

DIE VAMPIRE DEMON!

Written by

Jordan Petersen

jepetersen@gmail.com

EXT. JEFF'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

It's a nice suburban neighborhood. The houses are large but modest. It's hill country, densely green and rustic.

JEFF (30s), warmly handsome and dignified, emerges from his EXPENSIVE CAR and opens the passenger door for a LOVELY WOMAN. He takes her hand and helps her out of the car.

She's tipsy, but mostly intoxicated by Jeff himself--LAUGHS at something he whispers in her ear as he leads her to his front door.

He opens the door, lets her in, LOOKS UP to...

INT. ABE'S HOUSE - LOFT - CONTINUOUS

ABE (40s), sunken, darting eyes and a body thinned by righteous mania, watches through BINOCULARS as Jeff looks up.

Abe DUCKS beneath his window, quiet as death. *Did he see?*

INT. ABE'S ARMORY - MORNING

Title: 3 DAYS LATER

CLOSE ON: A PICTURE of the Lovely Woman, a newspaper clipping, "Missing, feared dead."

Abe, in an electrician's uniform, tacks the photo onto a wall, COVERED with SIMILAR CLIPPINGS of DIFFERENT WOMEN.

Abe has filled the room with anti-vampire wares: Bibles, crosses, gallon jugs labeled "Holy Water," garlic, and stacks of books about vampires.

The ceiling is lined with long tanning bulbs, just in case.

Abe turns to a table, examines the sharpened point of a long wooden stake over stacks of empty cans of tuna and energy drinks

ABE
(whispers)
I know your secrets...

He tucks the stake into a jacket, zips it up over crosses and garlic hanging around his neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pours holy water from one of the jugs into his hands and splashes it liberally onto his face, arms, chest...like a teenager with cheap cologne.

EXT. ABE'S HOUSE

Abe shuts the front door quietly behind him, looks around warily.

He carries a small electrician's bag. A baseball cap completes his disguise. This is not a game.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Heading over to Jeff's house, Abe walks like he's got a full bladder, and checks constantly to see if anyone is watching.

EXT. JEFF'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Abe awkwardly steps over some hedges on his way to the back door.

He removes lock picking equipment and gets to work.

He doesn't know what he's doing. The picks get jammed in the lock, and Abe realizes with horror that he can't remove them.

As he tries, the knob turns and the door swings open.

INT. JEFF'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Abe, still crouched, watches the door swing all the way open, the lock picks still bristling from the knob.

INT. JEFF'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Abe heads toward the stairs, moves carefully around a coffee table, accidentally KNOCKS an expensive-looking vase off a shelf, but--

CATCHES it, just in time.

He leans to put it back, wipes a bead of sweat from his forehead, and the floorboard CREAKS like a dying animal.

Abe doesn't move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After a beat, he gently replaces the vase.

INT. JEFF'S ROOM

Thick curtains keep most of the light out.

Abe stands above Jeff, sleeping.

Very slowly, Abe pulls the wooden stake from his open jacket, the garlic and crosses clinking softly together.

He raises the stake high above his head...

Jeff SNORES softly, swallows, and turns over onto his side, facing away from Abe.

Abe becomes a statue, eyes frozen on Jeff's shoulder.

He blinks. Lowers the stake. Reaches out toward the shoulder
Hesitates.

He takes a deep breath, sets his jaw, and reaches forward.

Just before Abe's hand reaches Jeff's shoulder, Jeff SIGHS, readjusts, and turns back slightly toward Abe, who takes advantage of the opportunity, and

BRINGS THE STAKE DOWN, stabbing Jeff.

Jeff AWAKES with a GASP and scrambles up and GRABS the stake

Abe jumps back, wild-eyed, watching.

Jeff holds the stake, and grasps his bloody shirt with his other hand as he looks up at Abe.

JEFF

What are you doing?!

Abe, still staring wildly at Jeff, backs away and then

STUMBLES out the door.

Alone, Jeff looks again at the stake and bloody shirt and winces as he puts pressure on the place he was stabbed.

He throws the stake aside.

JEFF (cont'd)

What is he doing?

EXT. JEFF'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Abe runs out from behind the house with hunted terror.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Abe stumbles toward his house, steeling frequent looks over his shoulder.

INT. JEFF'S ROOM

Jeff, still clutching his wound, grabs his cellphone and a pair of sunglasses.

INT. ABE'S HOUSE - ARMORY

Abe all but collides with the armory door and, frantic, works to undo the heavy lock. Fumbling.

Finally, he wrenches the door open.

He runs inside and removes a SUPER SOAKER from beneath the table, sets it next to a jug of holy water.

INT. JEFF'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Jeff examines the lock picks bristling from the doorknob of his back door and shakes his head.

JEFF

Oh come on.

INT. ABE'S ARMORY

Abe channels all of his adrenalized blood into pumping the super soaker, eyes fixed on the entrance to his lair.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff emerges from behind his house, squints in the light, and dons the pair of sunglasses in his free hand before he walks across the street.

INT. ABE'S ARMORY

Abe waits, soaker aimed at the door, breathing hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The air pressure WHINES slowly out of the over-pumped gun.
FOOTSTEPS. Abe follows them with his eyes.

JEFF (O.S.)

Abe?

Abe steadies his aim.

JEFF

Abe, for the love of sanity, please
--

Jeff appears and Abe lets him have it.

JEFF (cont'd)

Hey--

Jeff turns his face from the powerful spray of holy water,
and holds his hands out reflexively to block it.

JEFF (cont'd)

Would you just--

He walks toward Abe, who backs away, keeping the stream
trained on Jeff's face.

As Jeff advances, sputtering in the flow of water, Abe
dodges around him and backs out of the room.

INT. ABE'S HOUSE - INT/EXT ARMORY - CONTINUOUS

All at once, the soaker's pressure is spent, and Abe is
swinging the heavy door closed with Jeff still inside, and
locks it.

As he throws a switch next to the door

ABE

DIE VAMPIRE DEMON!

Jeff wipes his face as the tanning bulbs blaze alive into a
harsh and blinding glare.

Jeff looks up, squinting.

Abe listens with bated breath. *Did it work?*

Jeff puts his sunglasses back on and looks at the closed
door. It's heavy.

He knocks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABE (cont'd)

Hello?

Abe squeezes his eyes shut, shakes his head. *Stupid!*

JEFF

Abe, open the door.

ABE

Not until you're dead!

JEFF

What are you talking about?!

Abe is stumped. Isn't it obvious?

Before he can respond, Jeff has his phone out.

JEFF (cont'd)

No. OK? I'm not doing this. You're out of your mind. I'm calling the police.

ABE

The police?

JEFF

You STABBED me! I'm still--

Jeff grimaces, rubs the stab wound under his shirt.

JEFF (cont'd)

I'm still bleeding.

He goes back to dialing.

JEFF (cont'd)

(mutters)

Don't know what the hell's the matter with you.

Abe grips his squirt gun and bounces a little.

ABE

(testing)

I'm not falling for that...

Jeff shakes his head as he holds the phone to his ear.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF
(to the phone)
Hello?

Abe thinks Jeff is talking to him.

ABE
I said I'm not--

JEFF
Yeah, hi, I'm at 67 Fairmont in
Kaynesville.

The squirt gun sags in Abe's grip.

JEFF (cont'd)
My neighbor has me locked in his
house. I know, it sounds...

Abe knocks on the door.

ABE
Hey--

JEFF
OK, please hurry. Thank you.

Jeff hangs up.

ABE
How do I know you really called
anyone?

Jeff sits down heavily and looks around the room.

JEFF
I don't care. Maybe just keep
standing there, huh? I'll look less
crazy for being locked up in your
weird vampire-fetish dungeon if you
stay put.

Abe steps back from the door.

ABE
You're a VAMPIRE!

JEFF
Why in the WORLD do you think that?

ABE
Those women--!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF

So I date a lot!

ABE

You killed them!

JEFF

What?! You--this--I can't believe this is happening.

ABE

And you--you're never out! During the day! I've watched you--

JEFF

YEAH, I noticed. My creepy stalker neighbor. If only I'd known working a night shift would seduce this kind of behavior.

Abe STARTS at a KNOCK on his front door, upstairs.

ABE

Who's that?

JEFF

Probably the police.

Abe shifts his weight back and forth on his feet.

More KNOCKING, heavier.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, anyone home?

JEFF

Yeah, that sounds like the police.

Abe clutches his water gun close to his chest, emits a high-pitched wine.

Jeff sighs, stands up, moves toward the door.

JEFF (cont'd)

Listen to me. If I was smart, I'd let them throw you into prison, but you're obviously dealing with some...issues. If you let me out, I won't press charges. Alright?

ABE

(desperate)

But you're a vampire!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF

Abe! Give it a rest already. Where are you getting this? All this...stuff--the garlic and crosses and whatever--I mean I would be a pile of goo right now, right? If I were some undead demon?

More KNOCKING, VERY HEAVY.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

HEY, it's the POLICE. OPEN UP!

ABE

(whimpering)

whatdoIdowhatdoIdowhatdoIdo...

JEFF

Abe, please just calm down. Open the door--and don't stab me--and I'll go upstairs and talk to the police before they break your door down. No one goes to prison. OK? I want to help you, here.

ABE

Why?

JEFF

Because, Abe, I'm a good neighbor. And you need help.

HEAVY POUNDING

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

OPEN UP, or we'll bust the door in!

INT. ABE'S ARMORY - CONTINUOUS

Jeff stands next to the door, slouched to one side, still holding the bloody spot on his shirt.

The sound of Abe UNLOCKING the door.

The door swings open, and there is Abe. Jeff looks at him for a beat, bemused.

Then smiles, showing his teeth.

INT. ABE'S HOUSE - OUTSIDE ARMORY

Abe gets pulled violently into the armory with a YELL, disappearing behind the door.

A CHOKING SCREAM, cut abruptly by a loud CRACKING sound as Jeff breaks Abe's neck.

INT. ABE'S ARMORY

Jeff is crouched over Abe's inert body. He turns his head, spits out a mouthful of blood and GAGS.

JEFF

What have you been eating?

He checks Abe's pulse. Yep, he's dead.

O.S. The sound of the front door BREAKING OPEN.

Jeff looks at his shirt, dripping wet and covered in both his and Abe's blood.

He pulls it off, grabs a jug of holy water and cleans his face and chest. The stab wound has healed over completely.

INT. ABE'S FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeff walks in to see FRANK (36), a mustached man in uniform, peaking around corners in the front room, gun drawn.

JEFF

Hey--

Startled, Frank turns and FIRES at Jeff in the gut, paints the wall with blood.

JEFF (cont'd)

Dammit, Frank!

FRANK

Jeff! Oh man, I'm sorry!

Jeff looks at the wall behind him as he rubs his stomach.

JEFF

On top of the mess downstairs...

He rubs blood away from the healed wound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

You want some help?

JEFF

No, it's fine. Thanks for coming by, though. Did the trick.

FRANK

Yeah no problem at all. Any particulars for the report?

JEFF

Mild neighborhood dispute. I'll call in a few days and say I'm worried I haven't seen him around.

FRANK

Same drill, then.

JEFF

More or less. Wish you hadn't shot me.

FRANK

I'm really sorry--

JEFF

I know, I got it.

Jeff starts back toward the basement.

FRANK

You sure you don't want--

JEFF

I said I'm fine. I'll talk to you later.

INT. ABE'S ARMORY - MOMENTS LATER

With a DEEP SIGH, Jeff gets to work, taking down the photos and articles, tossing them into a large trash bag.

He pauses to look inside one of the "vampire hunting" books.

JEFF

Who writes this stuff, anyway?

He tosses the book in the bag with the rest of the junk.