

FADE IN:

EXT. OLD HOUSE-NIGHT

A young couple, NAOMI, 20, and JOHN, 22, are walking along the sidewalk. John has a large duffel bag in one hand and Naomi in the other. Their clothes are tattered. A loud RUMBLE of thunder is heard.

NAOMI  
Please don't rain.

JOHN  
I think I felt a drop.

Naomi extends her hand. A drop of water falls into it. John looks at the old house. It is boarded up.

JOHN  
We just might have lucked  
out.

INT. OLD HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

John smashes the duffel bag through a window. He clears excess glass away and reaches in to unlatch the lock. He then lifts the window as far as it will go. He has to squeeze through to get in. He then helps Naomi.

NAOMI  
Thanks, John.

JOHN  
No prob'm, babe.

A startled look comes across Naomi's face.

NAOMI  
What's that? Your hand?  
Your bleeding!

John looks at his hand. Naomi grabs it.

JOHN  
Oh, it's nothin'. The glass.

Naomi starts tearing a strip from her tattered shirt.

JOHN

No, no, no. Don't do that!

Too late. She tears the cloth away and wraps his cut.

JOHN

That's your last shirt, Naomi.

NAOMI

I know, John.

John looks at the bandage.

JOHN

Thanks.

Naomi looks down at the tear in her shirt. With his uninjured hand, John touches her chin and gently raises her head until she is looking at him. Then he slowly leans in and they kiss. After a few seconds it becomes clear that they're not going to stop. They begin to undress each other. John wraps his arms around Naomi. Some blood seeps out of the bandage and down her back. Neither notice.

JOHN

Just a sec.

He grabs the bag and lifts out a package of condoms.

JOHN

I stole 'em from a Gas 'n  
Sip while the clerk was  
makin' coffee.

They begin to kiss each other again. A THUMP is heard.

NAOMI

What was that?

JOHN

Sounded like it was below  
us.

NAOMI

Could be other squatters.

JOHN

No. The place was boarded  
up everywhere. From the  
outside.

NAOMI

No, not everywhere.

She points to a window.

NAOMI

(continued)

That one's boarded up from  
the *inside*.

JOHN

Who would seal themselves in  
here?

Naomi shakes her head.

JOHN

In any case, I should check  
it out. Wait here. If I  
don't come right back... or  
you should hear some kinda  
struggle or somethin' then  
just run. I'll catch up with  
ya.

NAOMI

No... no, I'm coming with you.

JOHN

If it's safe, I'll let ya  
know. Just stay here fer  
now.

She nods as John tiptoes towards the hallway, trying to  
find stairs to the basement. He soon finds them. When  
he gets to the bottom, he can see that there is a dim  
light in the room ahead. He peers into the room, then  
quietly enters.

The inside is lit with a group of candles. There is a  
bed. Some kind of figure lies in the bed. The only  
thing John can get a good view of is the figure's arm.  
It is extremely thin, almost entirely skin and bone.  
John is certain that it is a corpse, until it moves... but

only slightly. Another figure steps out of the darkness and into the light. It is a young boy about 13 years old. He takes hold of the old man's hand. John ducks away so he won't be seen.

BOY

You must eat, father. You need your strength.

The man is reluctant. He pulls away from the boy.

BOY

I'm sorry. I can't let you die. Please eat. It will ease your pain.

John watches as the silhouette of the man seems to nod. The boy reaches into the darkness. A small cage door opening is heard. The boy steps back into the light holding a kitten. He holds it out above his father's head. With one quick move, he snaps its neck and rips out its throat. Its blood drips down to the old man's rotten lips. John takes a few steps back with a look of disgust. The boy hears him. John runs. He has a big head start, but when he reaches the doorway, the boy is already there somehow, waiting for him. John tries to push him out of the way, but the boy is stronger. When the boy sees John's bleeding hand, he bites it. John cries out in pain.

OLD MAN

ENOUGH, WILLIAM! Leave him.

The boy stops biting.

BOY

But father!

OLD MAN

Let him be.

BOY

You take him. He can make you stronger. It's not too late.

OLD MAN

I made my decision long ago.

BOY  
Please, father!

OLD MAN  
No, William.

Reluctantly, the boy, William, lets go of John.

JOHN  
Who are you people?

OLD MAN  
My name is David. I must  
apologize for my son. It's  
been months since he's...  
eaten.

JOHN  
You people drink... you drink  
blood? Why?

DAVID  
Don't pretend that you  
haven't heard of such  
things. You know what we  
are.

JOHN  
Like I'm supposed to believe  
you're some kind of vampire?

DAVID  
Precisely.

JOHN  
Then where are your fangs?

DAVID  
Purely fiction. As is most  
of what you've come to  
believe about us. But  
Stoker wasn't totally off  
track...

JOHN  
How so?

DAVID

Everlasting life. But as I've come to realize, everlasting life and everlasting youth are not one in the same.

JOHN

Then how is it that you're so old, yet your son-

DAVID

I did not say everlasting youth was not attainable. When we drink the blood of another, it helps retain our strength. Retains our sanity. But to remain young, we must go a step further... draining the blood *and* life of a human being. Drink the blood of the living until they are dead. That is a step I am unwilling to take. My sons however, chose a different path.

JOHN

So you just... grow older and older? Never dyin'?

DAVID

Yes, indeed. I wish I could die, but my sons will not let me.

JOHN

You can't just kill yourself?

DAVID

My muscles have long since atrophied. There is only one way for us to die.

JOHN

(jokingly)

Autoerotic asphyxiation.

DAVID

Sunlight.

JOHN

Whatever you say, old man.  
Good luck with that death  
thing.

John turns to leave.

DAVID

I used to be you. Not  
knowing... not believing what  
the real world is like. As  
long as I could watch the  
sunrise each morning with my  
wife, all was good. But  
things changed. I lost half  
my family. Soon after, the  
rest of us were bitten.  
Cursed. A part of me wishes  
that my sons had not  
survived the attack so that  
we might be a family again  
in heaven. But we survived.  
And we will survive for all  
eternity. William! Come!

William walks to his father.

DAVID

Show him.  
(to John)  
You must believe.

William takes a knife from off a table in the darkness.  
He slices his throat from ear to ear. There is no blood.

JOHN

A trick?

DAVID

No trick.

JOHN

And... you said your sons?

DAVID  
Yes. William... and Seth.

JOHN  
Whatever happened to him?

DAVID  
Nothing.

INT. HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Naomi is standing at the top of the stairwell. She still has John's blood across her back.

NAOMI  
Come on, John. Hurry up.

A dark figure lurks in the shadows, human, yet it walks on all fours. It quietly stalks Naomi. It can see the blood running down her back. It climbs right up behind her. Its tongue extended, it slowly begins licking the blood from her back. Naomi spins around startled, shrieking as she turns.

INT. BASEMENT-CONTINUOUS

John hears the shriek.

JOHN  
Oh, please no! Naomi!

He darts up the stairs as fast as he can move. When he gets to the top, he sees... nothing. Then from around the corner, he can see a leg sticking out. He rushes into the room. Naomi lays on the ground, struggling to breathe. A young boy, SETH, 6, gnaws at her throat. Blood is everywhere.

JOHN  
Get away from her!

Seth emits a vicious growl, and then returns to his meal.

DAVID  
Do as he says, Seth.

John turns to see David, still cloaked in darkness, is upstairs. He is in a wheelchair pushed by William. Seth obeys his father, angrily. He backs away, still on all fours, and lunges into the darkness. John stoops down, holding Naomi. He tears the bandage from his hand to cover the wound on her neck. She struggles to speak, slipping away. She coughs up blood. A red bubble forms in her mouth.

JOHN

Naomi! Somebody call a doct-

It's too late. She is gone. John looks to David.

DAVID

(to William)

Leave us.

William does as he is told.

JOHN

She's gone... she's... I can't...

He begins to cry.

DAVID

Believe it or not, I know how you feel. I lost a wife and daughter to the plague.

JOHN

Now... I want to die.

DAVID

Then you know how I feel.

JOHN

Why? Why didn't you warn me? I could have saved her!

DAVID

I told you what you need to know. Those who are not killed by the vampire bite continue to live... as vampires.

JOHN

What are you talkin' abou-

But then he remembers. He looks at his palm. William's teeth marks are still there.

DAVID

My wife and I used to watch the sunrise. Its been hundreds of years since the last time I've seen such beauty. Please. I need your help.

JOHN

Why should I help you?

DAVID

I assure you that I would not have allowed this tragedy to befall you. Had I known you were not alone, I would have intervened. But instead, my heart goes out to you. And I know where you are. I know what lies ahead. I am your future as you are my past. So please. I beg of you. My children won't let me die. End my suffering as I know you would have someone end your own.

EXT. HOUSE-LATE NIGHT/EARLY MORNING

John pushes David in his wheelchair through a busted door. Still, David is covered in darkness.

DAVID

Could you bring me to the backyard? I want to overlook the hill.

John does as he is asked.

DAVID

Thank you.

John turns back and heads for the house.

DAVID

You might want to stay.  
This may be the last sunrise  
you will ever see.

John pauses for a moment.

JOHN

I've seen it.

He continues on into the house. He kneels beside Naomi. The two brothers appear. Seth is still crawling around. He growls. John doesn't pay any notice. He looks into Naomi's eyes which remain open.

Outside, the sun begins to rise above the horizon. Light swiftly moves across the ground, heading toward David.

Inside, John wipes the blood from the side of Naomi's face. He then shuts her eyes, and leans in for one final kiss.

Outside, David stares at the rising sun, unafraid.

Inside, John's kiss has not ended.

Outside, Light moves across the ground, approaching David.

DAVID

I'd forgotten how beautiful...

Inside John's kiss has turned into something else... something savage. He is sucking the blood from Naomi's mouth. He is gulping it down frantically as if he has no control. Finally he stops. He leans up and looks away. There is a look of guilt, but without surprise.

Outside, David's hands fall from off the arm rest. He doesn't burst into flames. He doesn't turn to ashes, or dust. He just... dies.

FADE OUT