

# NIGHT THINGS

Pilot Script: Welcome to the Magic Now

Written by  
Terry M. West

Based on the *Night Things* book series



# NIGHT THINGS

PILOT SCRIPT: WELCOME TO THE MAGIC NOW

by TERRY M. WEST



## NIGHT THINGS : THE PILOT SCRIPT

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## SCENE 1

## EXT. NIGHT: THE ARCTIC

The harsh black wind howls throughout this frozen hell. There is no sign of life to be found. As the camera pans up, the glow of a fire is seen emitting from a cave near a high peak. These words appear on the screen: THE NORTHERN ICE. CENTURIES AGO.

CUT TO:

## INT. CAVE

We see the back of a huge man as he warms himself in front of the fire. His hair is black as midnight, wild and long. He wears animal skins. His large mismatched hands sharpen the end of a spear. Two large fish blacken above the fire. A shadow falls on the large man's back. He pauses, sensing a presence.

## DRACULA

I have sought you for  
months.

The large figure grasps a burning log from the fire, twists around, stands, and prepares for a battle. His scarred, gray face twists angrily.

## THE MONSTER

You would be wise to leave

this cave.

The trespasser steps slowly into the light of the fire. He is an attractive and pale man with dark hair and features. His height rivals the creature's. The stranger wears a dark greatcoat and breeches that speak aristocrat. His clothing isn't adequate protection for the cold.

THE MONSTER

You should be dead,  
dressed as you are.

DRACULA

I *should*, shouldn't I?

Dracula begins to move forward. The monster stiffens and growls.

THE MONSTER

Come no closer. I will  
kill you.

Dracula pauses and smiles patiently.

DRACULA

What are you called? I  
deserve to know the name  
of my executioner, yes?

THE MONSTER

I have no name. I have  
been labeled *monster*.  
Linger and I will show you  
why.

Dracula chuckles softly and looks around the cave.

DRACULA

Why do you seek seclusion  
in this God forsaken  
place?

THE MONSTER

Because I am done with  
man. This is their world,  
so let them have it. Now  
leave, mortal. This is  
your final caution.

DRACULA

But I am not a *mortal*, my  
good fellow.

THE MONSTER

Then what are you, besides  
one who places little  
value on his life?

Dracula's eyes suddenly blaze and fangs grow from his mouth. He hisses. The monster draws back fearfully.

THE MONSTER

What are you?

Dracula reverts back to a friendly countenance.

DRACULA

I am *vampire*. The oldest

of my kind. And, like you,  
I have been unjustly  
persecuted by  
superstitious mortals. We  
are kin, my friend. And  
there are many like us.  
Hiding in the shadows.

Dracula comes closer. The monster postures  
defensively, but he lets the vampire draw  
nearer.

#### DRACULA

I have heard the tale of  
your creation. Your  
father, he abandoned you.  
He left you alone the very  
day of your birth to  
perish in the night. You  
arrived naked and unloved  
and no creature should  
have to endure such a  
thing. But you survived.  
Because you are superior.  
Like me.

The monster softens and lowers the torch in  
his hand.

#### THE MONSTER

My father died. I hated  
him. But still I mourned.  
I have nothing now. My  
vengeance has been  
exhausted, and that was my



only motivation in this  
life.

Dracula steps to the creature, who is momentarily lost in reflection, reaches out, and grips the monster's shoulder. It is the first kind touch the creature can recall and its tenderness nearly makes him misty-eyed. He is ignorant to a proper reaction so he merely stands there, dumbly.

DRACULA

You deserve better than  
this dead hole. You  
needn't be alone.

THE MONSTER

Who are you?

DRACULA

My name is Dracula. I am  
king of the night and all  
creatures who dwell in the  
dark. I am building an  
empire.

THE MONSTER

Why do you seek a fiend so  
repulsive?

DRACULA (SCOFFING)

*Repulsive?* Are you mad?  
You are beautiful, my son.  
Unique. Truly one of a  
kind. Embrace that.  
Celebrate that.

The monster returns the log to the fire and regards the vampire.

THE MONSTER

What do you want of me?

DRACULA

I want you to join my  
cause. Let me be the  
patriarch you deserve.  
Trust in me and you will  
know happiness. I can  
guide you to a glorious  
fate. We can make this  
world *ours*. We can build a  
peaceful civilization that  
accepts our kind. But I  
need soldiers who are  
willing to fight for this.  
You are the first I have  
sought to enlist and I  
have a place for you high  
in our new society. But  
liberation, *true*  
liberation, rarely comes  
with clean hands.

The monster holds up his borrowed hands.

## THE MONSTER

Blood washes away. And it isn't a stranger to *these*. Man is my enemy. I had thought myself a tribe of one. But now, here you are. A cousin. And you say you have a place where I belong. This is a dream I wouldn't dare entertain before this moment. This is a fantasy that would have driven me mad in the lonely cold. If what you say is true, I will follow you. *Anywhere*.

## DRACULA

Then I count you as my first disciple. But I need to call you something other than *monster*.

Dracula ponders on this.

## DRACULA

Yes, I have it. I shall call you *Primul*. The first. Swear your allegiance to me and let us begin our journey of conquest, *Primul*.

The monster grasps Dracula's hand.

## THE MONSTER

I, Primul, swear by the  
limbs on this wretched  
body and my black soul, if  
it dwells inside, to serve  
you.

## DRACULA

Then come, my brother, my  
son, my *friend*. Our future  
awaits.

CUT TO:

## SCENE 2

EXT. NIGHT: NEW YORK CITY

A title card proclaims: New York City, NOW

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK

Gary Hack navigates a crowded sidewalk on the East End. He is overweight, balding, and has a wild beard that he seldom trims. He appears anxious. He steps impatiently around a group of tourists at a hot dog stand. As he passes an alley, there is graffiti on a brick wall. It states: LONG LIVE THE DEAD. As he approaches another alley, he is startled by a zombie, dressed in a funeral suit, that lurches out from the darkness. The zombie

heaves and mud pours from his mouth.

GARY (SCOWLING IN DISGUST)

Jesus, man. When will you  
guys learn to keep your  
mouths shut when you're  
digging out of the grave.  
Which cemetery did you  
come from? Acacia?

The zombie nods, clearing his throat.

NEWBIE ZOMBIE

Yeah. Shit. I didn't  
expect this.

GARY

That's why cremations are  
so popular these days.  
Anyway, uh, I have a  
*thing*. Good luck.

NEWBIE ZOMBIE

Wait. Do you know what I'm  
supposed to do now?

GARY

Just find a second life  
shelter. There's a lot for

you to learn. They'll help you. The only advice I can give you is to avoid a big crowd of your kind. If the cops see that, they see a *horde*, and they'll fry you. And stay away from the ghouls. They eat zombies.

NEWBIE ZOMBIE

Speaking of eating, what do I do about that? I'm starving.

GARY

Did you ever watch a TV before you died? *Rats*. Live, squirming, squealing *rats*. The city has plenty. And if you consider eating a person, even if you think you'll get away with it, *don't*. Once you go human, you'll never go back. Just follow the rules, buddy. You'll do fine.

Gary launches himself back down the sidewalk. He passes three ghouls who are crowded

together and heading in the direction of the zombie he just spoke to. The ghouls are small, pale, timid-looking creatures who are bald, have slightly pointed ears, and black razor-sharp shark teeth. They all clutch a large coffee; the biggest addiction a ghoul has. Besides dead meat.

GARY (MUTTERING TO HIMSELF)

That fucking guy is toast.

Gary grimaces and speeds up when he hears the zombie behind him give a brief, startled shriek. Behind Gary, the ghouls rip the zombie apart. They jerk the pieces into the darkness of the alley. Indifferent New Yorkers, staring at phones, stroll past the alley.

Gary pauses at a bar. He seems agitated. He pulls his cell from his pocket and checks the time. 8:45. He glances around the area. A hooker near an alley propositions a timid looking man.

VAMPIRE HOOKER

Hi handsome. You want to  
be my blood buddy?

The hooker smiles and her large fangs tickle the air.

Gary addresses the man.

GARY

Pal, if you know what's good for you, you'll make her wear a fang dam. No telling how many necks she's bitten.

The hooker hisses and shoots Gary the middle finger. She escorts the man away.

Gary chuckles and picks a contact on his phone labeled Sergio. He pushes the phone to his ear.

SERGIO

Hello?

GARY

Hey Sergio, where the fuck are you, man? I've been standing here for an hour.

SERGIO

You've been there three minutes, you lying sack of shit.

Gary frowns.

GARY

What?

SERGIO

Turn around, stupid.

Gary turns and glances into the bar. Sergio



grins at him and waves from a table. Sergio is Greek, has a bush of black hair and he wears a faded disco shirt which his chest hair spills out from. Gary clicks his phone off and steps into the bar. As the door closes behind him, a sign on it is visible: HUMANS ONLY

CUT TO:

SCENE 3

INT. BAR

Gary crosses the loud bar. The Friday night crowd is boisterous. He takes a seat and regards Sergio, who is clutching a drink.

SERGIO

You want a screwdriver?

Gary shakes his head.

GARY

No. I want to get my gear and take off before the fangs are out in full force.

SERGIO

The Spook Division has a man on every corner. It's safe out there. You have time for a drink.

Sergio motions to the bartender.

SERGIO

Screwdriver for my friend!

Sergio pulls a book from his gym bag and places it on the table.

SERGIO

This is a good read.

Highly recommended.

Gary takes the large hardcover, opens it, and it is hollow inside. There are small packets of cocaine and heroin.

SERGIO

Your usual black and white cookie.

Gary grunts, closes the book, and digs cash from his wallet. He puts it on the table.

GARY

The last package felt a little light. Have you been tapping the bags?

Sergio frowns in mock offense.

SERGIO

I'm hurt, my friend. We've known each other how long?

GARY

Doesn't matter. It's a buyer's market, these days.

TERRY M. WEST

SERGIO

Oh Gary. Go ahead. Find another supplier. I just hope you don't get slipped a ten cent pistol. Drug dealers are very, very difficult to trust. Would you rather be ripped off on an extremely insignificant level, or poisoned?

Gary waves the subject off as his drink is put in front of him.

SERGIO

Working on anything new?

Gary shrugs.

GARY

Some vampire porn. Decent scratch, but *man*, it's so fucking messy. When they start throwing that tar cum of theirs around, I want to puke. I'd love to do an old-fashioned doily dyke with *humans*. My bread and butter before the magic came. But it's the monster porn that's currently paying my bills.

SERGIO

It's the monster porn  
that's currently paying *my*  
bills, you mean.

GARY

Smart ass.

SERGIO

If you need an extra stud  
for the *hard* stuff, I am  
ready for my close-up, Mr.  
Hack. I'll fuck anything.  
Except a Turkish girl.  
That would kill my ya-ya  
if she found out.

GARY

If I need a hairy-chested  
Greek meatball, you'll be  
the first person I call.

Gary downs his drink and stands.

GARY

I'm going to grab a taste  
in the pisser and then  
head out.

Sergio takes the money off the table and  
stuffs it in pants that are too tight for him.

SERGIO

Until we meet again, my  
friend. Which is always  
sooner than I expect.

CUT TO:

## SCENE 4

EXT. NIGHT: NYC SIDEWALK

Gary walks feverishly down a sidewalk. He is buzzed. His eyes take in the neon and people flash by him in chaotic glimpses. A few of the faces he sees belong to zombies, ghouls, and vampires. He passes two NYPD officers in riot gear, their backs against a building. They stare silently at the procession of the night.

GARY (MUTTERING TO HIMSELF)

The secret of  
synchronicity is to be  
consciously aware. Life  
pulses. Everything flows.

Gary stops at a dealer table set on a corner. Silver items and talismans fill it. He is starting to sober. Sitting behind the booth is Abraham Janvier, also known as the Medicine Man. He is young, Haitian, and muscular. His arms are adorned with runic tattoos.

ABRAHAM

Can I interest you in  
something?

GARY

I've met a lot of hokum  
peddlers, but this display

is the most impressive  
I've seen.

ABRAHAM

This isn't hokum, friend.  
These are what protected  
people from the Night  
Things before the magic  
was exposed.

GARY

Sorry, I didn't mean to  
insult you.

Gary sees a necklace with a small skin bag  
rolled into a ball at its center. He picks it  
up.

GARY

What's this?

ABRAHAM

It is a Gris-Gris bag. It  
is filled with herbs and  
oils that will ward the  
monsters off.

Gary smells it.

GARY

It smells nice.

ABRAHAM

But it is quite repugnant  
to the Night Things. It  
will make them keep their

distance.

Gary digs money from his pocket.

GARY

How much?

ABRAHAM

Fifteen.

Gary nods and hands the money over.

GARY

That's reasonable.

ABRAHAM

I encourage people to  
protect themselves.

Gary puts the necklace on.

GARY

Thanks. If you see me  
shamble to your table  
tomorrow night, you'll  
know it didn't work.

Abraham laughs softly.

ABRAHAM

*Evite danje, my friend.*

CUT TO:

## SCENE 5

## INT. APARTMENT

Gary sits on his sofa. His apartment is small and a disaster area. On the television, an orange-haired president huffs into the microphone in the White House press room.

## PRESIDENT

This country has so many problems. Thanks to the former president. Who I wasn't a fan of. Believe me. Take the Night Things for instance. We should have started putting them down the second they appeared. And now, years later, they're everywhere. And they're breeding like rats, let me tell you. Detroit is an absolute slaughter house. Yet, we do so little about them.  
*Terrible.*

Gary mashes his remote and turns the small television off. He takes the fake book and dumps small packets onto his coffee table. There are clear bags of cocaine and other small bags of heroin that have a skull and crossbones stamped on them. Gary picks one up. He starts to open it and then notices a



picture of his daughter, Holly, on an end table. It is a school portrait. She has auburn hair and smiles radiantly at the lens. He turns the frame toward the wall. He knocks fast food containers and empty beer cans to the floor. He pours a line, snorts it, leans back, and begins to nod.

CUT TO:

## SCENE 6

EXT. NIGHT: A MODEST SUBURBAN HOUSE NEAR THE WOODS

Title reads: Sparkill, NY

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED LIVING ROOM

A slumber party is parked in front of a large television as a horror movie plays. 11 year-old Holly Hack watches from a peephole in her sleeping bag. One of the girls marches to the television and ejects the DVD.

The girls protest.

HOLLY'S CLASSMATE

Chill, okay? I have something much better than a Saw rip-off. Holly, you're going to love this.

The girl puts a DVD into the player. Porn music fills the speakers and a title card states: EPIC BALLERS Volume 8

The girls all giggle, Holly included. On the screen, WRITTEN, PRODUCED & DIRECTED BY GARY HACK appears over the image of a porn actress bent over a pool table.

The girls all snicker and look to Holly. She watches, mortified, as bad music and moans fill the room. Her eyes begin to tear.

CUT TO:

## SCENE 7

### INT DAY APARTMENT

Detective Thomas prepares for work in his bedroom. He shrugs on his suit, puts his service revolver into its chest holster and slips his badge into his jacket pocket. As he performs these actions, we do not see his face. His cell phones rings. He answers it. We see the back of his head as he speaks.

THOMAS

Hello.

HUPP

Good morning, Mr. Thomas.

TERRY M. WEST

This is John Hupp. I'm the attorney representing your ex-wife.

Detective Thomas turns toward camera. He is a zombie.

THOMAS

You mean my *widow*.

HUPP

Uh, yes. Technically I guess you're correct.

THOMAS

What do you want?

HUPP

Cynthia has sent the appropriate Z.R.O. paperwork to my office. Are you familiar with the process, Mr. Thomas?

THOMAS

Yeah. I know what it means. I'm a cop.

HUPP

You shouldn't take it personally. Most people have a hard time resuming a relationship after having a loved one return.

THOMAS

What about my son?

HUPP

It, uh, covers him as well. You're not to contact either.

Detective Thomas pauses and grief brightens his dull eyes.

HUPP

If there are any old possessions you want, Cynthia has agreed to have a courier-

THOMAS

No. Tell her to burn it. All of it.

Detective Thomas ends the call. He stands sadly in his dark bedroom. He reaches for a small picture frame on his night stand. It is a picture of he and his family. He abruptly opens his dresser drawer, deposits it, and slams the drawer shut.

## SCENE 8

INT. DAY: DINER

Gary sits alone in a diner booth. He looks very hung over. He stares through the diner window and sees four zombies shaking cups at people on a street corner. He pulls a cup of coffee to his lips.

Mike Cooke, Gary's producer and lawyer, enters the diner. He is tall, thin, and wears sunglasses he never takes off. His brown hair is cut in a mod style and he wears a thick porno mustache. He marches to the booth and sits across from Gary.

GARY

Good morning, Mike.

MIKE

Gary.

The waitress puts a coffee cup in front of Mike. He smiles at her.

MIKE

The usual please.

Mike kills half of his coffee and turns back to Gary.

MIKE

You look like shit. You have a rough night or something?

GARY

I got pretty numb.

Mike notices the Gris-Gris bag around Gary's neck.

MIKE

What's that around your neck?

Gary takes it off, having forgotten it was there. He hands it to Mike.

GARY

It's a Gris-Gris bag. Some weird street vendor sold it to me last night.

Mike smells it.

MIKE

What the fuck is it? It smells like fancy soap. The kind my mother wouldn't let me touch. She

said it was for company.  
We never *had* company,  
though.

Mike hands it back to Gary, who returns it to  
his neck.

GARY

It supposedly wards off  
evil. It keeps the dark  
magic away.

MIKE

Where did you get it?

GARY

14th, I think.

MIKE

You're not fucking around  
with those dead hookers  
over in that area, right?  
They'll give your dick ten  
kinds of rot.

GARY

No man. I just like to  
wander when I'm high. The  
city is such a freak show  
at night.

MIKE

Yeah, especially when  
you're looking at it with  
heroin vision. You should  
strap yourself in before

you snort that shit. You got no business going outdoors like that. Not these days. There are too many fangs in the night. You're going to walk into a back alley feeding party if you aren't careful.

GARY

I can take care of myself. I've been doing it a little over forty years, now.

MIKE

Listen, Gary. It's your life and you can whittle it away however you choose. It's never fucked with the work and as long as it doesn't, who am I to judge, you know? Just be careful. You're my friend. And I don't have many.

GARY

What time is Vance showing up?

Mike stares at his watch.

MIKE

Any second. You nervous?



TERRY M. WEST

GARY

More curious than nervous.  
It's been- what- two years  
since I shot a porno for  
Rotten Garden Productions?  
I thought Vance hated my  
guts.

MIKE

If he couldn't work with  
people he hated, he  
wouldn't have a single  
title in his library. I  
don't know what he wants,  
but it doesn't hurt to  
hear him out.

Vance Loren walks into the diner. He has thinning, slicked back hair tied into a ponytail. There is stubble on his lip and chin, forming a faint Van Dyke. He wears bifocals and carries a manila folder. He looks like a true patron of the dark arts.

He sits silently next to Mike and his eyes examine Gary for a few seconds.

VANCE

How are you?

Gary shrugs, trying to feel Vance out.

GARY

I'm okay, Vance. You look good.

VANCE

I'm vegan now. All that  
God damned fried meat was  
killing me.

The waitress walks over. Vance asks only for  
coffee. Vance looks out the window and  
grimaces hatefully at the zombie beggars.

VANCE

Look at those dead shit  
bags.

GARY

Welcome to the magic now.

Vance scowls.

VANCE

I hate that fucking  
phrase. I'd like to dick  
chop the moron who coined  
it. There's nothing  
*magical* about them.

MIKE

*Black* magical, maybe?

VANCE

I don't get it. There  
isn't a law keeping us  
from going out there and  
putting them back in the  
dirt. You can't kill  
something that is dead  
already.

TERRY M. WEST

GARY

There's enough of them now to start a war over open violence.

VANCE

And there's four of them? Doesn't that break the Horde Law?

MIKE

It was upped to six a few months ago. You have to come to the city more often, Vance.

VANCE

And be here when all of those flesh munchers are finally affected by the mind-group? I'll stay at my safe house in Butler, thank you very much. The dead should just stay that way, you know? Just lie in your grave and keep your bones still. How hard is that?

GARY

So what's this meeting about, Vance?

VANCE

How many ugly babies did

our union produce, Gary?

GARY

I lost count.

VANCE

*Forty*. And then we had our falling out.

GARY

The industry was in a tailspin. And you wouldn't jump on the monster fetish bandwagon. I didn't want to starve, Vance.

VANCE

Well, I've had a change of heart. I am ready to make my first piece of Night Things porn. But this is different. It's darker. It does something that no one has had the balls to do.

Vance tosses copies of a script onto the table. The title page reads: DRACULA'S EROTIC PRISONER by Vance Loren

VANCE

Take it, read it, and let's get past all of the silly bullshit we went through. This one is going to chart dark new

TERRY M. WEST

territory. And I'll pay  
you more than I ever have  
to get this done.

Gary starts to question Vance, but Mike  
intercedes.

MIKE

We'll look it over and get  
back to you.

VANCE

I already have the money  
in place. Talent has been  
cast. A location is  
locked. I just need a crew  
and you guys are the best  
I've ever worked with.  
Call me tomorrow, or I'll  
have to find someone else.  
We *have* to shoot on  
Saturday night, with or  
without you.  
This one is going to make  
us famous, boys. I promise  
you that.

CUT TO:

SCENE 9

EXT. DAY NY EAST SIDE

THE CHILDREN OF THE MOON COUSELING CENTER &  
SHELTER

Colissa Rollins parks her motorcycle at the curb in front of the Night Things center. She takes off her helmet and releases her blonde Mohawk. She stares at her wrist and looks at a Full Moon Alerter. The time is 8:52am She sighs and stares down the block. She sees a few homeless people waking on the sidewalk. She opens her motorcycle saddlebag and pulls a small handful of flyers from them. She approaches two elderly homeless men who are packing up their blankets.

COLISSA

Looks like it's been  
awhile since you gentlemen  
had a decent meal or slept  
in a bed. Here's a place  
you can go tonight. It's  
not far.

Colissa hands the flyers over. She turns around and sees a homeless woman with a child hugged to her hip. The woman reaches expectantly for the flyer. Colissa looks at the child and is reluctant to give it to the woman. She reaches into her back pocket and pulls a wallet on a chain from it.

COLISSA

You know what? The shelter  
I work for isn't a great  
place for kids. Here's  
some money. Grab a hotel  
room and get a hot meal.

Colissa gives the cash to the grateful woman  
and marches back to the shelter. As she  
reaches for the door, a zombie spills out and  
nearly runs into her. It surprises and pisses  
her off. She growls and her eyes flash yellow  
for a second.

COLISSA

Watch where you're going,  
you rotten asshole.

SHELTER ZOMBIE

Jesus was a zombie, too.

Colissa laughs heartily and enters the  
shelter.

SCENE 10

## INTERIOR OFFICE OF COUNSELOR CAROL HADDON

Carol Haddon, a very well conditioned dark haired woman in her early thirties, sits at her desk. It is adorned with several trophies and pictures from karate tournaments. Colissa enters the office. Carol stands and greets her.

CAROL

Hi! You must be Colissa Rollins. I'm Carol Haddon. Your case worker. Have a seat.

Colissa sits and admires the trophies and pictures on Carol's desk.

COLISSA

Are you a professional fighter?

CAROL

I *was*. For about two months. I had three fights.

COLISSA

What was your record?



TERRY M. WEST

CAROL

Two and one.

COLISSA

Why'd you give it up?

Carol motions to her mouth.

CAROL

I lost a front tooth. I decided I wanted to chew food with my own teeth. At least, while I was still young.

COLISSA

Did you put that shit all over your desk to intimidate your patients?

CAROL

Absolutely.

Carol goes through Colissa's file.

CAROL

Remind me. Bitten or family curse?

COLISSA

Family curse. My granddad ran the Anniston, Alabama pack. I could have ran that pack by birthright when I was of age. But I came to New York 'cause *fuck* Anniston. You know?

CAROL

You have a long rap sheet, Colissa. *Before* the magic came. Larceny. Assault. Fraud. It doesn't look like you've so much as spit on a sidewalk since you came out.

COLISSA

It's dangerous to be trouble out there these days. I walk the straight and even sweat out a little community service when I have time.

CAROL

You're considered a leader in the city pack.

COLISSA

TERRY M. WEST

I'm *the* leader. I handle the pack and keep things safe. For *both* sides. Alerters, communal cages. I'm trying to keep my kind as off the radar as I can.

CAROL

Do you have a job?

Colissa scoffs.

COLISSA

Do I look like a nine to fiver to you? I make money. I buy stuff at thrift shops. Flip it on the internet. I'm on the nut, more often than not. But I don't need much.

CAROL

Well, it looks like you have a great handle on things. You'll have to keep coming to the sessions so I can sign off on your alerter. Your communal cage might get an inspection in the next week or so. You can also take advantage of this time to talk about any

issues you might be having.

COLISSA

Yeah, I don't like to cry on shoulders. And I'd like to keep these state required *sessions* as brief as possible.

Carol notices something about Colissa.

CAROL

Are those earrings *silver*?

COLISSA

Yep. There were a graduation present. I put them in two days before my first transformation. Haven't taken them out since.

CAROL

Do they hurt?

COLISSA

All the fucking time.

## SCENE 11

INT. DAY POLICE STATION

A rookie beat cop pours a cup of coffee and stares across the room at Detective Thomas, who is feverishly catching up on paperwork. Mullins, a grizzled and disheveled veteran appears next to the rookie. Mullins has a file under his arm. He pours himself a cup.

MULLINS

Hey kid.

ROOKIE

Good morning, Detective Mullins.

The rookie motions to Thomas.

ROOKIE

What's it like working with the dead detective?

MULLINS

Don't call him that. He has a name.

ROOKIE

Are you okay being  
partnered up with... *him*? I  
mean, you corner a horde  
and he might turn on you.

MULLINS

He has ways of avoiding  
the frequency. Mental  
exercises. Recitations.  
Poems. Prayers. If nothing  
else, he can shove an ear  
bud in and blast some  
death metal. It's all  
about distraction. But to  
answer your question... *no*.  
I'm not okay being  
partners with him. But I  
got my marching orders.

ROOKIE

They should have given him  
his old partner when he  
came... *back*. Whoever that  
was.

MULLINS

They *did* give him his old  
partner. And I didn't care  
for him all that much

*before* he bought it.

Mullins walks to Thomas' desk.

MULLINS

Morning Nick.

THOMAS

Harry.

MULLINS

How are things with  
Cynthia and little Nick?

THOMAS

She finally signed the  
Z.R.O.

MULLINS

I'm sorry kid.

THOMAS

But not surprised.

MULLINS

People are afraid. Imagine that Cynthia was the one who came back without a pulse. You'd feel the same as she does.

THOMAS

Yeah. I would. I don't blame her. It is what it is.

MULLINS

So, I spoke to the captain a few minutes ago. He wants us to shuffle our present cases between Cawley and Read. We've just been handed the white whale.

Mullins drops the heavy file on Thomas' desk. In the indentation of the folder, the name STÜCKE is typed on the sticker.



## SCENE 12

## INT NIGHT GARY'S APARTMENT

A commercial plays on Gary's television. It is set at a tennis court. A young, very handsome blonde man in tennis clothes, slinging a racquet over his shoulder, approaches the camera.

DAVE

Hi! I'm Dave Waggoner,  
Steve from the show  
*Dropping Names*. And I'm a  
werewolf. When I was  
bitten three years ago, I  
thought my life was over.  
But thanks to the makers  
of the Full Moon Alerter,  
I am able to manage this  
terrible disease.

There is a close-up of Dave's wrist where a digital watch with a countdown rests.

DAVE (VOICEOVER)

The Full Moon Alerter  
keeps track of the lunar  
phases and warns, twelve  
hours in advance, when a  
transformation is  
expected. If you find

yourself away from your personal panic cage, it can also locate the nearest public change pen where you will be allowed to safely let the beast loose.

Gary sits on the couch reading Vance's script. When he is done, he tosses it aside, shuts off the television, and pulls out his cell.

MIKE (OVER THE PHONE)

What's up Gary?

GARY

Did you read it?

MIKE

Yeah.

GARY

Is he fucking crazy? I mean, does he really think we can do this and not get in trouble?

MIKE

There are no laws against it, Gary. I checked. And he *is* right. It would be a first.

GARY

I don't want to do this, Mike. This is just sick,

man.

MIKE

I got the number he is willing to pay you. Fifteen grand for a night's work. If you're nervous, credit it to Mr. Smithee.

Gary rethinks it.

GARY

Fifteen grand?

MIKE

Yep. That's hard to pass up, isn't it?

GARY

It's a lot of money, but I still have to think about it.

MIKE

Understood, amigo. Why don't you sleep on it? Call me in the morning with your decision. He has to know pronto. I'll back you either way.

Gary puts the phone down. It rings again. He snatches it up. It is his ex-wife, Pamela. The following plays in back and forth cuts of Gary and Pamela at her home.

GARY

Hello?

PAMELA

Hi Gary.

GARY

Pamela? Is everything okay? Is Holly okay?

PAMELA

She's fine. We're okay, Gary. Were you asleep? Is this a bad time?

GARY

No. This is a perfect time. What's up?

PAMELA

I just wanted to let you know that I found someone. I am with someone.

Gary looks sad, but he bites it back.

GARY

Well, uh, that's great, Pammie. I am very happy for you. What's his name? Is he nice? When did you meet?

PAMELA

His name is David Spencer and he is a very, very

TERRY M. WEST

good man. He is a plumber  
and Holly loves him.

GARY

So, is this getting  
serious?

PAMELA

Gary, David and I have  
been married six months.

GARY

What? Jesus, why didn't  
you tell me?

PAMELA

I didn't want to hurt you.  
I know you are going  
through a lot.

GARY

I am a grown man. I can  
take it. I didn't expect  
you to be alone forever.

PAMELA

Gary, there's more. He is  
going to adopt Holly. He  
wants to be her father.

GARY

Pamela, *I'm* Holly's  
father.

PAMELA

Gary, something happened

with Holly. She has been very, very unhappy.

GARY

What? What's wrong with my little girl?

PAMELA

Her schoolmates got their hands on one of your movies. Holly watched it with a big group of her friends and they ridiculed her.

GARY

Oh, Jesus. Which movie?

PAMELA

I don't know, but it wasn't one of the tame ones. She is traumatized. She says that doesn't want to be your daughter anymore, Gary. She doesn't want your name.

GARY

Well, uh, there isn't much she can do about that now is there? Until she gets married. Christ, she's ten. She'll understand this one day and get over it.

TERRY M. WEST

PAMELA

She's *eleven*. I know you cling to this notion that she is your little light in the window, but you haven't seen her in months. You have never paid support-

GARY

I offered. You told me to leave, Pamela. So I did. I walked away from everything and you told me the one thing I would always have was my daughter. And now, you're taking her away. She is the only piece of my soul I have left.

PAMELA

Gary, I forgive you, okay? I forgive you for *everything* and I still love you. But if you love Holly, let David be her father. He's grounded and better suited for this. She needs him.

Gary cries, covering the phone with his hand. He sucks it in, the best that he can, and answers Pamela's distressed calling of his

name .

GARY

Yeah, well, shit, okay. I didn't even want a fucking kid. You pressured me. You think I wanted to bring someone into this shitty world?

PAMELA

Gary, you say or do whatever you need to get past this. I understand. But you understand *this*. I wait everyday for the news that you're gone. Please, *please* get help. Holly is angry now, but if you clean yourself up, maybe you can be a father to her. Maybe you can help her from making the mistakes you made.

GARY

So David gets to walk her down the aisle one day and I get to be a fucking life lesson? You know what; fuck you and the whole Spencer clan, okay? I have no one now.

Gary slams the phone down and kicks over his



coffee table. He paces and forces tears back. He finally snatches the phone up and calls Mike.

MIKE

Gary.

GARY

I'll do it. Call Vance and set it up. But we have to make sure our DNA isn't on this one, Mike. I want to take this gig to my grave.

MIKE

I'll pull the trigger on it now.

Gary hangs up his phone and puts his coffee table back into place. He picks up his false book from the end table, digs out a heroin baggie, a dime bag of weed, and rolling papers. He leaves his apartment. His Gris-Gris bag rests near the picture of Holly.

CUT TO:

SCENE 13

EXT. NIGHT: CITY SIDEWALK

Gary paces down the sidewalk, the city does an abstract dance in his vision.

GARY (MUTTERING TO HIMSELF)

The secret of  
synchronicity is to be  
consciously aware. Life  
pulses. Everything flows.

Gary pauses, his head clearing. He is once again near Abraham Janvier's sidewalk table. Abraham is making a sales pitch to a crowd of Japanese tourists. Gary slinks back into an alley. He sits on a trash can, pulls a spiked joint from his shirt pocket, and lights it. He takes a few deep hits and settles back on the can. He closes his eyes and smiles. When he opens them, six zombies study him. Gary draws back fearfully, falling from the can. The zombies approach him slowly. Hunger glows in their otherwise dull eyes.

Gary reaches for his neck and realizes the Gris-Gris bag is gone.

GARY

Shit.

The leader of the group steps forward a bit more into the light. He smiles with rotted teeth and cocks his blue head.

GARY

I don't want to be like  
you.

ZOMBIE LEADER

Don't worry, mister. When

we're through, there won't be anything left to get up and walk again.

Abraham Janvier appears in the alley. He brandishes a machete.

ABRAHAM

You come any closer and I will take your head off and let you chase it down the block.

The zombie leader gets brave. He lurches at Abraham. True to his word, Abraham takes the zombie's head off. The decapitated head hits the filthy ground and glares up angrily at Abraham. Abraham kicks it into the darkness beyond the remaining zombies. The zombies hiss dryly and shrink back fearfully into the shadows. Abraham grabs Gary and hauls him to the safety of the street corner.

ABRAHAM

You're a suicidal fool.  
Where's the Gris-Gris bag  
I sold you?

GARY

I misplaced it. But come on, man. Would it really have stopped them?

ABRAHAM

That many at once?  
Probably not. But it would  
have kept them at bay long  
enough for you to get your  
ass out of there.

Abraham shakes his head, walks to his cart and  
reaches under the tarp. He pulls out a fresh  
Gris-Gris bag. He walks back over and drapes  
it around Gary's neck.

Gary admires it.

GARY

Thanks. I like this one  
better, actually.

Abraham holds out a palm.

ABRAHAM

Twenty bucks.

Gary smiles, digs it out, and pays the man.

GARY

The first one was only  
fifteen.

ABRAHAM

Each one I put around your  
neck is going to cost you  
more from now on. Every  
time.

GARY

I owe you. Thanks.

ABRAHAM

Just answer a question,  
man. Why isn't your life  
worth living?

Gary considers it.

GARY

Because I gave all of my  
happiness away. And what's  
left inside of me isn't  
any good. It hurts.  
Constantly.

ABRAHAM

Life is struggle and pain  
and it isn't easy on *any*  
of us.

GARY

When the misery gets  
unbearable, I become  
infatuated with the magic.  
I want to touch it. But  
not in a good way. I want  
to burn myself on it.

ABRAHAM

Well find a new hobby,  
brother. Because this one  
is going to chew your face  
off. At least wear the  
Gris-Gris bag, if you're

going to come out here at night and shake your ass at the monsters. And stay out of the alleys.

GARY

It was easier before the magic came, I think. Do you remember where you were when you realized that magic existed?

ABRAHAM

Of course, man. I remember it like it was yesterday. Don't you?

Gary stretches his memory.

GARY

No. I don't remember a fucking thing about it. I just woke up one day and the spooks were here. What's your name, sir?

ABRAHAM

I am Abraham Janvier.

GARY

You're a good man.

Gary leaves without another word. Dawn is coming. He sees an elderly, sleeping homeless

woman on the sidewalk. She sits against a wall and her head is bowed to her chin. Gary kneels to her. He smiles and takes the Gris-Gris bag off. He gently raises her chin and puts it on her. He kisses her forehead and walks to his apartment.

CUT TO:

SCENE 14

EXT. DAY: A MOTEL IN JERSEY

Title reads: Butler, New Jersey

CUT TO:

INT MOTEL ROOM

A crew moves quickly around the room, dressing it and prepping lights. There is a sign on the door that reads: PLEASE OPEN CAUTIOUSLY, NO SUN!

Gary stares into a mirror. The bed is visible behind him. There is an indentation in the mattress, but no reflection in the mirror. Gary looks behind and sees Lenny Deen, a young and attractive vampire, staring into the mirror.

GARY

Why do you keep doing that? Staring into the mirror?

Lenny chuckles self-consciously.

LENNY

Habit, I guess. I still have the urge to look at my reflection. They tell me it takes the first hundred years to get over it. And, truthfully, I'm a little nervous. Which makes it worse, you know?

Gary digs his phone from his pocket.

GARY

How long have you had fangs?

LENNY

Thirty-five years.

GARY

You are still a baby.

Gary switches on his video and circles Lenny's head. He hands the phone to Lenny. Lenny plays the footage. His image on video looks more hideous than the face Lenny wears. He looks thinner and his facial features show black eyes, a corpse/bat nose, and fangs that perpetually jut past his lower lip.

GARY

Not a hair out of place, but remember that video makes your kind look like



that.

Lenny watches the video and hands it back to Gary.

LENNY

That's why none of us are leading men. Except in films like *this*.

Gary notices a female PA pulling black candles from a box.

GARY

More candles. There are plenty in the van. Use them all. The client was very specific.

Gary turns back to Lenny.

GARY

So, what's your interest in this? Fame? Money?

LENNY

No. I'm just bored, I guess. I feel like I have done it all.

GARY

Christ Lenny. You've got some years ahead of you to be bored already.

LENNY

My sire is kind of a prick. He's from the old country. *Strict.*

GARY

So this is a kind of a rebellious thing, then?

Lenny thinks about it. He smiles and his fangs flex a bit.

LENNY

Yeah, you could say that. He's a bit of a racist. He definitely wouldn't dig this scene.

Gary catches Felix Gilling, the Assistant Cameraman, setting up a tripod. Felix is a short, old, and sweaty man who hunkers when he walks.

GARY

Felix, for fuck sake, man, put that away. Were you asleep during the production meeting? We're going completely handheld on this.

Felix twists the tripod's legs back together in a huff.

FELIX

What about your monitor?  
Where do you want it?

TERRY M. WEST

GARY

No monitor. I am putting my complete faith in you and Ella tonight. So go get the steadicam.

Felix nods but grumbles as he hauls the tripod away.

LENNY

Mr. Hack?

Gary turns to the empty mirror, chides himself bemusedly, then turns to Lenny on the bed.

LENNY

Do you think a lot of people will see this?

Lenny suddenly looks apprehensive and unsure.

GARY

No, Lenny, no one will see this. It's a custom video. It'll spend most of the time locked up in someone's vault. Don't stress yourself. It's not for mass consumption.

LENNY

But these things still get out sometimes.

GARY

What, are you running for

president? Despite the petition going around, you still need a pulse for the job. It'll be fine, Lenny. And at the risk of sounding intolerant, you all look the same on video.

Lenny nods, appearing more at ease.

LENNY

Thanks Mr. Hack.

Gary turns back toward the mirror, and sees that Ella Howes has arrived. Ella is a middle-aged and towering transvestite who had blossomed from a sad man named Edwin Howes. They have been friends for a long time.

Ella greets everyone and then immediately zeroes in on Lenny. She walks over and embraces him. Gary laughs as he is still looking in the mirror and Ella appears to be hugging thin air. After she is done, Ella stands next to Gary and fixes her face.

GARY

You're a little late.  
That's not like you.

Ella brushes her long, auburn hair.

ELLA

There was traffic and it was horrendous.

Ella looks around and lowers her voice.

ELLA

Do you know how many organizations would have our heads over this?

GARY

Don't tell me you're losing heart, my most cherished and loyal.

ELLA

If the money's good, I will happily plumb further depths with you. And when I reach Hell, hopefully with a drink in my hand, I will tell them it was you who sent me. Are we set?

GARY

We are waiting for the full moon and our leading lady.

ELLA

God, I hate that bitch. She's such a nasty cunt.

GARY

We work with what Uncle Vance provides.

Lenny steps up and interrupts them. He looks concerned.

LENNY

Mr. Hack, I wanted to talk to you about something else. It's kind of personal, though.

ELLA

Don't mind me. I need to whip Felix into shape.

Ella turns her heels and walks away.

GARY

What's up, Lenny?

LENNY

In these kinds of movies, the ones I've seen anyway, they have what they call money shots. Do you know what comes out of me?

GARY

Yes. It's called tar.

LENNY

Because it's black and thick and goes everywhere. Do you want that for this?

GARY

No, let's keep it all internal. Our client didn't ask for it, and he was very explicit. Good looking out.

TERRY M. WEST

LENNY

What about the girl? It  
might be foul for her.

GARY

We have wipes.

The door half-opens, which makes Lenny cringe as it is still light out. Gary's leading lady is there. Jennifer Novak is escorted inside by Mike Cooke.

GARY

Good to see you again,  
Jennifer.

Jennifer's outfit is tight, black and shiny. She shakes her head, waving her light blue hair around. She pouts at Gary.

JENNIFER

I was at a horror  
convention yesterday. I  
talked to a couple of  
actresses about you. They  
had nothing but horrible  
things to say.

Mike steps up crossly.

MIKE

What the hell is up with  
you, Jennifer? You can't  
just walk in here and shit  
all over the proceedings.

Jennifer ignores Mike and speaks further to Gary.

JENNIFER

They said you tried to fuck them. But you couldn't get it up.

GARY

Jennifer, what's the issue here? You had no problem with me at the read through.

JENNIFER

That was before I looked you up on IMDB. No one likes you. You're like, the worst director ever.

MIKE

You are a fucking nobody. We don't need you or your attitude here.

JENNIFER

Then replace me. I'm sure you can find someone before the full moon rises.

GARY

What's the *real* issue here, Jennifer? What do you want.



TERRY M. WEST

JENNIFER

Double what you're paying.  
Or you can replace me.

MIKE

You signed an agreement  
and a release. You are  
going to honor your  
commitments or I will  
crucify you.

JENNIFER

Bye.

Jennifer turns to leave. Gary calls after her.

GARY

We'll pay you what you  
want.

MIKE

Where is that money going  
to come from? We've spent  
it all.

GARY

I'll cover it.

Jennifer stares suspiciously at Gary.

JENNIFER

I'm not going to fuck you.

GARY

Oh, but you already have,  
my dear. And holding a

production hostage at the eleventh hour doesn't glow on a resume.

JENNIFER

What, you going to threaten my career, now? Why don't you tell me that I'll never work in this town again, or some shit.

GARY

No one here has that kind of power.

JENNIFER

Then kiss my ass. By the way, is your real name Hack?

GARY

Yes it is. Call it a happy fucking coincidence.

Jennifer laughs and turns and Lenny is there, smiling at her nervously.

LENNY

Hi Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Do not sink your fangs in me. If you do, I swear to God I will find you and shove a garlic bulb up your ass. I'm going

outside for a joint.

Jennifer turns and leaves. She opens the door wide. Lenny yelps and leaps out of the sunlight.

CUT TO:

SCENE 15

EXT DUSK: MOTEL

A TIMELASPE SHOT OF THE SKY DARKENING THEN CUT INTO THE ROOM

Lenny and Jennifer both perch on the bed. They are sweating. Lenny is in boxers. Jennifer has a towel wrapped around her naked torso. She sucks on an orange slice. She pauses and regards Lenny.

JENNIFER

I've fucked a few suckers, Lenny. But I have to admit that you're the best I've had. You have a great cock. And you know what to do with it. I've cum three times so far.

LENNY (SMILING)

Thank you. And you're just... wow. Do you think we

can get together after this? Hang out?

JENNIFER (SNICKERING)

I'm not into the *Romeo and Juliet* scenario. And I don't give blood. That might be frustrating for you. But I'll text you my number.

Gary addresses the room.

GARY

All right folks! We are down to the martini shot. As I explained in the production meeting, this is a very tricky scene, and we have to let any non-essential crew go at this point. Thank you for coming and thank you for your hard work.

Most of the crew departs. Gary regards Lenny and Jennifer.

GARY

If you could get back into your costumes, we'll get you in place before the

moon comes.

Jennifer drops her towel, showing no inhibitions, and puts on her black Gothic gown. Lenny dresses in a Dracula costume that looks like it was purchased in the cheap bin of a Halloween shop. Jennifer, now dressed, stretches out on the bed and attaches two wrist cuffs to herself. She tests them, pulling against the wrought iron headboard.

JENNIFER

Do my ankles, Lenny.

Lenny tethers her feet.

As he stands, Mike walks to Lenny and sprays him with something from a spray bottle. Lenny grimaces.

LENNY

What is that? It smells like piss!

MIKE

It's just a little something to keep her from ripping your head off when she changes.

Gary walks to Jennifer. She seems relaxed.

GARY

You've done a great job so far.

Jennifer replies indifferently.

JENNIFER

Thanks.

GARY

How are you holding up?

JENNIFER

I can feel it scratching  
at the door inside. We  
need to go.

Gary claps his hands and grabs everyone's  
attention.

GARY

We need to roll right now!  
Lenny, get into place.  
Ella, get your pretty ass  
over here, and Mike, grab  
that boom. And hold it  
*tight*. If I hear the cable  
tap the pole this time,  
I'll punch you in the  
nuts.

Everyone did as they were told. Ella rolls the  
camera.

ELLA

Speed.

GARY

Action!

Lenny enters the picture frame and stands next to Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Please. I beg you. I have committed every sinful act you have asked of me. Release me. You must do so before the moon glows.

LENNY

Never. You will be my consort, forever from this day. I know not why you shy from the moon's ray, but I will see your supple skin bathe in it.

MIKE (WHISPERING TO GARY)

That dialogue is horrible.

GARY

Don't look at me. I didn't write it.

Lenny reaches down and exposes Jennifer's breasts. He squeezes them.

Jennifer breaks character and stares at Gary.

JENNIFER

It's coming!

Lenny moves away from Jennifer. Ella adjusts the camera and walks in closer to the girl.

GARY

This is our big effect. If we blow this, we blow the whole thing.

ELLA

I am on it, director man.

Jennifer cautions Ella, her yellow eyes staring into the camera.

JENNIFER

Don't get too close. Don't let me scratch you.

Lenny looks to Gary.

LENNY

What do I do, Mr. Hack?

GARY

After she changes, you fuck her. Don't worry. She'll be in the mood.

LENNY

But I've never been with a shaggy before.

Jennifer responds with gritted teeth through the pain of the transformation.

JENNIFER

I find that term very fucking offensive!

LENNY



TERRY M. WEST

I'm sorry! That's my sire talking. I don't have anything against the wolves.

GARY

Just spread her legs and put your cock in! You'll manage!

Jennifer shakes and grows fur. It is a quick process. The beast comes out of the girl, twisting and elongating her face. The wolf's new eyes look at the crew. It bellows and fights the chains that hold it.

Lenny backs away, fearfully.

GARY

You've never seen the change, have you, Lenny?

Lenny shakes his head dumbly.

LENNY

Never.

The beast calms when it spots Lenny. It softens, sniffing the air and opening its legs slowly.

GARY

That's your cue.

Lenny carefully peels the skintight Dracula outfit from his white skin. He takes his time,

concerned eyes still on the calm wolf, which is panting softly at him. The wolf suddenly looks more like a family dog submissively waiting to have its belly petted than a beast of legend capable of killing them all in a matter of minutes. The monster no longer seems concerned with anyone in the room, save Lenny.

LENNY

Jennifer, if you can hear me in there, I won't use my fangs. Please return the favor.

Lenny descends cautiously and works himself inside of her slowly. She pants harder and pushes her hips upward. This gives Lenny confidence enough to increase and strengthen his thrusts. The beast encourages him, licking his neck. They buck against each other so hard that it looks like the bed might collapse. The headboard punches the wall, and all in attendance watch in silent wonder.

Lenny finally climaxes, his fangs protruding from his mouth as he joins his lover in a pleasure-filled howl. He falls on her, and she licks his cheek.

Ella looks up from her camera and nods to Gary. Gary pulls a walkie-talkie to his lips.

GARY

Now.

The door to the room bursts open. Six large men in dark robes rush the bed. They are hooded and armed. Lenny lurches up and flashes his teeth at them.

HOODED KILLER

Hit him with the garlic  
spray!

A man sprays a mace can into Lenny's eyes. He cries out. Two of the men grab Lenny. They pull Lenny's flailing arms behind his back. A third man joins in and hammers a stake into Lenny's chest as Ella follows close with the camera and rolls on it. Lenny dies quickly and quietly. The reanimated life in him simply ceases when the stake hits his heart. There is no gripping at the wood or melodramatic clawing at the air or turning to dust. He is just no more.

The wolf on the bed strains the chains, but can do no more than growl menacingly at the intruders. One of them waits for Ella to position her camera and then he aims a pistol with a silencer at Jennifer's temple. He plants a silver bullet there. The wolf falls back and immediately reverts to the girl. Jennifer's head rolls to the side and her dead eyes stare across the room at nothing. The hooded exterminators hoot and admire their work.

GARY

Cut! That's a wrap.

Gary whispers to Mike.

GARY

How much did you pay these goons, man?

MIKE

Nothing! They volunteered. And they also agreed to clean the room after.

Ella hands off her camera to Felix and stares at Lenny's dead body.

ELLA

What a handsome waste. Too bad they don't turn to dust, like in the movies. It would save a lot on clean up. This is an awfully dark fraternity we have just pledged, my friends.

MIKE

We're just flushing a toilet, Ella.

Ella collects her belongings and leaves with a tired wave goodbye. Gary has nothing to gather but himself. He is ready to leave the room to the goons Mike has hired who are already preparing to dispose of the bodies. Mike

stares at Jennifer's corpse.

MIKE

I almost lost it when she asked for more money.

GARY

Well, at least we don't have to worry about her ruining our reputations any further. We ready to go?

MIKE

Just a second.

Mike's leans close to Jennifer's dead face.

MIKE

You'll never work in this town again.

CUT TO:

SCENE 16

EXT. NIGHT: AN ALLEY IN NEW YORK

Gary approaches a beautiful vampire prostitute. She is the one he offended the night he met with Sergio. She is digging through her purse and sitting on a trash can. She notices Gary and scowls.

VAMPIRE HOOKER

What? You gonna follow me

around and scare off my customers?

GARY

No.

VAMPIRE HOOKER

Then what do you want?

Gary is high and he looks remorseful.

GARY

You're very pretty.

She smiles at him and steps across the alley.

VAMPIRE HOOKER

Is that why you were stepping on my trick the other night? You want me for yourself?

GARY

Maybe.

She lowers her blouse, and rubs her breasts against him. They kiss. Gary wraps his hands in her hair. She breaks off.

VAMPIRE HOOKER

Hold on mister *safe sex*.

She arches back and reaches into her purse, pulling out a sealed fang dam. Gary gently grips her wrist and shakes his head.

TERRY M. WEST

GARY

No. I don't want you to use it.

VAMPIRE HOOKER (LAUGHING)

You're a piece of work, aren't you? I don't turn people. Go to the docks if you're looking for that kind of thing.

GARY

I don't want to turn. I just want to lose myself in you.

Gary exposes his neck. The vampire's eyes grow with excitement and she bites into him, wrapping her arms tightly around him.

CUT TO:

SCENE 17

EXT. DAY: A BUILDING IN A STRIP MALL THAT HAS THE SIGN: ROTTEN GARDEN PRODUCTIONS

CUT TO:

INT. EDITING ROOM

Gary, a bandage on neck, and Vance Loren, watch Lenny and Jennifer, in wolf form, have sex on a computer monitor as an editor tweaks the color. Vance smiles approvingly.

VANCE

The boys are back.

Gary looks like he is there under duress. The camera slowly zooms out of a close-up on the computer screen, and we realize we are now in a huge den and the scene plays on a large flat screen above a hearth. A gray hand reaches for a remote, which rests next to an ashtray where a cigar burns. The TV goes black.

CUT TO:

SCENE 18

INT. NIGHT PENTHOUSE OFFICE

A huge man stares through his large office window at the city below. Classical music plays softly on a phonograph. Two men, a black man named Glass and a white man named Morton, enter the room. The dangerous men are dressed in dark suits. The man at the window keeps his back to them.

MORTON

You wanted to see us, Mr.  
Stücke?

STÜCKE



There is a folder on my desk. Inside it are pictures of a man I wish to speak to. There is also a file which has his home address and the addresses of the places he haunts. Find him. Bring him here.

Glass picks up the folder and opens it. There is a picture of Gary Hack walking a sidewalk.

GLASS

Boss, mind if I ask who this is?

The man at the window turns around. It is the monster from scene one. But he is now groomed and he wears the expensive clothes of a mobster. He pulls a cigar from between his teeth.

STÜCKE

His name is Gary Hack.

END

## *About the Author*



Terry M. West is an American horror author. His best known works: *What Price Gory*, *Transfer*, *Turning Face*, *Car Nex*, and his *Night Things* series. He was a finalist for 2 International Horror Guild Awards and he was featured on the TV Guide Sci-Fi hot list for his YA graphic novel series, *Confessions of a Teenage Vampire*. Terry was born in Texas, lived in New York for two decades and he currently hangs his hat in California. He lives with his family: wife Regina, son Terrence, and three doggies. Terry is also a passionate horror collector. He has an entire room devoted to books, videos, comics, magazines, and all things Elvira, *Mistress of the Dark* and *Night of the Living Dead*. He is currently trying to complete his magazine run of the bronze age *Vampirella* title. [www.terrymwest.com](http://www.terrymwest.com)

## *Praise for the work of Terry M. West*

"There's something about Terry M. West's work that runs smooth for me, like well-oiled cogs working harmoniously together." *Chad Lutzke, The Pale White*

"Terry M. West may not be a household name, but he should be." *Frank Micheal Errington's Horrible Book Reviews, Cemetery Dance*

"When it comes to scenes of brutal horror and storytelling as sharp as a machete's edge, Terry M. West is one of the masters." *Beauty in Ruins*

"What impresses me most about Terry's work is the vast scope. This man loves his horror in every shade and flavor." *Hunter Shea, Creature*

"The brand of Terry M. West has become synonymous, to me at least, with quality, easy to engage and tough to let go, frights." *Zachary Walters, Eyes of Madness & Night Worms*

"What thrills and amazes me about the work of author Terry M. West is that he switches things up on a regular basis but never falters as a storyteller." *DS Ullery, Highway 181*

"West knows how to deliver the scares." *Rue Morgue*