

**ONE FOR THE ROAD**

A  
SCREENPLAY  
BY  
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BASED ON A SHORT STORY  
BY  
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FIRST DRAFT SCRIPT FOR A SHORT FILM

2001

**DARKNESS**

**FADE UP ON**

**EXT FOREST / VALLEY NIGHT**

*LONG SHOT: Of a deep, densely thicketed valley.  
A terrible blizzard rages. Storm winds howl.*

CAPITION:

FALMOUTH.  
NORTHERN MAINE.  
JANUARY 1981

**EXT WOODLAND NIGHT 1**

*LONG SHOT: Of a dark forest. Snow comes down in thick sheets.*

*The shrubbery covered with thick layers of snow.  
Visibility cut down to less than twenty feet.*

**EXT MAIN ROAD/ WOODLANDS NIGHT 2**

*LONG SHOT: Of a snow bound desolate road. The road runs through the woods; fresh tire tracks have recently cut through the snow.*

**EXT TOWN OF FALMOUTH/ TOOKEY'S BAR NIGHT 3**

*LONG SHOT: Of the valley. In the distance, through the trees, we can see the lights of Falmouth town. SOUND OFF: Of the town's church bells striking the hour of ten o'clock. The sound is carried with the wind.  
CAMERA CRANES DOWN TO REVEAL: TOOKEY'S BAR. The bar and restaurant is a typical looking 'off-road' drinking and eating establishment.*

*The building is set some distance from the main road running out of town. No other buildings surround the bar. All house lights are on.  
No cars frequent the parking lot  
CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON: a side window, staring out of the window, watching the blizzard is BOOTH, 25. BOOTH is the bored on-duty bar tender for tonight.*

**INT TOOKEY'S BAR 4**

*BOOTH remains perched behind the bar, looking at the storm through the window.*

*The wind howls around the eaves.*

*SOUND OFF: Of somebody clattering furniture.*

BOOTH

Jesus, it's really coming down now.

I reckon a good six inches fell before dark.

*BOOTH turns away from the window.*

*He resumes his conversation with the person-off camera.*

BOOTH

Radio Portland forecast another foot and a half and a forty mile- an -hour wind to pile those drifts.

TOOKEY (off-camera)

I can believe it.

*We see HERB TOOKLANDER, an elderly gent of about 64. He is known as "TOOKEY" for short.*

*He is the bar's original owner and at this very moment he is busy up-turning chairs and placing them on top of the empty dining tables.*

*TOOKEY and BOOTH are the only two people in the otherwise empty bar this evening.*

TOOKEY

I saw Billy Larribee go by in his plough a couple of times...I reckon he's got his work cut out for him tonight.

*BOOTH sips scotch from a tumbler.*

BOOTH

I know. I took him a beer out earlier.

He said it ain't getting any better out there.

They've had to close the side roads.

*TOOKEY finishes up with the chairs.*

*He stares out of the window at the snowy night.*

TOOKEY

Booth, you locked the back doors?

BOOTH

Sure did, Tookey.

PAUSE

TOOKEY

Ah Hell! Let's close her down, Booth.  
--Ain't gonna get a damn soul drinking in here on a night like  
this anyhow!

*BOOTH holds up a bottle of scotch.*

BOOTH

You want one for the road?

TOOKEY

You bet!

*BOOTH pours a couple of shots. Tookey moves up to the bar and together  
they raise their glasses.*

Let's drink to a night colder than a dead girl's snatch.

*They clink glasses.*

BOOTH

I'll drink to that.

*TOOKEY and BOOTH down their drinks in one.*

TOOKEY

Get many more nights like this and I'll be out of business come  
summer.

BOOTH

-And I'll be out of a job.

TOOKEY (he smiles)

Screw it all to Hell! Pour two more, might make us feel better.

*Again, BOOTH pours the scotch.  
Together they raise their glasses.*

TOOKEY

*(in the best imitation 'Bogart' voice he can muster)  
Here's to looking at you kid.*

BOOTH

Same here!

*Again, they clink glasses and down their drinks in one.*

*Suddenly-at that moment-the bar's entrance door flies open and a man wearing a suit and a flimsy coat staggers in. The man is covered from head to foot with snow and by the looks of him he is half frozen to death. Sheets of snow billow in after him.*

TOOKEY (yells out)

Jesus Christ, close the door!  
Was you born in a barn?

*The man collapses to his knees, trying to cry out.  
He hugs himself, shivering badly.  
The bar room door remains wide open.*

Holy shit, Booth!

*TOOKEY throws his empty glass down and races over to help the freezing man.*

*Wide-eyed, BOOTH follows in TOOKEY'S wake.*

*BOOTH kicks the door shut.*

*Together, TOOKEY and BOOTH grab an arm each and pull the man to his feet.*

Mister.... Hey, mister?  
(To Booth) Definitely a city boy!  
Mister, can you talk?

*The man try's to speak but the cold has stolen his power of speech.*

TOOKEY (continues)

No, no he's out of it...shit.

BOOTH

What do we do?

TOOKEY

Get him in the rocker by the fire.

Come on. Come on.... Nice and easy.

*TOOKEY and BOOTH drag the man across the bar room and set him down in a rocking chair beside the log fire. The man looks as if he will pass out at any moment.*

TOOKEY

-That'll do it. Booth, pour a capful.

BOOTH

Just a cap!

*TOOKEY nods "Yes".*

TOOKEY (he repeats)

Just a cap! No sense overloading his crab.

*BOOTH races over and grabs a bottle of scotch from off the bar.*

*He pours a shot, trots back.*

*TOOKEY nods.*

Straight down the hatch.

*TOOKEY holds the man's mouth open.*

*BOOTH pours the scotch down.*

*The man trembles and coughs.*

*He starts to retch.*

Hold on to it. That scotch comes dear.

*The man coughs some more.*

(to the man) Better?

*He nods "Yes".*

*The man still shakes, teeth chattering he finally fixes his gaze on TOOKEY.*

*We later discover this man's name is GERARD LUMLEY.*

LUMLEY

M-m-my w-wife and m-my little...little g-girl... They're still out t-there in the s-storm.

TOOKEY

From the way you came in, I didn't figure they were at home watching TV.  
Where did you come off the road?

LUMLEY

S-six miles S-s-south of h-here...

*TOOKEY and BOOTH stare at each other.  
A look of horror fills their faces.*

TOOKEY

--You sure? You came six miles through the snow?

LUMLEY

--P-pretty s-s-sure, yeah. I found the turn off b-but it w-was drifted in.... It was—'

*TOOKEY stares sternly at Lumley. LONG PAUSE. Tookey takes grip on Lumley's shoulder.*

TOOKEY

--You made a right turn?

LUMLEY

R-right turn, yeah. My wife-'

*TOOKEY interrupts him.*

TOOKEY

Did you see a sign?

LUMLEY

A sign! Yeah, I saw a sign. I-it w-was on my instructions. Take Jointer Avenue through Jerusalem's Lot to the 295 entrance ramp... And then I had to... (falls silent)

*LUMLEY looks from TOOKEY to BOOTH and back again.  
The wind howls outside.*

LUMLEY (CONT'D)

...Wasn't that right?

*TOOKEY goes all pale.*

TOOKEY (To himself)  
The Lot... Oh my God.

LUMLEY  
What's wrong? Wasn't that right? I mean, the road looked drifted in but I thought...if there's a town there, the ploughs will be out and...and then I...

*LUMLEY tails off into silence again.*

TOOKEY  
Booth, get on the phone. Call the sheriff.

LUMLEY  
Oh yeah, that's right. Call the sheriff.  
What's wrong with you guys?  
(To Tookey) You look like you saw a ghost.

TOOKEY  
No ghosts in the Lot, mister.  
Did you tell them to stay in the car?

LUMLEY  
Sure I did. I'm not crazy.

TOOKEY  
Well, you couldn't have proved it by me.

BOOTH (to the man in the rocker)  
What's your name, for the sheriff?

LUMLEY  
Lumley. Gerard Lumley.

*BOOTH heads for the bar.  
He picks up the phone.  
Nothing. No dial tone.  
He depresses the cut-off buttons a couple of times.  
Still no dial tone.*

BOOTH (To himself)

Shit!

*BOOTH throws the phone back into its cradle.  
He walks back over to TOOKEY and LUMLEY.*

TOOKEY (To Booth)

Was he out?

BOOTH

Phone's dead.

TOOKEY

Shit!

BOOTH

That's exactly what I said.

*Outside the wind howls. ANGLE: Of snow gusting up against a window.*

LUMLEY

Well, haven't either of you got a car?

They've got to run the engine to run the heater.

I only had about a quarter of a tank of gas, and it took me close to an hour to walk here and...

(He checks his watch)... Shit, old man, will you answer me?

*LUMLEY jumps up out of the rocking chair and grabs TOOKEY by the arm.*

TOOKEY

Mister, I think your hand just ran away from your brains there.

*LUMLEY releases TOOKEY'S arm.*

*He gets right in TOOKEY'S face.*

LUMLEY (Really pissed off)

Maine. You're all the same. Not very helpful!

*LUMLEY takes a few steps back.*

LUMLEY (CONT'D)

All right! Where's the nearest gas station?  
They must have a tow truck-

BOOTH

Nearest gas station is in Falmouth center.  
That's three miles down the road from here.

LUMLEY (Sarcastic)

Thanks.

*LUMLEY buttons up his coat and makes for the door.*

BOOTH (Calls after him: Off camera)

Won't be open though!

*LUMLEY slows and comes to a stop. He turns around and glares at  
TOOKEY and BOOTH.*

LUMLEY

What are you talking about?

TOOKEY

He's trying to tell you that the station in the center belongs to  
Billy Larribee and Billy's outdriving the plough, you damn fool.

LUMLEY (Yells out at them)

Jesus Christ, man. My wife, my daughter are still out there,  
stuck in the middle of nowhere, about to freeze to death in our  
goddamn car. A fact that neither of you seem to care about.  
I am asking you for help, please help me? -

*LUMLEY calms down a little.*

-For the love of God. Look at it out there!

*After a LONG PAUSE. Outside: wind screams around the bar-room.*

TOOKEY

Oh we'll help you, mister. You can rest assure of that.  
Now why don't you come back here and sit down, before you  
bust a gut

*LUMLEY sits back down in the rocking chair.*

*He is as anxious as Hell to get going.*

LUMLEY (To Tookey)

Are you trying to tell me you can't...or that there isn't any...?

TOOKEY

I ain't telling you nothing-- you're doing all the telling, and if you stopped for a minute, we could think this over.

LUMLEY

What's this town, Jerusalem's Lot?

Why are the roads drifted in and no lights on anywhere?

*SOUND OFF: Outside the storm winds howl around the eaves.*

BOOTH

Jerusalem's Lot burned out in the 1970s. The entire town is gone.

LUMLEY

And they never rebuilt?

BOOTH

It appears that way.

*BOOTH turns to TOOKEY.*

What are we gonna do?

*LONG PAUSE.*

*TOOKEY finally speaks.*

TOOKEY (to Lumley)

I've got a four-wheel-drive Scout.

I'll go and fetch her out of the garage.

*LUMLEY gets angry again.*

*He jumps out of the rocking chair.*

LUMLEY

For God's sake, man. Why didn't you say something before? Why did you have to waste time beating around the bush?

*TOOKEY placidly answers him.*

TOOKEY

Mister, you shut your mouth. And if you get the urge to open it, you remember who made that turn on to an un-ploughed road in the middle of a goddamn blizzard.

*LUMLEY reluctantly keeps quiet.*

TOOKEY

Booth, help me check and lock the back rooms will ya' ?

BOOTH

I already locked them.

TOOKEY (sternly)

Well, help me check 'em again.

*He pats BOOTH'S arm and motions for his worried employee to accompany him.*

Come on!

*TOOKEY turns back to LUMLEY.*

Mr. Lumley, would you wait here, while I lock up my bar. We'll be right back.

*LUMLEY nods "Yes".*

LUMLEY

Sure. (He calls after them) Don't be long.

*TOOKEY and BOOTH exit the bar area.*

## **INT BACK ROOM 5**

*TOOKEY enters the back room, throwing the light switch. The back room is real small and furnished in the style of an office. He beckons to BOOTH.*

TOOKEY

Get in here.

*BOOTH walks in closing the door after him.  
They talk low and fast.*

BOOTH (frightened)  
What the hell are we gonna do?

TOOKEY  
Go out and get 'em.

BOOTH  
I'm not going out there, Tookey. No way!

TOOKEY  
We said we'd help the man.

BOOTH (raises his voice)  
You're not serious about this are ya'?

TOOKEY  
Hell, yes.

BOOTH  
Tookey, we're gonna die out there!  
I'm not risking my neck for a couple of people I don't even  
know!

TOOKEY (sternly)  
Booth, you shut your mouth. There's a young mother and her  
little girl out there in that storm.  
Now, if *they* don't get 'em the cold sure as hell will.  
Do you want that to happen, Booth?  
Do want the sheriff to find those girls first thing in the morning  
all frozen up their car?

*BOOTH shakes his head "No".*

BOOTH  
No, sir, I don't!

TOOKEY  
Good. Then I'll grab a few precautionary measures and we'll  
head out there after 'em.

TOOKEY (CONT'D)

And I don't wanna hear another word of protest outta' your mouth.

*TOOKEY nods "Yes".*

*BOOTH reluctantly nods back.*

*PAUSE*

TOOKEY

Do you still wear your Pope's medal?

*BOOTH nods "Yes".*

*He fumbles under his jumper pulling out a small sliver crucifix attached to a chain about his neck.*

*BOOTH holds the crucifix up for TOOKEY to see.*

BOOTH

As congregational as ever!

TOOKEY

That's a bit smaller than I had in mind.

I got one just the size for the job around here some place.

*TOOKEY makes his way over to a large wooden desk and proceeds to pull the draws open. TOOKEY shuffles in-amongst the contents of each draw looking for something.*

*BOOTH looks nervous.*

BOOTH

Tookee, you think they're still out there?

TOOKEY (misunderstanding)

Oh yeah! Lumley's wife and the kid won't be going far in this. She'll stay in the car. I'll bet she won't-'.

*BOOTH interrupts him.*

BOOTH (overlaps; fearful)

No! That's not what I meant. I'm not talking about Lumley's wife. I meant *them!*

*TOOKEY stops what he is doing and stares at BOOTH.*

*LONG PAUSE*

TOOKEY

Oh yeah! They still walk the night.

BOOTH

How do you know for sure?  
Ain't nothing happened for a while.  
Nobody from town' gone missing.

TOOKEY

That's where you're wrong.  
Do you remember Richie Messina?

BOOTH

Richie Messina? From Freeport?!  
Sure I remember him: 'Big Mouth Richie'. One mean drunk if  
ever I knew one!  
He and his wife moved away didn't they?

TOOKEY

No, no, they did not move away.  
Richie was here.... In my bar the last night anybody ever saw  
him.  
Last year. Last summer...  
You were away at camp doing that voluntary stuff.  
Anywise, Richie was out front, all liquored up and shouting his  
mouth off...

SLAM CUT

**INT TOOKEY'S BAR-SUMMERTIME--THE PREVIOUS YEAR 6.**

*CLOSE SHOT: A rough working man's hand, covered in tattoos- drops an empty bottle of beer on the bar.*

*CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL: The hand belongs to RICHIE MESSINA who at this very moment in time is hopelessly drunk and loudly addressing a large gathering of locals in the barroom.*

*RICHIE is dressed just like a trucker/labourer: baseball cap, boots and jeans.*

RICHIE (yells)

Vampires! Bullshit!  
Jesus-jumped-up-Christ in a chariot-driven sidecar!  
Are you all afraid to say it out?  
Vampires!  
That's what you're all thinking ain't it?  
Just like a bunch of kids scared of the movies.  
You know what you got over there in 'Salem's Lot?  
Want me to tell you?

*Nobody says a word.  
Silence.*

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I'll tell ya' what you got over there is your basic wild dog pack.  
That's what you got.  
That and a lot of old women who love a good spook story...

TOOKEY

If you say so, Richie...

RICHIE (real loud)

Damn straight, Took'!  
Why for eighty bucks I'd go up and sleep in what's left of that  
haunted house you're all so worried about.  
What the hell is it called again?

*HENRY LAMONT an elderly gent, sitting alone at a table, drinking whiskey  
speaks up.*

HENRY

The Marsten House!

RICHIE (repeats)

The Marsten House! That's the place.  
That's it!  
Well, what about it? Anyone wanna put up the eighty bucks?

TOOKEY

Come on, Richie. None of us wanna see you go into `Salem's  
Lot after dark.

RICHIE (getting real pissed off)

Don't give me that shit, Tookey!  
Now I know they got swamp fairies down in Louisiana, so that  
must mean we got vampires up here in Maine.  
Vampires, my ass!  
Bunch of faggots all of you!

*RICHIE spits on the floor and then heads for the door.  
On reaching it-he turns on his heels to address the punters in TOOKEY'S  
BAR for the last time.*

Why, hell, people! Don't you worry yourselves none!

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I got a 20' Gauge shotgun in the trunk of my chevy... and that'll stop anything in Falmouth, Cumberland, or `Salem's Lot. And that's where the hell I'm goin'.

*RICHIE slams out of the bar. No one says anything for a few moments. Old man HENRY speaks up with a sad tone in his voice.*

HENRY

That's the last time anyone's gonna see Richie Messina. Holy God!

TOOKEY (uneasy)

Ahhh... he'll be back by closin' time, makin out it was a joke.

TIME CUT

**INT SHERIFF'S OFFICE--FALMOUTH TOWN 7**

*A distressed woman about thirty-five years old, casually dressed (RICHIE MESSINA'S wife) SARAH MESSINA talks to Falmouth's local sheriff. As she talks, tears roll down her face, the sheriff nods sympathetically. We do not hear their voices.*

TOOKEY V/O

Richie didn't go home that night.  
Sent his wife insane with worry!  
Worried the sheriff too, when she told him where Richie said he was last heading.

**EXT FALMOUTH WOODLAND DAY 8**

*LONG SHOT: Of the forest surrounding the town, locals' search through the dense under growth, shouting RICHIE'S name. A couple of deputy sheriffs walk tracker dogs across the wooded terrain.*

TOOKEY V/O

We all helped look for Richie.  
Everybody from town did their bit to try and find him.

**EXT RUINS OF THE MARSTEN HOUSE - SALEM'S LOT - DAY 9**

*A group of men from Falmouth check out the burned ruins of the Marsten House.*

TOOKEY V/O (continues)

We even searched the Lot, only during daylight hours.

We found Richie's Chevy.

But we never did succeed in finding the man himself.

He'd simply vanished.

Just like old Henry said: 'None of us were ever gonna see Richie alive ever again'.

That was the last time I laid eyes on him, bursting out through the door in my bar room.

His wife however did see him again...one night, four months later...Richie finally decided to go home...

*CAMERA CRANES UP off the Marsten House onto a LONG SHOT : of the distant horizon and the blue sky.*

*Nightfalls.*

*CAMERA CRANES DOWN TO REVEAL:*

**EXT FALMOUTH TOWN NIGHT 10**

*LONG SHOT of the entire town of Falmouth.*

**EXT RICHIE MESSINA'S HOUSE NIGHT—CONTINUOUS 11**

*Richie's house, nestled in-amongst several white washed timber framed suburban houses.*

**INT RICHIE'S MESSINA'S HOUSE-BEDROOM--NIGHT—CONTINUOUS 12**

*SARAH MESSINA, nightgown on, kicks off her slippers and climbs into bed.*

*She sits reading a book from the light cast by the bedside lamp.*

*She looks sad and thoughtful.*

*CAMERA PANS off MRS. MESSINA on to the bedroom window. The curtains are drawn—they begin to billow 'ever-so-ever-so' slightly backwards and forwards as if caught in an unearthly breeze.*

*CAMERA PANS back on to SARAH; she shuts her book and extinguishes the bedside lamp and settles down to sleep.*

*CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON : the curtained bedroom window. Moonlight illuminates the edges of the curtains.*

*SOUND OFF: From outside comes the faint noise of fingernails scratching against the windowpane.*

*Followed by the voice of RICHIE MESSINA.*

RICHIE V/O

Sarah, open the window... let me in?

*SOUND OFF: A thud against the window followed by more scratching.  
SARAH MESSINA stirs, groggily and rises up-- listening.*

Sarah, please?

I know you're in there, wake up and let me in, honey. I'm cold out here.

*SARAH wipes her face.*

SARAH (half asleep)

Richie, is that you?

RICHIE V/O

Yeah, it's me.

I've come home, sweetie.

I've missed you.

I wanna hold you...I want you to give me a welcome home kiss.  
Sarah, open the window.

*A look of fear, curiosity and happiness passes over SARAH'S face all in one go.*

*She throws the duvet back and leaps out of bed.*

*On reaching the window SARAH flings the curtains back.*

*Defying all laws of gravity levitating right outside the bedroom window is RICHIE with his eyes closed and his head bowed. A FULL MOON glows COLDLY in the night sky.*

*SARAH stares dumbfounded, she reaches up touching the glass, as if to caress her husband's face.*

*RICHIE'S skin is the colour of boiled chicken.*

SARAH (crying)

Richie...Richie, babe, is that really... (Her voice falters)...really you?

*CLOSE SHOT : ANGLE: Looking out through the windowpane. RICHIE raises his head- his eyes shoot open. RICHIE'S orbs are a blaze, pure glowing yellow spheres with black cat-like slits down the middle. His face contorts into an evil grin. Two razor sharp incisors poke out either side of RICHIE'S mouth*

RICHIE (he hisses)

Yesss.

SLAM CUT

**INT BACK ROOM - TOOKEY'S BAR - PRESENT DAY 13**

*TOOKEY finishes his tale to BOOTH.*

TOOKEY

Needless to say the sheriff never found Richie's wife after her husband's *suspected* nocturnal visit.

In the morning they found some droplets of blood on the window shelf, the carpet and the duvet.

But no sign of Sarah Messina--- she'd just disappeared.

*BOOTH stares at TOOKEY half-scared to death.*

So you see, Booth to answer your question:

*They* are still out there! And we can't just leave those two girls at the mercy of the undead.

Can we?

*BOOTH shakes his head "No".*

BOOTH

Do we tell Lumley?

TOOKEY

We don't tell Lumley jack shit!

He'd never believe us anyway.

*TOOKEY turns away from BOOTH and goes back to the desk.*

*He pulls open a large draw, fumbles through its contents; TOOKEY finds what he has been looking for.*

TOOKEY

I knew it was in here some place, here we go.

*TOOKEY pulls out a large silver crucifix the size of his own hand. In his other hand TOOKEY holds a snub nose 38 revolver. He holds the crucifix and the firearm ceilingward, moving his arms up and down like a set of scales.*

TOOKEY (CONT'D)

Just the right weight to ward off vampires!  
Let's get going.

*TOOKEY presses the gun's dead-lock, the 38's loading barrel drops out and TOOKEY checks the slug chambers for bullets—it's full. Satisfied, he snaps his wrist and the loading barrel locks back into place. CLICK! TOOKEY holsters the gun down his pants and approaches the door. He turns to BOOTH who remains motionless.*

TOOKEY

You coming?

BOOTH

I never felt so scared in all my life.  
But, yeah, I'm coming.

*TOOKEY pats BOOTH'S shoulder.*

TOOKEY

You're a good man, Booth.  
Come on. Let's do this.

*The two men exit the back room.*

**EXT MAIN ROAD -FOREST--NIGHT—LATER 14**

*The blizzard seems to have eased—but only a little.  
The snow continues to fall in thick and fine sheets.  
SOUND OFF : Of a car engine.*

*TOOKEY'S Scout trundles into FRAME traveling at about twenty- five miles an hour.*

*Snow swirls in the glare of the headlights.*

**INT TOOKEY'S SCOUT—MOVING 15**

*Lumley sits nearest the passenger side window, BOOTH is in the middle and TOOKEY has the wheel.*

*The three occupants travel in silence.*

*SOUND of the wind howling outside. The gusts of wind buffet the car from side to side.*

*TOOKEY places a cigarette between his lips.*

BOOTH

You want me to push in the cigarette lighter?

TOOKEY

It doesn't work.

*TOOKEY fetches a Zippo-lighter out of his coat pocket.  
He clicks back its metal cover and thumbs the flint, lighting his cigarette.  
TOOKEY offers BOOTH a smoke.  
BOOTH shakes his head.*

BOOTH

No thanks.

*TOOKEY leans across BOOTH to offer LUMLEY a cigarette.  
LUMLEY continues to stare out of the side window.*

TOOKEY

Lumley, you want a cigarette?

*LUMLEY turns to TOOKEY.*

LUMLEY

I don't smoke.

TOOKEY

That's wise of ya'.

*He throws the packet of cigarettes on to the dashboard and concentrates on the road.*

LUMLEY

Can't you go any faster?

TOOKEY

For a man who came in half frozen, you're in hell of a hurry to end up walking again.

*LUMLEY gives TOOKEY a resentful look.*

**EXT MAIN ROAD--FOREST--NIGHT—LATER 16**

*The Scout cuts through the snow at a steady rate.  
The vehicle reaches an intersection and slows down.*

**INT TOOKEY'S SCOUT 17**

*TOOKEY knocks the gear arm into neutral.*

LUMLEY (pointing out of his side window)  
This looks like where we turned.

*ANGLE: Looking out through the side window. LUMLEY'S P.O.V. of Jointer Avenue: the surrounding dark forest, the road all snowed in.*

TOOKEY  
Yes, sir. That's Jointer Avenue all right.

*TOOKEY grips the steering wheel firmly and cranks the gear lever, revs the engine, and twists the steering wheel sharply to the right.*

**EXT MAIN ROAD -INTERSECTION-FOREST-NIGHT 18**

*The four-wheel-drive punches through the snowbank and ambles up Jointer Avenue.*

**EXT JOINTER AVENUE--FOREST—NIGHT 19**

*Snow swirls.*

*Storm winds howl.*

*Headlights blaze towards CAMERA. TOOKEY'S Scout barrels through FRAME.*

*Corridors of Snow encrusted trees border the road on either side.*

**INT TOOKEY'S SCOUT-MOVING 20**

*LUMLEY stares out of the passenger side window.*

*BOOTH looks dead ahead.*

*TOOKEY finishes his smoke-- rolls the window down and flicks the butt out into the night.*

*He quickly winds the window back up.*

*LUMLEY'S P.O.V. looking out of the passenger window.--Snow falls in blankets. In-amongst the trees LUMLEY sees a humanoid figure in the shadows. The slumped form turns to look-"full on"- at the passing vehicle. Its eyes glow bright red the instant they catch the truck's passing lights. The figure blinks twice and then vanishes into the darkness of the forest.*

LUMLEY (shouts out)  
Hey! What the hell was that?

BOOTH (turning)  
What the hell was what?

LUMLEY

There was something in those trees.

*LUMLEY points out of the side window. BOOTH and TOOKEY squint, peering at the falling snow and the passing trees.*

I swear to God. It was looking right at us.  
It was right there.

BOOTH

What was it? A deer?

LUMLEY

I guess so. But its eyes—they looked red.  
Is that how a deer's eyes look at night?

*TOOKEY shrugs.*

TOOKEY

They can look like anything.

*Silence.*

*PAUSE.*

*LUMLEY looks back out of the side window.*

*BOOTH turns to TOOKEY.*

BOOTH (mouths the words)

Was it a deer?

*TOOKEY scared as hell shakes his head "No".*

*BOOTH makes the sign of the cross over his chest.*

BOOTH (mouths)

Ah shit!

**EXT JOINTER AVENUE -FOREST—NIGHT 21**

*TOOKEY'S Scout makes headway along Jointer Avenue with the storm wind beating on the sides of the vehicle.*

*Within the light cast by the low beams the snow falls in weird patterns and shapes.*

**INT TOOKEY'S SCOUT—MOVING 22**

*LUMLEY looking somewhat concerned--he leans forwards and peers out of the windshield.*

LUMLEY

Looks like my tire tracks are long gone.

TOOKEY

Listen, Lumley, people around these parts are kind of superstitious about `Salem's Lot.

LUMLEY (confused; shrugs)

And just what are these superstitions?

TOOKEY

Well, if we see anybody on this road we ain't stopping to talk to them.

We just get to your car and get your people out and that's it.

LUMLEY (growing suspicious)

What the hell is wrong with you two?

*TOOKEY gets angry.*

TOOKEY

Like I said, we don't talk to anybody and we get your people out.

Do you understand?

And then we haul ass back to my place.

Tomorrow, when the storm's over, we'll get Billy to come out and yank your car outta' the snow.

*LUMLEY gives TOOKEY a baffled stare.*

LUMLEY

Mr. Tookey or Tooklander or whatever the hell your name is.

I was going to thank you for coming out here to help me retrieve my wife and daughter.

But I see-

*TOOKEY snaps at LUMLEY.*

TOOKEY

Don't thank Booth or me until we've got them in this truck.  
We haven't found your wife and daughter yet.

BOOTH

Yeah, they may not even be in the car anymore.

*TOOKEY glares at BOOTH for what he just said.*

LUMLEY

What? Not in the car? Why wouldn't they be in the car?  
(Really pissed off) What makes you think they'd go walking  
around on a night like this?  
Is there something I should know? Is there something you're  
not telling me?

*TOOKEY and BOOTH stare at LUMLEY like a couple of owls, not knowing  
what to say.*

*LUMLEY suddenly turns and glances out of the windshield. His face fills  
with relief.*

Oh thank God. My car!

*TOOKEY and BOOTH turn in unison and peer out of the windshield.  
ANGLE: Their P.O.V looking out through the windshield. In the darkness  
ahead are the taillights of a big black Mercedes. The vehicle's hood is  
covered with a giant mound of snow.*

**EXT JOINTER AVENUE--FOREST—NIGHT 23**

*TOOKEY'S Scout comes to a halt. TOOKEY flips the headlights from dip to  
beam.*

*In the illumination we can see fumes coming out of the Mercedes exhaust  
pipe.*

**INT TOOKEY'S SCOUT—STATIONARY 24**

LUMLEY

(happy)

At least they didn't run out of gas.

*Before anyone can say anything, LUMLEY throws open the passenger side  
door and leaps out of the Scout.*

*TOOKEY kills the engine.*

TOOKEY (yells after LUMLEY)  
Lumley, wait up a second.

**EXT JOINTER AVENUE--FOREST—NIGHT 25**  
*LUMLEY runs to his car his coat billowing in the wind.*

LUMLEY (shouts out)  
Janey! Francie! Everything okay? Are you girls all right?

*TOOKEY and BOOTH get out of the Scout.  
They trail in LUMLEY'S wake.  
On reaching his Mercedes LUMLEY opens the driver's-side door and leans in.*

LUMLEY  
Everything-'

*He stops dead.*

**INT MERCEDES--NIGHT---CONTINUES 26**  
*LUMLEY'S P.O.V of the big car's interior. It's empty. No passengers.  
The interior light reveals a couple of kid's toys on the back seat and a little girl's parka jacket on the front.*

LUMLEY  
Oh my God!  
Where the hell...are they?

*LUMLEY staggers back.  
Together, TOOKEY and BOOTH check out the inside of the Mercedes.  
TOOKEY switches off the engine.*

TOOKEY (horrified)  
Holy God! They got 'em!  
I don't believe it!  
They got 'em!

BOOTH  
Oh shit! It's happened again, Took`.

*LUMLEY glares at BOOTH, lunging at him.*

LUMLEY (roars)

How did you know?

How did you know they wouldn't be in the car?

*LUMLEY knocks BOOTH to the ground--BOOTH lands on his back--  
LUMLEY falls on top of him.*

*LUMLEY grabs hold of BOOTH'S lapels, draws his fist back and punches  
him in the face.*

*TOOKEY gets hold of LUMLEY by the scruff of his neck, pulling him  
backwards.*

TOOKEY

Get off him!

*TOOKEY yanks LUMLEY to his feet and pushes him away.*

Get off him! Son-of -bitch, stop it!

LUMLEY (rants)

He knows! Goddamn it!

He knows what happened out here.

He isn't telling us, shit!

*TOOKEY helps BOOTH get up off the floor.*

*BOOTH holds his nose, blood flows freely between his fingers.*

BOOTH (Yells back)

Screw you, Lumley.

I know what's going on out here, yeah.

*TOOKEY cuts in.*

TOOKEY

Mr Lumley-'

*LUMLEY suddenly goes into a state of complete shock.*

*He seems lost in a world of his own.*

LUMLEY (not listening)

Francie's coat! Oh my God! (He yells) Francie's coat!

Francie doesn't have her coat. Where the hell would she go  
without it?

*LUMLEY scans the area.*

She'll freeze without her coat.

*LUMLEY screams into the night.*

*FRANCIE! JANEY! WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOUUU?*

*LUMLEY takes a few steps forwards, he stops and looks to his feet.  
CAMERA CRANES DOWN TO REVEAL: Two sets of tracks in the snow, one large and one small.*

(pointing at the ground)  
This way! This is the way they went.

*He turns to TOOKEY and BOOTH.*

Come on, we've got to find them.

*TOOKEY steps forwards.*

TOOKEY

Lumley, wait! We can't follow those tracks.

*LUMLEY stares at TOOKEY like he has gone mad.*

LUMLEY

What are you talking about? She'll freeze! Don't you get it? She doesn't have her jacket on and she's only seven year's old-

TOOKEY

They could be anywhere. You can't follow those tracks. They'll be gone in next drift.

LUMLEY

What do you suggest? If we go back to Falmouth and get the police, she'll freeze to death! Francie and my wife!

TOOKEY

They maybe froze already. Frozen... or something worse!

LUMLEY

What do you mean? (He screams at TOOKEY) Get it straight, goddamn it! Tell me! What the hell is going on out here!

TOOKEY

Mr Lumley, there's something in the Lot-'

*BOOTH interrupts TOOKEY.*

BOOTH

Vampires, Mr Lumley!

`Salem's lot is full of vampires.

I expect that's hard for you to swallow but-'

*LUMLEY stares at BOOTH like he has two heads.*

LUMLEY (Yells)

Lunatics! Both of you are certifiable lunatics.

*LUMLEY turns on his heels and begins to follow the tracks in the snow.*

LUMLEY (bellows)

*FRANCIE! JANEY!*

BOOTH (To TOOKEY)

What do we do now?

TOOKEY

Follow him. I just can't leave him out here, Booth. Can you?

BOOTH

Guess not.

*BOOTH wipes the blood off his face.*

*They start after him.*

*LUMLEY gets way ahead of BOOTH and TOOKEY. He cuts through the snow like a bull.*

*TOOKEY and BOOTH reach the crest of a rise, they stop. LUMLEY is at the very bottom, a good hundred yards in front and still going.*

*CAMERA PANS with LUMLEY from behind the trees as he flounders along.*

LUMLEY (Screams. Desperate)

*FRANCIE! JANEY! WHERE ARE YOUUU?*

*LUMLEY stops, placing his hands on his knees.*

*FRANCIE! JANEY! FOR GOD'S SAKE!*

TOOKEY (bawls over the wind)  
Lumley! Listen, you never mind about vampires or boogie men  
or nothing like that, but you mind this! You're just making it  
worse for them!

*LUMLEY pays no attention.*

LUMLEY (screams as loud as he can)  
*FRANCIE! JANEY!*

*SOUND OFF: A woman's sweet toned voice seeps out from the darkness.*

JANEY LUMLEY V/O  
Jerry...Jerry is that you?

*LUMLEY turns to the sound of his wife's disembodied voice.*

LUMLEY  
Janey?

*ANGLE: JANEY appears, floating out from the dark shadows of the trees.  
She looks like a ghost, her skin ice pale.  
LUMLEY trudges towards her.*

LUMLEY  
Oh thank Christ! Are you okay?  
Why did you get out of the car?

*TOOKEY and BOOTH hang fast at the top of the rise. Not daring to make a  
move.*

TOOKEY (yells)  
*No! No, Lumley! She's not your wife!*

*LUMLEY pays no attention, he continues to walk toward the figure he  
wrongly believes to be his wife.  
He enfolds JANEY in his arms.*

LUMLEY  
Oh my God I thought I'd lost you.  
Where's Francie?

*LUMLEY pulls back to look at her features...  
...The expression on LUMLEY'S face changes to a look of full horror.*

*JANEY'S eyes glow, bright yellow with cat-like slits. She grins, revealing a mouth filled with sharp teeth.*

*She grabs LUMLEY'S head, pulling him towards herself. Her mouth opens real wide.*

*JANEY bites her husband's face and neck, blood spurts.*

*LUMLEY lets out a chilling scream.*

*Together, predator and prey pitch forward- hitting the ground, sending up billows of snow. JANEY feeds on the man who was once her husband like a lioness feeding on a zebra.*

*TOOKEY and BOOTH stand motionless, watching from the rise.*

BOOTH (terrified)

Oh God, Tookey!

BOOTH

Can't we do something?

TOOKEY

It's too late, Booth.

It's just too late.

*TOOKEY pulls the revolver from out of his pants and thumbs the gun's cocking- hammer back. CLICK! TOOKEY straightens his arm and aims the gun at the tree line on either side of the road, eyes searching. So far so good! No other vampires in sight.*

*TOOKEY grabs hold of BOOTH'S arm hauling him up the road.*

TOOKEY

Come on, Booth.

Time to leave!

*BOOTH nods "Yes".*

BOOTH

I'm leaving...I'm leaving

*BOOTH starts to make a move, while staring mesmerized by the bloodied scene at the bottom of the rise.*

*ANGLE: CLOSE SHOT: LUMLEY'S wife, straddled over her husband's limp form. SOUND OFF: Of the undead JANEY chewing flesh and suckling blood.*

*She rises up into FRAME---Blood, gore and offal plastered all over her face, neck and chest. She TWISTS her body around at the waist in order to glare at the two men at the top of the rise. She roars at them. That's it for TOOKEY he yanks BOOTH'S arm with real force.*

TOOKEY

Come on!  
You wanna end up like him?  
BOOTH, COME ON!

*Together, they run full pelt, slipping and sliding, heading back in the direction of the Scout.*

*As he runs TOOKEY looks over his shoulder to see if vampire JANEY is coming after them.*

*No sign of her.*

*CAMERA HIGH ANGLE : IN THE BACKGROUND: TOOKEY and BOOTH run towards us. CAMERA CRANES DOWN TO REVEAL: IN THE FOREGROUND: The four-wheel-drive parked in front of the Mercedes.*

*On reaching the vehicle TOOKEY and BOOTH split apart. TOOKEY heads for the driver's side door, BOOTH goes for the passenger's side.*

*BOOTH looks at TOOKEY as he fumbles in his coat pocket for the keys.*

BOOTH (anxious)

Don't tell me you can't find the keys.  
Not now! Anytime, but not now!

TOOKEY (just as anxious)

I got the keys, calm down.

*BOOTH heads for the passenger door.*

BOOTH

Good because-'

*BOOTH bumps into something---immediately looks down and jumps out of his skin.*

Holy shit!

*LOW ANGLE: Of LUMLEY'S little girl FRANCIE standing right beside the passenger door.*

*Her features are obscured by the darkness. You can't see her face but you can tell she is looking directly at BOOTH.*

Jesus Christ, kid!  
You jumped the hell out of me.

*SOUND OFF: Of TOOKEY unlocking the driver's door.  
BOOTH checks over his shoulder while reaching for the Scout's passenger door handle.*

Come on, honey, you'd better get in the truck.

FRANCIE

Mister, I've lost my mummy. Can you help me find her? I'm real cold.

BOOTH

Your moms' gone, sweetheart.  
Get in the truck and we'll—'

*Booth opens the door for her. The interior light illuminates her face. We see that little FRANCIE'S eyes are like those of a cat. Her skin is a ghastly white. She smiles at BOOTH displaying serrated teeth. BOOTH gazes into the little girl's orbs and immediately seems to fall into some kind of trance. FRANCIE stands on tiptoe, holding out her arms---her mouth agape.*

FRANCIE

Pick me up, mister?

*BOOTH closes the side door, nodding "Yes".  
He drops to his knees, leaning forward, outstretching his arms.  
The little girl steps towards BOOTH, her mouth opens wider, gaze fixed on his neck, fangs protruding from underneath her lips.  
Rods of saliva drip from the little girl's jaws.  
When her mouth is only inches from BOOTH'S neck.  
SOUND OFF: Of a massive thunderous single gunshot. The fired projectile cuts through the air.  
Little FRANCIE'S forehead explodes as the bullet smashes into her skull, throwing her backwards.  
TOOKEY advances with his right arm outstretched-the smoking revolver clutched in his hand.  
BOOTH slumps against the truck, face splattered with vamp-blood.  
The little vampire leaps up off the ground and charges forwards (her feet never touch the ground), snarling at TOOKEY.*

*Chunks of Francie's brains hang out the back of her head.  
TOOKEY pulls out the silver crucifix, holding it up in order to ward off the  
little vampire.*

TOOKEY (yells)  
Get out of here! GO ON AND GET!!

*FRANCIE bellows at TOOKEY.  
She vomits jet- black sick onto his outstretched hand holding the crucifix.  
FRANCIE spins around, letting out inhuman growls and flies off into the  
night. The little vampire leaves a strange imprint of her departing form in  
the churning snow fall.*

*TOOKEY watches her disappear into the hazy snow. He wheels around  
and drops to his haunches, tending to BOOTH.*

*BOOTH remains on his ass, leaning against the Scout.*

TOOKEY  
Booth, you okay?  
Booth, talk to me.

*BOOTH comes out of his trance; he fixes his gaze on TOOKEY.*

BOOTH (voice shaky)  
I can't believe it.  
I wanted to let her bite me.

TOOKEY  
Don't you know anything?  
You never look into a vampire's eyes; that's how they bring you  
down.

*SOUND OFF: Of groups of night creature's snarling- the noise carries with  
the wind. Getting closer!*

Come on! Let's move.

*TOOKEY gives BOOTH the revolver.*

Here, take this.

If anything vampire looking steps out from those trees, shoot at it.

*TOOKEY rises up and heads around to the driver's side.*

*He suddenly stops and stares at something.*

*ANGLE: LONG SHOT: Of the forest--in-amongst the trees are hundreds of pairs of red glowing eyes.*

Oh shit!

Booth, we're in trouble. Get in the truck, now!

*TOOKEY leaps into the vehicle slamming the door after him.*

*BOOTH, horrified, clocks the sea of glowing eyes just behind the tree line on his side of the embankment.*

*He scrambles to his feet, leveling the gun at the vampire hordes.*

*Dark, humanoid shapes begin to step out of the forest, hissing and growling. The night creatures hover towards the Scout.*

*BOOTH fires three slugs at the vampires...Bam....bam....bam. But they still keep coming.*

*Terrified, BOOTH wrenches the passenger door open and leaps into the Scout.*

### **INT TOOKEY'S SCOUT 27**

*BOOTH drops his fist down onto the vehicle's door locking mechanism. He looks out at the encroaching vampires.*

### **EXT JOINTER'S AVENUE-FOREST—NIGHT 28**

*ANGLE: A female vampire vaults up into the air, flying like Peter Pan; she lands by the roadside directly adjacent to the four-wheel-drives passenger side door. The female-vamp is half-naked. Her bare breasts fully exposed to the elements, nothing more than a pair of ragged jeans clad her legs.*

*Two male vampires drop out of the heavens; they land flanking the female-vampire on either side. The grisly trio march towards the Scout.*

### **INT TOOKEY'S SCOUT 29**

*BOOTH spins to face TOOKEY.*

BOOTH (shouts)  
Tookey, for God's sake get us outta here!  
Start the truck.

TOOKEY (shouts back)  
I am!

*ANGLE: CLOSE SHOT : TOOKEY places the keys in the ignition, twists the start key forwards. ANGLE: Battery light and oil light illuminate. TOOKEY turns the key some more-engine turns over-but it dose not fire.*

BOOTH (hopping mad with terror)  
Oh for God's sake, Tookey! Start this truck now! Now goddamn it!

*TOOKEY tries to fire the engine a second time, it turns over-but won't start.*

TOOKEY (shouts out)  
The colds' got the battery!

*NEXT SECOND-The female-vamp charges headlong and SMASHES AGAINST the Scout's side door. She hits it with a loud BANG! BOOTH near as good shits himself. He wheels in his seat. ANGLE: Looking out through the side window. The female-vamp glares back at BOOTH with predatory eyes. She roars at the truck's occupants. Her sticky salvia spatters the glass. TOOKEY punches BOOTH'S shoulder.*

(bellows) Don't look at her!

*BOOTH tears his stare away from the gruesome female vampire.*

**EXT. JOINTER AVENUE-FOREST-NIGHT 30**

*The female-vamp tries to rip the door open. The two male vampires proceed to claw at the back passenger windows. LONG SHOT: Of Jointer Avenue more and more vampires pour out of the forest and close in on the Scout.*

**INT. TOOKEY'S SCOUT 31**

*TOOKEY and BOOTH survey the vampire hordes enclosed all around them.*

*ANGLE: Needle sharp nails upon bony hands and curled up fists scrape and pound on the glass.*

BOOTH (yells)

Get us out of here, Took'.

I swear to Christ that if you don't get us out of here in the next ten seconds I'm gonna shoot you myself!

*BOOTH levels the gun at TOOKEY.*

TOOKEY (yells back)

What the hell do you wanna shoot me for?!!  
Shoot at *them!*

BOOTH

I'm not shooting at *them* it'll blow the glass!  
Give me the crucifix?

*TOOKEY hands BOOTH the crucifix.*

*BOOTH grabs it and presses the Holy article against the side window.*

*ANGLE: The female-vamp reels backwards, hissing.*

BOOTH (shouts)

That's it! Screw you! Get outta here!! We're going home.

*BOOTH yells at all the vampires trying to break in to the Scout. He displays the crucifix as he rants at them.*

Get the hell away from this truck!

*The vampires react- retreating, but only for a few seconds- they swiftly turn tail and continue their assault upon the vehicle.*

*ANGLE: The glass begins to crack and break*

*SOUND OFF: Of a loud bang upon the truck's roof.*

*Fearful, TOOKEY and BOOTH look to the Scout's ceiling.*

**EXT. JOINTER AVENUE-FOREST-NIGHT 32**

*A bald-headed vampire has leapt upon the Scout's roof. He scuttles to the vehicle's sunroof and begins to try and punch his way through it.*

**INT TOOKEY'S SCOUT 33**

*ANGLE: Of the bald-headed vamps fists belting the glass of the sunroof. The tinted windowpane begins to crack and split.*

TOOKEY

Shit! I hate bastard vampires!

*TOOKEY'S fear seems to dry up. Full of determination he tries to start the four-wheel-drive one more time.*

(yells at the Scout ) Start! You piece-of-

*TOOKEY hits the steering wheel with his fist. The vehicle fires up.*

(amazed)shit!

*BOOTH looks like he has just won the lottery.*

**EXT JOINTER AVENUE-FOREST-NIGHT 34**

*TOOKEY rev's the engine into full life. The headlights' blaze blinding a large mass of night creatures gathered in front of the truck. The vampires roar and screech in anger.*

**INT. TOOKEY'S SCOUT 35**

*TOOKEY cranks the transmission arm into reverse.*

*LOW ANGLE: TOOKEY'S booted foot stomps on the accelerator.*

**EXT. JOINTER AVENUE-FOREST-NIGHT 36**

*The four-wheel-drive zooms in full reverse up Jointer Avenue. Up on the roof the bald headed vampire lurches forwards as the vehicle races backwards.*

**INT. TOOKEY'S SCOUT-MOVING 37**

*ANGLE: Looking out through the windshield as the bald headed vampire hits the hood with a hollow thud then slides off on to the road.*

**EXT JOINTER AVENUE-FOREST-NIGHT 38**

*The rear-end of the truck slams into groups of vampires sending them spinning like Wooden tops into the verges on each side of the road.*

*LONG SHOT: Of Jointer Avenue-the Scout drives in reverse punching out of the circle of vampires.*

*The night creatures go screaming mad, some take to the air in full pursuit after the departing Scout.*

**INT TOOKEY'S SCOUT-MOVING 39**

TOOKEY

Hang on, Booth.

*TOOKEY wrenches the safety-brake on and twists the steering wheel around a hard lock to the right.*

**EXT JOINTER AVENUE-FOREST-NIGHT 40**

*The four-wheel-drive skids around a full 180 degrees.*

**INT TOOKEY'S SCOUT-STATIONARY 41**

*TOOKEY hits the brakes and the vehicle lurches to a SUDDEN STANDSTILL. With the truck now facing the way home, he then cranks the transmission arm.*

*ANGLE: The gear pointer whips across the dial onto "D" for drive.*

*LOW ANGLE : TOOKEY'S booted foot slams down on the accelerator.*

**EXT JOINTER AVENUE-FOREST-NIGHT 42**

*All four of the Scout's tires spin throwing up a giant spray of slushy snow. The vehicle speeds off up Jointer Avenue.*

**INT TOOKEY'S SCOUT-MOVING 43**

*ANGLE: Looking out through the rear windshield we can see the vampires charging after the truck.*

*The monsters of the night quickly fall behind and disappear from view.*

*BOOTH turns around and stares out of the front windshield.*

*He screams and points. ANGLE: Looking out through the front windshield. In full flight, blood stained from head to foot JANEY LUMLEY rockets out of the darkness and smashes headlong into the truck's windshield. The ENTIRE SCREEN breaks "spider web style".*

*ANGLE: Of her talon-like, clawed fingers cutting through the glass The vampire roars at TOOKEY and BOOTH. She discharges a torrent of jet-black ooze from her wide-open maw all over the windowpane.*

*BOOTH leans forwards and aims the revolver at her face.*

BOOTH (screams out)

Vampire bitch!

*BOOTH pulls the trigger.*

*BOOM!*

*The bullet hits her square in the mouth, blowing the back of her head apart like an over ripe watermelon.*

*JANEY LUMLEY'S head snaps back. The windshield explodes outwards. TOOKEY hits the brakes. JANEY LUMLEY is thrown violently off the hood of the truck.*

#### **EXT JOINTER AVENUE-FOREST-NIGHT 44**

*The Scout skids to a halt. JANEY LUMLEY'S body thuds onto the road, she slides and rolls back to chest several times before finally coming to rest face-down in the snow.*

#### **INT TOOKEY'S SCOUT-STATIONARY 45**

*TOOKEY and BOOTH peer at the motionless vampire. BOOTH, hand shaking, trains the gun on her.*

*No movement.*

*The only sound is a gust of wind and the engine ticking over.*

*ANGLE: Looking out through the gaping hole that used to be the windshield-*

*-NEXT SECOND- up she jumps-JANEY LUMLEY bellows out a horrible kill-shriek, black bile drips from her jaws as she lunges for the truck*

*TOOKEY cranks the transmission lever.*

*LOW ANGLE: Of TOOKEY'S foot slamming the gas pedal to the floor.*

*SOUND OFF :The engine roars. Tires squeal SPINNING HARD on slippery snow.*

#### **EXT JOINTER AVENUE-FOREST -NIGHT 46**

*The truck hammer punches straight into vampire LUMLEY with a deafening THWACK! She is taken underneath the four-wheel drive screaming in pain and anger.*

*The Scout crunches over the top of her.*

#### **INT TOOKEY'S SCOUT-MOVING 47**

*Together, TOOKEY and BOOTH whip their heads around to see--ANGLE: Looking out through the rear windshield--The crumpled form of JANEY LUMLEY lying in the middle of Jointer Avenue.*

*In unison both our heroes turn back to the road ahead. They quickly glance at one another.*

*TOOKEY then floors the accelerator- the truck speeds away leaving the gallery of horror far behind them.*

#### **EXT JOINTER AVENUE-FOREST-NIGHT 48**

*The Scout zooms through FRAME and disappears up the darkened road.*

*A mob of vampires assemble on Jointer Avenue. Their glowing eyes watch the truck's tail lights vanish out of sight. JANEY LUMLEY steps forwards her jaw has been crushed and her left arm badly mangled. She glares hatefully at the retreating Scout. After a few moments MRS. LUMLEY stares sadly downwards at--.*

*CAMERA CRANES DOWN ON TO: FRANCIE LUMLEY who is looking up at her mother. The little girl then turns her half- destroyed head and glares at the escaping vehicle. After a moment: FRANCIE silently snarls.*

**EXT INTERSECTION-MAIN ROAD-FOREST-NIGHT-LATER 49**

*TOOKEY'S Scout reaches the intersection and slows before pulling out onto the main road leading back to Falmouth.*

**INT TOOKEY'S SCOUT-MOVING 50**

*TOOKEY and BOOTH drive in silence. BOOTH has his head in his hands. SOUND OFF: Of snow crunching under the wheels. The wind blows in through the gaping hole left by the now "none existent windshield".*

*TOOKEY turns to BOOTH.*

TOOKEY

Hey, kid, you okay?

BOOTH (shook up. sarcastic)

Oh yeah! I'm just fine and dandy! I never felt better in my life.

TOOKEY

Come on, we made it. We're out of there.

BOOTH

Yeah...well...only just.

TOOKEY

"To have only just made it" is good enough when you're dealing with vampires.

(Smiling) Hey, you wanna go back there and give that little girl a goodnight kiss?

BOOTH (half smiles back)

No, thanks! I think I'll pass on that offer, if it's all the same with you.

TOOKEY (shrugs)

Sure, no problem. You can always change your mind and go back there and kiss a little girl who's gonna remain a little girl for all eternity. (pause) And besides, we got all night, kid.

*TOOKEY offers BOOTH a cigarette.*

*BOOTH grabs one and jams it in-between his lips.*

*TOOKEY holds out his Zippo-lighter, thumbs the flint, BOOTH, shaking like no tomorrow guards the flame and lights his cigarette.*

*TOOKEY lights a cigarette for himself.*

(Smiling again, joking)

As a matter of fact, I was thinking of coming out here fishing in the summer.

You...err...if you wanna tag along, you're more than welcome.

*BOOTH stares at TOOKEY and gives him a mocking smile back.*

BOOTH

You can screw that idea all to hell!

TOOKEY (laughs)

Yeah, you're probably right. Screw it all to hell!

(To himself) Stupid idea!

*TOOKEY turns his attention back to the road.*

*BOOTH carries on smoking his cigarette, staring out into the dark night.*

**EXT MAIN ROAD-FOREST-NIGHT 51**

*TOOKEY'S Scout drives through FRAME heading for Falmouth.*

*CAMERA CRANES UPWARDS TO REVEAL: LONG SHOT: The miles of forest, the whole valley and the glowing lights of Falmouth town in the distance.*

*Snow falls.*

*The wind blows.*

*Carried by the gale comes the sound of Falmouth's church bells tolling 12 o' clock midnight.*

FADE TO DARKNESS

**THE END**

