

THE LOST BOYS

"Pilot"

by
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ACT ONE

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

We're moving swiftly across dark water streaked by moonlight, the ICONIC SOUND of Gerard McMann's CRY LITTLE SISTER echoing around us as we PULL WAY UP INTO THE SKY to take in the twinkling lights of the beautiful and charming SANTA CARLA BOARDWALK below. We pause a second to observe it: The RIDES sparkling and spinning beneath us; a SHIRTLESS SAX-MAN blowing his saxy little heart out for a small-but-adoring crowd on the beach. Dark water, bright lights... and a CAMPFIRE, burning a little ways down the shore. We spot it, and now we're SPEEDING towards it, SWOOPING down to land behind...

EXT. BEACH/BLUFFS - NIGHT

A CUTE SILVER AIRSTREAM TRAILER perched on the bluffs. And we HEAR...

MAN (O.S.)

(irritated)

You told me to plan a romantic getaway, so I planned a romantic getaway--

WOMAN (O.S.)

(equally irritated)

I just thought you'd pick somewhere with a hotel.

As they're talking, we're prowling around the side of the Airstream to catch a glimpse of them: AMY and CHARLEY, up from LA with their glasses of rosé and their campfire on the beach.

CHARLEY

It's *glamping*, Amy -- it's supposed to be fun. Like Santa Carla's supposed to be *fun*.

(then, sulking)

Everyone who comes here loves it.

We stare at that fire a beat... and suddenly, it starts to SPUTTER. Like maybe it might go out. Charley's happy for the distraction--

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

I'll go get some more firewood.

He heads for our side of the trailer.

And SOMETHING MOVES -- fast -- out of the darkness. Its form undefined until it SINKS ITS FANGS into Charley's NECK, the sounds of his struggle drowned out by the CRASHING SURF.

The creature pulls back, and we get a good look: A face that could launch a thousand ships -- or at least front a British boy band. And after a beat...

AMY

Charley? Did you get wood?

And before she can make another double entendre, the VAMPIRE IS ON HER, TOO, tearing into her neck and GRAPHICALLY SLURPING UP the blood as it SPURTS from her body. Amy goes limp. And we see something -- dissatisfaction, maybe? -- playing on the vampire's pale-yet-epically-handsome features. He seems almost reluctant as he bends down, murmuring into Amy's ear in a voice so hypnotically soft and silky you'd do anything it told you to...

VAMPIRE

You love it here.

And with that, he LEAPS UP INTO THE AIR, and is gone into the California night.

Amy lies broken and still in the sand. A beat... and then as we watch, HER WOUND BEGINS TO HEAL ITSELF; the frayed flesh sealing back into her body; the blood coagulating and scabbing and flaking off like it was never there. Amy stirs. And sits back up. And pours herself another glass of rosé. NOT SEEMING TO REMEMBER ANY HINT OF THE HORROR SHE JUST ENDURED. A beat, and Charley emerges from around the side of the trailer -- ALSO TOTALLY FINE. He puts down the FIREWOOD he's carrying -- that fire seems fine now. And as he sits beside her, and refills his own wineglass, a serenely satisfied Amy looks out at all that dark water...

AMY

I love it here in Santa Carla. Don't you?

And as we hear it again: *THOU... SHALT... NOT... KILL...* the iconic title appears on our screen:

THE LOST BOYS.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

As the sun shines down on a wheezing 1987 JEEP CHEROKEE, jammed to the gills with MOVING BOXES. Inside is LUCY EMERSON (a sporty 43) and her diametrically opposite sons: MICHAEL, 21, a broad-shouldered Midwestern god, athletic like his mother; and SAM, 15 and... not. Both buried deep in their phones.

LUCY

OK, so it's entirely possible I'm just a million years old, but it does seem like if either of you were
(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)
 to look up from your screens for two
 seconds, you might notice we're
 driving through some pretty
 spectacular scenery here--

Neither looks up.

MICHAEL
 I'm trying to get into a summer study
 group for Anatomic Pathology.

LUCY
 Okay, Columbia Med one, natural beauty
 zero. Sam, what's your excuse?

Only now do we hear the not-so-faint strains of VAMPIRE
 WEEKEND pulsing from Sam's earbuds--

LUCY (CONT'D)
 Sam? You okay back there?

Their eyes meet in the rearview. Sam is not a happy camper.

SAM
 You mean aside from the ongoing trauma
 of being plunked in the back of a
 thirty-year-old jalopy with dubious
 air-conditioning and dragged half a
 continent away from everything I've
 ever known and loved, thereby crushing
 my spirit and removing all sense of
 my own self-worth at a crucial point
 in my adolescent development? Because
 aside from that, yeah, I'm great,
 Mom, thanks for asking.

At which his big brother good-naturedly rolls his eyes--

MICHAEL
 Sammy, buddy -- sometimes you just
 gotta embrace change--

SAM
 (seriously?)
 You're literally about to go do the
 thing you've been checking every box
 towards for your entire life.

Michael shrugs: This is true.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Though I still don't get why you'd
 drive two thousand miles from Illinois
 (MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

to California just to turn right around
and fly three thousand miles back east
to New York--

MICHAEL

Mostly so I can spend a bunch of days
trapped in a car, listening to my baby
brother whine.

Sam leans into the passenger seat and mimes strangling Michael,
who pretends he's choking. And as Lucy swats them out of the
way--

LUCY

Michael's here because you don't
have a license, Sam, and I needed
someone to trade off with. And
because he's never seen my hometown,
either.

(then, the truth)

And because I want all of us to be
together.

Michael, self-appointed voice of reason, rolls his eyes again--

MICHAEL

Seriously, Mom, the chance that Dad's
aneurysm was due to heritable thoracic
aortic disease in the absence of
relevant familial history is--

LUCY

Yes, Michael, I'm a science teacher,
I understand genetic probability,
thank you.

(then)

I want us to be together when the
test results come back.

(and then)

It's what your father would have
wanted.

Silence in the Cherokee. Until--

SAM

Oh, and I miss the dog. There's
also that.

ON LUCY: This one hurts.

LUCY

I do, too.

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)
 (making the best)
 But the Friedmans are a responsible,
 loving family--

SAM
 You sure about that, Mom?

And now he leans up into the driver's seat, trying to show his phone to his mother, who swats him away again--

LUCY
Driving, Sam. My children's lives
 literally in my hands--

Michael takes the phone. Frowns, as Sam nods.

MICHAEL
 They put Nanook in a *hat*??

And sure enough, it's an INSTAGRAM SHOT of a beaming FAMILY -- the Friedmans -- kitted out in full CHICAGO CUBS GEAR, including a massive ALASKAN MALAMUTE, looking deeply ashamed to be clad in a jersey and ballcap.

One hand on the wheel, Lucy whirls--

LUCY
 All right, no more phones--

The car SWERVES a bit, as she grabs the phones from her sons.

SAM
 Mom!

MICHAEL
 Eyes on the road!

And a triumphant Lucy deposits the phones in the driver's-side door as her children are finally forced to stare out the window at what is, objectively, some of the most spectacular highway-adjacent scenery on earth. A beat.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 How come you never told us you grew
 up somewhere so...
 (no other word for it)
 ...Pretty?

And as a shadow flits across Lucy's face -- *how come, indeed* -- this little family takes the SANTA CARLA exit, and we MOVE TO...

EXT. THE GRATEFUL BED AND BREAKFAST - DAY

A rambling craftsman with a wide, welcoming VERANDA -- basically, the platonic ideal of a NorCal B&B. From it emerges Lucy's father, FRANK GARCIA (65), the cantankerous old hippie who owns and runs this fine Santa Carla institution.

LUCY

Dad!

FRANK

There's my girl!

He hugs her.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Been a few years.

(then)

And from Skype I recognize these two
as my beloved grandsons--

SAM/MICHAEL

Hi, Grandpa.

Frank eyes his flesh and blood like a pair of steers at a livestock auction.

FRANK

Still train for those triathlons, Mike?

MICHAEL

Whenever I'm not studying--

FRANK

Glad to hear it.

(then, to Sam)

What about you, kid? Play any sports?

SAM

No.

Frank darkens. Oddly serious.

FRANK

You should. IRL, you look a little
spindly.

Sam looks over to Michael, who shoots him a *whaddaya gonna do?* look. The brothers grab their bags and follow Frank into...

INT. THE GRATEFUL BED AND BREAKFAST - DAY

Where macrame mingles with TAXIDERMY in a space that channels a somewhat-charming, somewhat-disturbing hippie-meets-hunting-

lodge aesthetic. Sam and Michael falling firmly in the "disturbed" category as they schlep their bags through the room, clocking the wide assortment of dead animals on display--

FRANK

Guest rooms are on the main floor;
family quarters upstairs.

MICHAEL

(to Sam)
Watch out--

SAM

(ducking)
Sheezus--

Sam stops just short of a GIANT STUFFED BAT that hangs from the rafters, suddenly standing face to face with the creature's shiny little eyes, its sharp little fangs.

SAM (CONT'D)

Did you... kill all these things,
Grandpa?

MICHAEL

(sotto)
If you've gotta ask...

LUCY

Still hunting with your crossbow,
Dad?

FRANK

I like a fair fight.

LUCY

If you want, Sam, maybe Grandpa could
take you on a hunting trip, get you
out in the fresh air...

Sam eyes a BLACK BEAR standing in the corner, posed so it's holding out a dish of candy.

SAM

(dear god no)
Yeah, maybe.

But to Sam's relief, Frank has other plans.

FRANK

No time! While you three were
roadtripping, summer season started,
and we're booked solid through Labor
Day.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Got sheets to wash, hallways to vacuum, omelettes to make -- this place doesn't run itself, believe me.

LUCY

Booked up already?

FRANK

(a nod)

Tribe's opening a casino out on the res. Craps, cards, the whole nine yards.

Lucy raises an eyebrow.

LUCY

Surprised the Town Council of Santa-Wholesome-Family-Fun-Carla went for that.

FRANK

Oh, they fought it every step of the way. Gonna draw tourists away from the boardwalk, they said, introduce an "unsavory element." 'Course the tribe told 'em to stuff it -- their land's their land.

Frank grins: A man who appreciates a good "fuck you."

FRANK (CONT'D)

Casino opens next week. And if you ask me, it's gonna be a goldmine -- we've been booked up for months.

They've reached the stairs. Frank stops.

FRANK (CONT'D)

All right. You kids drop your bags, freshen up, and head over to the boardwalk, check out the lay of the land.

MICHAEL

Grandpa, we just got here.

SAM

(sotto)

Who's whining now?

A brotherly arm-punch. Sam mimes an ouch.

FRANK

Come tomorrow, you'll be far too busy working for me to enjoy Santa

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Carla's charms. But the guests will have questions: Which stand sells the gloppiest nacho? Is the Tunnel of Love appropriate for a toddler? And you'll need answers. Correct answers, or there'll be hell to pay on TripAdvisor, believe me. So get out there and sample everything this town has to offer. Because tomorrow? The work begins.

Said with a somewhat unsettling smile. Lucy jumps in--

LUCY

Go on, guys. Have some fun tonight -- you deserve it.

And off the Emerson boys -- *maybe they do* -- we MOVE TO...

EXT. SANTA CARLA - EVENING

As Michael and Sam make their way through a coastal town along the lines of SANTA BARBARA -- the kind of place that survives on beach vibes and tourist dollars; not small enough that everyone knows everyone, but pretty darn close.

ANGLE: THE FERRIS WHEEL, as it rises into view, lit up in neon and looking... well, like a pretty average Ferris wheel. But BEFORE SAM'S VERY EYES, the neon takes on a more VIBRANT GLOW, the wheel and its cars becoming somehow MORE CHARMING, MORE GLAMOROUS, MORE ATTRACTIVE in some subtle but very real way. Sam turns to his brother--

SAM

Did you just see--?

MICHAEL

What?

Sam shakes his head. Already forgetting how it looked before...

SAM

Nothing.

They've reached the Boardwalk. A beat, as they take it in.

SAM (CONT'D)

Think I'm gonna explore on my own.

Michael considers this request. Then solemnly places his hands on Sam's shoulders--

MICHAEL

Samuel Emerson. Today, you are a man.

And as Sam throws him off, and the brothers go their separate ways, we CUT TO...

BRAD PITT.

Yeah, that Brad Pitt -- or rather, the flowing-locked, poofy-shirted Brad Pitt from INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE, a STILL from which will be easy to get the rights to, since it was a WARNER BROS. MOVIE. We pull back to REVEAL Lucy looking at this still, which is tacked to the wall of...

INT. GRATEFUL BED/LUCY'S ROOM - DAY

A teen girl's bedroom, circa 1994. Frank stands, sheepish, as Lucy walks the space like a museum exhibit, revisiting the pop culture of her youth...

FRANK

Haven't come in here much since you left.

LUCY

You don't say.

FRANK

(a shrug)

It was hard, at first. For both of us.

She looks at her father, hurt.

LUCY

Don't tell me you're still on Emmett's side--

FRANK

You're my daughter, Lu; I'm always on your side. But you know how this town is -- you leave the high-school football star high and dry to run off with some stranger who just rolled into town... tongues wag. Even now.

(then, a smile)

Why'd you think I was willing to freeze my ass off in the Midwest all those Christmases? I knew you never wanted to come back here.

Lucy sits on her old bed. Frowns a little.

LUCY

Actually, it was Nate who never wanted to come back here.

Which is news to Frank. She continues, pensive...

LUCY (CONT'D)

I always thought he just didn't want to run into Emmett, and I never put my foot down, because I knew how gossipy Santa Carla can be. Who needs the drama, right? But I would've brought the boys to California years ago, Dad. And now I'm sorry I didn't.

A beat, as something flickers across her father's face. And then, catching himself--

FRANK

Well I always say, if you love something, set it free -- maybe someday it'll turn up on your doorstep with a scrawny grandson you can teach to run the place.

(and then)

I oughta put that on a pillow.

(and finally, tender)

How you holding up, Lu?

Lucy thinks a beat. Then, measured--

LUCY

It's been eight months. With a change of scenery, I think maybe we're ready for the rest of our lives.

(then)

So, Michael's gonna leave for New York once we get the test results back; I somehow got Sam to agree to work here for the summer; and I've got a meeting with the Principal about a teaching job in the morning.

FRANK

Sounds good, *mija*.

Frank squeezes his daughter's hand: A lot of love here.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Welcome home.

And with that, he leaves. Lucy sits a minute, just feeling the space. Then goes to one of her bags, and carefully unpacks a lovely NATIVE AMERICAN NECKLACE: Clearly, an object of great importance. And as she hangs it on the bedpost, we MOVE TO...

EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Sam, as he weaves through the boardwalk crowd, taking in the screaming riders on the ROLLER COASTER, the YO-YO, the SCRAMBLER -- all with that same enchanted beauty... and that

classic carnival menace, lurking just beneath the surface. A menace Sam seems to pick up on, like a radio catching a faraway signal, the lights swirling over his face as we MOVE TO...

EXT. BOARDWALK/MIDWAY - NIGHT

Michael, walking the Midway, as something rolls into his foot and ALMOST TRIPS HIM. He bends down to pick it up, looking at it a sec before realizing it's an AVOCADO. He looks around -- *uh, hello, random avocado?* -- and spots A FEW MORE AVOCADOS littered across the boardwalk... where they're being scooped into a shopping bag by STELLA (20s), carefree and Californian and the prettiest woman Michael has ever laid eyes on in his life. He brings her the rogue fruit.

MICHAEL

I think I have something of yours.
(then, noticing)
Wow, you really have a lot of these.

STELLA

They're not for me. They're for my stand.

She points to a concession a few feet away.

STELLA (CONT'D)

They're the special tonight. Well, most nights, actually. Deep fried, with a little spicy ranch...
(off his expression)
Don't knock it 'til you've tried it.

MICHAEL

Uh, no.

STELLA

No?

He smiles. Something about her instantly putting him at ease. And Stella smiles back, as--

MICHAEL

No, I don't need to try it. Because as a native of the Midwest, and therefore something of an authority on fairground snacks, I feel duty-bound to inform you that the phrase "deep-fried avocado" is just about the wrongest thing I've ever heard.

STELLA

Okay, see, you've already admitted you don't know what you're talking about.

MICHAEL

Excuse me?

STELLA

You just said it -- you're not from California. We can make *anything* out of avocados here. Toast? We did that. BL-A-T? That was us. And they don't call a California roll a California roll for nothing, my friend.

MICHAEL

Michael. My name's Michael.

Stella smiles again. Something electric happening here.

STELLA

I'll tell you what, Michael: Give me ten minutes and a vat of hot oil, and allow me to blow your Midwest mind.

Off Michael -- *if this is what girls are like in California, count me in* -- we MOVE TO...

INT. ARCADE - NIGHT

...which, like many things in Santa Carla, has a 2019-via-1987 kind of feel. As we watch, Sam wanders in, checking out the wall of HORROR-THEMED PINBALL MACHINES -- *ELVIRA, FRIDAY THE 13TH, DRACULA* -- then walks through the canyon of CLASSIC VIDEO GAMES on his way to SKEE-BALL ALLEY.

He picks a machine; drops in some change... but just as he's about to throw the first ball, Sam notices a SKETCHY CARNY rocking the MS PAC-MAN machine a couple yards away. Sam turns back to his own game, throwing his Skee-Ball... and missing. He throws again; misses again, as we...

ANGLE ON CASSIE AND LIZA FROG (16), watching Sam through the glass of the CLAW GAME like Leo scoping Claire through the aquarium in ROMEO + JULIET.

CASSIE

How about him?

BACK ON SAM, who can't help but keep looking back at the Carny: Is it him, or are this guy's teeth really... *pointy*? This time, the Carny feels his gaze, looking up -- *WTF, Dude* -- and as Sam awkwardly whips back around...

LIZA

You think?

Sharp, cool, and lightly goth, the girls watch as Sam misses his third shot in a row.

LIZA (CONT'D)
That's...

CASSIE
...absolutely...

LIZA
...Tragic.
(then)
Yeah, him. Come on.

Decision made, they approach. And without introduction--

CASSIE
Okay. First you've gotta shove your
right leg up against the lane--

Sam is mortified. Cassie pushes on.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
(demonstrating)
Like that.

She moves her leg back, then stares at him until he moves
his own leg into position.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Good job.

SAM
I'm sorry, who are you?

CASSIE
I'm Cassie. This is Liza.

LIZA
We're the Frog Sisters.

One thing about the Frog Sisters? They look nothing alike.
Sam clocks this--

SAM
Okay--
(then; go with it)
I'm Sam.

CASSIE
Nice to meet you, Sam. Now, lean in
on that leg: A solid stance is gonna
be key.

She assumes the position and throws a PERFECT 100-POINT POCKET.
And ANOTHER. And ANOTHER AFTER THAT. Liza hands Sam a Skee-
Ball.

SAM
Are you guys, like... Skee-Ball
teachers?

LIZA
(firm)
Your turn.

Sam looks at them: *Seriously, what the fuck is going on here?*
But he braces his leg, leans in... and makes a 40-POINT SHOT.

CASSIE
All right! What have we learned?

SAM
That I'm as bad at this as I am at
literally every other sport that's
ever been invented?

LIZA
(cheerleader)
Come on, forty's great.

SAM
And losing's the new winning, and
everyone gets a trophy, yes, Random
Arcade Girl, I'm a child of the
aughts, I'm aware.

LIZA
(oh, really?)
You hit that forty pocket with all
nine balls, it's called "the full
circle," and it makes you a Skee-
Ball God.
(off Sam)
When you're a Random Arcade Girl,
you know these things.

Cassie casts a glance around the arcade.

CASSIE
Another thing we know? Is that you
shouldn't be out here alone at night.

Over her shoulder, Sam sees Sketchy Carny has moved from Ms.
Pac-Man to talking up a SWEET-LOOKING GIRL who can't be more
than 14, a delicate gold CROSS strung around her neck...

SAM
(disturbed)
Why's that?

LIZA

'Cause every few years, some tourist goes missing. And it's always someone who was last seen alone.

CASSIE

The Sheriff's Department investigates, but they never find anything.

LIZA

And in a couple days, it just...

CASSIE

Blows over.

LIZA

Like it never happened.

CASSIE

And the cycle begins anew.

They look at him. Serious.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

So don't let that be you, Dude.

Sketchy Carny and the girl are gone.

LIZA

Just be careful, Sam, okay?

And with that, Cassie hands Sam the fistful of PRIZE TICKETS that just spewed from the Skee-Ball machine -- and the Frog Sisters turn and leave. Off Sam, more than a little dazzled by these two, we MOVE TO...

A DEEP-FRIED WEDGE OF AVOCADO

As it heads into a PUDDLE OF RANCH. And we pull back to REVEAL Michael at STELLA'S CONCESSION STAND, taking a taste. And having to admit that--

MICHAEL

Not bad.

Stella rolls her eyes.

STELLA

It's delicious, and you know it.

(then)

So all right, Mr. Midwest, what brings you to sample the delicacies of our charming little beach town?

Michael goes in for another wedge.

MICHAEL

My Mom and my brother just moved here.

STELLA

(an eyebrow)
But not you?

MICHAEL

I'm headed to New York. Med school. Columbia, actually.

Which he hoped would impress her. It doesn't.

STELLA

Are you jealous?

MICHAEL

Me? Of what?

STELLA

That your family gets to stay here.
(gesturing)
I mean, look at his place. You've got the beach, the mountains, the weather... I'm sure New York's nice, but Santa Carla's basically paradise.

MICHAEL

(I like you)
Maybe you should show me around.

STELLA

(I like you, too)
Maybe I should.

They savor their spark. Michael reaches for his wallet, but--

STELLA (CONT'D)

My treat.

Said with all the flirtation that implies. But then Stella looks up, like she hears something coming. In the moment of her distraction, he tosses a FIVE into her TIP JAR--

MICHAEL

(pleased with himself)
What is it?

And suddenly we're IN THE MIDWAY CROWD, on the BACK OF A FIGURE moving rapidly towards Stella's stand. We can't see his face. But Stella can. And she looks... busted.

STELLA

David.

And we REVERSE to REVEAL... THE VAMPIRE FROM OUR TEASER. Looking every inch as rock-star, bad-boy, prime-Kiefer sexy as the last time we laid eyes on him. Only now, instead of ripping someone's throat out, he's leaning over the counter to give Stella a kiss...

DAVID

Hey.

And then turning his coldly gorgeous eyes on Michael, who's never felt so square in his entire life.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Everything all right here?

MICHAEL

(deflated)

Yeah, man. All good.

DAVID

Glad to hear it.

As they HEAR--

SAM (O.S.)

Hey, Mike--

And we ANGLE ON SAM as he joins them. His eyes lingering just a millisecond on David -- again, almost like he senses... *something*. And for the second time tonight, he shakes that something off, looking from Michael to David to Stella--

SAM (CONT'D)

C'mon. It's time to go home.

MICHAEL

Right.

(then, still hopeful)

Nice meeting you -- ?

STELLA

Stella.

Who looks at Michael like something she wants, but shouldn't have.

STELLA (CONT'D)

(wistful)

Good night, Michael who's moving to New York.

And David the Vampire Boyfriend wraps a protective arm around his girl, the two of them watching Michael and Sam MOVE OFF THE MIDWAY, as we... **END ACT ONE.**

ACT TWO

EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

As Michael and Sam head home...

SAM

Well that felt super totally normal,
with no awkwardness at all.

MICHAEL

Just trying to get to know the locals.

SAM

Yeah, well maybe steer clear of the
ones with scary boyfriends.
(off Michael's look)
All I'm saying is, I'm the one who's
gotta live here.

They're approaching Santa Carla's spectacular old CAROUSEL,
done up with scenes of the town's bloody NATIVE-vs-MISSIONARY
past in that distinctively sinister fairground style. And
just as a CLOUD OF BATS painted in the sky over one of the
battles spins by, we...

ANGLE ON THE RIDE, as perhaps six BAD BIKER DUDES weave through
the ponies, upsetting the good patrons with the menace of their
presence. And as we watch, the BIGGEST and UGLIEST of the
Bikers -- their leader -- puts his hand out, brushing up under
a YOUNG WOMAN'S BACK as her pony slides down its pole. She
YELPS in surprise as a SECURITY GUARD appears behind the Head
Biker, wrapping his baton around the brute's neck--

SECURITY GUARD

I told you to stay off the boardwalk.

As we ANGLE ON MICHAEL AND SAM, clocking the commotion. They
stop to watch, as BACK ON THE RIDE, our Biker's not having the
Security Guard's headlock, ELBOWING him sharply in the gut and
JAMMING him back into one of the painted ponies--

HEAD BIKER

You say something, Rent-A-Cop?

But Security Guard has the wind knocked out of him, and can't
respond. Head Biker SHOVES him again, KNOCKING the Security
Guard off the edge of the carousel's platform as the ride's
bell DINGS and it comes to a stop. And as Head Biker looms
overhead, daring the now-terrified Guard to speak--

HEAD BIKER (CONT'D)

Didn't think so.

A WOMAN, probably in her 20s, but oddly timeless, slides off her pony and walks right up to the hulking Biker, totally unafraid--

WOMAN

Hey, you mind letting this guy do his job?

HEAD BIKER

If I want your opinion, bitch? I'll ask for it.

ON MICHAEL, as he starts towards them -- like most aspiring doctors, he's got more than a bit of a savior complex -- but Sam holds his brother back, transfixed by the scene as it plays out--

SAM

No, wait. Don't.

And he watches, riveted, as the Woman gets in the Head Biker's face, looking deep into his eyes as she almost whispers...

WOMAN

Get on your bikes, and ride out of town.

A long, tense beat, Sam keeping his grip on Michael's sleeve... and finally, the Biker backs down. He looks back at his buddies.

HEAD BIKER

We're heading out.

And as Sam watches this unfold, we see he's unnerved by it in a way no one else seems to be -- everyone around them is smiling and laughing and having the time of their lives, EVEN THE WOMAN THE HEAD BIKER JUST GROPED. The tension of a moment ago melting away... Sam watches, mesmerized, as the Woman helps the Security Guard to his feet. And tells him, in that same intense tone--

WOMAN

Everything's fine.

As we HEAR--

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Didn't you want to get home?

Which SNAPS Sam out of his reverie: There's his brother, looking and sounding as though nothing odd just happened at all. And as Sam squints at him, baffled, we TIME CUT TO...

EXT. SANTA CARLA - NIGHT

As the brothers continue their walk home. Michael pauses, turning back to take in the view of the beach lit up by the lights from the rides; the dark water stretching out beyond--

MICHAEL

I know you weren't so high on the whole leaving home thing, but I gotta say, so far? Santa Carla seems pretty cool.

And now they're walking again -- a TECHNICOLOR VICTORIAN on one side of the street; a DIA DE LOS MUERTOS MURAL on the other. The Illinois suburbs seeming very far from here.

SAM

Maybe you should stick around.

A loaded beat, because Michael really does seem to like it here. But--

MICHAEL

Sam, I can't. Once Mom sees us open those results together, I gotta go.

(off Sam)

They're waiting for me in New York; I worked for med school my whole life--

SAM

You checked every box. I know.

(then)

I just don't want you to leave.

Michael nods. A lot of warmth between these two.

MICHAEL

I know.

SAM

When I was a kid you were always studying, but at least you were around. But then you went away to college, and you only came back because of Dad--

A THUNDERING RUMBLE cuts him off, as the BIKERS from the carousel ROAR PAST the brothers, nearly turning them into street meat. A discarded beer bottle WHIZZES PAST Sam's head, Sam awkwardly jumping back as it SHATTERS against one of the mural's PAINTED SKULLS, the sound of the CHOPPERS retreating in the distance--

SAM (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

Yeah, Mike, this place is real cool...

And now we're...

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE OF TOWN - NIGHT

FROM ABOVE, we watch the Bikers roll out of Santa Carla on their Harleys, WHOOPING and HOLLERING over the noise of their engines. And now we're DIVING DOWN ON THEM, their choppers SCREECHING AND SKIDDING TO A HALT as they suddenly see the woman from the carousel, MOLLIE, standing before them in the road. She's with an 8-YEAR-OLD in a UNION SOLDIER JACKET (yes, fans, it's LADDIE) and a SCRAWNY OLD MAN, HIRAM.

MOLLIE

Where are you gentlemen off to tonight?

HEAD BIKER

Just wanted to feel the road.

He looks her up and down. It's gross. Which is the point.

HEAD BIKER (CONT'D)

But don't worry, sweet thing -- we'll be back.

MOLLIE

I don't think you will.

The bikers HOOT and LAUGH in response.

HEAD BIKER

I don't think you get it, Sugar.
You might not like us on your pretty little carousel, but we like it here.
So we're gonna stay.

Mollie smiles... to REVEAL her FANGS, glinting in the moonlight.

MOLLIE

No, you don't get it.

And as she starts walking towards them...

MOLLIE (CONT'D)

This is a nice. Fucking. Town.

And with that, Laddie and Hiram's FANGS come down in quick succession. In the space of a breath, THE VAMPIRES ARE ON THEM, SLASHING and SUCKING. An 8-year-old child and a scrawny old man and an actress-sized woman tossing these hulking beasts around with ease. Laddie sees Mollie's face BURIED in the Head Biker's neck, the look of sheer ecstasy washing over what we can see of her features telling us there's far more than dinner going on here. He SUPER-SPEEDS to her, dragging her off in the nick of time--

LADDIE
Mollie, stop -- STOP!

She looks up, eyes wild, jaws dripping--

LADDIE (CONT'D)
Don't kill him. You can't kill him--

MOLLIE
Screw the law.

But now Hiram holds her back, a hint of authority in his voice--

HIRAM
The kid's right. You can't kill him;
you can't turn him. The law's the law,
Mol. And you're gonna abide by it.

She looks away, pissed: It's clear that Hiram is something like her minder. Hiram wipes his mouth, drags the Head Biker's bloody head up by his hair. And with a murmur--

HIRAM (CONT'D)
Get out of here. And don't come back.

He drops the head back down onto the pavement, the Biker's wounds already beginning to heal...

HIRAM (CONT'D)
We did our jobs. They'll stay away.

Which is cold comfort to Mollie, her bloodlust barely held in check as we MOVE TO...

EXT. ANOTHER ROAD OUTSIDE OF TOWN - NIGHT

...A road that looks an awful lot like the one where the vampires are. Which should worry us, because Lucy's out here on an evening RUN, her feet pounding the pavement as she breathes deep, taking in the stars and the seaside air...

But as we watch, things start to feel creepy out here -- the moon, the wind, a HOOTING OWL -- when a pair of HEADLIGHTS peek up onto the road behind her, drawing closer, Lucy breathing harder, starting to FREAK OUT until she finally WHIPS AROUND TO SEE it's a POLICE CRUISER. The SHERIFF'S CRUISER, to be exact. A VOICE emerges through its SPEAKER:

SHERIFF (O.S.)
Keep to the side of the road.

Lucy moves over, waiting to see if the car will keep going. It doesn't. A beat, and the door opens. And as the SHERIFF gets out of his car, her jaw drops: THIS IS SOMEONE SHE KNOWS.

LUCY

Emmett?

EMMETT ALVAREZ (40s) is square-jawed and warm-eyed in that damn-you're-a-decent-lawman kind of way. And right now, he's looking at the tank-topped, running-shortened, sports-bra'd Lucy like a man who never quite got over the breaking of his square-jawed, warm-eyed heart.

EMMETT

Thought it might be you.

Though it doesn't seem that thought makes him happy. She takes in the hat and the badge and the "SHERIFF ALVAREZ" pin, flat-out gobsmacked that--

LUCY

My pot-smoking, skinny-dipping, occasional-car-boosting ex-boyfriend is the *Sheriff of Santa Carla* now?

EMMETT

As of three whole weeks ago. And I'd like it if you could keep that car-boosting part to yourself.

He leans against his cruiser. Still not happy to see her.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Your Dad told me you were coming back to town.

LUCY

(thanks, Frank)
Did he?

EMMETT

Guess I'm glad I ran into you sooner rather than later.

Lucy nods.

LUCY

I'm glad, too. Mostly because I never had a chance to tell you how sorry I am that--

EMMETT

(flat)
It was a long time ago, Lu.
(and then)
What are you doing out here, this time of night?

She shifts, awkward.

LUCY

Oh, I dunno. Moved back to town with my tail between my legs; know I'm gonna have to deal with a bunch of folks I haven't seen since I caused a town scandal at 18; still mourning my dead husband; dreading running into my jilted ex-boyfriend...

(then)

Guess I thought a nice evening jog might clear my mind.

Emmett nods. Accepting this.

EMMETT

Well, we got a report there were some bikers causing trouble in town.

(then)

I know your Dad would want me to keep you safe, so... mind if I give you a ride back home?

And off Lucy and Emmett, neither of them relishing this task, we MOVE TO...

EXT. GRATEFUL BED - NIGHT

As Emmett's CRUISER passes Michael and Sam, turning into the driveway of the B&B. A familiar figure in the passenger seat--

SAM

Is that *Mom*?

And we TIME CUT TO...

INT. GRATEFUL BED - MOMENTS LATER

As the Emersons enter, Michael good-naturedly giving Lucy some shit:

MICHAEL

So tell us, Mother, how exactly *did* you get picked up by the cops on your very first night back in town?

LUCY

(shut up, smartass)

I ran out too far, so the Sheriff gave me a ride home. Turns out, he's... someone I used to know.

(then)

How was the boardwalk? Fun?

MICHAEL

Sure, it's great.

But her younger son stays silent. Lucy notices.

LUCY

Sam?

SAM

(grudging)

I know everyone loves it, but...
it's weird here, Mom.

A beat. And then Lucy SIGHS.

LUCY

I know.

SAM

(incredulous)

You do?

LUCY

Of course I do! Honey, this is a
lot. For all of us. And it's not
that I don't realize how--

She looks around -- the bear; the bat.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Unusual Santa Carla can be... I ran
away from this place when I was
eighteen years old.

SAM/MICHAEL

Seriously? / You did?

LUCY

To be with your father. Without
telling anybody. In the middle of
the night.

Sam blinks.

SAM

That doesn't sound anything like you.

Which is true... and something Lucy chooses to ignore.

LUCY

Look. The truth is, we couldn't
afford to stay in Evanston. So weird
as Santa Carla is? We've gotta try
and make it work, okay? Can we do
that? Try and make it work?

Something inside the boys softens: She hasn't let them see
her this vulnerable in a long time.

MICHAEL

Yeah, Mom.

SAM

Sure.

Off the Emersons, willing to try, we MOVE TO...

INT. GRATEFUL BED/MICHAEL AND SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

A finished attic, where Michael lies asleep in bed and Sam sits awake on a pullout couch, using his brother's dog-eared copy of GRAY'S ANATOMY as a reference as he attempts to SKETCH the sharp-toothed Carny from the arcade. We HEAR the faint sounds of SCREAMS from the distant ROLLER COASTER drifting in through the open window. It creeps Sam out: Santa Carla is unnerving to him in a way that no one else seems to notice. He gets up and shuts the window, glancing back at his peacefully sleeping brother as we MOVE TO...

INT. GRAND BALLROOM - DAWN

Part of the ruins of A FABULOUS TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY HOTEL, swallowed whole by an earthquake a hundred years ago. David is here, along with perhaps ten other ND VAMPS, some of whom we might recognize from the Midway. At the end of the night, our vampires are drinking; playing BACKGAMMON; EUCHRE; WHIST -- whatever passed the time in the time(s) they came from.

ANGLE ON THE BALLROOM'S ANTECHAMBER, as a pair of vamps SUPER-SPEED IN from OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS, slowing to walk through the grand entrance side by side. One is Sam's Sketchy Carny, SID; the other is the SEXY SAX-MAN from the beach, whose slight accent betrays his Austrian origins. His name, as it happens, is FRANZ.

FRANZ

Good night?

Sid shrugs: *Comme ci, comme ça.*

SID

Beat my high score on Frogger.

CLOSE ON the GOLD CROSS hanging from the pocket of his leather jacket: The one the girl was wearing at the arcade.

SID (CONT'D)

And got a little taste of virgin.
That was nice.

MOLLIE (O.S.)

Was it?

At the sound of her voice, every vampire in the room turns, watching Mollie stalk into the ballroom, Laddie and Hiram on her heels. The atmosphere turning tense as she continues...

MOLLIE (CONT'D)
 Because I had bikers. Three of them.
 Big ones. But I'm still hungry.
 (pointed, to the room)
 Aren't you?

All eyes on David, as he looks up from his cards.

DAVID
 We're not discussing this again.

MOLLIE
 We never discussed it, David. Twenty
 years ago the decision came down
 from on high, and *poof*: No killing
 humans. New law.

DAVID
 A law you've broken more than once--

MOLLIE
 Not since you gave me my babysitter.

She flicks her eyes at Hiram, who stands his ground.

MOLLIE (CONT'D)
 Now I toe the line. Sipping on a human
 here, nibbling on one there; taking
 the edge off, but never feeling that
 sweet release of freedom from hunger.
 (then, to Sid)
 I remember a time when you'd drink
 that virgin's life away without a
 second thought.

She's talking to all of them now: A politician on the stump.

MOLLIE (CONT'D)
 The casino's opening soon. Out on
 the reservation. A hundred thousand
 square feet of no daylight and a
 giant flashing sign that might as
 well say, "come here if you'll never
 be missed."

DAVID
 (a warning)
 Mollie--

MOLLIE
 No one's saying we should eat the
 locals -- I love Santa Carla as much
 as anyone. But gamblers? Drifters?
 Bouncers who don't check ID?

DAVID

The law--

MOLLIE

Is a stupid law!

She's in his face now, daring him to engage--

MOLLIE (CONT'D)

We. Are. *Vampires*, David. And I have spent centuries following you across this earth -- I love you like every vampire loves its maker -- but what's the cost of this ridiculous law? What are we doing to ourselves by denying our nature?

David puts his cards down.

DAVID

Vampires live off human blood. You live off human blood -- three bikers tonight, you said so yourself. So explain to me how it is, exactly, that you're being oppressed.

MOLLIE

We don't live off human blood. We live off human *life*.

Mollie's FANGS DROP.

MOLLIE (CONT'D)

And we're starving.

It's an open challenge... and we get the sense there are quite a few vamps in this room on her side. But then David rises, his own fangs shining as he stares Mollie down--

DAVID

I made you. I gave you eternal youth. And eternal life. And there is NOTHING I cannot ask of you in return.

He looks each of the other vampires in the eye.

DAVID (CONT'D)

The law is the law. And the law remains: *Thou shalt not kill*.

David sits back down to his cards. And as Mollie reluctantly backs down... for now... we **END ACT TWO**.

ACT THREE

INT. GRATEFUL BED/MICHAEL AND SAM'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

As the shades SNAP UP and sunshine streams into the room.
REVEAL it's Frank who just did the snapping--

FRANK
Rise and shine!

Sam squints into the light, disoriented--

SAM
Grandpa?

MICHAEL
It's not even six o'clock...

FRANK
Six? What are you, Rockefellers?
This is the hospitality industry, kiddo:
We wake at dawn! Towels to wash,
latrines to clean... I could go on.

MICHAEL
Please don't.

FRANK
(to Michael)
You might only be here a couple days,
but I'm not about to waste the
manpower, *capisce?*

Frank heads for the door. And shoots them a grim, dead-serious look, as he turns back--

FRANK (CONT'D)
You boys need discipline -- you've
lived your lives soft.
(then)
I'm happy you're here, but that was
yesterday. Now? It's time to earn
your keep.

And off a groggy Sam and Michael, not loving their first day
in the hospitality industry so far, we MOVE TO...

INT. SANTA CARLA HIGH/HALLWAY - MORNING

As an admin, TRISH (bubbly, 30s), walks Lucy down the hall.

LUCY

When we spoke on the phone, I told the Principal I'd prefer a permanent position in the Physics Department, but I can sub Bio and Chemistry as well--

TRISH

You'll need to talk to the Vice-Principal about the specifics. He's allocating the budget while Principal Romero's on vacation.

They're passing the TROPHY CASE. Trish pauses--

TRISH (CONT'D)

Anybody you know in here?

LUCY

(a frown)

How'd you know I went to school here?

Trish brightens.

TRISH

The Vice-Principal told me! He said he played football with your boyfriend, back in the day -- did you know Emmett Alvarez is the Sheriff now?

And then, shooting Lucy a *just-us-girls* kind of look--

TRISH (CONT'D)

Well done, High School You.

They've reached the door to the Vice-Principal's office. Lucy nods weakly, suddenly apprehensive as Trish KNOCKS, then opens the door into...

INT. SANTA CARLA HIGH/VICE-PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Where BRETT SCHUMACHER (40s, weight-room warrior gone to seed) lies in wait. Trish ushers Lucy inside...

TRISH

Vice-Principal Schumacher, this is Lucy--

(then, brightly)

Oh, wait -- you two already know each other!

Brett gifts Lucy with a sleazy smile: Some backstory here.

VICE-PRINCIPAL SCHUMACHER

After twenty-seven years... Look what the cat dragged in.

And as Lucy's face falls at the sight of a man she clearly despises, we MOVE TO...

INT. GRATEFUL BED/DINING ROOM - DAY

As the indentured Brothers Emerson clear the breakfast table, overhearing the NEW GUESTS who've just arrived...

JUSTIN (O.S.)
We'll need the sheets changed at
least twice a day.

They exchange a look: *Who's this douche?* And peer into...

INT. GRATEFUL BED/RECEPTION - DAY

Where they see JUSTIN (40s) and TAMMY (20s), tanned and white-toothed, in that wealthy-Californian kind of way. Frank nods, as though doubling his workload is the most natural thing in the world. Justin hands Frank an ATOMIZER--

JUSTIN
And when you do, if you could just
spritz these aromatic oils--

TAMMY
(solemn)
For wellness. My own blend.

Frank doesn't miss a beat.

FRANK
Of course. And for breakfast-- ?

TAMMY
I'm vegan and gluten-intolerant,
with a nut sensitivity and a soy
allergy. Also no salt, pepper,
tomatoes, onions or fruit.

JUSTIN
And I'm easy, man -- total Paleo.
(then, serious)
But no butter, and all whole grains,
you hear me?

FRANK
Let me show you to your room.

As they go, we HEAR the gentle chime of the B&B's DOORBELL--

FRANK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
One of you boys get that!

Michael glances at Sam and shrugs: Might as well be him.
He moves through the B&B, opening the front door to REVEAL...

MICHAEL

Stella?

Who's standing in the doorway, utterly radiant in shorts and a t-shirt. Michael moves out onto the veranda, shutting the door behind him as Stella holds out a FIVE-DOLLAR BILL.

STELLA

I'm here to return this.

MICHAEL

How'd you know where to find me?

STELLA

In addition to being insanely charming, Santa Carla's a pretty small town. And besides -- wasn't I supposed to show you around?

He smiles; psyched she remembered. As they HEAR from within--

SAM (O.S.)

Dude, where are you?!?

Michael glances back. Then looks at Stella, apologetic--

MICHAEL

It's our first day. I should really get back to work...

STELLA

(crestfallen)

Oh, you're busy.

Michael can't help himself.

MICHAEL

Why?

STELLA

Well, if you weren't, I'd ask if you wanted to go on a hike with me; earn some California cred before you go back east. You're halfway there, honestly: Hiking and avocados are pretty much our big two.

Which is when Sam sticks his head out the B&B's door--

SAM

Okay, these new guests are hellbeasts,
and Grandpa just said that after we
finish pressing the duvet covers and
unclog the toilet in 203 he might
actually let us take a break--

(realizing)

No. You're not -- come on, man. No--

MICHAEL

Sorry, bro. But--

He flicks his eyes over at Stella: *C'mon, Sam, this girl is super hot.*

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I think I gotta take a hike.

And as Sam rolls his eyes -- *fine* -- they head off the veranda...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Owe you one!

Off Sam -- *do you ever* -- we MOVE TO...

EXT. SANTA CARLA/TRAIL - DAY

As Stella and Michael wander through the dappled sunlight,
an easy vibe between them as they go--

STELLA

So your whole life you wanted to be
a surgeon -- that's, like, an honest-
to-God *life calling*.

MICHAEL

(a laugh)

That's way nicer than what my brother
calls it. He thinks I'm some kind
of pencil-pushing dweeb.

STELLA

A dweeb who saves lives.

MICHAEL

A dweeb who might, after many years
of med school and residency, get a
chance to save some lives.

A beat, as they hike. And Michael opens up...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Being a surgeon was always this big
dream I had with my Dad, so getting
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 into Columbia was, like, a really
 big deal.

STELLA
 He must be proud.

MICHAEL
 He would be. Except he had a thoracic
 aortic aneurism eight months ago.
 (then)
 That's doctor-speak for when your
 heart's messed up and you don't know
 it 'til you drop dead.

STELLA
 Michael. That's awful...

It is. But it feels good to talk about. So he keeps going--

MICHAEL
 My Mom made me and my brother take
 this test to see if we've got bad
 hearts, too -- it's actually why I'm
 here; she wants us all together when
 the results come back.

STELLA
 And then?

They've reached a ROCKY OUTCROPPING that looks out over the
 ocean. It's beautiful; she's beautiful. So beautiful, in
 fact, he almost doesn't want to say...

MICHAEL
 And then... I leave for New York.

And we MOVE TO...

INT. COMIC-KAZE - DAY

A classic comic mecca of the cramped and crammed variety.
 As we watch, the bell on the door JINGLES as Sam enters,
 happy with what he sees. And even happier when he HEARS
 from the back:

CASSIE (O.S.)
 Harley Quinn only drops every third
 Wednesday, Raul. It's not in yet!

A beat, and Cassie Frog appears at the counter. Coolly
 registering Sam's presence as she calls to the back room--

CASSIE (CONT'D)
 It's not Raul.

And now Liza joins her, to Sam's utter amazement...

SAM

Holy crap, you guys *work* here?

LIZA

It's my Dad's store. Why are you here -- shouldn't you be down at the beach, or something?

CASSIE

Maybe riding the Matterhorn?

LIZA

Or working on your Skee-Ball game?

CASSIE

That *could* use some work.

(then, a thought)

Wait. Oh my god. Are you crushing? On me? On Liza?

LIZA

On both of us?

CASSIE

You're crushing, aren't you?

SAM

(yes)

No.

(then)

But... I'm glad I ran into you.

LIZA

Why's that?

SAM

'Cause you're like the only people I've met in this whole freakin' town who don't think this place is some kind of awesome wonderland. And it's *not* -- it's weird. The people, the boardwalk... it's creepy weird. *The-Hills-Have-Eyes* weird; *Children-of-the-Corn* weird. And it's like I'm the only one who can see it... I feel like I'm going crazy.

Cassie and Liza exchange a look.

SAM (CONT'D)

What?

(then; low)

C'mon, you guys can trust me.

CASSIE
That's just it.

LIZA
We try to warn people who seem...

CASSIE
...vulnerable.

LIZA
(off Sam, reassuring)
Not that that's a bad thing--

CASSIE
But you're the first one--

LIZA
You're the *only* one we've met who
feels it, too.

ON SAM, thrilled to be a part of this tiny club.

SAM
So what's going on with this place?

CASSIE
Honestly? We don't know.

SAM
You don't know?!

LIZA
All we know is that tourists go
missing. And no one cares.

CASSIE
And if you leave? When you come
back, the boardwalk looks...

LIZA
Different.

Sam's ears prick up: That sounds... vaguely familiar.

SAM
Different, how?

She thinks. It's hard to remember.

LIZA
Not as nice, I guess? It's only for
a second. We'dve forgotten all about
it if we hadn't kept reminding each
other--

CASSIE

So you're not crazy. Santa Carla's
a super weird place.

The bell JINGLES again, as ANOTHER CUSTOMER -- in a HARLEY QUINN T-SHIRT -- enters the store. The Frogs turn to deal with him... but then Liza looks back at Sam, smiles--

LIZA

But don't worry, Sam. We've got
your back.

Sam looks at them: Super cute, super cool. And as he entertains the notion that these girls might actually become his *friends*, we MOVE BACK TO...

EXT. ROCKY OUTCROPPING - DAY

Where Michael and Stella sit on the rocks. The sun on the waves telling us it's later now; that they've been talking here for some time. Stella looks out over the ocean, and we can see how much she loves it...

STELLA

You're really gonna trade all this for
a bunch of subways and skyscrapers?

Right now, he doesn't want to. But...

MICHAEL

When your calling calls...

They sit a beat, in easy silence -- maybe just a little closer than they need to be. As Michael works up the nerve to address the elephant on the rocky outcropping:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

So what's with you and--

STELLA

(waiting for this)
David?

MICHAEL

He seems... nice.

Which is such a lie, Stella has to LAUGH.

STELLA

He actually is. Most of the time.
But he's also...

MICHAEL

A little scary?

STELLA

A little... *intense*.

(then)

And sometimes it's just nice when things are easy, you know?

Michael knows. But does that mean he should kiss her? She looks tempted, but... not quite sure. So Michael moves closer, watching, waiting, to see if she'll stop him. Which she doesn't. So he starts to go in... when we HEAR...

The BUZZ of a TEXT. From the phone in Michael's pocket. He ignores it, still going--

STELLA (CONT'D)

Are you gonna check that?

MICHAEL

(no, because I want to be kissing you)

I wasn't gonna--

But it BUZZES again. And again: It's blowing up. And the moment is ruined. Dammit. And as an annoyed Michael reaches into his pocket, we SMASH TO...

INT. GRATEFUL BED - EVENING

As Michael enters to find Lucy, Sam and Frank all sitting around the coffee table. Waiting. And as they look up--

MICHAEL

I came as fast as I could.

Lucy nods.

LUCY

Good.

And with that, she holds out a PAIR OF OFFICIAL-LOOKING ENVELOPES from ADVANCED GENETIC SCREENING, INC.

LUCY (CONT'D)

The test results are here.

And off the Emersons' suddenly uncertain fates, we... **END ACT THREE.**

ACT FOUR

INT. GRATEFUL BED - EVENING

Michael, Sam, Lucy and Frank, all where we left them; the ENVELOPES from ADVANCED GENETICS waiting to be opened. SAM'S is on top. He eyes it, all nerves--

SAM

I'm not opening that.

MICHAEL

I'll do it.

And so Michael tears open the envelope, scanning the LETTER and LAB RESULTS inside. Then tosses it back on the table--

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You're fine.

Sam releases a quick SIGH of relief -- but then we're back with Michael, as he opens the second envelope, just as calmly. Scans. And as we watch, his eyebrows knit, the pages falling to the table as a worried Lucy instantly snatches them up...

And we see POPS of TEXT as Lucy reads: *RESULTS ENCLOSED... HAS IDENTIFIED THE FAMILIAL ACTA2 GENE MUTATION... INCREASED RISK... CALL OUR OFFICE... MANAGEMENT OF YOUR FUTURE HEALTH...*

Hands shaking, she puts the letter down. Looks to her father -- *oh, fuck* -- a tide of panic starting to rise in this room...

SAM

What is it? What's it say?

FRANK

It's gonna be okay, *mijo*--

LUCY

Michael. Let's just talk about this--

But Michael's gone numb.

MICHAEL

I don't want to talk about it.

LUCY

We'll call the lab, figure out what it all means--

MICHAEL

It means I could drop dead any second, Mom. That's what it means.

Cold and distant, he starts heading for the door.

SAM

Wait -- where are you going?

LUCY

Michael. Don't leave--

MICHAEL

I gotta think about this alone.

And now Lucy and Sam rise--

LUCY

Don't leave--

SAM

I'm coming with you!

And with that, he's racing after his brother...

EXT. GRATEFUL BED - CONTINUOUS

As Michael walks faster, Sam catching up and Michael finally breaking into an actual RUN to avoid him--

MICHAEL

Just back off, okay? Leave me alone--

But Sam doesn't, now running hard to keep up with the far more athletic Michael--

SAM

No!

But he's panting, struggling.... so Michael stops, whirling--

MICHAEL

Fine. What, Sam? *What?*

SAM

(panting)

Dude, can we just, I don't know, talk about this?

MICHAEL

What's there to talk about?

SAM

I don't know.

(then)

I'm sorry you got the bad genes?

(and then, reaching)

But... everything's gonna be fine?

Michael shakes his head, frustrated--

MICHAEL

It's *not* gonna be fine.

(off Sam)

You don't get it; I had a *plan*. I had a *calling*. To go to med school; to be a surgeon -- something I worked for, something I dreamed about. And now it turns out my whole life -- all that work; all those dreams -- has been a gigantic waste of time I never had. So excuse me if I need a minute without my slacker little brother tagging along to get my head around that.

Which hurts Sam immensely. But Michael's too wrapped up in his own shit to notice, starting to run again as we SMASH TO...

EXT. STELLA'S CONCESSION STAND - EVENING

Where Michael sits with Stella, the sun just starting to set over the water behind them. And clearly, he's just told her--

STELLA

That's awful--

MICHAEL

Yeah, it is.

(then; puzzled)

It *really* is.

He stops. Still making sense of this himself--

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

But the weird thing? Is that just sitting here, *being* here, with you? Somehow, I don't know why, but it doesn't seem so bad.

As they're talking, we CUT AWAY TO...

INT. VAMPIRE LAIR/GRAND BALLROOM - SAME

Where DAVID IS AWAKE, and prowling the room. He glances into a side chamber, where we make out the forms of MOLLIE, HIRAM, LADDIE and FRANZ, all hanging from the ceiling, like bats. Asleep, because the night hasn't come yet. As we watch, David rips a LOOSE BOARD from one of the ballroom's walls...

ANGLE: A thin beam of SUNLIGHT cuts through the darkness, landing on the ballroom's floor. It's not full-strength; the sun's almost set. But it *is* sunlight... and as we watch, David carefully extends his hand into the beam. A beat, and nothing happens.

So he moves fully into the light, letting it play across the sharp planes of his face; closing his eyes and allowing it to soak into his undead flesh as he whispers...

DAVID

Stella...

It doesn't take long before SMOKE starts to rise, David's skin HISSING and BUBBLING as he leaps back from the light, staring at the beam as his burns HEAL and his face returns to pale perfection. But he stood in the sun, if only briefly. And as he pushes the board back into the wall, we MOVE BACK TO...

INT. BOARDWALK/MIDWAY - SAME

MICHAEL

I should feel awful. But I don't.
(then; amazed)
I feel *great*.

He reaches for her hand. She hesitates.

STELLA

Michael--

She looks at him, flushed with emotion, a slight sheen of sweat illuminating his skin--

MICHAEL

Look, I know you're with David. I get that. I understand that. But do you really not feel this... thing that's happening between us? Because I have never been this guy -- this run-out-of-the-house-and-plead-my-case-to-a-girl kind of guy -- but I don't want to play this safe; I don't *have time* to play this safe. Because I feel drawn to you in this insanely deep way, like I should be near you, with you, part of you... and you should be with me.

And as he moves towards her--

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Tell me I'm crazy and I swear to god I'll go away, but... am I crazy? Am I? Or do you feel it, too?

STELLA

(a whisper)
You're not crazy.

And that's when HE KISSES HER. Right there on the Midway, with the rides spinning overhead and the disc of the sun finally SLIPPING BELOW THE HORIZON, as we SMASH TO...

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Where we're SOARING through the darkness at lightning speed, HURLING towards the boardwalk, just as...

BACK ON THE MIDWAY

Stella rips herself from Michael's embrace just a heartbeat before David appears, heading straight for Michael, his eyes dark and furious with jealousy...

DAVID

Get the hell away from her.

MICHAEL

Listen, man, we can talk about this like adults, okay?

DAVID

I said *get the hell away from her--*

And with that he TOSSES MICHAEL ASIDE, throwing him like a ragdoll onto the planks of the boardwalk--

STELLA

David!

Stella rushes to the shell-shocked Michael, as he desperately tries to process David's casual strength--

STELLA (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

MICHAEL

I think so...

Stella stands. Shoots David a steely glare.

STELLA

David. Come with me. Now.

Michael starts to struggle to his feet. Determined--

MICHAEL

Wait--

She looks back at him.

STELLA

I can handle this -- we're fine.
David and I just need to talk.

And as a still-baffled Michael absorbs that -- *they just need to talk* -- Stella and David head down to...

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

As David WHIRLS on Stella, furious--

DAVID

What was that???

STELLA

There's nothing going on, I promise.
Nothing I can't handle--

But there is, and he can sense it, shaking his head at her, pleading--

DAVID

You can't do this to me -- you can't,
you can't, you know you can't...

She reaches out, her touch soothing him, if only a little--

STELLA

I love you. I will always love you.
You know that.

DAVID

Do I?

STELLA

Yes.
(then)
But right now, you're being crazy.
And possessive. And controlling--

David's lip quivers -- we can see it's taking every ounce of self-control he possesses not to go full vamp on her. But he holds himself in check, murmuring--

DAVID

As if I could ever control you.

Equal parts fury and heartbreak in his silky, sexy voice. His words hurt her; she looks away. And when she looks back? David is gone. Stella looks around the deserted beach.

STELLA

David?

But she's all alone. Which is weird, but... whatever. And as she shakes it off, turning and heading back towards the twinkling lights, we... **END ACT FOUR**

ACT FIVE

INT. GRATEFUL BED - NIGHT

Where Frank and a distraught Lucy wait for Michael to return.

FRANK
Mija, he's fine.

LUCY
He's been gone too long.

FRANK
He's fine.

Lucy shakes her head, stands--

LUCY
He's *not*. He's out there, he's scared --
and he's my son, Dad. I can't just
sit here, doing nothing.

And with that, she's up and out into the night. As we MOVE TO...

EXT. CASINO - NIGHT

Not open yet, but close: A pair of WORKERS are testing the Casino's spectacular NEON SIGN, its light occasionally FLASHING ON as we PULL BACK TO REVEAL Mollie and Laddie, watching from the shadows as Hiram keeps an eye on them from a couple yards away.

LADDIE
What does it feel like?

MOLLIE
Like a piece of your soul is being
torn away.

LADDIE
It hurts?

MOLLIE
More than any pain you've ever felt.
It's like you're human again. And it
makes you a little weaker, forever after.
(then)
That's why there are so few of us.
Your maker really has to think you're
worth it.

LADDIE
Was I worth it?

And we realize that however long Laddie has walked this earth, in some ways, he's every inch the 8-year-old he appears to be. Molly smiles, maternal.

MOLLIE

Of course.

Laddie smiles, remembering--

LADDIE

I thought you were an angel.

But Mollie shakes her head.

MOLLIE

Angels are for humans, Laddie. And we're not human anymore.

The sign is working: A rainbow of neon radiating into the night.

MOLLIE (CONT'D)

The others understand that. Even if David doesn't.

Mollie glances up at Hiram. Then leans over to whisper--

MOLLIE (CONT'D)

And when I take over? This place is gonna feed us for a long, long time.

And as we see that Mollie and Laddie's FANGS are drawn, as they watch the humans who'll soon be their dinner, we MOVE TO...

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION/EMMETT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Where Emmett and an agitated Lucy sit on opposite sides of Emmett's desk.

LUCY

Shouldn't we be getting in your car?

EMMETT

(no)

Your son's a grown man. And if a grown man needs a couple hours away from his mother, well... there's not a whole lot the law can do about it.

Which is not enough of an answer for Lucy.

LUCY

He's alone. He's scared. He might not be thinking straight, and I thought -- I mean, you're the Sheriff, Emmett; don't you find people for a living?

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

(then, a horrible thought)

God, is this some kind of sick payback for running off with Nate? Are you not helping me find my kid out of spite??

He looks at her: Calm, and spite-free... but there are roiling waters beneath. He waits a long beat. And then--

EMMETT

I don't know your son. But I do know that sometimes, when you get some rough news, the only thing that'll fix it is time.

Emmett's not talking about Michael, and Lucy knows it.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Anything else I can help you with?

She thinks a beat. Then digs in her purse, comes up with something: The NECKLACE she brought with her from Evanston. Emmett stares at it on the desk, almost afraid to touch it.

LUCY

Go on. It's yours. It belonged to your family. I wanted to give it back before I left, but--

EMMETT

But you'd have had to say goodbye?

LUCY

It wasn't like that.

But Lucy's opened the door, and now--

EMMETT

Then how was it? Because I hadn't laid eyes on you for twenty-seven years until last night, and you've never offered me the slightest explanation for why you left.

(then)

Or for why you left me.

She blinks back tears: Something dark and unknown she doesn't like to think about; a mystery, even to her.

LUCY

I don't -- I don't even remember leaving. All I know is that he said we had to leave, and that no one else could know.

She puts the necklace on Emmett's desk.

EMMETT

And you listened.

Emmett wonders if he should ask the question he wants the answer to -- the question he's always wanted the answer to.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Because you loved him?

LUCY

(softly)

Yes.

Which is the answer he didn't want to hear. And it takes him a beat or two to accept it. And then--

EMMETT

I don't think I can do this, Lu. So if you're really gonna be home for good? I'd appreciate it if you could just try and keep your distance.

(then)

I'll have a deputy get in touch if your boy turns up.

And that's all he's gonna say. So Lucy leaves. And off Emmett, staring at this thing from the past before slipping it in his desk drawer and SLAMMING it shut, we MOVE TO...

EXT. GRATEFUL BED - NIGHT

Where Michael's walking up the steps as Sam comes out of the B&B. The brothers eye each other coolly--

MICHAEL

Hey.

SAM

Hey.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry for what I said.

But the damage is done. Sam's face hardening to hide his pain--

SAM

Cool story, bro -- but I'm gonna go spend a couple hours of my slacker existence with people who actually enjoy my company, so...

(twist of the knife)

Guess I gotta go take a hike, is what I'm saying. See you around.

And with that, Sam stalks off, and we stay with a chastened Michael as he MOVES INTO...

INT. GRATEFUL BED - CONTINUOUS

Where Lucy jumps up from the couch at the sight of him, enveloping her son in a deeply relieved hug--

LUCY

Michael. Thank god you're home.
I've been so worried--

And now that he's home safe, she can glare at him.

MICHAEL

Sorry.

LUCY

You. Sit. And let me talk.

So he sits. Willing to listen. Only now his mother's not quite sure what to say...

LUCY (CONT'D)

Okay. I know this was not the news you wanted. And it is big, and it is scary, and it must be so much worse because you've always been so strong--

MICHAEL

Are you supposed to be making me feel better right now, or--

LUCY

But what I *also* know is that knowing this big, scary thing is out there is better than not knowing. You can get screened -- MRIs, CT scans. You can take good care of yourself--

MICHAEL

Sure, I can. And even with all that, chances are? One day, boom, dead. Just like Dad.

LUCYS

Okay, but one day, boom, you could get hit by a bus--

MICHAEL

Seriously, Mom, are you even *trying* to make me feel better???

LUCY

Or you could go peacefully in your sleep at a hundred and two! That's the human condition, Michael. No one gets to live forever.

A heavy beat. And an admission--

MICHAEL

I don't want to be a surgeon anymore.

LUCY

Don't say that. You don't mean it.

MICHAEL

I *do* mean it. It'll take years -- it *already* took years. Of studying for some future I probably don't have. Of doing everything right, checking every freaking box my whole life... and for what? Maybe I get to make it through med school. Maybe I get to make it through my residency. Maybe I get to live as long as Dad did... but maybe not.

Lucy takes in her son: An adult, but still so young.

LUCY

So what do you want, Sweetheart?

And she allows him the space to think. Which he does. And then, finally--

MICHAEL

I don't know.

(then)

Is it okay for me to just... not know?

Lucy puts an arm around her son. Pulls him tight--

LUCY

Oh, Michael. Of course it is.

(then)

That's pretty much the human condition, too.

And off Lucy and Michael, we MOVE TO...

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

A picturesque barn on the Grateful Bed's grounds. From it, we hear LAUGHTER, and PRE-LAP...

CASSIE (O.S.)
Come on, Sam, it's super easy. You
just hit, hit, pass--

INT. BARN - SAME

Where Sam and the Frog sisters are getting to know each other
the old fashioned way: By smoking a joint in a country barn.

CASSIE
No, no no -- don't pass it! You go
again.

Sam takes a hit. Exhales--

SAM
I thought in California it'd be all
about sharing, and... good vibes...

LIZA
(hilarious)
Vibes!

CASSIE
It *is* about sharing. You just get
two--

Liza takes the joint.

LIZA
Hit.

CASSIE
Hit.

LIZA
Pass.

Cassie and Liza have their arms around each other -- laughing
like they know all the secrets of the world, the way teenage
girls always seem to. Sam watches, equal parts mystified
and turned on: It's painfully obvious that if there was a
thought-bubble over Sam's head, he and the Frogs would be
having a threesome in it.

SAM
So have you guys ever thought about...

CASSIE
(sexy)
Sam...

SAM
(hopeful)
Yeah?

CASSIE

It is never happening.

But it's a funny thought. And as a fresh wave of giggles rush over them--

LIZA

Shh! Someone's coming--

And sure enough, Justin and Tammy, our asshole hotel guests, are weaving down the path towards the Grateful Bed. They are visibly, audibly, sloppily DRUNK.

CASSIE

Should we go somewhere else?

Sam ducks down behind the hay bales.

SAM

No, let's watch -- these guys are, like, comically horrible, I promise.

And so the girls hunker down beside him. And as they watch, Justin stops Tammy on the path, pulling her close against the side of the barn. They kiss. If anything, he's drunker than she is, starting to paw at her shirt as he kisses her neck...

TAMMY

What are you doing...

JUSTIN

We're in the country, Baby... let's enjoy the great outdoors...

He looks into the barn. In their hiding spot, Sam and the Frogs stifle their laughter: *Holy shit, what if they come in here???*

TAMMY

I don't care how many mudslides I did; if you think I'm gonna take my clothes off in a bunch of gross itchy straw--

JUSTIN

Well, do you have to take your clothes off?

And in case she didn't clue in on what he's getting at, he starts to push her head down -- because that's just the kind of awesome guy Justin is. And now we're--

ON SAM AND THE FROGS IN THE BARN, wide-eyed at the thought of getting a show -- when all of a sudden, THEIR EXPRESSIONS CHANGE...

AS DAVID SWOOPS DOWN FROM THE SKY ON JUSTIN AND TAMMY.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

What the--

Those are the last words Justin will ever speak.

This isn't an attack like the first two we saw; this is a vampire giving in to its darkest impulses, RIPPING TWO PEOPLE OPEN and SUCKING THE LIFE FROM THEM in a horrifying ORGY OF BLOOD. And we realize in an instant that this is WHAT DAVID TRULY IS, and WHAT HE WAS MADE TO DO...

As, IN THE BARN, Cassie drags her eyes away and searches the floor of the barn. Sam whispers as softly as he possibly can--

SAM

What are you doing?

CASSIE

We can't forget--

She finds the burned-out ROACH they were smoking, scrawling V-A-M- in ash on the floor just as we HEAR the SICKENING CRUNCH of Tammy's HYOID BONE SNAPPING in David's jaws. Liza can't help it -- she SHRIEKS.

And Cassie and Sam barely have time to look at her -- *oh, shit* -- before David is ON THEM TOO, LUNGING for Liza's neck, his face an inhuman mess of TEETH and BLOOD... until suddenly, SAM DIVES BETWEEN THEM -- Sam, who's never been an athlete; Sam, who's never been much of anything -- SNATCHING a broken SLAT from the barn door with near-balletic grace and BRANDISHING IT AT THE CREATURE BEFORE HIM.

SAM

You get the hell away from her--

Their eyes LOCKING as they face off; Sam's ablaze with mortal terror and David's looking... *deeply confused*. But only for a heartbeat, before fixing them with his deadly gaze--

DAVID

Sleep.

And as THE WORLD GOES DARK AROUND US, we... **END ACT FIVE.**

ACT SIX

EXT. BARN - DAWN

Picture-perfect: No signs of a grisly double-murder here.
And we MOVE INTO...

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

As Sam's eyes flutter open to greet the rising sun. He pulls himself up from the floor of the barn, looking around to find Cassie and Liza, awake and huddled together in the straw. MURMURING together, the same word, over and over, too softly for Sam to hear...

SAM

Are you guys okay?

Liza looks up at him. Then points, as we ANGLE ON THE FLOOR, V-A-M-P-I-R-E scrawled in desperate letters--

CASSIE

We can't forget.

Liza nods, struggling to keep the memory in her brain...

LIZA

It killed those two people--

CASSIE

It almost killed us.

Sam looks at them, puzzled.

SAM

What are you guys talking about?

CASSIE

There was a vampire. It just doesn't want you to remember you saw it.

LIZA

So we have to make sure we don't forget--

CASSIE/LIZA

It was a vampire. It was a vampire.

Sam closes his eyes. A faint wisp of memory coming into focus...

SAM

It was a vampire.

CASSIE

And it wanted to kill us.

And all of a sudden, Liza remembers something else.

LIZA

But I think you scared it, Sam.

Cassie nods. The memory crystallizing in all three of their brains...

CASSIE

I think... you saved us.

The memory's there -- but to Sam, it's all but inconceivable.

SAM

Me?

The Frogs look at him: *Yeah, you.* And as a spark of something -- *a calling, perhaps* -- ignites in Sam's eyes...

INT. GRATEFUL BED/MICHAEL AND SAM'S ROOM - DAWN

We're with Michael, as he sits at the attic window, watching the sun as it starts to rise; a man who hasn't slept a wink all night. And as he slips on his shoes and heads out the door...

INT. VAMPIRE LAIR/HALLWAY - DAWN

We're in a DILAPIDATED HOTEL HALLWAY we realize is another part of the vampires' lair. And this scares us, because Stella is walking down this hallway...

STELLA

David? David...

And as we can't help but wonder what the hell she's doing here, we see she's reached a door at the end of the hall...

INT. VAMPIRE LAIR/PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

THE PRESIDENTIAL SUITE of the old hotel. Stella pushes open the door to reveal what was once AN UNIMAGINABLY FABULOUS HOTEL ROOM--

STELLA

David?

And we're squirming in our seats as she moves deeper into the room, and we HEAR:

DAVID (O.S.)

I'm here.

She turns to find him behind her.

STELLA

(sadly)

I know what you did.

DAVID

I was so angry. And it felt so good... I lost control.

He kneels, literally begging her forgiveness. And as we watch, she reaches out, and tips up his chin to look at her... And we GASP, because DAVID'S FANGS ARE DRAWN, his eyes shining with emotion as he searches his beloved's face...

DAVID (CONT'D)

Do you forgive me? My Queen?

And we REVERSE TO SEE THAT STELLA'S FANGS ARE DRAWN, TOO... because Stella might look like a hipster dreamgirl, but SHE'S ACTUALLY THE 500-YEAR-OLD HEAD BITCH IN CHARGE OF THIS ENTIRE SANTA CARLA JOINT. And David? Is HER minion, not the other way around.

STELLA

You know we can't kill them anymore. Their science has gotten so much better; they'd figure us out. Drive us away. And would you really want to leave this place? This paradise we built together, you and me?

David shakes his head, no, but...

DAVID

You spend all your time in the daylight now. Pretending you're human; leaving me to take care of them -- Mollie's serious, Stell. She wants to destroy you. And I don't know how much longer I can hold her back.

Stella nods: She knows.

STELLA

I'll handle Mollie.

And now we're...

EXT. SANTA CARLA/TRAIL - DAWN

Where Micheal is RUNNING on the same path he hiked with Stella earlier, needing to feel his blood pumping, his lungs working. Needing to feel alive. And as we watch, he picks up speed, RACING AS HARD AS HE CAN TO...

EXT. ROCKY OUTCROPPING - DAWN

Where he comes to a stop, his breath ragged as he stands on the rocks, waiting to greet the sun. He wipes his brow, looks out at the waves -- but then something catches his eye: An opening in the rocks below. It's still dark enough outside that he can see the faint light FLICKERING from inside. And as we watch, Michael jumps down from the rocks and moves closer, now hearing the MURMURING OF VOICES within, as WE MOVE BACK TO...

INT. VAMPIRE LAIR/PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAWN

As David stands. Taking Stella into his arms...

DAVID

I miss you.

STELLA

I know.

DAVID

I've been testing myself. In the sun.

STELLA

And?

DAVID

And in another hundred years, I'll join you in the light.

She smiles.

STELLA

In another hundred years, I'll be waiting for you.

DAVID

You will.

Said like a fact. An immutable thing. Stella nuzzles the pale flesh of his neck, teasing it with her fangs. And murmuring--

STELLA

Remember what I said when I made you, David? You'll never grow old... you'll never die...

DAVID

And I'll have you forever.

It's the most human we've seen him. Full of hope, and love, and lust...

DAVID (CONT'D)
Forever, and ever...

STELLA
(reassuring)
Forever and ever.

And he kisses her, and she kisses him; hands moving, bodies moving, clothes slipping softly down to the floor. Just a pair of sexy monsters, very much in love...

INT. VAMPIRE LAIR/HALLWAY - MORNING

...As Michael makes his way down the candle-lit hallway of the subterranean hotel. Calling out, into the flickering light--

MICHAEL
Stella?

He's reached the door to the suite, pushing it open, moving into...

INT. VAMPIRE LAIR/PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

As Stella and David come up for air -- eyes dark, fangs white, turning to register the human in their midst...

The human who sees them, for exactly what they are.

As we...

END OUR PILOT EPISODE.