a lot of noise, wave your arms around. On the count of three.

MARSHALL

Are you going to do it too?

KEITH

Yeah. One. Two. Three.

Marshall starts to yell and scream like a maniac. He throws his arms in the air and tries to "Look big". The buzzard flies up out of the water grabs him by the chest and shoots into the sky with him.

Keith steadies the boat. Its very quiet now on the water. He starts to row the boat ashore.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Thanks Marshall. Way to take one for the team.

EXT. GIANT SEQUOIAS - DAY

An idyllic blue sky. The great trees tower above the road, the thick skin of their bark is a rich red color. The green of their leaves above is a vibrant explosion of green.

The sheriff smiles up at them. He's riding in his patrol car up the mountain. He's out of uniform in a fishing hat and a checkered shirt. Grandma sits beside him. Hopalong has his face out the back window, catching the breeze .

SHERIFF

This is beautiful. You know I've lived out here five years and I've only been up here once. Twice. I came here once before on my honeymoon.

GRANDMA

So you came here on your honeymoon thirty years ago. And when your wife dies you move to a town right near here. What do you think that's about?

SHERIFF

The trees are nice here. I like the trees. I thought it might take your mind off things. I'm sorry about your son. I should have been able to protect him.

GRANDMA

There's no protection against the vampires.

SHERIFF

How long has this been going on around here?

GRANDMA

Oh, at least since I was a little girl.

SHERIFF

How come nobody told me? I been here five years.

GRANDMA

Five years is nothing. They still consider you a tourist.

EXT. SEQUOIA PATH -DAY

They get out of the car and start walking up a path toward the big trees. Grandma leads Hopalong on a leash. Swarms of tourists mill around, pictures are being taken everywhere.

GRANDMA

What now? Are you going to keep after your vampire? Give him a ticket. Bring him to justice?

SHERIFF

I don't know. I'd like to say yes. But I doubt it. Man. Look at that tree.

He bends backwards to see the top of the General Sherman Tree.

GRANDMA

You know that tree was originally named the Karl Marx tree. Cause there was a bunch of socialists moved in up here. Didn't pan out for them. There's too much to be bought and sold around here, for that. Water is the oil of the 21st century. Don't get me started. There's all kinds of vampires. Ever hear of the Boswell's?

SHERIFF

No.

GRANDMA

Water vampires.

SHERIFF

There's vampires in the water? What are they like giant leeches?

GRANDMA

No, that's not what I meant.

BJ, a scumbag with greasy hair comes up behind the sheriff.

BJ

John?

The sheriff turns to look at him.

A SWEATY MAN sticks a knife up to Grandma's back.

BJ (CONT'D)

Come with us, or Grandma gets a blade in her spine.

John stares at him.

Hopalong growls.

EXT. SEQUOIA PATH -DAY

John and Grandma are lead toward a van. Several men are waiting in the vehicle. They slide open the door.

Just as they are about to be put in John hits BJ in the face. Hopalong bites a guy on the leg. Grandma whips around and hits the Sweaty guys hand making him drop the knife. The men in the car leap forward and grab the Sheriff. Grandma starts to scream.

BJ

Shut her up.

The Sweaty man grabs her. She continues to scream. Hopalong shakes his head back and forth gripping BJ's leg.

BJ (CONT'D)

Take her too. Go go.

The men wrestle and subdue both of them. They throw a burlap bag over the Sheriff's head.

BJ (CONT'D)

Don't hit his face! Somebody get this dog offa me!

One of the men in the van grabs a blanket and throws it over Hopalong. He struggles with the squirming little body inside the blanket.

A group of tourists has gathered, watching the scene. A FAMILY MAN ventures forward.

FAMILY MAN
What are you doing there?

BJ waves his knife at the man.

BJ
Go take a picture of a tree. Go.

The man backs off a step.

Someone in the van slams the door, and the vehicle takes off.

Tourists watch it go.

INT. CAR -BACKWOODS ROAD- DAY

The car tears along a remote dirt road, bumping viciously.

The Sheriff slumps over in the back seat, blind inside the burlap bag that has been put over his head and tied around his neck. Hopalong is subdued in the blanket, a man holding him tightly. The little dog's angry face sticks out, grimacing.

JARED, an evil dumb hick, grins into the back seat.

JARED
Hey you in the bag. You really kill one of them vampires? You don't seem like much to me. You're an old man.

GRANDMA
It was my daughter killed it.

JARED
Oh, your daughter, huh? I thought it was you, with your face! Cause you're so ugly!

GRANDMA
I'll see you dead boy.

He reaches back and slaps her in the face. All the guys in the car yell in protest.

BJ

Hey, hey!

He takes a hand off the wheel and smacks Jared several times on the head.

BJ (CONT'D)

What's the matter with you? You don't hit an old lady in the face. What's your problem? You're a real piece of shit Jared.

Silence in the car for a moment. Jared sulks.

JARED

How much gold you think that bag will hold, BJ? Huh? A lot. I heard it first on the CB Red says "Whoever brings me the head of Sheriff John Sampson in a bag, I will fill that bag with gold" And I called Jimmy, and Jimmy called BJ.

BJ

We know Jared, shut up! You done told everyone a million times. Just sit still and don't be an idiot for five minutes.

Silence.

EXT. LEMON TREE FIELD- DAY

Rows and rows of lemon trees stretch out in all directions.

The car comes bumping along a dirt road. It stops and everyone piles out.

BJ

Tie that guy to a tree.

Several men drag the Sheriff to a tree and tie his hands behind his back.

BJ pulls a chainsaw out of the trunk and revs it up. He crosses towards the Sheriff.

Inside the car Grandma is screaming and yelling but she can't be heard over the noise of the chainsaw. Jared laughs at her and mocks her from the front seat. He rocks back and forth in excitement, clapping his hands.

Two men hold the Sheriff's head up and back exposing his neck.

BJ brings the chainsaw closer, closer.

Suddenly he spasms. A strange look comes across his face. He drops the chainsaw and falls forward. His back is a bloody mess. The men holding the Sheriff look confused. Mike, a tall guy with a shaved head, grabs at his leg and screams. We can't hear the scream over the roar of the chainsaw. He lifts his hand and finds it covered with blood.

The three men take cover behind trees. They get their guns out, and peek around their cover. BOOM. Another shotgun blast and the bullets hit the tree one of the men is hiding behind. He jumps back. One of the men signals to the other. "go around"

BJ lifts his face from the dirt and REVS UP the chain saw. He starts crawling toward the sheriff.

Hopalong barks and jumps out the window of the car he's been sitting in. He runs into the middle of the gunfight.

GRANDMA

Hopalong! Come back here!

Mike lays against a tree, in a pool of his own blood. He takes off his coat and pushes it onto the wound on his leg. Looking up, he sees Clay run from one tree to another.

He points and yells but no one can hear him over the chainsaw.

MIKE

There he is!

Clay sees BJ heading toward the sheriff. He posts up against a tree and takes aim. BANG BANG, shots hit the tree he's leaning on. He twirls and runs another direction.

The sheriff is still tied to the tree with a bag over his face. He tries to stay low and his head turns in the direction of every shot.

BJ stands and revs the chainsaw.

Hopalong barks up at him. BJ swings the chainsaw at him, but he jumps back and gets away.

Clay sees one of the guys hiding behind a tree. He runs down the row of trees straight for him. The guy doesn't hear him coming and when he turns and looks, Clay is almost on top of him. Clay stops and shoots. The guy twitches and dies.

Clay walks by Mike, the guy who was shot in the leg. He's unconscious or dead.

Hopalong sniffs the man, and then pees on him. Clay takes his gun. He sees movement behind him. One of the remaining guys is sprinting away through the trees. Clay lets him go.

BJ brings the chainsaw towards the Sheriff's neck.

Clay steps out from behind the tree and hits BJ in the face with the butt of his shotgun. BJ drops the chainsaw and it sputters off.

Jared opens the back door of the car and throws grandma out on the ground. He gets behind the wheel and peels out spraying dirt. The car careens through the field of trees.

Clay takes the bag off of the Sheriff's head.

CLAY

Are you the sheriff named John?

SHERIFF

Oh, Lord, give me a break.

CLAY

We got a common enemy. I'm looking for a piece of shit named Red. You know where he is?

SHERIFF

I believe I do.

CLAY

We'll take my car.

They pile into his car. He hits the stereo and "Anyway you Want It" wails out of the radio. He peels out and drives madly down a dirt road.

The Sheriff and Grandma roll all over the place in the back seat. They yell out protests which can't be heard over the music. Hopalong barks, and skitters across the linoleum seats.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Red drives down the highway. A road sign reads " Weaverville" one mile. The cowboy smiles.

RED

Home sweet home.

The cowboy sees a campfire in the distance and drives off road towards it.

He hits his horn and it echoes over the lonely prairie, calling the vampires to him. They turn and fly in the direction of the sound.

A group of boy scouts sit around a campfire singing songs. The cowboy parks just down the road from them.

RED (CONT'D (CONT'D))
Stay Here.

He kisses her on the cheek.

She sits and watches him enter the woods, looking very uncomfortable " what's he doing?"

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

An older scout master takes a leak in the woods. He is a geek in shorts and has the typical red bandana around his neck.

RED
I like your necktie.

The scoutmaster looks around in the darkness to see who spoke. The cowboy appears. One of the giant vampire buzzards descends gracefully from the trees above and stands next to Red.

RED (CONT'D)
Ugly son of a bitch ain't he? A face only a mother could love. Or a Father.

He pets the thing on its head.

The scoutmaster tries to run. Everywhere he turns there are more vampires. Closing him in a circle.

RED (CONT'D)
Looks like a bald eagle gone bad. Corrupted by greed and pride. Ugly and evil as they are I love them. I lost one last night. Very painful. He was stolen from me by parties who will pay with pain and blood. But they ain't here right now. Now there's just you and me. And my boys and your boys.

The Scoutmaster begins to weep.

RED (CONT'D)

Cheer up. This is your chance to be a hero. I've got to even the score, but I'll let you choose. I'll take you or your boys.

The Scoutmaster falls to his knees.

SCOUTMASTER

Please, I don't want to die.

RED

You don't have to die. You can become one of these majestic fellas here. A creature of instinct. When something moves, you chase it. Eating shitting and fucking, the immediate satisfaction of your most basic desires forever. Freedom. And your little ones get to live. What do you say?

The scout master takes off running. The buzzard starts after him. Cowboy chastises him.

RED (CONT'D)

Leave it! He made his choice. Like you made yours, long ago.

The buzzard squawks.

RED (CONT'D)

What's that? Don't take that tone with me child. You're spoiled rotten.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The cowboy comes out of the woods and saunters towards the Boy Scouts sitting around the fire.

RED (CONT'D)

Gentleman, My name is Red. I'm a friend of your scoutmasters. He had to... well he had to run. But he asked me to watch over you guys for a spell. Want to hear a story? A scary story?

They respond excitedly.

RED (CONT'D)

Once upon a time there was a cowboy who came to this very area looking to find his fortune during the gold rush. He happened upon a rich vein of gold near the rustic town of Weaverville. God bless her, and all her righteous inhabitants. The people of Weaverville. They all got together and stole the mine from him, framing him for a murder he didn't commit. A group from the town took him out to the hanging tree. They left him hanging there slowly strangling. They put a piece of firewood under his feet so it would take longer.

FLASHBACK

We see the hanging tree, the cowboy dangling, struggling. The sun setting and something moving in the shadow of night as it creeps across the mountain. The vampire's form crouches on the branch of the hanging tree next to the noose. A purple, savage looking face peers out from under a black hood. The figure leans in and whispers in the cowboy's ear.

RED (CONT'D)

The cowboy was Looking up toward God in the failing light of that beautiful sunset, when a shadow came. There was the cowboy hanging by his neck and this big ole vampire landed on the branch he was hanging from. It was watching his hopeless soul, like as close as all them buzzards were waiting for his skin. It offered him life and revenge. The cowboy might have gone to his just reward but there weren't no love left in him. Only hate and burning desire for vengeance. Well, his prayers were answered.

FLASHBACK

The vampire decimating the town. Dragging a judge with a noose around his neck down the center of a dusty street.

The vampire is huge and blue and vicious, and his boots ching as he marches down the street with his gold spurs.

A shadow killing everyone. Men, women and children, screaming and running for their lives. Houses burning.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

Far up the mountain, we see the entrance to a cave. The darkness is deep and impenetrable

RED

I lived up in that mine for many a year. Those who stole from me lost of themselves in equal measure to their greed. My wisdom and power grew. Pilgrims traveled from far and wide to find me there on the mountain. Souls seeking dark enlightenment, which is only to say, a place to hide, found me, and chose to become of me. The last thing I saw in my life, hanging on that tree, was them deadly cold eyed buzzards waiting, waiting. And that is why, relishing the irony, I chose that my children should appear like so. Behold!"

One of the giant birdlike vampires descends and alights on the wood in the fire. The tongues of flame don't hurt it at all. All the boys scream, at the horrific creature in their midst.

RED (CONT'D)

I guess you boys weren't prepared for that!

Blood spurts on cowboys face. He laughs and licks it off with a long snake tongue.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Mary hears screams from the woods. She hugs herself and shrinks down in her seat. The screams are high pitched and terrible.

She turns on the radio. ANGEL, a syrupy loveline voice come through the air to her.

ANGEL

This request is going out to Mary, from Clay. He hasn't given up on you and he hopes you haven't given up on him.

(MORE)

ANGEL (CONT'D)

He's searching for you and he's going to find you no matter what. He's sorry for the things he's said and done to hurt you. He's been a fool, and he knows it. If you can get away he's waiting for you at the bluff where you used to park in High School. He'll be there all night waiting for you, with "Open Arms"

"Open Arms" by Journey plays on the radio.

Mary opens the truck door and climbs down out of the cab. She runs down the road out of the trucks headlights and into the darkness.

EXT. BLUFF - NIGHT

Clay is sitting in his car listening to the same song. He opens his car door, and steps out. He stands on the top of the cliff, looking out across the valley.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT -SAME TIME

Mary runs as fast as she can down the middle of the road.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

POV

From the point of view of an animal? Something running fast and low through the trees and bushes, leaping over rocks and logs.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Mary sees car lights coming around a bend in the road. The lights fall on her and she stands in the middle of the road and waves. The car stops.

GLEN, a forty something nice guy rolls down his window.

GLEN

What's the problem honey?

MARY

You have to give me a ride.

GLEN

Ok.

Suddenly, something leaps out of the bushes into the road. The shadow rises from all fours and we can see the bright blue of Red's vampire face. He rushes at the car, grips it on its underside and flips it over and down the mountain.

It CRASHES several times, the sound growing fainter.

RED

Where you headed Sunshine? I thought we had a good thing going on.

He slashes across her face with one long sharp nail. The flesh opens up and starts to bleed.

RED (CONT'D)

Maybe that will help you remember who you are. You're a scarred person, Mary, a broken person. Damaged goods that no man wants, except the worst kind of man. And that's why you're with me. The way I look outside is the way you are inside. You're horrible. You knew what I was what I had done. What I do. And you stayed with me. You're free to go to him now. But I'll follow you. And I won't kill him. Oh no. I'll just tell him everything. What would he think? How long before his love would turn to revulsion at your sickness? Your ugliness? Could you bear to see it in his eyes, where love once shined? Could you bear it?

Mary cries.

EXT. BLUFF- NIGHT

Clay looks out over the valley. Waiting.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Back in the truck. Red drives silently .

As they pass along the highway, he looks out at the forest flashing by.

Mary is shaking uncontrollably next to him.

RED

No need to fret yourself.
This is all a dream you know.
There's signs everywhere. The
longer you live the more you
experience, the easier it is to see
through the veil. That's the real
curse of living long. I see him
everywhere, laughing at me.
Watching and waiting.

Just then, along the road in the moonlight, they see a dead
Wolf, sprawled in the dust, it's tongue hanging out.

RED (CONT'D)

Every coincidence is a wink from
God. I know how this story ends.

Behind them along the road, one of the buzzards sweeps down
and takes the dead wolf.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Sheriff and Grandma drive along in his squad car.

SHERIFF

I don't care what Alvin says. This
thing pulls to the left now. I
should have driven it before I paid
him, but I didn't have time.

GRANDMA

What happened to it?

SHERIFF

A cow dropped from the sky. Boom!

GRANDMA

The sad thing is, I believe you.
You stay around long enough you'll
see everything.

SHERIFF

I hear that. What day is it?

GRANDMA

Friday

SHERIFF

What time is it?

She looks at her watch.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
What time is it!

GRANDMA
Almost one o'clock.

SHERIFF
Goddammit!

He pulls off the road and slams on the brakes.

GRANDMA
What's the matter?

He points to the dashboard. The bear salt shakers are there, taped in place. The female salt shaker is glued together badly, and missing a few pieces.

The sheriff fiddles with his onboard computer and accesses the internet. He goes to Ebay, and sees that the bidding runs out in two minutes on the bear saltshaker he bid on.

He works the computer frantically.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
What the Hell is going on?

SHERIFF
Shh! You son of a bitch! One minute. Yes I want to raise my bid, go, do it computer. Yes. More. I don't care how much it is. Son of a bitch. Raise. No. Yes. I got it. No I don't, yes I do. Son of a bitch! You son of a bitch.

He slams his hands on the steering wheel. Grandma is staring at him.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
I'm a collector.

GRANDMA
Evidently.

SHERIFF
I got 492 pairs of porcelain salt and Pepper shakers in mint condition. Well, 491. This one here fell off my desk at work. Which was very unfortunate.

He gives Hopalong a look. Hopalong flashes those pitiful three legged dog eyes of his.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

But not to worry, I'll find it. It just takes time and patience. It **is** out there. That's what I keep saying to my self. It **is** out there.

GRANDMA

Yep. After my Bob died I started collecting pipes. Wood pipes, nice ones you know, out of Cherry, Oak, carved ones with faces, all kinds of pipes. And then one day, I realized I didn't really care much about pipes. And besides it was his damn pipe gave him the cancer in the first place. So me collecting pipes was like a soldiers widow collecting bullets. If you catch my meaning. Dumb.

SHERIFF

Well I personally like little porcelain salt and pepper shakers. A lot. And that's all there is to it.

GRANDMA

Ok.

SHERIFF

Ok, then.

GRANDMA

They're cute.

SHERIFF

Yes, they are. They're very cute. And functional.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The sheriff, Clay, and grandma, walk through the doors of the church. Preacher Manny is talking to a member of his congregation when they come in. He looks scared when he sees the Sheriff.

MANNY

You. Anything following you?

SHERRIFF

Nah. It's daylight. Listen, we're going up against this here vampire, and we thought of you cause of your profession, and the way you handled them last time.

MANNY

Uh, yes.

SHERRIFF

Do you have any equipment, or advice?

MANNY

Well I can give you holy water, and some bibles, and crosses. I hear you can drive a stake through their heart and kill them. That's pretty standard.

SHERRIFF

He's right I've seen them killed that way. But it's pretty awful. Don't seem right. The people underneath them buzzards are just normal people, innocent, I guess. It's terrible to watch them die.

CLAY

They get what they deserve. I got no pity for em.

MANNY

I believe if you kill the main vampire the rest will be set free.

BUNKY

He's right!

A loud voice comes from behind startling them all. It's Bunky Merrill, who's come in the front door of the church.

SHERIFF

Jesus Christ Bunky, what are you doin here?

BUNKY

He's right. You kill that son of a bitch Red, and they'll all be set free. What's more, I know where he sleeps when he's in town. In Weaverville, in his mine. With his gold.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - DAY

Grandma and the Sheriff ride in his patrol car. Clay and Bunky are in Clay's hotrod.

Pastor Manny blesses their cars.

SHERIFF

Sure you don't want to join us?

MANNY

I'll be with you in spirit. And I'll keep pestering the almighty to watch out for you. I get the best broadcast range on my prayers when I'm in my church. Good luck.

The cars pull away.

INT. CLAY'S CAR - DAY

Clay gets on the CB.

CLAY

I got a message for a chickenshit cowboy name of 'Red". I'll meet you in two days, on the main street of Weaverville. Midnight.

INT. BUNKY'S CAR - DAY

Hearing Clay's announcement, the Sheriff gets on the CB

SHERIFF

Clay, what are you doing?

CLAY

I wanna meet him face to face, but I don't know, do vampires have balls?

RED

Three days. There's a full moon. You'll look extra pretty when I kill you."

Bunky stares at Clay.

Clay turns off the CB.

CLAY

If we're coming by day, all the better that he thinks we're coming by night.

Bunkie laughs.

BUNKY

You don't outsmart the devil boy.

CLAY

He's not the devil. He's just some asshole.

EXT. HOTEL - DUSK

The group arrives at a small hotel and files into two separate rooms. Bunkie and Clay are in one room, John and grandma are in the other room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

The sheriff looks down at the one bed.

SHERIFF

I'll sleep on the floor.

GRANDMA

Don't be ridiculous. You're all beat to Hell. I won't jump your broken old bones.

Clay appears in the doorway.

CLAY

Bunkie and I will trade keeping watch tonight. Sleep in tomorrow. Get your strength up. We'll leave about one o'clock.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bunky is looking out the window at the night, smoking his pipe. Clay gives him a gun.

CLAY

You take the first watch. Wake me up in three hours.

BUNKY

He won't come here. He wants you to come to him in his hole, in the dark. to move deliberate toward your terrible demise. He can feel your fear from here.

CLAY

How do you know that?

BUNKY

We're connected

He holds up his stumpy hand.

CLAY

Be ready to go at first light.

BUNKY

But you told them...

CLAY

This ain't no job for seniors. I only need you to show me where the mine is. Get some sleep.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Grandma and the Sheriff lie awake looking up at the ceiling.

GRANDMA

Can't sleep?

SHERIFF

Nope.

GRANDMA

Are you afraid?

SHERIFF

I know I should be, but I'm not. I keep thinking about random things that happened a long time ago when I first met my wife. And I want to turn to her and say "Do you remember thus and such? But she's not there. Sure is an empty feeling.

GRANDMA

Think about something before her, when you were a kid.

SHERIFF

Oh that's a long time ago.

GRANDMA

Something you experienced by yourself.

He laughs.

SHERIFF

First thing that comes to mind for some reason, is I was at the ocean once on the beach. I think I was visiting my sister. I don't recollect anyone else being there. It was very windy. I looked up on this hill far away. It was like a cliff, a bluff over the ocean. And there was this dog in the middle of a field, all by himself, no people around. And he was trying to take a poop. He was all squatted over like they get and straining, and shaking, and he was having one hell of a time cause the wind was blowing him over.

GRANDMA

Now who did you share that memory with?

SHERIFF

I shared it with you.

GRANDMA

You can tell me about it but you can't share it with me, because I wasn't there. But here's the thing. You suddenly said to yourself out of nowhere, "do you remember thus and such?" and you answered "Yes" Now you got one person asking a question and another person answering. You are the voice in your own head and you are also the person who hears the voice. As long as you've been on this Earth, there's been someone with you, and if you feel disconnected from life you can talk to that person, cause he's the only one who's going to totally understand you cause he's walked all the miles in your shoes, cause he's you? You follow?

SHERIFF

I don't know what you're saying but I like to watch you talk. I wonder if I could stop those lips from movin with a kiss?

GRANDMA

In other words, I was going to say, you existed before your wife came into your life and you exist now after she's left. But I think you already got it.

He kisses her.

Hopalong watches them.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY - EARLY MORNING

Bunky and Clay hike up a rocky mountain. A mule follows with a pack on its back.

They arrive at a cave on the mountainside.

BUNKY

This is it. My ass is not going down in that mine. Mr. Boswell is claustrophobic.

He pets his mule on the head.

Clay removes several stakes from the pouch on the mule's back, a big flashlight, and a shotgun.

He turns on the flashlight and starts down the mine shaft.

INT. MINE -DAY

Deep in the mine, Clay finds two female vampires lying naked on a big animal skin. They look like normal, albeit beautiful women.

Clay steps forward and stabs one of them through the heart. She screams and laments, turning briefly into the horrendous blue vampire she really is, and then into a normal woman, dying in agony.

CLAY

That was too easy.

Clay approaches the second woman. He stabs her through the heart, she contorts, screams and reaches out to her side.

Something is buried in the dirt. It's the top of a detonator. She smiles and pushes it down.

BOOM! A huge explosion. The mine collapses.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

Dust and debris WHOOSHES out the front of the cave enveloping Bunky.

BUNKY
Noooooo!" "My gold".

INT. HOTEL ROOM

John and grandma wake to find a figure standing at the base of their bed. It's Bunky, covered with dust, right up to the whites of his eyes.

SHERIFF
Goddamn it Bunky!

BUNKY
I got bad news.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Bunky, the Sheriff and grandma eat breakfast at Denny's Bunky is shoveling in eggs.

SHERIFF
You think he's dead?

BUNKY
Oh yeah, for sure. Oh you mean Red?
Nah, he was dead to begin with, he ain't dead.

SHERIFF
Then we got two days to prepare.

GRANDMA
Prepare for what? You don't mean to meet up with him there in Weaverville?

SHERIFF
I don't see what else we can do.

BUNKY
It's not what we do, it's where we do it.

(MORE)

BUNKY (CONT'D)

And personally, I'm thinking South America, or Spain, China. Anywhere but here.

GRANDMA

He'll find you.

SHERIFF

She's right. I'd rather have it over with for good or ill.

BUNKY

Well good luck you crazy kids. I'm heading home to pick up a few of my favorite treasures, and then it's sayonara.

SHERIFF

Good luck Bunky.

BUNKY

Yeah, you too John. You too, lady.

And he's gone.

GRANDMA

I know somebody who might be able to help us.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Sheriff and Grandma drive down the highway. He sees an antique store along the road and pulls over.

GRANDMA

Again?

SHERIFF

It'll just take a second.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

A little shop crammed to the roof with all kinds of junk.

The sheriff scans the shelves with a practiced eye. He comes to a low display case with loads of trinkets and toys.

SHERIFF

Praise Jesus! Alice Alice, come here.

He motions to Grandma. The commotion catches the attention of RAYMOND, the lean and hungry looking store owner. He gets to the counter quick, smiling.

CLOSEUP

Two little bears salt and pepper set. Just the one the Sheriff has been looking for.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

The little bears. Them there.

RAYMOND takes out the bears and puts them on the counter.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Beautiful. You have no idea the trouble I've had trying to get ahold of these suckers. Well I actually just need the girl one. Mine got broke.

RAYMOND

These two items are a pair. They have to stay together.

The Sheriff gets his wallet out.

SHERIFF

Oh. That's fine. That's good. I'll have a backup case I break another one. I'm just glad to find them at all. My wife and I got them up at Sequoia national park. On our honeymoon. They were the start of her collection. How much?

RAYMOND

This particular set is very rare. They go for three hundred dollars.

The Sheriff laughs. Raymond doesn't.

SHERIFF

You're kidding right?

RAYMOND

No sir.

SHERIFF

This same set went for 24 dollars on Ebay. And that was mint condition. See here, the boy bear's got a chip off his ear.

RAYMOND
Nevertheless. The price is three
hundred dollars.

SHERIFF
They aren't worth that.

RAYMOND
It's not how much they're worth
that matters. It's how much they're
worth to **you**. My store, my prices.

The Sheriff stares at him.

SHERIFF
You take credit cards?

RAYMOND
Yes, sir.

Grandma pulls the Sheriff to the side.

GRANDMA
Listen to me. I know what you're
going through. I know it's hard.
But it is pure craziness for you to
spend three hundred dollars on
those bears. Craziness.

SHERIFF
You're right.

The Sheriff walks back toward Raymond. He pulls out his
revolver and sticks it in the man's face.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
24 dollars.

RAYMOND
Sounds fair to me.

Raymond's eyes bulge out of his head. He bags up the bears
and pushes them across the counter to the Sheriff.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - DAY

CLOSE UP

The girl bear stands next to the boy bear on the dashboard.
There is a deep silence in the car. The Sheriff and grandma
exchange a look. They begin to laugh, quietly, building to
uproariously. The Sheriff has tears in his eyes.

SHERIFF

That is the craziest thing I've
done my whole life.

GRANDMA

Losing someone they love drives
people crazy. It's the loneliness.
I tell ya, the human animal wasn't
meant to be alone. And when you're
with someone a long time and then
they're gone, it's like an amputee
trying to walk on a leg that isn't
there anymore. You're a sheriff.
Why do you think they put people in
solitary confinement. Cause being
alone is the worst thing there is.

On the seat between them, she puts her hand on his.

He lets it lie.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Red stands before a sink brushing his teeth. He finishes
brushing and runs his tongue over his teeth, thinking.

Mary comes to him from the shadows, and they kiss.

He is distracted by his own image in the mirror.

He touches his throat. She puts a hand on top of his at his
collar.

MARY

Love can save you.

She takes off her clothes and steps into the shower.

MARY (CONT'D)

When your body is dirty you wash.
When your soul is dirty, you burn.

He looks at himself in the mirror again. He pulls down his
collar and sees a red ring around his neck.

His image in the mirror starts to fade. He is disappearing
before his eyes. He grabs at the mirror, trying to grasp his
own reflection.

RED

No.

INT. TRUCK SLEPING COMPARTMENT - DAY

Red opens his eyes. Mary is whispering to him.

MARY

Red, somebody's trying to break into the truck. They tried the back and now they're on the roof.

RED

They've come to kill me. There's a reward. It's ok. They can't get in here.

We hear footsteps on the roof.

EXT. HIGHWAY -DAY

DALE and DWAYNE, two dumb brothers, standing on the roof of Red's truck. Dale finds a crack and traces it with his finger. It forms a square. There is another square next to it.

DALE

Check it out Dwayne. There's some kind of door over here.

Dwayne comes over and stands next to him. The doors they are examining open up and they fall in.

INT. MACK TRUCK- BACK COMPARTMENT -DAY

The space is lit by red light, giant buzzards sleep curled up and piled on one another for warmth. It looks like a hatchery for chickens. The two brothers are caught inside separate cages a few feet apart.

DWAYNE

"There's some kind of door over here"(imitating his brother) You know what kind of door it was Dale? A trap door. You know how I know that? Cause we are trapped! You're an idiot Dale, why do I listen to you? Why?

CLOSE UP

Dale's face. His eyes are wide and he has his finger over his lips. For the first time, Dwayne turns and sees what's behind him. The Buzzards are waking up, blinking and yawning, stretching their wings.

INT. - TRUCK CAB - DAY

Mary and Red listen. Screams begin beyond the metal wall beside them. Mary covers her ears.

RED
You get used to it.

EXT. RESERVATION - DAY

The Sheriff and Grandma drive up beside a Tee-pee in the desert. An old indian sits in front of it. He rises when they arrive.

GRANDMA
John, this is Black Rock. Black
Rock, this is Sheriff John Sampson
we need to kill some vampires. Can
you help us?

The indian nods.

INT. SMOKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Sheriff John, Grandma and Black Rock sit inside a smoke house. A fire burns in front of them. Black Rock hums a a rhythmic tune and sways back and forth.

John takes off his hat and wipes his brow.

SHERIFF
Whew!

GRANDMA
Shh!

Black Rock lights a pipe and takes a big puff. He hands the pipe to John. The Sheriff takes a hit and coughs.

Black Rock suddenly becomes still. He puts up a finger for silence.

A great wolf sticks its nose into the tent. John reaches for his revolver. Black Rock stays his hand.

The wolf bows its head down to John.

BLACK ROCK
The beast says you may kill him
tomorrow. It is his desire that you
do so.

The wolf stands up, snarls and shakes its head wildly.

BLACK ROCK (CONT'D)

But he will not hold back. He will fight you with everything he has. He will show no mercy. And if you fail. He will kill your woman. He will kill your friends. He will kill your dog.

The sheriff pulls out his revolver and sticks it in front of the wolfs nose.

SHERIFF

I've heard enough of your trash talk bitch! Now git!

The wolf backs up and runs away.

Black Rock stares at the Sherriff. Then he laughs loudly.

Black Rock the medicine man seems impressed by John. He pulls something out of a bag of leather.

BLACK ROCK

This is a magic arrow. It was created to kill vampires long ago. It contains the magic of many tribes. My father's father paid 100 horses for it.

SHERIFF

Will it kill a vampire?

BLACK ROCK

I do not know.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

John shoots a bow and arrow at a target and misses terribly. He tries again with the same result.

He gives the magic arrow back to Black Rock.

SHERIFF

This is no good. It's not the arrow I don't have faith in, it's my shooting. I'm sorry.

GRANDMA

Black Rock do we even stand a chance?

BLACK ROCK
You are strong. But..

The old indian puts his head on the sheriffs chest .

BLACK ROCK (CONT'D)
Hollow man. A dead man can't kill a
dead man.

INT. CAR - DAY

The Sheriff starts up his car.

GRANDMA
A dead man can't kill a dead man.
What the Hell does that mean?

SHERIFF
I know.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

John stands over a grave. Grandma waits a while and then comes to stand by him. She is quiet then suddenly bursts out.

GRANDMA
Now listen here. No disrespect, but
I'm gonna take over loving this
man. Cause he's a good man and a
handsome man, and we're both stupid
and useless lonely, and that's all
there is to it.

Grandma takes his hand. He resists weakly. She takes off his hat and smooths his hair. They kiss.

A small bird with a funny hairdo perches on the headstone. It means something to the Sheriff.

The Sheriff and grandma walk away. We see that he has left the bear saltshakers on the grave.

The sun sets

INT. GOLD MINE - NIGHT

Clay wakes up. He is injured and trapped under rubble. The first thing he sees is Mary looking down at him.

MARY
Hey baby.

CLAY

I messed up. I'm so sorry Mary. I love you, I always loved you.

The cowboy emerges from darkness.

RED

Too late.

He turns Mary's arm and shows that she bears his mark.

She weeps, slowly changing into a terrible vampire. She fights the hunger and animalness of the evil inside her.

MARY

I'm sorry Clay, I can't stop myself, I'm so hungry.

CLAY

Babe. I just want you to know, I would give anything I own, give up my life my heart, my home. I would give everything I own, just to have you back again.

She sinks her teeth into him, feeding.

Clay fights for his life. Mary's eyes shine with light.

The music continues

"Is there someone you know, you're loving them so, but taking them all for granted. You may lose them one day, someone takes them away, and they don't hear the words you long to say."

INT. STUDY -DAY

The Sheriff and Manny the pastor sit drinking at a table in the pastors study.

SHERIFF

Well, tonight's the night.

MANNY

Are you ready?

SHERIFF

I feel like Daniel going into the lions den.

MANNY

John. I been holding back on you. I got something you can use.

He rummages around in his desk, and pulls something out. He sets it in front of John. It's a bullet.

MANNY (CONT'D)

That'll fit your gun right?

SHERIFF

I got enough bullets.

MANNY

This is a holy bullet. It was made from the nail driven into Christ's right hand, forged in the depths of the Vatican and blessed by the pope. It has been handed down through my family for generations.

SHERIFF

Thanks.

He takes the bullet with a poker face. He heads for the door.

MANNY

John. You're standing on the edge of a cliff now. If you step out, I believe God will catch you.

SHERIFF

Did he catch you?

MANNY

I never stepped.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

In the church the sheriff humbles himself on bended knee. Many candles flicker around him.

SHERIFF

God. I'm afraid.

He tries to load his gun with the holy bullet Manny gave him but his hand is shaking too much.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Give me strength Lord.

In a moment he looks at his hand and sees that the gun is steady. He puts the bullet in.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Sheriff and Grandma ride into a small town.

The road sign says "Weaverville".

It's a small town on the prairie underneath the shadow of a mountain. As they drive toward the outskirts of town, they see a bunch of cars. A large group of men with guns stands waiting, blocking the road.

The Sheriff steps out of his car. A FARMER points his shotgun.

FARMER

We can't let you past Sheriff. You got to understand. There's a system here and it's way bigger than you, and me and all of us put together. You can't fight it.

The Sheriff walks forward. He looks up at the big wide sea of stars that stretches above them all.

(CONT'D)

SHERIFF

Now you all listen here. I'm just a man. And sometimes not even that. I know what it's like, looking up at that big sky of stars that makes you feel so small. Fear takes your heart and it feels like the weight of all that bigness is pressing down on it, and there ain't nowhere to hide, nowhere safe. It gets so bad sometimes, a man will do anything just to not feel alone, and afraid. And the more folks he's got by his side, the bigger he feels, whether they're doing wrong or right. But I say that just makes us all alone together. Cause next time it could be you. But what if all them stars is on our side, every one of them watching and waiting to see what we're gonna do, right now. All that bigness up there isn't meant to crush us, but to give us something to aspire to be. What if that there big sky is hoping we can be just a little bit bigger than we thought we could be.

(MORE)

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

I don't know much, but if the stars
ain't a cowboys friend, I don't
know nothing.

Silence.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

That's all I got. Are you guys
gonna shoot me or what?

There's a chorus of "No's" and "Hell no's" "We're with you".
Their heads come up, their guns are ready. TOM a middle aged
man with a gun smiles at the sheriff.

TOM

Nice speech John.

The sheriff notices the man has a burlap bag in his hand. Tom
notices the sheriff noticing and hides the bag behind his
back.

He lifts his gun in the air.

TOM (CONT'D)

Let's get these sons of bitches!

Everyone cheers.

INT. GOLD MINE - NIGHT

Cowboys eyes open in the dark of the mine. They are bright
Red. He howls with rage.

EXT. GOLD MINE - NIGHT

Outside the mine, Bunky Merrill digs with a shovel. With only
one workable hand, he's having a hard time.

The cowboy marches up out of the darkness of the cave. He
lays his hands upon the wall of stone blocking the
passageway. He uses his power to blast it out and away, it
flies through the air like an asteroid.

The sheriff stands in the center of town and watches it fly.
It lands next to him with a tremendous "whump" he doesn't
move a muscle.

High on the mountain, the Cowboy stands in front of the mine.
Wind whips through his hair. He looks down into the town and
sees the sheriff standing next to the rock. Cowboy blinks.

The wind rises. The cowboy's eyes are watery. He is afraid. Is this his day of reckoning?

RED
Fly! Kill them all.

The vampires rise into the air and fly toward town. A great whirling tornado of destruction coming down.

The Cowboy marches through the dust past the 'hanging tree' on the way to his destiny.

Bunky Merrill hides behind a tree and looks at the now open mine.

BUNKY
Thank you lord.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT- SAME TIME

The Preachers black congregation praying into frenzy, stamping feet. Clapping hands and singing.

EXT. WEAVERVILLE - NIGHT -SAME TIME

Vampires fly up and out of the cave, their silhouettes move across the moon. Cowboy gets on a vampire and uses his spurs on it, flying off toward town.

The army of men is ready. They crouch behind car doors, lay down in the back of pickup trucks with their rifles sighted.

FARMER
Don't shoot until you see the red
of their eyes!

The vampires descend. A hundred men fire up at them. Smoke billows above the plain.

It's a chaos of bullets and screeching, attacking vampires.

The men stick together defending each other, blasting vampires. The vampires don't die of course, but all this fierce resistance puts them off.

The cowboy flies over on a vampire buzzard. He settles down in the middle of the street. Dismounts. He slaps the vampire buzzard on the butt and it flies away.

The Sheriff walks out into the street, with a stake in his hand.

Red walks toward him, the bright moon shines overhead. It's high noon at midnight.

RED

You got a lot of friends John.
They're all gonna die tonight.

Suddenly Red's Mack truck comes barreling through a building and crashes down the street.

The rig is driven by Mary, now a horrible snarling vampire. She glares with hatred at John. The truck barrels toward him.

At the last second, another Mack truck comes flying out of a side street and slams into Red's truck from the side. The rig smokes and ignites into fire. Mary screams and writhes. Grandma hops down from the cab of the other Mack truck.

GRANDMA

Don't mess with my man, bitch.

The Sheriff turns back to face Red. Their eyes meet sizing each other up.

INT. MINE SHAFT - NIGHT -SAME TIME

Bunky stands in an underground cave, holding a lantern.

His smile is ecstatic. He is looking up at golden walls, a golden ceiling. Chunks of gold lie on the floor at his feet. He uses a piece of cloth to pick up a big chunk of gold. He shows it to Mr. Boswell, his mule.

BUNKY

Just look at it Mr. Boswell. Ain't that the prettiest thing you've ever seen? I got it all figured out. If they kill the vampire tonight, then I get all this gold free and clear. If they don't kill him we'll still get as much gold as me and you can carry out of here tonight. But we won't touch it, see we'll just pass it along to other poor suckers who don't know about the curse and they'll get the cancer. There's always a way around the problem, if you use your noodle Mr. Boswell.

He taps himself on the head. Mr. Boswell suddenly turns and runs away. He's gone before Bunky can grab him.

BUNKY (CONT'D)

Mr. Boswell, you lazy SOB. You don't carry gold you don't get your cut. That's it, you're out!

We hear voices singing in the darkness not far away.

BOY SCOUTS

Someone's laughing lord kumbaya,
someone's laughing lord kumbaya.
Someone's laughing lord kumbaya. Oh
lord, kumbaya.

A troop of boy scouts march down the mineshaft.

BUNKY

What the Sam Hill are you boys doing here? This is no place for kids. It's dangerous. In the middle of the night, no less. Where is your scoutmaster?

BOY SCOUTS

Someone's dying lord, kumbaya,

They begin to morph into vampires. They're faces turn green, their teeth grow.

BOY SCOUTS (CONT'D)

someone's dying lord, kumbaya,
someone's dying lord, kumbaya, Oh
Lord, Kumbaya.

BUNKY

I always did hate that song.

They descend on him, all teeth and nails.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The sheriff pulls his gun to shoot. Red runs at him with impossible speed. As soon as John pulls the trigger the vampire is upon him, pushing his arm straight up in the air.

BANG!

The bullet flies up into the sky. Red rips off the Sheriff's arm, which was holding the gun, and throws it away from him in contempt. It lands in the dust.

Red crouches over the Sheriff, savoring his victory.

RED

I had a dream you killed me. It kept me up all day. Imagine that, you killing me. Why are you smiling old man?

Red is truly puzzled. He's missed something. He looks over at the Sheriff's arm in the dust and notices a string tied to the trigger of the gun, and that the gun is taped onto the hand. His eyes go wide. It's the dead man's arm.

John stabs Red with a stake, held in his hidden hand.

Red staggers back and falls. He laughs at having been fooled.

The sheriff pulls a ticket out of his pocket and impales it on the stake sticking out of Red's chest.

SHERIFF

You owe the county of Tulare one hundred and thirty five dollars and twenty cents. For illegal parking!

Red dies slowly, his body turning into dust bit by bit.

Red pulls a small mirror out of his pocket. He looks into the mirror and sees himself.

RED

There you are you handsome devil. Don't guess I'll make it to dawn. I'd sorely liked to have seen the sunrise. (Looking into mirror) You damned fool. You had everything and you threw it all away."

As Red disintegrates to one arm and a head and part of his chest, he suddenly grabs hold of the sheriff and pulls him close.

He morphs into an ugly blue faced vampire, big fangs and hatred. We see him from a point of view high above--- Gods point of view it seems. The camera rushes down through the clouds faster and faster.

The bullet which had been shot straight up in the air comes back down and hits Red right in the forehead. He's dead. The sheriff looks up at the stars and moon, real slow.

SHERIFF

Thanks.

The vampire's dust swirls around the sheriff's legs and boots. The sheriff bends down and picks up his 'lucky bullet' and puts it in his pocket.

The vampire buzzards screech and writhe. They fall to the ground and shrink. They become human again.

A naked man stands there shivering in the street.

NAKED MAN

Oh God, I've done so many terrible things. What do I do now?

SHERIFF

Finding yourself some pants might be a good start.

Grandma, the sheriff and Hopalong get into the patrol car. The drive up to an entrance for the highway. Trucks and cars pass by. John notices a fellow looking at him.

The man tips his hat and smiles. John doesn't know him. But he does notice a symbol on the side of his rig. It's a totally different symbol than Red's, but it's very similar in appearance.

John gets a strange look on his face. We notice several other Mack trucks. All have symbols, all different. We pan back and up and the glowing symbols appear up and down the highway, hundreds of them, perhaps thousands, moving, moving in the night.