

TRACKULA: NIGHT RACER

Written by

Peter O'Shamseign

Directed by

Artur Calman

Music by

Amerigo "Go-Go" Stephens

OVER BLACK.

The sounds of frenzied hoofbeats slowly become audible. Drunken cheering can be heard in the distance.

CUT IN:

EXT. THE RACE COURSE - NIGHT

A dozen single-person phaetons - each one pulled by two horses - vie for position as they race down a wide dirt road.

Standing torches illuminate this path at regular intervals, their light reaching out into the empty, untouched prairie that surrounds the course.

CUT TO:

EXT. A MAKESHIFT CAMP - NIGHT

The racers rush past a large group of people in 1700s-era work clothes, many of whom shout and applaud.

SUPER: VIRGINIA, 1756

Vendors pass through the gathering, peddling food and drinks to anyone who catches their eye.

Bookmakers and gamblers exchange handfuls of silver coins.

Near the edge of the encampment, several heavily made-up prostitutes wave from the entrance to an enormous tent.

LEÓN (O.S.)  
Such debauchery.

CUT TO:

EXT. A MAKESHIFT CAMP - THE OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

A man in his seventies gazes out at the hubbub from a place in the shadows. This is DEACON LEÓN.

A second, much younger man stands next to him, his red hair and wild beard almost matching the color of his sun-tanned skin. This is RICHARD.

LEÓN (CONT'D)  
To think that one man could lead so many astray.

RICHARD

Aye... though truly, he is a man no longer, Deacon.

LEÓN

Indeed not. Lord willing, this night shall see the end of him.

ONLOOKER (O.S.)

(Shouting)

He's here!

A red carriage pulled by two black horses rolls into view. Its driver is hidden within a hooded cloak.

Exclamations of praise and awe are heard as the figure rises and throws his covering garment aside with a flourish.

He is revealed to be a tall, pale, incredibly handsome man wearing a crimson waistcoat. His long hair is tied up with a matching ribbon. This is ALDEN TRAKUL.

LEÓN

Foul creature.

RICHARD

Steady. If he suspects, then all will surely be lost.

León turns to scowl at his companion.

LEÓN

I need no reminding! Lest you forget, Richard, it is I who will be making the sacrifice!

RICHARD

As I have already done.

Richard glances over at the prostitutes' tent. One of the women there nods to him. León's expression softens.

LEÓN

We must have faith in the righteousness of our cause.

RICHARD

Aye.

León pulls a glass bottle from within his overcoat, then yanks its cork out with his teeth. He downs a decent amount of the liquor inside it, then passes the remainder to Richard, who eyes it warily.

LEÓN

If one is to confront sin, one must  
cloak themselves within it.

Richard nods wordlessly, taking a small sip.

A cheer erupts from the nearby throng.

CUT TO:

EXT. A MAKESHIFT CAMP - NIGHT

Trakul spreads his arms wide, grinning out at spectators.

TRAKUL

Good people! You do me a great  
honor with your presence! Allow me  
to repay your kindness!

Trakul turns in place, moving his gaze from person to person.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)

Who wishes to receive my  
benevolence?

The crowd parts as a FARMER approaches, guiding a young,  
blonde-haired woman in a simple white dress. This is  
CHARLOTTE. She keeps her eyes angled downward.

FARMER

Count Trakul, my family is...

TRAKUL

(Interrupting)

It matters not. Your plight shall  
be remedied, and your debts paid.

Charlotte resists slightly as the farmer pushes her toward  
the carriage. Trakul crouches to look at her.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)

Pray, fair one, what is your name?

CHARLOTTE

Charlotte, sir.

Trakul reaches forward, touching Charlotte beneath her chin.  
As she looks up into his eyes, her expression softens, then  
goes blank. A quiet but ominous hum deadens any surrounding  
sounds as Trakul continues to speak.

TRAKUL

Speak truly to me, Charlotte: Have you ever known the touch of a man?

CHARLOTTE

(Faintly)

No...

Trakul pulls his hand away, and the hum is abruptly silenced. He stands straight again, directing his next words more to the audience than to the young woman.

TRAKUL

(Loudly)

Marvelous! Then you shall share in my victory!

Another cheer breaks out, and the phaetons from the previous race roll into position at the starting line.

Charlotte backs away from the preparations, her gaze never leaving Trakul.

CUT TO:

EXT. A MAKESHIFT CAMP - THE OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

León visibly steels himself as he watches the carriages. He does not look at Richard as he speaks.

LEÓN

Thus it begins. I shall offer him the wager.

A flicker of doubt colors Richard's face.

RICHARD

We could find no entrants who would join our cause. Should he win without employing his sorcery...

LEÓN

Pray that he does not.

A moment passes in silence.

LEÓN (CONT'D)

Go. Make ready the men.

Richard walks briskly into the night. León squares his shoulders, takes a breath, and struts toward Trakul.

CUT TO:

EXT. A MAKESHIFT CAMP - NIGHT

Trakul makes last-minute adjustments to his phaeton's harness and reins.

LEÓN  
(Shouting)  
Alden!

Everyone goes silent as Trakul whirls around.

When he recognizes León, his face breaks out into a cold grin, revealing long, sharp cuspids behind his lips.

TRAKUL  
Why, Reverend León! I would not have expected the church to partake in our festivities here.

LEÓN  
I come not to partake, but to protect! A wager to your defeat!

León throws a leather bag onto the ground. Several silver coins spill out of it.

LEÓN (CONT'D)  
These coins against stewardship of the girl!

Trakul laughs aloud. Near the edge of the crowd, Charlotte looks on with a blank expression.

TRAKUL  
Conceal your desires however you wish, Deacon. I can smell the envy on you... along with the drink that you so vocally denounce.

Other people begin to laugh along with Trakul. León bristles, but does not waver.

LEÓN  
The wager, Alden! Do you accept?

TRAKUL  
There is much spirit within you, though perhaps not of the holy variety. Yes, I'll relieve you of those pilfered tithes.

Trakul waves a hand. A bookmaker rushes up and collects the bag of coins from the ground.

LEÓN

When you lose, demon, the girl  
departs with me.

TRAKUL

When you lose, Deacon, you'll need  
to seek more than the Lord's  
forgiveness.

(To the crowd)

Enough talk! Let us begin!

The previous merriment resumes, and León allows himself to be pushed away from the phaetons.

An IMPRESARIO moves to a place at the edge of the starting line, holding a white handkerchief in the air.

IMPRESARIO

Gentlemen, steady your horses!

The racers - Trakul included - settle into their carriages.

The impresario looks at each of them, then drops his handkerchief. The horses bolt forward as it comes down.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RACE COURSE - NIGHT

The phaetons move back and forth across the road, attempting to keep others from passing them.

Trakul maneuvers his carriage within inches of another one.

The other driver glances over as harsh, angry whispers in an indecipherable language drown out the sounds of hoofbeats.

The man's eyes go wide, and he yanks on his reins, screaming.

His horses whinny in protest, and his phaeton skids off the course, ultimately toppling over.

Trakul smiles to himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RACE COURSE - THE TRAP - NIGHT

Richard watches the race from a place between the crash and the starting line. He turns to face a half-dozen VOLUNTEERS.

RICHARD

The beast is away! Hurry, time is short! Holy water first, then consecrated earth!

The volunteers move with rehearsed motions: Two men soak the road with water from wineskins, and two more throw fistfuls of dirt ovetop of any visible wet patches.

A fifth man drags the handle of a pitchfork through these prepared places, etching out the shape of a pentagram.

CUT TO:

EXT. A MAKESHIFT CAMP - NIGHT

Charlotte stares off in the direction that the carriages went. Her arm is grabbed from behind by León, who hauls her toward the prostitutes' tent.

LEÓN

Be not afraid, my child. You shall not be violated this night.

León pushes Charlotte into the tent. He follows her inside, and the prostitutes close the entrance behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RACE COURSE - NIGHT

Trakul's carriage has advanced to the point where only one racer is ahead of him.

The torches on either side of the road suddenly flicker and adopt a deep red tint.

Trakul gains on the other racer at an impossibly fast rate. His eyes glow red.

Red smoke begins to rise from the leading carriage's wheels.

The other racer grits his teeth, then snaps them open in a gasp as the sharp noise of splintering wood his heard.

The wheels on the phaeton explode away from their axles.

Trakul quickly passes.

CUT TO:



EXT. THE RACE COURSE - THE TRAP - NIGHT

Richard continues watching the progress of the race as the volunteers hurriedly complete their tasks.

VOLUNTEER #1  
It is finished!

RICHARD  
To arms! The fiend will soon have  
his victory.

The men rush from the road.

VOLUNTEER #1  
What of the deacon?

Richard peers toward the starting line with obvious concern.

CUT TO:

EXT. A MAKESHIFT CAMP - NIGHT

Uproarious applause breaks out as Trakul's phaeton charges into view, skidding to a halt just past the mark where the race began.

The vampire shakily climbs to his feet, then holds a trembling hand out to the crowd.

TRAKUL  
Friends! Friends! Your love touches  
me to my very soul!

LEÓN (O.S.)  
You have no soul to touch, villain!

Trakul turns to watch León pull a young woman in a familiar white dress through the crowd. Her face is downturned and hidden by her blonde hair.

TRAKUL  
I grow tired of your presence,  
Deacon. Surrender my prize.

León scowls at Trakul for several seconds, then drops his hand from the girl's arm.

She approaches the vampire's phaeton as if in a daze, climbing into the seat.

An OBNOXIOUS MAN suddenly shouts, causing many to jump.

OBNOXIOUS MAN  
Speech! *Speech!*

TRAKUL  
Alas, I must away for now... but I  
shall return to celebrate!

Still standing, Trakul whips his carriage's reins, prompting his horses to pull him out of sight.

León watches him go, then rushes into the darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RACE COURSE - THE TRAP - NIGHT

Trakul guides his phaeton down the road, slowing when he sees a line of Richard's volunteers ahead of him. The men have armed themselves with torches, axes, and pitchforks.

RICHARD  
Hold, monster!

The carriage stops in place.

TRAKUL  
What is this? I have no quarrel  
with you.

RICHARD  
Aye, you do. You are weakened.

The volunteers draw closer, brandishing their weapons.

TRAKUL  
(Chuckling)  
So this is how the deacon reneges  
on his wager, is it?

Trakul grabs the young woman by the hair, yanking her up and bringing his face next to her neck.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)  
Perhaps I shall take...

He trails off, a look of suspicion playing over his face. He glances at the girl, then pulls her head around to face him. A PROSTITUTE stares back at him.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)  
(To the prostitute)  
You are not... *have you known the  
touch of a man?!*

PROSTITUTE

I... I have.

Trakul snarls and throws the young woman out of his phaeton. One of the volunteers catches her and carries her away.

TRAKUL

A trick, then, is it?! You thought  
to have me drink unchaste blood!  
Your plot is undone!

LEÓN (O.S.)

It is you who is undone!

León comes storming up from behind Trakul.

LEÓN (CONT'D)

I am he who has forsaken my father!  
I am he who has wagered and lost  
thirty pieces of silver! I am he  
who has stolen from my enemy!

He thrusts his hand out with his palm toward Trakul.

LEÓN (CONT'D)

Now I bind you in your chosen place  
of power!

The pentagram in the road flares to life, casting a harsh glow on the carriage at its center. Trakul arches his back in agony at the same time, gnashing his teeth at the sky.

RICHARD

Make haste! The coffin!

Two men drag a simple wooden casket into view, placing its end near the phaeton.

León pulls himself up to Trakul's place, then kicks him. The vampire tumbles from the carriage and lands in the box.

LEÓN

I seize all that you hold, and I  
hold thee in turn!

The light from the pentagram arcs inward, piercing Trakul.

LEÓN (CONT'D)

(Shouting)  
Thou art dispelled!

Trakul lets loose an otherworldly screech as he writhes in place. His thrashing lessens as his skin loses color and wrinkles. He releases a wheezing gasp and stops moving.

VOLUNTEER #1  
Is it... is it over?

RICHARD  
Nay.

LEÓN  
He will be kept.

RICHARD  
He did not drink her blood.

LEÓN  
(Forcefully)  
He will be kept!

León looks at the assembled men.

LEÓN (CONT'D)  
So long as none worship this foul  
creature while he can hear, he will  
be contained.

Richard helps León climb from the carriage. They both stare  
down at the immobilized vampire.

RICHARD  
Let him be interred in the church's  
catacombs. In time, all will have  
forgotten him.

LEÓN  
Indeed.  
(To Trakul)  
Rest in torment, Trakul.

Two men slam the coffin's lid down.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. A GAS STATION - DAY

The hood of a blue Hudson Hornet convertible is slammed down.

A teenage boy in tight jeans and a white T-shirt jogs from  
the front of the car to the back, hoisting himself over the  
closed door and into the back seat. Three other boys are  
already present in the car.

The driver exchanges goodnatured jeers with his passengers.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BOULEVARD - DAY

The Hornet pulls away from the gas station, turning onto a broad street.

SUPER: ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

SUPER: TWO HUNDRED YEARS LATER

Pedestrians smile brightly as they pass one another. Young women laugh and wave as young men in hot rods act out to get their attention.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S AUTOMOTIVE - DAY

An overweight MECHANIC standing behind a counter watches as the Hornet passes by outside. He sniffs once, then turns his attention to the CUSTOMER in front of him.

MECHANIC

So, like I was saying, we're decoking your engine. That should fix the stalling problem.

CUSTOMER

What's that going to cost me?

MECHANIC

All totaled, you're looking at about ten, maybe twelve dollars.

CUSTOMER

(Balking)

Uh, and that's including the, uh... the carbon thing?

MECHANIC

Well, yeah. Decoking gets rid of the carbon.

CUSTOMER

I mean what your secretary said.

MECHANIC

(Suspiciously)

"Secretary?"

CUSTOMER

Yeah! She told me you were going to do something to my carbon.

The mechanic stares at the customer for a moment.

MECHANIC  
Would you excuse me?

CUSTOMER  
What...

Before the customer can finish speaking, the mechanic struts into a door behind the counter.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S AUTOMOTIVE - THE GARAGE - DAY

The mechanic passes toolboxes and machining stations, coming to a 1949 Cadillac 62 on a servicing ramp. A woman in her early twenties is tinkering with something beneath its hood.

MECHANIC  
(Shouting)  
What on God's green Earth do you think you're doing?!

The woman stands up, meeting the mechanic's eyes with a look of defiance. This is CATHERINE. She is dressed in worn jeans and a plaid shirt, both of which are stained with oil. Her dark hair is held away from her blue eyes by a handkerchief.

CATHERINE  
His engine was stalling because his carburetor's metering rods were...

MECHANIC  
(Interrupting)  
How many times do I have to tell you to get lost?!

CATHERINE  
If you would just *look* at...

MECHANIC  
(Interrupting)  
No, that does it!

The mechanic grabs a large wrench from a nearby shelf.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)  
This time, maybe you'll...

Catherine yells with fury, launching herself at the mechanic.

SMASH-CUT TO:

INT/EXT. A POLICE CAR - DAY (SEVERAL MINUTES LATER)

The back door of a police car is thrown closed.

Catherine is sitting in the car's back seat, idly examining a haphazardly folded leather jacket in her lap.

Outside, an officer in his fifties walks back toward the garage. This is HERMAN, Catherine's father. He speaks to the mechanic, who looks both frightened and bruised.

After several seconds, Herman returns to the police car, climbing into the driver's seat.

HERMAN

You're lucky I don't book you.

Herman starts the car, then pilots it away from the garage.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Trespassing. Vandalism.

CATHERINE

"Vandalism?!" I fixed the car!

HERMAN

(Louder)

Disorderly conduct! Assault!

CATHERINE

He came at me with a wrench! Was I supposed to just let him clock me?!

HERMAN

Damn it, Catherine, you're supposed to be turning your life around!

The car turns away from the main street, pulling into a less-busy area.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Half the calls I get these days are about my own daughter! How do you think that makes me look?

Catherine glares at Herman in the rearview mirror.

CATHERINE

Oh, are we going to start talking about *looks* again? Are you going to tell me how I should be dressing and doing my hair?

HERMAN

No man is ever going to...

CATHERINE

(Interrupting)

Maybe I don't *want* a man! Maybe I'd rather live my own life!

Herman goes silent, scowling. Eventually, he takes a breath and sighs.

HERMAN

Look, Caty...

CATHERINE

(Interjecting)

Don't call me that.

HERMAN

... this is the last time I'm sticking my neck out for you. You aren't a kid anymore.

CATHERINE

Thanks, I hadn't noticed.

The car slows to a halt at the side of an intersection. Herman turns off the motor, then stares straight ahead.

HERMAN

Will you be home for dinner, or are you still working nights?

Catherine does not respond.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

You know that you really...

CATHERINE

(Interrupting)

Are you going to open the door?

Herman closes his eyes for a moment.

HERMAN

I mean it, Caty. It's high time that you straightened out and settled down. If you can't do that...

Herman lets the threat go unfinished. He exits the police car, walking around to open the back door for Catherine.

CUT TO:



EXT. AL'S DINER - DAY

The car drives away, revealing Catherine behind it. She pulls on her jacket while walking toward a diner-style restaurant.

INT. AL'S DINER - DAY

Customers are conversing and sipping at iced sodas as Catherine enters the restaurant.

A young waitress in the diner's uniform - a white skirt and a white blouse with red stripes on it - looks over and smiles with genuine warmth and affection. This is LOIS. A silver crucifix on a thin chain hangs from her neck.

LOIS

Rough day?

Catherine slides onto a stool in front of the bar.

CATHERINE

The usual. My dad is threatening to disown me.

LOIS

(Shocked)

He said that?

CATHERINE

It's what he meant.

LOIS

Ain't that a bite. Have a soda on me, eh, hon?

Lois turns to fill a glass, but Catherine reaches forward to stop her.

CATHERINE

Hey, no. Lois. *Lois*.

Catherine reaches into her pocket and pulls out a dime.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

One for the jar, yeah? *Somebody* should make some progress today.

Lois tilts her head and smiles appreciatively as she accepts the coin. She deposits it in a squat storage tin on the back counter, then faces Catherine again.

LOIS

Are you here for a shift?

CATHERINE

Nah, I need to catch the bus. I told Kenneth I'd meet him, and this run-in with the law is going to make me late.

A mischievous expression crosses Lois's face. She leans closer to Catherine.

LOIS

You know, you could tell your dad that you and Kenneth are...

CATHERINE

(Interrupting)

Don't even joke about it.

Catherine rolls her eyes as Lois stands up again, laughing.

LOIS

I'm just saying that it might get you on his good side for a while.

CATHERINE

Yeah, and then what? Next he'll be asking to have Kenneth over for dinner, and then my mom will start planning the wedding.

LOIS

Hey, I can be your maid of honor! I bet my dad would even let us have the bridal shower here!

Lois leans back to look through an open door behind the bar.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Right, Daddy?

AL (O.S.)

(Shouting)

What?!

CATHERINE

Yeah, and let me guess, you'll blow your dimes on a wedding present.

For the first time, Lois adopts a more serious attitude.

LOIS

Hey, come on, I'm just having a little fun with you.

CATHERINE  
Yeah, yeah. Sorry.

LOIS  
No, I'm sorry. I know it's...

Lois is cut off by the bell above the shop's door. Four greasers enter the restaurant. Lois offers a wordless apology to Catherine, then starts walking toward the new customers.

CATHERINE  
Are you going to be there tonight?

LOIS  
I'll see if my brother can take me.

Lois turns her attention to the greasers. Her demeanor shifts to be equal parts flirtatious and demure. Catherine exhales with disapproval, then moves to leave the diner.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MUSEUM - DAY (LATER)

A bus pulls away from a stop in front of a large building.

Catherine walks purposefully toward the front doors. A nearby banner reads "COLONIAL MYTHS AND FOLKLORE."

CUT TO:

INT. THE MUSEUM - DAY

Catherine walks through a spacious area dotted with exhibits. A mock-up of a witch trial is visible, as is a mural depicting a spectral galleon.

Groups of people mill around, one of which is attended to by a thin, red-haired young man in a suit. This is KENNETH. He sees Catherine, excuses himself, and rushes toward her.

KENNETH  
Did you get them?

CATHERINE  
Yeah... but you're lucky my dad  
didn't search me.

After glancing around, Catherine pulls two spark plugs halfway out of her jacket's pocket.

KENNETH

What? Why? You didn't... you didn't steal them, did you?

CATHERINE

With his prices, he won't miss them. Besides, I paid with labor.

Catherine starts to hand the spark plugs over, but Kenneth hurriedly gestures for her to stop.

KENNETH

Not right now. I need to wait until after closing.

CATHERINE

Mister Assistant Curator can't be seen fraternizing with riff-raff, is that it?

Kenneth pretends to laugh, but is clearly nervous.

KENNETH

Associate Curator. This exhibit is the whole reason I even got the promotion. I need it to be perfect.

CATHERINE

Maybe you should have waited until Halloween to show off this spooky stuff, then.

KENNETH

I didn't choose the timing. It was...

LAWRENCE (O.S.)

(Interrupting)

Hey, square!

Catherine and Kenneth turn to see three socs in letterman jackets standing near an open burial casket in a glass case. These are LAWRENCE, JONATHAN, and ROBERT. Behind them, two blonde cheerleaders giggle. These are BETTY and SUE.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Is this thing real?

Kenneth looks annoyed for a moment, then hides it.

KENNETH

Yes, of course it's real.

LAWRENCE

That's a real dead guy?

Several measured steps bring Kenneth to the case.

A desiccated body is visible beneath the glass.

Kenneth gestures to a nearby information board, indicating a lifelike portrait of Alden Trakul. Text beneath the image reads "TRAKUL, A."

KENNETH

It's actually a mummy,  
fantastically preserved by...

LAWRENCE

(Interrupting)  
That's a *girl*?

The soc makes a show of staring at the portrait.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

"Trackula?" What kind of name is  
that for a girl?

KENNETH

No, he was a man.

LAWRENCE

You said he was a mommy.

KENNETH

*Mummy*. A preserved corpse. This is  
actually the only known example of  
intentional mummification in the  
Colonial United States.

BETTY

(With mock gravity)  
Oh, tell us about it, please!

Kenneth glances back at Catherine, who smiles wryly.

KENNETH

Well, Alden Trakul was a wealthy  
land-owner in Virginia. According  
to church records, he was accused  
of witchcraft by a local priest,  
then murdered by a mob.

JONATHAN

Hey, you hear that, Sue? The Mafia  
got him!

SUE  
Not *the* Mob; a mob.

Catherine raises a curious eyebrow at Sue, who hastily looks away and twirls her hair.

KENNETH  
Right, well, the priest was probably trying to hide that he'd been embezzling from the church to fund his gambling habit. Trakul ran illegal carriage-races, see, and...

LAWRENCE  
(Interrupting)  
Whoa, he was a *racer*?!

Lawrence leans on the case, looking down at Trakul.

Kenneth starts forward as if to stop the soc, then drops his hands to his sides and bites his lip.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)  
That's *rockin'*! Man, I'll bet he was a real frat!

KENNETH  
Right! Well!

Kenneth looks pointedly at a clock on the wall.

KENNETH (CONT'D)  
The museum will be closing soon, so please make your way to the exit.

The socs and cheerleaders meander away, semi-quietly imitating Kenneth as they go. Kenneth watches them, then wipes at a smudge on the glass with his sleeve.

CATHERINE  
How much of that was true?

KENNETH  
What?

CATHERINE  
This is all myths and folklore, right? So how much was true?

Kenneth finishes wiping the smudge away.

KENNETH

All of it, actually. One of my ancestors was the church's record-keeper, if you can believe that.

CATHERINE

I guess it runs in the family.

Catherine and Kenneth walk away from the case. Inside, the mummy's eyelids flutter as though struggling to open.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MUSEUM - A MAKESHIFT GARAGE - DAY

Overhead lights flicker to life, illuminating a grey 1952 Lincoln Capri hard-top coupe.

Catherine wastes no time in grabbing a toolbox, strutting forward, and opening the car's hood. Kenneth stays back, watching from near the room's door.

CATHERINE

So what's the folklore part?

KENNETH

The folk... oh, you're still talking about the exhibit. He was a vampire, supposedly.

CATHERINE

A vampire priest, huh?

Catherine focuses on the car's engine.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

You know, if you'd waited instead of buying the fifty-two, you'd...

KENNETH

(Interrupting)

I wouldn't have needed to swap out the engine. I know. You've told me a hundred times already. Anyway, no, Trakul was the vampire.

CATHERINE

Wow, a mummy *and* a vampire. He's his own double feature.

KENNETH

Yeah, somebody call Boris Karloff. One led into the other, though.

A clatter echoes through the space as Catherine throws an old spark plug over her shoulder. She pulls a replacement from her pocket and sets about installing it.

CATHERINE

How does a vampire become a mummy?

KENNETH

The priest used a ritual to make sure Trakul would stay dead. Most of it was mumbo-jumbo, but it clearly included mummification. That's really the only reason we're showing off such a fresh corpse.

CATHERINE

He didn't *look* fresh.

Catherine throws a second spark plug over her shoulder.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Man, if we could get our hands on some real tools, we could probably get this girl up to 130.

KENNETH

Would you have to steal them?

CATHERINE

(Annoyed)

How are you okay with night racing, but a candy-ass about theft?

KENNETH

I was just thinking about the time.

A moment passes as Catherine looks at Kenneth.

CATHERINE

Fine... but I can do a couple of other things.

Kenneth looks on as Catherine continues tinkering.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY - DAY (SUNSET)

The sun falls behind the horizon, casting an orange glow over the city. The light soon fades, leaving a dark sky.

DISSOLVE TO:



INT/EXT. LAWRENCE'S CAR - NIGHT

A red 1954 Mercury Monterey hard-top coupe is parked at the side of a back street between a hardware store and a record shop. Inside the car, Lawrence is making out with Betty.

LAWRENCE

How about it, Betty? You know you're my best girl.

BETTY

Golly, Lawrence... I don't know. We've only been going steady for three months.

LAWRENCE

Hey, you know you're my best girl.

BETTY

(Laughing uncomfortably)  
You said that already.

LAWRENCE

I'll say it a million more times,  
and a million more after that.

The soc leans in to kiss the cheerleader. She responds in kind, turning her head as he moves his lips to her neck. Her eyes open partway. She screams with surprise and fright.

BETTY

Lawrence!

LAWRENCE

What?! What?! What is it?!

Betty points behind the car, and Lawrence turns to look. A hunched silhouette is standing beneath a streetlight.

BETTY

I think he's *watching* us!

LAWRENCE

Probably just some old pervert.

BETTY

Oh, Lawrence, I'm frightened! Go chase him away, *please!*

The soc lets loose a frustrated sigh as he leaves the car. Betty immediately relaxes, appearing almost relieved about having been interrupted.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BACK STREET - NIGHT

Shadows bend in eerie ways as Lawrence approaches the figure.

LAWRENCE

(Loudly)

Hey! Hey, buddy! What do you think  
you're doing, huh?

There is no answer... but heavy, labored breathing becomes  
audible as the soc moves closer.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

You floggin' your log out here?  
Huh? Hey, I'm talking to you!

Lawrence stops a few feet short of the silhouette.

TRAKUL

(Rasping)

I must... thank you... for the  
kind... words... that you offered.

LAWRENCE

What are you talking about? Put an  
egg in your shoe, man.

Dust falls from the figure as it slowly tilts its head.

TRAKUL

(Rasping)

Is that... a custom?

LAWRENCE

It means "beat it!"

A look of disgust crosses the soc's face.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

You know you smell like you shoved  
something dead up your ass?

The shadows surrounding the pair grow darker.

A faint rumble fills the air.

TRAKUL

(Rasping)

Now, that... was the wrong... thing  
to say.

CUT TO:

INT. LAWRENCE'S CAR - NIGHT

A brief, muffled shredding sound is heard. Betty picks at one of her fingernails, ignoring everything else. The car's driver-side door opens, and someone climbs in.

BETTY  
Oh, Lawrence...

The cheerleader turns to face the driver's seat as she speaks, then interrupts herself with another scream. Trakul's dry, husk-like features are barely visible in the dim light.

TRAKUL  
(Rasping)  
Speak... truly... now.

An ominous hum becomes audible. Betty goes from looking scared to appearing slightly awed.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)  
(Rasping)  
Have you ever... known the touch...  
of a man?

BETTY  
I... I don't...

TRAKUL  
(Rasping)  
Are... you... a virgin?

BETTY  
Y... yes.

TRAKUL  
(Rasping)  
Marvelous.

With incredible speed, Trakul lunges forward and plunges his teeth into the cheerleader's neck.

SMASH-CUT TO:

EXT. THE DRIVE-IN - THE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Catherine bites into a hotdog that has been topped with ketchup and onions.

All around her, gleaming cars are illuminated by streetlights and a completely white outdoor movie screen.

Dozens of people - greasers, socs, and even a few hepcats and beatniks - move around, admiring the cars, eating, smoking, and occasionally getting into small fights.

Kenneth walks up behind Catherine. He is now clad in a too-clean leather jacket and pristine jeans.

KENNETH

(Nervously)

Well, I'm entered. I, uh... I sure hope the fuzz don't show up.

CATHERINE

If you're looking for an excuse to cut out, I'll take over for you.

KENNETH

Didn't you lose your license?

CATHERINE

No... but even if I did, do you think that matters here?

A dozen cars go roaring past, midway through a loop around the drive-in. Hoots and cheers break out, and an ANNOUNCER on a ladder struggles to make himself heard through a megaphone.

ANNOUNCER

Lap three! It's Cherry Dan leading the pack at the straightaway, with Jolly Roger looking for an inside pass at the turn!

Lois comes rushing up to Catherine and Kenneth. She is clad in a pink top and black pants, and she has a flower in her hair. Her silver crucifix is still visible.

LOIS

(Cheerfully)

Hey, fellas!

KENNETH

Lois! Hey, uh... is Bob going to be racing tonight?

LOIS

Nah, he's just watching. Why?

Kenneth looks relieved.

CATHERINE

He doesn't want to race against someone he knows.

KENNETH  
That isn't it!

Catherine rolls her eyes.

CATHERINE  
He doesn't want to race, period.

Kenneth opens his mouth to respond, but is cut off by Lois.

LOIS  
(To Catherine)  
You should do it, then!

KENNETH  
It's my car! I'm going to race...  
and I'm going to win!

LOIS  
See? That's the spirit!

Lois, Catherine, and Kenneth move off, wandering through lines of parked cars. Behind them, the two surviving socs from the museum lean against a beat-up convertible. Sue sits on top of the back seat.

ROBERT  
I'm telling you, man, he's getting  
lucky! He'd be here otherwise!

JONATHAN  
Betty ain't one for backseat bingo.

ROBERT  
(Laughing)  
Eat your heart out, Jack! Larry has  
that pussy wagon, and you've got  
what? Go on, say it.

JONATHAN  
(Sulkily)  
A skuzz bucket.

ROBERT  
A skuzz bucket!

Robert kicks the convertible with his heel.

JONATHAN  
Yeah, well, she'll still be wearing  
her virgin pin when they get here.  
You'll see.

Neither young man says anything for a few seconds.

ROBERT  
 (Shouting)  
*Skuzz bucket!*

SUE  
 Hey, isn't that Larry now?

All three of them watch as the Monterey pulls into the drive-in's parking lot. It parks next to several vehicles owned by greasers, who eye the interloper suspiciously.

Trakul climbs out of the car, once again looking like his tall, attractive self. He is wearing the dead soc's jeans and letterman jacket, which is a stark mismatch to his long hair. Beneath the jacket, his chest is bare.

ROBERT  
 Hey, that ain't Larry!

SUE  
 It's Larry's car, though.

JONATHAN  
 Nah, it can't be.

SUE  
 It's Larry's plate.

They watch as Trakul is surrounded by the greasers, who seem irritated that a soc would dare to park near them.

ROBERT  
 Whoever he is, he's going to get his ass kicked. Come on.

The three of them walk toward the rising commotion. They arrive just in time to hear the tallest greaser - a man of approximately Trakul's own build - issuing a challenge. This is WILLIAM THE KID. He gestures boastfully at his blue 1955 Lincoln Capri hard-top coupe.

WILLIAM  
 So maybe I race you for the spot, then, huh?

TRAKUL  
 Why stop at that? If my attire so offends you, perhaps you would care to wager yours!

WILLIAM  
 (Apprehensively)  
 ... You want my clothes?

TRAKUL  
Your clothes, your carriage,  
everything!

In spite of themselves, the other greasers start voicing their interest in the proposal. William seems to take this as support for his side of the bargain.

WILLIAM  
"Carriage?" Pinks, then? You're on.

The greasers shout their approval. At the same time, the socs push their way forward.

ROBERT  
Hey! Who are you? Where's Larry?

Trakul turns to face the young men.

TRAKUL  
"Larry?"

ROBERT  
Yeah, Larry. You know, the guy  
whose ride you lifted?

TRAKUL  
Ah, the boy with more spine than  
sense. For his insolence, he had  
them both broken.

JONATHAN  
What did you do with Betty?!

Sharp cuspids are revealed as Trakul grins.

TRAKUL  
The girl. Yes. She was really quite  
drained after our encounter.

ROBERT  
What's wrong with your teeth, man?

JONATHAN  
Yeah, and how about we knock 'em  
out of your face?!

Jonathan swings a fist at Trakul, who casually sidesteps.

The soc goes sprawling into one of the greasers' cars, prompting them to grab him and throw him back.

He lands on the ground, and Trakul steps over him.

TRAKUL

I will forgive you that one attempt. Accept my mercy.

JONATHAN

Uh... y-yeah. Thanks.

TRAKUL

Splendid! As for the rest of you...

Trakul spreads his arms.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)

(Loudly)

... do you wish to see the outcome of this wager?

The greasers yell enthusiastically. Jonathan climbs to his feet, then goes to stand near Robert.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)

(Loudly)

Do you wish to see me race?

Another shout rings out. This time, Robert, Sue, and Jonathan hesitantly join in.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)

(Loudly)

Then allow me to hear your praise!

The group starts openly cheering, and more people begin moving toward Trakul. At the other side of the drive-in, Catherine, Kenneth, and Lois watch the crowd.

LOIS

What's going on over there?

KENNETH

Just some showboat.

Catherine squints at Trakul.

CATHERINE

Have you ever seen a letterman with hair that long?

KENNETH

Hey, can we focus on me, please?

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Cars to the starting line!

Kenneth looks ready to panic.



KENNETH

Great! Just great! I might as well drop out right now!

CATHERINE

Hey, like I said, if you...

KENNETH

(Interrupting)  
You're not driving!

After taking a few deep breaths, Kenneth seems to grow slightly calmer.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

I can do this. I've been practicing. I'm going to *win!*

CATHERINE

That souped-up engine will help.

KENNETH

Yeah. Yeah, cool.

Kenneth nods shakily, then climbs into his car.

The engine roars to life, and the vehicle pulls toward the starting line outside the parking lot.

Catherine moves to follow, but pauses when she notices that Lois is still staring at Trakul.

CATHERINE

Hey, are you coming?

Lois blinks, shakes her head, then looks at Catherine.

LOIS

Huh?

Catherine gestures after Kenneth's car.

CATHERINE

Aren't you going to watch the race?

LOIS

Oh. Yeah.

Lois takes a last look at Trakul, then follows Catherine.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DRIVE-IN - THE TRACK - NIGHT

Two cars pull up to a chalk line that has been drawn on the street. William's Capri joins them, then Kenneth's, with Trakul's Monterey being the last to arrive.

A young woman in tight shorts and a midriff-baring shirt walks in front of the cars, displaying a checkered flag.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The drivers are ready!

Kenneth glances at Trakul. His eyes narrow, and he looks as if he is trying to remember the vampire from somewhere.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Good luck, everyone!

The girl with the flag raises it above her head.

Kenneth shakes his head, squeezes his eyelids shut for a moment, then focuses on the street ahead of him.

The flag comes down. The cars accelerate forward.

Kenneth stays at the rear of the pack, but makes fast gains, quickly moving up to fourth place. He yanks the wheel as he comes to the first turn, almost skidding into a competitor.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DRIVE-IN - THE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Lois and Catherine applaud along with the rest of the spectators, watching as the race circles the drive-in.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

William the Kid holds the lead through the first turn, and Bent Carrot nearly creams Ronnie Boy!

CATHERINE

(Incredulously)

"Bent Carrot?"

LOIS

Where's the new guy?

Catherine casts a sidelong stare at Lois.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DRIVE-IN - THE TRACK - NIGHT

Kenneth grips his steering wheel and leans forward slightly.

His grey Capri inches past another car, coming up to third place as it approaches the second turn.

William grits his teeth as he goes around the curve, then accelerates again as soon as he comes out of it.

Behind him, Kenneth moves into second place as they pass the starting line.

Kenneth's gaze narrows on William's car.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DRIVE-IN - THE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Catherine watches the race intently, turning in place to follow its progress.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Lap two! It's William the Kid  
leading the pack at the  
straightaway, with Bent Carrot  
coming up from behind!

CATHERINE

Come on, Kenneth! Come on!

Lois moves her hands as though slowly clapping, but her palms do not actually touch one another.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DRIVE-IN - THE TRACK - NIGHT

Kenneth's eyes are wide and wild as he moves ever closer to first place. The corners of his lips start to arc upward... but at the same time, a sound not unlike a man howling in pain becomes audible, then grows in volume.

William glances in his rearview mirror, apparently hearing the same noise.

Trakul's Monterey blazes between the cars in third and fourth place. It clips both of them, sending sparks flying.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DRIVE-IN - THE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The crowd lets loose gasps and shouts of dismay as the two cars start to fishtail and spin out. One of them hops the curb and skids into the drive-in's parking lot, finally colliding with two parked vehicles.

CATHERINE  
(Aghast)  
That's cheating!

LOIS  
It was their fault.

Catherine's face adopts a disbelieving expression as she looks at Lois.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Lap three! Ronnie Boy and Howdy  
David are down for the count, and  
Bent Carrot takes the lead!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DRIVE-IN - THE TRACK - NIGHT

Trakul's Monterey pulls next to Kenneth's Capri. The howling noise is joined by what sounds like a woman's mournful wail combined with the roar of a beast, and the Monterey accelerates even faster.

Kenneth watches this with disbelief for a split second, then grips his steering wheel tighter.

Tires squeal as both cars come around the final turn.

Kenneth slams his foot onto his car's accelerator pedal. The sound of his engine is audible beneath the unearthly sounds, but just barely.

The Monterey leaves the Capri behind, winning the race by several lengths.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DRIVE-IN - THE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Capri pulls into the parking lot as the Monterey makes a victory lap around the drive-in. Most of the onlookers - Lois included - are still watching Trakul and applauding.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
It's the nameless newcomer, beating  
Bent Carrot by a mile!

Kenneth climbs out of his vehicle, looking enraged. His scowl does not diminish as he stomps toward Catherine.

CATHERINE  
You should have won.

KENNETH  
(Shouting)  
Tell me about it! A fat lot of good  
your tinkering did!

CATHERINE  
No, I mean *you should have won*.  
That's a fifty-four Monterey. It  
has the 256.

KENNETH  
Who cares?! I lost! So what?!

Catherine impatiently gestures at Kenneth's Capri.

CATHERINE  
She has the 317 now, remember?!  
There's practically no difference  
in horsepower! That's *before* I  
souped it up, too!

The Monterey pulls into the parking lot. Throngs of adoring fans follow it, surrounding the car as it slows to a halt.

Catherine watches this with a dark expression on her face, not noticing that Lois has begun following the crowd. She turns back to Kenneth, who has started to calm down.

KENNETH  
So... so he shouldn't have been  
able to accelerate like that.

CATHERINE  
Not by a long shot.

KENNETH  
Alright, so maybe he switched out  
his engine, too? It did sound...

Kenneth trails off, shaking his head.

CATHERINE  
What? What were you going to say?

KENNETH

Nothing. I was just caught up in the whole thing, that's all.

A moment passes as Catherine stares back toward the Monterey.

CATHERINE

I need to look under the hood.

KENNETH

(Darkly)

Sure. You go do that.

Catherine glances around, then spots Lois approaching Trakul's car. With a growl, Catherine grabs Kenneth by the arm, pulling him along with her.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

Hey! Lay off, will you?

CATHERINE

There's something weird about this guy, Kenneth.

KENNETH

(Muttering)

He didn't even have a name.

CATHERINE

Oh, yeah, about that: "Bent Carrot?" Really?

Kenneth pulls his arm loose, but keeps walking alongside Catherine. He points to his head.

KENNETH

Red hair? Carrot?

CATHERINE

Uh huh... and "bent?"

KENNETH

You know, like a bent eight. It's hot-rodder talk.

CATHERINE

It makes you sound like you have a broken...

WILLIAM (O.S.)

(Interrupting)

Wooooooooo!

William goes running by, pumping his fists in the air. He is clad only in white briefs. Kenneth and Catherine stop in place, watching the greaser pass.

KENNETH

Wasn't that William the Kid?

Catherine resumes strutting forward.

CATHERINE

Come on, Carrot.

Kenneth glances back in William's direction, then quickly follows Catherine.

KENNETH

Yeah, well, it's *not* broken!

Trakul climbs onto the roof of the Monterey, delighting everyone surrounding it. He is now wearing William's clothes.

Catherine pushes through the gathering, with Kenneth staying close behind her.

TRAKUL

(Loudly)

My dear friends, you honor me! One could ask for no greater welcome than you have offered!

The crowd cheers and applauds.

Catherine makes her way to the Monterey's hood and opens it. Trakul does not seem to notice, focused as he is on his fans.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)

(Loudly)

Tell me, now: Who wishes to share in my victory?!

Everyone clamors for the vampire's attention. He smiles, then reaches down and hoists an attractive ROCKABILLY GIRL onto the car with him.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)

You, fair one! Speak truly: Have you ever known the touch of a man?

The girl looks into Trakul's eyes as the telltale hum of his power becomes audible.

ROCKABILLY GIRL

I... have.

Trakul unceremoniously shoves the girl off the car. People laugh as they catch her, and she laughs along.

The vampire looks around for another moment, then pulls a conservatively dressed brunette onto the Monterey. This is ANNE. She stares at Trakul with obvious delight.

TRAKUL

You, then! Have you ever known the touch of a man?

ANNE

N-n... n-n-no.

A wide, sinister grin breaks out on Trakul's face.

TRAKUL

Marvelous! Then let us away!

Trakul kicks the hood of his car, and Catherine barely manages to pull back before it slams shut.

The vampire sweeps Anne into his arms, leaps from the Monterey, and opens its driver-side door. The girl climbs inside, Trakul follows, and the engine comes to life.

People move out of the way, with the crowd finally breaking up as the vehicle drives out of sight.

Catherine and Kenneth remain standing where they were.

CATHERINE

I was right.

KENNETH

Yeah, you were. There's something weird about that guy.

CATHERINE

No, I was right about his car.

KENNETH

Fine, but what was that?

CATHERINE

He replaced the engine. That's a Thunderbird V8. With the Merc-O-Matic, he's pulling...

KENNETH

(Interrupting)

No, Catherine, damn it, did you see what happened?!



Kenneth gestures at the departing onlookers.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

Some stranger wins a single race,  
then everybody starts worshipping  
him? William even gave the guy his  
clothes! *William the Kid!*

CATHERINE

Are you jealous?

KENNETH

This isn't about me losing! Have  
you ever seen a scene like that?!

Catherine looks around. The goings-on are similar to how they were before Trakul's arrival, but more subdued.

CATHERINE

Where's Lois?

Kenneth also looks around. He sees Lois meandering at the back of a group of people, then points her out to Catherine.

KENNETH

There, that's her.

The two of them briskly walk to catch up.

CATHERINE

(To Lois)

Hey, where are you going?

Lois has a faraway look in her eyes as she turns to respond.

LOIS

I'm... I'm going home.

CATHERINE

Yeah? So soon?

Catherine looks back at Kenneth, who shrugs.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

(To Lois)

You want a ride?

LOIS

No. I'll...

Lois shakes her head. She appears more lucid for a moment.

LOIS (CONT'D)

I'll ride with Bob.

CATHERINE

Why don't you stick around awhile?  
You can buy me that soda, yeah?

The glassy-eyed look creeps back into Lois's expression.

LOIS

Home. I'm... I'm going home.

Lois turns to leave, but Catherine grabs her and spins her back around.

CATHERINE

What is *wrong* with you, Lois?

Rather than responding verbally, Lois halfheartedly squirms in Catherine's grip, not making eye contact.

KENNETH

If she wants to go, let her go.

CATHERINE

... Yeah, go on, go.

Catherine releases Lois, who immediately leaves, rejoining the group she had previously been following.

KENNETH

Maybe she's just tired.

CATHERINE

She was fine before the race.

KENNETH

Maybe the excitement wore her out.

CATHERINE

No, she was weird *during* the race.

Kenneth looks back and forth between Catherine and the departing spectators.

KENNETH

Okay, well... *I'll* buy you a soda.

CATHERINE

I suddenly want something stronger.

The two of them begin walking back toward Kenneth's Capri.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE BACK STREET - NIGHT

Two police cars are parked near the scene of Lawrence's murder, angled so that their headlights illuminate the area beneath the streetlight.

Herman and a younger officer - EDDIE - are aiming flashlights at something on the ground as a trenchcoat-wearing DETECTIVE ambles up to them.

DETECTIVE  
Herman. Eddie.

EDDIE  
Detective.

DETECTIVE  
What do we have, boys?

HERMAN  
Looks like an animal attack.

The detective shines his own flashlight down, twisting his mouth as he looks over Lawrence's corpse.

The soc is clad only in a torn, blood-stained T-shirt and striped boxer shorts. His chest has been ripped open, and his body is contorted in an unnatural way. His face is frozen in an expression of horror.

DETECTIVE  
Headquarters said homicide.

EDDIE  
That's how it was reported.

HERMAN  
You ever seen a murder like this,  
though? Look at him.

Herman points his flashlight directly at the enormous wound in Lawrence's torso.

HERMAN (CONT'D)  
Ribs broken, chest torn apart...  
and why's he halfway naked, huh?

DETECTIVE  
Do we know who he is?

EDDIE  
Not yet. No ID.

DETECTIVE  
So, what are we thinking? Bear?

EDDIE  
(Scoffing)  
A bear? In California?

HERMAN  
You know there's a grizzly on the  
state flag, don't you?

EDDIE  
Well, yeah, but... but you never  
see any bears in California.

HERMAN  
Eh, they're everywhere if you know  
where to look.

Eddie glances around nervously. The detective squats to take  
a closer look at the body.

DETECTIVE  
No lacerations. Not a bear. Who  
called it in?

Herman jerks a thumb back at the police cars.

HERMAN  
Old biddy. No help there.

The detective stands back up.

DETECTIVE  
She see it happen?

EDDIE  
She lives above the hardware store  
with her husband. She refused to  
stay inside, so we let her sit in  
the car.

DETECTIVE  
Okay... but did she see it happen?

EDDIE  
Allegedly.

DETECTIVE  
I'll have a chat with her. You boys  
see if you can find anything else.

HERMAN  
His clothes, for a start.

Herman and Eddie start going over the area with their flashlights while the detective walks away.

One of the police cars has its back door open, and an OLD WOMAN is sitting in the back seat. She appears to be comfortable and entirely unfazed by the situation.

The detective approaches with a matter-of-fact demeanor.

DETECTIVE

So, you found the body?

OLD WOMAN

Oh, no. No, he was still alive when I saw him. Then he died, and I telephoned the police.

DETECTIVE

Did you see who killed him?

OLD WOMAN

(Nodding)

Yes.

The detective waits for several seconds.

DETECTIVE

What did he look like?

OLD WOMAN

He was a big, strapping young man. Then he died, and...

DETECTIVE

(Interrupting)

What did *the killer* look like?

OLD WOMAN

Oh, well, it was brown and wrinkly, like a dried-out apple.

DETECTIVE

Old guy, huh?

OLD WOMAN

No, dear. It was more like a dried-out apple... although apples don't usually shove their hands into people's chests.

The old woman nods to herself, rocking in place.

DETECTIVE

Uh huh. Did you see where this dried-out apple went?

OLD WOMAN

Well, it must have left in the car.

DETECTIVE

What car?

OLD WOMAN

The red one. I don't make a habit of watching what the kids get up to, but there was all that shouting. Then he died, and I...

DETECTIVE

(Interrupting)

You called the police, yes. Is there anything else you can remember about the man?

OLD WOMAN

It wasn't a man, dear; it was a monster.

The detective smiles in a patronizing way.

DETECTIVE

Of course. Thank you, ma'am. You can head back inside now.

The old woman leans out of the car as the detective walks back toward the site of the murder.

OLD WOMAN

My husband snores!

The detective returns to Herman, who is staring at a pile of ancient, tattered clothes. Eddie is further away, still scanning the street.

HERMAN

Something tells me the kid wasn't wearing this. Some kind of costume?

DETECTIVE

Explains what our witness saw.  
"Like a wrinkled apple."

HERMAN

You think the killer stripped down?  
Stole the victim's clothes, maybe?

EDDIE  
(Shouting)  
Hey! I got something!

Herman hurries over to the indicated place, followed closely behind by the detective.

Streaks of blood are visible on both a leaking outdoor spigot and the wall housing it.

HERMAN  
What kind of animal washes itself  
off after killing someone?

Eddie taps his chin with the handle of his flashlight.

EDDIE  
Raccoons?

HERMAN  
It was a rhetorical question.

EDDIE  
... Those can kill people?

The detective takes a breath and puts his hands on his hips.

DETECTIVE  
Alright. We have a dead kid with no  
clothes on. No sign of a weapon,  
but there may have been a car here.

He rubs his forehead.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)  
We need to find out who the kid is.  
See if anyone has reported a  
missing person.

HERMAN  
Kids his age are out all night. We  
might not know until morning.

The detective nods and looks at the sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY - DAY

The sun rises over the city.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AL'S DINER - DAY

Pedestrians pass one another on the sidewalk. Three young women on bicycles ride by, prompting four greasers in a parked convertible to stare after them.

CUT TO:

INT. AL'S DINER - DAY

Catherine moves along behind the bar, gathering empty glasses and plates. She is clad in the diner's uniform.

The bell above the door chimes.

Catherine quickly looks up from the bar, then deflates slightly when she sees a group of young teenagers entering.

ESTHER (O.S.)  
You expectin' someone?

Another waitress - also in uniform - passes behind Catherine, carrying a tray of food above her head. This is ESTHER.

CATHERINE  
(Annoyed)  
What, are you writing a book?

Esther quickly serves some customers at the end of the bar, then walks back toward Catherine.

ESTHER  
You keep lookin' at that door like  
you think Prince Charmin' will come  
ridin' through it.

Catherine scowls, opens her mouth, then seems to think better of snapping at her coworker.

CATHERINE  
Yeah, maybe.

ESTHER  
So what's your tale, nightingale?

CATHERINE  
Nothing. Have you talked to Lois?

ESTHER  
No, why?

CATHERINE  
Do you know if she's coming in?



Esther lazily waves at the open door behind the bar.

ESTHER

Why don't you ask her daddy?

Catherine looks through the door to the kitchen, pauses for a moment, then shakes her head.

CATHERINE

He'd just get on my case about working more shifts.

ESTHER

Eh. From what I hear, you could use the dough.

CATHERINE

What is *that* supposed to mean?

Esther shrugs nonchalantly, seemingly oblivious to Catherine's growing irritation.

ESTHER

People talk, you know?

CATHERINE

And what do they say, exactly?

ESTHER

Just that you'll be lookin' for your own place soon. I guess you could always ask your fella to put you up.

Kenneth's Capri screeches to a halt outside the diner.

ESTHER (CONT'D)

Hey, speak of the devil, and he shall appear, huh?

Esther moves away before Catherine can respond. A few seconds later, Kenneth comes rushing into the restaurant, looking like he is on the verge of tears. He stands behind the stool in front of Catherine.

KENNETH

They stole it.

Catherine looks pointedly out the shop's front window.

CATHERINE

You aren't talking about your car.

KENNETH

The mummy, Catherine! They stole the mummy!

CATHERINE

Whoa, slow down. Who's "they?"  
What's going on?

Kenneth slides onto the stool and collapses forward, barely keeping himself propped up on the bar.

KENNETH

That's all I know. They wouldn't even let me into the museum.

CATHERINE

... The people who stole the mummy?

KENNETH

The *cops!* The curator told me that someone broke in last night, and now the mummy is *gone!*

Other customers pause in their conversations as they attempt to eavesdrop on Kenneth. Catherine glares at a few of them.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

They only let me have it because of my family's ties. They thought I was *trustworthy!*

CATHERINE

I'm assuming this is a different "they" again.

Kenneth coughs out a reluctant laugh, then nods.

KENNETH

The church. God, I should have just kept my mouth shut!

CATHERINE

You're jumping all over the place.

KENNETH

I'm jumping out of my skin!

Two young men chuckle and whisper to each other. Catherine makes eye contact with them, then cracks her index finger's knuckles with her thumb. The boys quickly look away.

CATHERINE

(To Kenneth)

I don't think you're using that phrase right.

With practiced motions, Catherine retrieves a bottle of soda, opens it, and places it in front of Kenneth.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Take a drink, take a breath, then start at the beginning.

Kenneth reaches for the bottle, but knocks it over.

KENNETH

Oh, *great!* See?! All I'm good for is making a mess!

CATHERINE

You're good at making a scene, too.

KENNETH

(Sarcastically)

Swell.

Catherine rights the bottle, then mops up the spilled soda with a cloth. She keeps an eye on Kenneth the entire time.

CATHERINE

Okay, you know what?

After throwing the cloth onto the bar, Catherine reaches into a hidden alcove, retrieving her leather jacket. She pulls it on as she moves to leave the restaurant.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Give me your keys. You can tell me everything on the way.

KENNETH

Wait, where are we going?

Esther watches as Kenneth hurries to follow Catherine.

ESTHER

I guess Cee is takin' off early.

AL (O.S.)

(Shouting)

What?!

Outside the shop, the Capri pulls away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE BOULEVARD - DAY

The Capri navigates through light traffic.

CATHERINE (O.S.)  
Okay, spill it.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNETH'S CAPRI - DAY (DRIVING)

Catherine keeps her eyes on the road as she drives, only occasionally glancing at Kenneth.

CATHERINE  
What's the deal with you and this church or whatever?

KENNETH  
Nobody was even supposed to know about the mummy.

CATHERINE  
So you put it in a museum. Smart.

KENNETH  
No, I mean... you've heard of the 1936 flood, right?

CATHERINE  
Is that a car?

KENNETH  
No, it was...

CATHERINE  
(Interrupting)  
I'm joking. I don't know what you're talking about, though.

Catherine swerves around a slow-moving vehicle. A horn blares, then grows fainter.

KENNETH  
Look, it doesn't matter. The church has catacombs beneath it, and when the flood hit, the verger wanted to temporarily clear them out.

CATHERINE  
What's a "verger?"

KENNETH

Caretaker.

CATHERINE

Just say "caretaker," then.

Kenneth rolls his eyes.

KENNETH

This same church has been keeping meticulous records for hundreds of years. When they went through the catacombs, they found some volumes that nobody had seen since when they were written.

CATHERINE

And a mummy.

KENNETH

Well, they didn't know what it was, at first. They just found a casket that had been sealed with wax. It was only after they'd read through the records that they realized what they had.

CATHERINE

A mummy.

KENNETH

(Impatiently)

Yes, a mummy; the only Colonial American mummy ever discovered.

CATHERINE

Neato. What's your connection?

KENNETH

My uncle is the verger.

Catherine casts a mockingly reproachful look at Kenneth.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

It's the right word! I'm going to use it!

CATHERINE

Sure thing, square. So, what, your uncle tells you about all of this, and you figure it's how you make a name for yourself?

KENNETH

Pretty much. I talked him in to sending me everything. Then I had to convince the museum to buy a special case for it, and *then...*

CATHERINE

(Interrupting)  
I get the picture.

Kenneth slumps and sighs.

KENNETH

I'm finished. If the curator doesn't kill me, my uncle will.

CATHERINE

It's not like *you* stole the thing.

KENNETH

What if this is some kind of divine punishment? I never should have let you steal parts for me.

Catherine takes her eyes off the road for long enough to snarl at Kenneth.

CATHERINE

Hey, you didn't "let me" do anything, you got it? And when did you get all beatnik? There's no such thing as "divine punishment."

KENNETH

Yeah. Yeah, alright.

Kenneth nods, but looks unconvinced.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

You still haven't told me where we're going.

CATHERINE

I just thought a drive would make both of us feel better... but I guess we'll find your stupid mummy.

KENNETH

Wait, *what?*

Catherine smiles mischievously.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY - DAY

The Capri accelerates down the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AN IDYLLIC BEDROOM - DAY

Shafts of soft light shine through a gauzy, pink curtain, illuminating a matching bedspread.

The covers stir, and Betty rises from them, looking content and well-rested. She is clad in a modest nightdress with a lace collar. After looking around the room, she notices Anne sleeping next to her.

BETTY

Mmm. Good morning.

Anne wakes up, then rises to a sitting position. She is clothed in a nightdress that is identical to Betty's.

ANNE

Where am I?

Betty smiles and stretches.

BETTY

Does it matter? You're here.

ANNE

I was... I was at the night race.  
We were going to watch Ronald.  
There was a boy there.

Anne's eyes go wide with a mixture of disbelief and awe.

ANNE (CONT'D)

He *chose* me. He chose *me!*

BETTY

He chose me, too!

The girls both giggle and grin as though sharing a secret.

ANNE

Were you at the night race, too?

BETTY

No. I was going to be, but...

Betty leaves the sentence unfinished as she begins to look concerned and confused.

For a split second, the girls' surroundings flicker to reveal a dark, dusty space with boarded-up windows. A harsh whisper is heard, its echoes remaining audible even after the pink bedroom returns.

BETTY (CONT'D)

(Slowly)

We went somewhere. I... I was in his car. I saw something, and I told Lawrence...

A look of intense horror contorts Betty's face.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Oh, God, *Lawrence!*

The dilapidated room flashes back into view. Pieces of covered furniture and streaks of mildew line the walls. The bed is little more than a rusty frame and a bare mattress beneath a moth-eaten blanket.

BETTY (CONT'D)

It wasn't him!

Betty looks down at herself. She is clad in her cheerleader's outfit, the neckline of which is stained with dried blood. Blistering burns stand out on each of her temples.

ANNE

Hey, what's wrong?

Anne leans forward, trying to look at Betty's face. She is also wearing her clothes from the night before, which are similarly soiled. Both girls have two puncture wounds on their necks.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Who was it?

BETTY

It was...

TRAKUL (O.S.)

I see my guests have awakened.

Trakul comes sauntering into the room, still wearing his greaser outfit. He lazily avoids a solitary beam of sunlight as he approaches the young women. Behind him and around him, the walls and floor seem to crumble and fall away like ashes, leaving the pink bedroom visible again.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)

I trust you both slept well?



The girls - now uninjured and back in their nightdresses - swoon and sigh. Trakul sits down on the side of the bed, reaching forward to caress Betty's face. She closes her eyes as she leans into the touch.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)

I regret that I cannot heal you in this place... yet I must ask more of you.

Betty pulls back and looks at Trakul with concern.

BETTY

Oh, Alden, what is it?

Anne leans forward, pulling down her nightdress's collar and displaying her neck.

ANNE

Do you need...?

TRAKUL

No, my pet. There are some things which even blood cannot provide.

BETTY

Oh, well...

Betty pushes the covers off herself, then begins slowly raising the bottom hem of her nightdress.

BETTY (CONT'D)

... then do you want...?

Trakul's expression briefly twists with revulsion, and the room flickers. He places his hand firmly on Betty's, stopping her attempt at exposing herself.

TRAKUL

Alas, to give you my essence would be to make you my equal... and you are so happy in my care.

Betty nods. She lies back on the bed with a blissful expression on her face, languidly moving her arms around.

ANNE

Then what can we do? What do you need, Alden?

Anne puts her hand on Trakul's arm, and he turns his attention back to her.

TRAKUL

For now, I need not anything of  
your body... but of your mind.

Trakul holds his hands on either side of Anne's head.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)

Give to me your knowledge.

The illusion of the pink bedroom abruptly vanishes as red, smoke-like energy begins flowing from Anne's temples into Trakul's open palms.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MUSEUM - A MAKESHIFT GARAGE - DAY

Catherine drops a box full of old, leather-bound journals onto a wooden table that has apparently been doubling as a workbench. Behind her, Kenneth winces.

KENNETH

Be careful!

CATHERINE

Would you relax? We're the only  
ones who come back here. Besides,  
the cops are long gone, and  
everyone else went home.

KENNETH

I don't care about any of that!  
Those records are two hundred years  
old! Be gentle with them!

CATHERINE

If they lasted this long, it's  
because they're sturdy.

Kenneth hesitantly approaches as Catherine starts pulling journals out of the box at random.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

So, this mummy. Is it valuable?

KENNETH

(Nodding)  
Priceless.

CATHERINE

Yeah, but can you sell it? Is it  
actually good for anything?

KENNETH

Paint-suppliers used to grind up Egyptian mummies to make certain shades of brown.

CATHERINE

No kidding? Do they still do that?

Kenneth shrugs noncommittally.

KENNETH

I don't think so.

Catherine pulls the last of journals from the box, then leans on the table.

CATHERINE

So you can't sell it, and no normal person is going to break into a museum to steal it. That means it's probably personal somehow.

Kenneth furrows his brow.

KENNETH

You think someone from the church is responsible?

CATHERINE

I think people spread gossip when they aren't supposed to.

KENNETH

"Gossip?" Like what?

Catherine appears to bristle at some inner thought. She knocks the empty box off the table, then opens the journal that is closest to her.

CATHERINE

Say that one of the priest's kids knew about the mummy, see?

KENNETH

Priests don't have kids.

CATHERINE

Someone else, then! It doesn't matter! They tell their grandkids or whatever, and then *they* decide that the mummy belongs to them.

Kenneth silently counts on his fingers.

KENNETH

It would be more like their great-  
great-great-great-great-grandch...

CATHERINE

(Interrupting)

Damn it, Kenneth!

Catherine slams her hand on the table, making Kenneth jump.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I'm trying to help you out here!  
Can you stop being such a freak?!

Kenneth's surprise quickly transforms into indignation.

KENNETH

I didn't ask for your help! What,  
do you think you can solve a crime  
just because your dad is cop?

CATHERINE

This has nothing to do with my dad!

KENNETH

What, then? Why do you care?

CATHERINE

Because *somebody* has to!

Catherine forcefully kicks the table's leg, jostling the  
journals. Kenneth rushes to catch one, trips, then sprawls on  
the floor. The journal falls on top of him.

KENNETH (O.S.)

... Ow.

CATHERINE

Are you okay?

Kenneth climbs to his feet, then carefully puts the journal  
back on the table.

KENNETH

I told you to be gentle with these.

CATHERINE

Yeah. Heh.

Catherine lets out a quiet half-scoff of a laugh. She leans  
on the table, takes a deep breath, and lets it out slowly.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Look, I don't know. First my dad  
says he's going to cut me loose...

KENNETH  
(Interjecting)  
He said that?

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
... then Lois starts acting weird,  
and now your big dream is falling  
apart. I just need to *fix*  
something, you know?

Kenneth opens and closes his mouth, seemingly searching for  
the right response.

KENNETH  
I guess that's why you're such a  
killer mechanic.

Despite her obvious effort to fight it, Catherine grins.

CATHERINE  
Yeah, well, you might have to start  
paying me. I probably lost my job  
when I left like that.

KENNETH  
I bet Lois can talk to her dad for  
you... after she comes back around,  
I mean.

Kenneth hurriedly redirects Catherine's attention to the  
journals in front of them.

KENNETH (CONT'D)  
So, the records. You think we'll  
find someone in them?

CATHERINE  
Eh, it was stupid. People change  
their names all the time.

KENNETH  
Like when?

CATHERINE  
Like when they get married?

KENNETH  
Oh. Oh, yeah.

Catherine gives Kenneth a playfully sardonic look, then idly flips through a few of the open journal's pages.

CATHERINE

How are you even supposed to read this? The spelling is terrible.

KENNETH

It's not *bad* spelling; it's just *old* spelling.

CATHERINE

Yeah? Well, whoever wrote this spelled "vampire" two different ways on the same page.

KENNETH

... Okay, maybe it's bad spelling. There might still be clues, though.

CATHERINE

Are you Joe Friday now?

KENNETH

I see myself as more of a Rock Hudson character.

Catherine laughs aloud. Kenneth makes a show of feigning obstinance, but is clearly amused.

CATHERINE

(Laughing)

Yeah, and I'm Katharine Hepburn!

After chuckling for another second, Catherine looks herself over, plucking at her skirt and blouse.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I look more like Audrey right now, though. Do I still have a change of clothes stashed here?

Kenneth nods and points to a back corner. Catherine unabashedly strips down, trading her uniform for a half-sleeve button-up shirt and jeans.

As Catherine changes, Kenneth looks at the journal that she had previously been examining. An expression of suspicion starts to move over his face.

KENNETH

(To himself)

No. No way. No.

CATHERINE  
Huh? What'd you say?

KENNETH  
I need to look at something.

Catherine watches as Kenneth rushes from the room. She finishes buttoning her shirt, picks up her jacket, then follows him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MUSEUM - DAY

Kenneth jogs to the display dedicated to Trakul. There are shards of glass strewn everywhere, and the burial casket has been reduced to planks of wood.

Ignoring these details, Kenneth makes his way to the information board, focusing on the portrait of Trakul.

KENNETH  
(Shouting)  
Jesus Christ, it's *him!*

Catherine walks up a moment later, finding Kenneth with his hands clasped over his mouth.

CATHERINE  
You'd better hope nobody...

KENNETH  
(Interrupting)  
Catherine, look! It's him!

Kenneth points a shaking finger at the portrait.

CATHERINE  
(Patronizingly)  
Yes, Kenneth, that's the mummy.

KENNETH  
No, listen, that's the guy from  
last night; from the night race!

For the first time, Catherine intently examines the portrait.

CATHERINE  
Huh. There is a pretty good  
resemblance, isn't there?

KENNETH

Resemblance, my foot! It's the same  
goddamned guy!

Catherine eyes her friend with genuine concern.

CATHERINE

Are you hearing yourself?

KENNETH

Don't give me that! I know how this  
goes! You doubt me until it's too  
late, and then we both get eaten!

CATHERINE

"Eaten?"

KENNETH

He's a vampire!

Kenneth's eyes widen as he looks around at the mess.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

He must have woken up somehow.  
Nobody broke in; *he broke out!*

Catherine takes a step toward Kenneth, hesitates, then closes  
the distance between them.

CATHERINE

Kenneth, come on. Vampires don't  
exist, just like divine punishment  
doesn't exist. You're just a bit  
worked up from the stress, okay?

Kenneth inhales and exhales in fast bursts as he turns to  
face Catherine.

KENNETH

How long have you known me? Long  
enough to know I'm not crazy?

CATHERINE

Kenneth...

KENNETH

(Interrupting)

And in all of those years, have you  
ever known me to get worked up?

CATHERINE

You get worked up all the time!

Several seconds pass as Kenneth catches his breath.



KENNETH

Fine. Yes. I know. I flip my wig a lot. I'm a spaz... but I always get through it. I go crazy, but I'm not crazy. I need you to believe me.

Catherine stands in place, rubbing the fingers of one fist against each other. She catches herself doing it, drops her hand, and sighs.

CATHERINE

Okay. Convince me. Aren't vampires supposed to have fangs?

KENNETH

I didn't get a good look at his teeth. Did you?

CATHERINE

Fair. How did he learn how to drive? Where did he get a car?

KENNETH

He stole it. He had to have.

CATHERINE

And the driving?

Kenneth shakes his head.

KENNETH

I don't know. Maybe he read the motoring manual.

CATHERINE

You can't learn to race like that in a manual.

Catherine looks ready to say something else, then stops before the words form. After a moment, she resumes speaking.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I'll admit that there was something weird about him. *People* were weird around him.

KENNETH

*Lois* was weird around him.

CATHERINE

Yeah. Yeah, she was.

Kenneth begins to look hopeful.

KENNETH  
So you believe me?

Catherine scoffs in evident disbelief of her own thoughts.

CATHERINE  
We need to do something more than  
check his teeth. Do those records  
of yours say how they found out  
that he was a vampire?

KENNETH  
I don't know... but we can look.

Kenneth leads as the pair walk away from the display.

A ringing telephone suddenly becomes audible.

CUT TO:

INT. A POLICE STATION - DAY

Eddie answers a black rotary telephone on a wooden desk.

All around him, other police officers sort through paperwork,  
jot down notes, and examine photographs.

EDDIE  
(Into the telephone)  
Sergeant's desk. Yeah.

Herman approaches Eddie, then waits in front of him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
(Into the telephone)  
Yeah. No dice, huh? Alright, thanks  
anyway. Yeah, will do.

Eddie hangs up the receiver.

HERMAN  
No word on the kid?

EDDIE  
No, but check this out: We *did* get  
reports of two missing girls. One  
of them was going steady with a boy  
who drives a red Mercury.

Herman drags a chair over and sits down.

HERMAN

A lot of kids drive red cars. Could be nothing. You tell the detective?

EDDIE

Not yet.

HERMAN

Yeah, I'm chewing on something kind of crazy, too.

Eddie looks over his shoulder, then scoots closer.

EDDIE

Swap for swap?

HERMAN

Yeah, alright. You hear about that break-in at the museum? Someone made off with a mummy.

EDDIE

(Shocked)

Those things are real?

HERMAN

As real as bears, kid. They don't get up and walk around, though.

EDDIE

Huh.

HERMAN

Now, you remember those clothes we found? The really old-looking ones?

EDDIE

Sergeant... are you saying a mummy did the kid in?

HERMAN

Christ, Eddie, what'd I just tell you? They're dead. They don't move.

Herman taps a finger on the desk.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

No, I'm saying our perp - whoever he is - could be the same guy who stole the mummy. These things are stored in special cases, see? I'm betting you'd need some kind of jackhammer to break one open.

Eddie punches his fist into his open palm.

EDDIE

That could be our murder weapon!

HERMAN

Yeah. So, *now* I'm thinking the victim was part of a gang. Maybe he was going to squeal. They offed him, then they took his clothes to wrap the bloody weapon in.

EDDIE

Why'd they leave the mummy's clothes, though?

HERMAN

That's the part I can't figure.

Herman leans back.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Your turn.

Eddie suddenly looks hesitant and uncertain.

EDDIE

Oh. Yeah, uh, *I* was thinking... that missing girl was going steady with a guy in a red car, right?

HERMAN

Right.

EDDIE

Right. So, yeah, uh... what if we showed a picture of the kid to the girl's parents?

Herman stares blankly at Eddie for several seconds.

HERMAN

(Flatly)

That's a great idea, Eddie.

EDDIE

You mean it?

HERMAN

(Sarcastically)

Oh, yeah. I never would have thought of that. What do you say we go ahead and do that right now?

Herman stands up and adjusts his belt. Eddie hurriedly does the same, practically mimicking Herman's motions.

EDDIE  
Should we tell the detective?

HERMAN  
(Sarcastically)  
Let's make sure it isn't too crazy.

Eddie and Herman walk toward the police station's door.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY - DAY

Cars drive along a highway as the sun begins to set.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE MUSEUM - A MAKESHIFT GARAGE - DAY (SUNSET)

Catherine and Kenneth are seated on the floor of the garage. Open journals are spread out around them, and Kenneth has spiral notebook next to him. Paper wrappers and empty soda bottles are piled off to one side.

KENNETH  
Okay, how about this:

Kenneth reads from one of the journals.

KENNETH (CONT'D)  
"It was the aspect of a man, but with the likeness of a beast. To look was to see neither, yet both."

CATHERINE  
It's kind of light on details.

KENNETH  
Yeah. Did you find anything else?

Catherine sighs and leans back.

CATHERINE  
I can barely read this stuff. The handwriting is so bad.

KENNETH  
You get used to it. I'm noticing a few themes in here, actually.

Kenneth gingerly puts the journal aside and picks up his notebook. He flips through a few pages.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

Whenever Richard mentions the carriage-racing, he talks about Trakul going impossibly fast. He also says that people would adore him whenever he was close by.

CATHERINE

It fits. I hate it, but it fits.

KENNETH

There's stuff about immunity to that, too. "The fiend may compel fact and impel falsehood, but they who wield the truth of themselves are shielded from the latter."

CATHERINE

Okay, but how...

KENNETH

(Interrupting)

There's more: "No whim may this be, nor mere belief. The truth must be smelted in the mind, forged in the heart, and cast in the soul, then held against all who challenge it."

Catherine visibly contemplates this for a moment, then slowly begins to nod her head.

CATHERINE

I actually think I get it.

KENNETH

Yeah?

CATHERINE

He makes people love him by *telling* them that they love him, basically. That's "impel falsehood," right? If you know yourself, though - *really* know yourself - he can only make you tell the truth.

KENNETH

Don't most people really know themselves, though?

CATHERINE

No. They only think that they do.

Kenneth seems ready to challenge Catherine's statement, but sees that she has started scowling to herself.

KENNETH

Right. Well. I think we have enough to go on. It's definitely him.

Catherine exhales and leans back on her hands.

CATHERINE

I still don't want to believe it, but yeah. What do we *do*, though?

KENNETH

Listen to this.

Kenneth leafs through his notebook again.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

"Twice his carriage was defeated, and each time, his influence waned." People stop worshipping him when he loses.

CATHERINE

It said "twice." That means they started worshipping him three times before the priest mummified him.

KENNETH

Oh, León was a deacon, actually.

CATHERINE

What's a deacon?

KENNETH

It's like an assistant priest. Richard called him "the reverend" everywhere but in one place, so I assumed that...

CATHERINE

(Interrupting)

Kenneth, seriously, shove your "deacon" up your "verger."

KENNETH

It's just kind of embarrassing. I'll have to update the display.

Catherine abruptly leans forward again, pantomiming strangling Kenneth from across the room.

CATHERINE

There *is* no display! The mummy is gone! Now, how do we get rid of him permanently this time?

KENNETH

Jeez, cool it, will you? Here: "Great was his power, but finite, replenished only when he supped on chaste blood."

CATHERINE

No good if it comes to him, huh? Is that why he does all that racing?

KENNETH

Wha... oh. "Chaste," not "chased." He drinks the blood of virgins.

CATHERINE

(Muttering)  
Of course he does.

Kenneth taps on his notebook a few times.

KENNETH

This is good, though! We just beat him in a race, then get him before he can bite someone.

CATHERINE

How do we "get him?"

KENNETH

Uh... what if we lock him in a trunk until morning? Vampires turn to dust in sunlight, right?

A frustrated groan escapes Catherine's lips. She rubs her eyes, then sighs and stares at Kenneth.

CATHERINE

Is there anything else?

Kenneth glances around at the journals.

KENNETH

Probably, yeah... but we should head out soon if we want to make tonight's race. It's at Pappy's.

CATHERINE

Pappy doesn't do night races.



KENNETH

He doesn't know about this one.

Catherine grins for a moment, then looks serious again.

CATHERINE

Do you think that the vampire will  
be there?

KENNETH

I bet he's already on his way.

Kenneth and Catherine start to rise from their positions.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Trakul comes strutting out of a barbershop. His black leather jacket has been replaced by a dark crimson one, and the color is matched by the accents on his wingtip shoes. This new look is topped off by a shining, greaser-style pompadour.

Several young men step out of the barbershop and applaud as Trakul walks away from them. He soon approaches his Monterey, which has also undergone a change: The hood and portions of the side panels have been painted to match the vampire's jacket and shoes, and the rest is now black. Two greasers are busily polishing its reflective bumper.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAKUL'S MONTEREY - NIGHT

Betty and Anne laugh from the back seat as Trakul climbs into the car. The girls are now clad in short, form-fitting, black dresses with cleavage-revealing necklines. Their wounds are completely gone.

Trakul lounges on the front seat as he starts the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The Monterey quickly accelerates down the street. Its license plate reads "REV 917." Numerous people walk after it, waving and cheering.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY AIRPORT - THE RUNWAY - NIGHT

Two stripped-down hot rods speed down a broad runway.

The strip is illuminated by the headlights of several dozen parked cars on either side. One of the cars is a yellow 1951 Chevrolet Bel Air. Herman and Eddie are seated inside, both peering through binoculars. They are clad in plain suits.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE'S BEL AIR - NIGHT

Eddie looks over his binoculars as the hot rods race by.

EDDIE

I don't get it, Sergeant.

HERMAN

What's that?

EDDIE

Why do they take their cars apart like that?

Herman puts down his binoculars. Eddie does the same, then pops some lens-covers into place on his own pair.

HERMAN

It reduces the weight. These races are all about acceleration, so they try to take off everything that they think is unnecessary.

EDDIE

Oh.

Eddie looks along the line of parked cars.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Why don't all these guys do that?

HERMAN

They're keeping their cars street-legal. They want to be able to drive them everywhere, see?

EDDIE

Oh.

Herman goes back to looking through his binoculars.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Is *my* car...

HERMAN

(Interrupting)

Yes, Eddie, your car is legal.

Eddie nods to himself, apparently satisfied. His smile fades as another thought seems to occur to him.

EDDIE

I don't get it, Sergeant.

Herman sighs mightily as he puts down his binoculars again.

HERMAN

Eddie, I *just* told you.

EDDIE

No, no, I mean... I mean these races are illegal, right? So why don't we just arrest everyone?

HERMAN

Do you want to try fitting them all in your back seat?

Eddie looks over his shoulder, then looks back at Herman.

EDDIE

... No?

HERMAN

There you go, then.

Herman pauses for a moment.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Look, officially, this is illegal. Unofficially, we turn a blind eye. It's so we know where to find the car gangs if we need to.

EDDIE

Like if we're looking for a girl!

HERMAN

Yeah... or a murder suspect.

The men bring their binoculars back up to their faces. With one hand - and without looking at the younger man - Herman reaches over and yanks the lens-covers off Eddie's pair.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY AIRPORT - NIGHT

People are sitting on the hoods of their cars near one end of the strip, shouting and applauding as each race occurs.

Kenneth's Capri pulls up near the other vehicles. He and Catherine climb out with grim expressions on their faces.

CATHERINE

This is bad. It's a drag.

KENNETH

I don't see Trakul.

CATHERINE

It doesn't matter. *It's a drag.* You can't beat him.

Two roaring hot rods accelerate down the strip.

KENNETH

(Sarcastically)

Thanks for the vote of confidence.

CATHERINE

I saw his engine, Kenneth. His car can do the quarter-mile in nineteen seconds. You're closer to twenty.

KENNETH

I beat William the Kid. *His* car is faster than mine, right?

CATHERINE

You're a better driver. There's no handling involved here, though.

A look of realization lights up Catherine's face.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Wait. Can you do a bootleg turn?

Kenneth jumps slightly.

KENNETH

I, uh... I think so? I've done it with a manual transmission.

CATHERINE

I bet he doesn't know how to do one... and I bet he'd kill his transmission if he tried.

A moment passes as Kenneth examines Catherine's face. His eyes finally widen with understanding.

KENNETH  
Down and back.

CATHERINE  
(Nodding)  
It'll be tight.

KENNETH  
I can do it.

Kenneth looks around at the crowd.

KENNETH (CONT'D)  
Now we just need him to show up.

Catherine climbs onto the roof of the Capri and gazes out at the ongoing races.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE'S BEL AIR - NIGHT

Herman continues to survey the scene through his binoculars. He suddenly leans forward.

HERMAN  
(To himself)  
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!

EDDIE  
(Excitedly)  
You see her?

HERMAN  
Yeah, I see her. Christ!

Eddie laughs and drums his hands on the steering wheel.

EDDIE  
Hot diggity! Her mom was right!

HERMAN  
Her m...? It's my daughter!

EDDIE  
It is? Where?

Herman points in Catherine's direction.

HERMAN

Grey Lincoln. Dark hair.

Eddie alternates between looking through his binoculars and squinting over them.

EDDIE

I thought she had blonde hair.

HERMAN

Eddie, damn it, would you use your head for a change?!

EDDIE

Oh. Right. Right. Hair dye.

Herman makes an obvious effort to restrain himself from smacking Eddie.

HERMAN

She *is not* the girl we're looking for! *That* girl is blonde.

Eddie looks ready to answer, but Herman cuts him off.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

*Do not* ask "Which girl?"

EDDIE

I got it, Sergeant.

HERMAN

Good.

EDDIE

The missing girl is blonde. Your daughter isn't blonde, so she isn't the missing girl. Quid pro quo.

HERMAN

"Q.E.D."

EDDIE

... Cue me for what?

Herman seems to consider responding, but brings his binoculars back up to his face instead.

HERMAN

Now, who's this guy?

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Trakul's Monterey rolls in to a spot not far from Kenneth's Capri. William's Capri is close behind, pulling up next to the vampire's car.

Catherine quickly slides off Kenneth's car, then leans close to him as she speaks into his ear.

CATHERINE

That's him. How did he have time to get that thing painted?

William - once again clad in greaser clothing - exits his vehicle, then hurries to open Trakul's door for him.

KENNETH

He has *servants*.

People turn their attention away from the race and offer exclamations of delight as Trakul climbs from his vehicle. He grins broadly, revealing his too-long cuspids.

CATHERINE

His teeth.

KENNETH

(Panicked)  
Oh, hell. It's real.

A crowd begins to gather. Catherine glances at the people around her, then looks over at Kenneth.

CATHERINE

How do you feel?

KENNETH

How do you think I feel?!

CATHERINE

No, how do you *feel*? Are any falsehoods being impelled?

KENNETH

Oh. No.

CATHERINE

Do you still think all of these people really know themselves?

Trakul climbs atop his Monterey and spreads his arms. Applause breaks out, during which Betty and Anne leave the car.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE'S BEL AIR - NIGHT

Herman pulls a photograph of Betty out of his jacket's inside pocket. He glances at it, then peers through his binoculars.

HERMAN

Damn it. A blonde girl just showed up, but I can't get a good look.

Eddie opens his door, preparing to leave the car. Herman grabs the younger man's arm.

EDDIE

What? Shouldn't we go check?

HERMAN

If we go out there now, we'll just spook them. See if you can get that black car's plate number, though.

EDDIE

I thought we wanted a red car?

HERMAN

There's red on it. Maybe the old lady didn't get a good look.

Herman releases Eddie's arm, then angles his binoculars toward Catherine for a moment before going back to Betty.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Trakul gestures for his audience to quiet down.

TRAKUL

Such fervor! Such passion! My friends, you bring such life!

Kenneth starts to step forward, but Catherine takes hold of his arm in exactly the same way that her father did to Eddie.

CATHERINE

(To Kenneth)

Wait. Let him race someone else.



KENNETH

I can beat him.

CATHERINE

I know you can, but maybe someone else can, too. Even if they can't, we'll see how he drives.

KENNETH

Yeah, but he'll get stronger.

Catherine looks startled by Kenneth's words.

CATHERINE

What? Was that in the records?

KENNETH

No, but it adds up, right? Why else would he keep racing? Victory keeps his spell going. Defeat breaks it.

Kenneth pulls his arm free of Catherine's hand.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

I can do this.

Without waiting for Catherine's reply, Kenneth squares his shoulders and struts toward Trakul. Catherine watches this, but is distracted from it when she sees Lois in the crowd.

CATHERINE

Lois? Lois!

KENNETH

(Shouting)

Alden Trakul!

Everyone turns to stare at Kenneth as he approaches the vampire's Monterey. Catherine begins pushing her way past the seemingly transfixed onlookers, intent on reaching Lois.

TRAKUL

(To Kenneth)

Ah, the envious arrive at last.

Kenneth stops with his shins almost touching the Monterey's bumper. He glares up at Trakul with nervous defiance.

KENNETH

That is your name, then? You are Count Alden Trakul?

TRAKUL

It warms me to know that my  
reputation lives on even now!

Catherine finally reaches Lois, who is staring at Trakul. Her expression is vacant and deadened.

CATHERINE

(To Lois)

Lois! Are you okay? Lois!

Lois turns her head toward Catherine, but her eyes remain empty and unfocused. After a moment, she slowly goes back to looking toward Trakul. Catherine seizes her by the shoulders.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Damn it, Lois, talk to me!

While Catherine continues trying to get through to Lois, Kenneth takes a deep breath, steadying himself.

KENNETH

(To Trakul)

I challenge you to a race! Down to  
the end of the track and back!

Various people let out mock-impressed laughter. Trakul seems equally amused, but interested.

TRAKUL

What have you to wager?

KENNETH

... "Wager?"

Trakul spreads his hands and speaks - more to his fans than to Kenneth - with feigned helplessness.

TRAKUL

What is sport without stakes? There  
can be no race without a wager!

The onlookers murmur their agreement. Kenneth furrows his brow, but his eyes remain wide open.

KENNETH

My car! I wager my car!

Catherine's head whips around as she hears Kenneth's offer. After hesitating for a split second, she starts pulling Lois back toward the young man. Lois limply goes along.

TRAKUL

A fine wager! I shall match it with  
a carriage of my own!

The vampire gestures toward William's blue Capri.

Catherine arrives at Kenneth's side with Lois in tow.

CATHERINE

(To Kenneth)  
You can't do that!

KENNETH

(To Catherine)  
It's fine.  
(To Trakul)  
That's William the Kid's car!

Trakul eyes William and smiles.

TRAKUL

No longer. It is mine.

WILLIAM

(Shouting)  
Wooooooooo!

Catherine watches the greaser, then steps closer to Kenneth.

CATHERINE

(Quietly)  
If you lose, *he gets your car!*

KENNETH

If I lose, we're probably dead.

Trakul directs a half-sneer at Catherine.

TRAKUL

Does this *girl* wish for you to  
withdraw your wager?

Catherine snarls the beginnings of a response, but Kenneth holds his hand in front of her.

KENNETH

No. I accept!

TRAKUL

(Loudly)  
Then let us make ready!

The audience yells out with support and enthusiasm. Cars and people start moving, clearing space behind the starting line and leaving just Kenneth's Capri and Trakul's Monterey.

Trakul watches Catherine, Kenneth, and Lois, only taking his eyes off them when Betty and Anne bring Sue into view.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE'S BEL AIR - NIGHT

Herman continues to watch the scene through his binoculars.

HERMAN

It's her. It's definitely her.

Eddie nods absentmindedly.

EDDIE

Uh huh.

HERMAN

I bet that's our second missing girl, too. The brunette.

EDDIE

I should go out there.

HERMAN

You should wait until I say so... and get a damned radio installed in here before our next stakeout.

EDDIE

Uh huh.

Herman adjusts his binoculars.

HERMAN

Who's this third girl, though? Jesus, is this some sort of cult?

Eddie slowly and silently nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Trakul's Monterey and Kenneth's Capri are in position at the runway's starting line. Catherine keeps one hand on Lois's arm as she speaks to Kenneth through his open door.

CATHERINE

You're only going to get an extra second, *maybe* two. Make it count.

KENNETH

I will.

Kenneth pulls the door shut.

Catherine steps back, leading Lois away.

CATHERINE

(To Lois)

Come on, Lois, snap out of it.

Lois does not respond, still appearing borderline catatonic.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY AIRPORT - THE RUNWAY - NIGHT

An attractive greaser girl walks to the center of the strip, midway between the Mercury and the grey Capri. She smiles at everyone watching, then holds a flag aloft.

Kenneth adjusts his grip on his steering wheel.

Trakul casts a look over at Kenneth, grinning.

The flag comes down, and both cars race forward.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNETH'S CAPRI - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Headlights from parked cars seem to flash by as Kenneth accelerates. He glances at Trakul's car, which is very slowly pulling ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDDIE'S BEL AIR - NIGHT

Herman and Eddie watch as the two racers fly past.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNETH'S CAPRI - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Kenneth positions his left hand on the right side of his steering wheel, then places his right hand on his car's gearshift lever.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY AIRPORT - THE RUNWAY - NIGHT

Trakul's Monterey is now a quarter of a length ahead of Kenneth's Capri. The finish line - marked by the brake lights of a car on each side of the strip - looms ahead.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. KENNETH'S CAPRI - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Kenneth's eyes narrow.

He shifts his car into neutral, then reaches beneath his dashboard, yanking on his parking brake. At the same time, he wrenches his steering wheel around.

The Capri spins and skids, turning to face the opposite direction as it passes over the finish line.

Kenneth slams his parking brake off, shifts the car into drive, and stomps on the accelerator pedal.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY AIRPORT - THE RUNWAY - NIGHT

The Capri launches forward, back toward the starting line.

At the same time, Trakul's Monterey comes around in a tight arc, then accelerates. It is now several lengths behind.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNETH'S CAPRI - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Kenneth casts a desperate look at his rearview mirror. His expression holds equal parts relief, excitement, and fear as he sees that the Monterey is so far back.

He returns his attention to the runway in front of him.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY AIRPORT - THE RUNWAY - NIGHT

The headlights shining onto the strip flicker ominously.

A barely audible screaming noise is heard.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNETH'S CAPRI - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Kenneth glances up at the rearview mirror again.

His eyes go wide horrified disbelief.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Catherine's mouth falls open, and her grip on Lois's arm slowly slackens.

CATHERINE  
(Incredulously)  
What the...

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE'S BEL AIR - NIGHT

Herman has unknowingly been speaking along with Catherine.

HERMAN  
(Incredulously)  
... the hell?

A faint, red glow illuminates Herman's face from outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY AIRPORT - THE RUNWAY - NIGHT

An otherworldly howling noise fills the air as Trakul's car blazes past Kenneth's. Translucent flames the color of blood thrash on every surface of the Monterey.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNETH'S CAPRI - NIGHT

Kenneth looks absolutely furious as he screams aloud.  
Trakul's Monterey leaves him behind.

KENNETH  
(Shouting)  
Cheating! *Cheating!*

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY AIRPORT - NIGHT

The Monterey roars over the starting line.

Uproarious cheering breaks out all around Catherine, who is still dumbfounded. Lois listlessly pantomimes clapping.

The flames engulfing the Monterey appear to evaporate as it comes around and slowly drives back toward the waiting crowd.

Kenneth's Capri screeches to a halt nearby.

In one motion, Kenneth shoves his door open and exits his car, then storms toward Trakul's still-moving Monterey.

CATHERINE  
(Shouting)  
Kenneth, wait!

Catherine takes a step toward Kenneth, then stops. Muted anguish comes into her eyes as she looks back at Lois. She pulls the young woman with her, moving much more slowly than she otherwise might have.

Trakul climbs from his car, grinning broadly. He trembles slightly, but does not seem to be as weak as he had been after previous victories.

KENNETH (O.S.)  
(Shouting)  
Hey! Cheating bastard!

The vampire turns to see Kenneth approaching. The throng of adoring fans is not far behind.

KENNETH (CONT'D)  
"No sport without stakes?" There aren't any stakes at all if you rig the game!

Trakul steps around his driver-side door, approaching Kenneth at a casual pace.



TRAKUL  
 Surely you are not accusing me of  
 having cozened you?

KENNETH  
 (Shouting)  
 I don't know what that means!

Vampire and academic come toe to toe. The crowd quickly  
 gathers around them.

TRAKUL  
 To defraud. To deceive. That is  
 what you suggest occurred, yes?

KENNETH  
 You're damned right, it is!

Trakul tilts his head as he addresses the people around them.

TRAKUL  
 (Loudly)  
 Was this "cheating" seen by any?

Emphatic denials are heard from the group.

Catherine emerges from behind a line of spectators, hauling  
 Lois along with her.

CATHERINE  
 Kenneth, don't!

Trakul brings his gaze back to Kenneth, then shrugs.

TRAKUL  
 It would seem that even your women  
 stand with me. Still, I care not  
 for the spoils. You wish the  
 carriage? It is yours.  
 (Loudly)  
 Bring forth the key and the deed!

As if he had been prepared for this, William walks forward,  
 holding out his Capri's key and title. Kenneth slowly accepts  
 them, even as confusion clouds his face.

KENNETH  
 ... You're scared.

For a brief moment, Trakul looks enraged. The emotion is  
 quickly hidden, but not before being seen by Kenneth.

TRAKUL  
Your gratitude is lacking. Still,  
my generosity requires no thanks.

KENNETH  
No, no, that's it. Your  
"generosity" is a cover.

Kenneth looks around at the faces surrounding him.

KENNETH (CONT'D)  
It's harder for you to control them  
while I'm pointing out the truth,  
isn't it? You just want me to go  
away. You're scared.

Trakul snarls, bringing his face close to Kenneth's.

TRAKUL  
(Hissing)  
I could kill you where you stand.

KENNETH  
(Defiantly)  
Not without losing your grip on  
these people. They'd see you.

Lois blinks and sags into Catherine's arms. Catherine cradles her, examining her face with hope and fear.

CATHERINE  
Lois?!

LOIS  
(Apprehensively)  
... Catherine? What's going on?

Trakul looks from Kenneth to Lois and back again. His grin suddenly returns, and he takes several steps back.

TRAKUL  
(Loudly)  
You doubt my courage, then? Very  
well! Let us test it!

WILLIAM  
(Shouting)  
Chicken!

TRAKUL  
(Shouting)  
Chicken!

KENNETH  
 (Alarmed)  
 Chicken?!

The crowd begins to chant.

CROWD  
 Chicken! Chicken! Chicken!

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE'S BEL AIR - NIGHT

Herman puts his hand on his door's handle.

HERMAN  
 Something's happening.

EDDIE  
 Chicken.

HERMAN  
 I can hear! Be ready to move!

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Catherine stumbles over to Kenneth, supporting Lois as she moves. All around them, the crowd continues to chant.

CATHERINE  
 (To Kenneth)  
 Don't do this. Let's just take the cars and go.

Kenneth looks at Trakul, who is encouraging the chanting.

KENNETH  
 (To Catherine)  
 No, listen: Whatever he did when he cheated? It drained him. He's weak.

CATHERINE  
 He's a *vampire*! He can survive a head-on collision! You can't!

KENNETH  
 He won't risk wrecking his car.

CATHERINE  
 How do you know that?!

KENNETH  
 Just trust me! It's perfect,  
 Catherine: He *has* to lose.

Lois moans and slumps.

LOIS  
 (Whispering)  
 Chicken.

CATHERINE  
 (To Lois)  
 Lois, no! Stay with me!

Kenneth whirls to face Trakul again.

KENNETH  
 (Shouting)  
 I accept!

The crowd erupts into cheers. Trakul smiles evilly as he walks back to where only Kenneth can hear him.

TRAKUL  
 Even the resistant can be  
 controlled. However, in order to  
 ensure your compliance...

Catherine is suddenly seized from behind by three socs. A greaser pulls Lois away.

CATHERINE  
 (Struggling)  
 Hey! Get your hands off her! Get  
 off! Let go of me!

KENNETH  
 Let them go! What are you doing?!

TRAKUL  
 (Whispering)  
 There is no sport without stakes.  
 (Loudly)  
 To your carriage, ruffian!

The crowd cheers again.

Kenneth glances between Trakul and Catherine.

The vampire holds his hands out expectantly.

Kenneth growls under his breath, then struts to Catherine, shoving William's key and title into her jacket's pocket.

KENNETH  
 (To Catherine)  
 Just hang on.

Catherine ineffectually yanks at the socs' grip. Kenneth steps away, gives her a nod, then walks toward his Capri.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. EDDIE'S BEL AIR - NIGHT

All of the parked cars begin pulling back from the runway.

HERMAN  
 God, they're really doing it. We need to back up, Eddie.

Eddie opens the driver-side door and exits.

HERMAN (CONT'D)  
 Eddie?!

Herman also steps out of the car. He gawks at Eddie over the hood as the younger officer walks toward the crowd.

HERMAN (CONT'D)  
 Damn it, what are you doing?! One of those cars is going to swerve!

EDDIE  
 Chicken.

HERMAN  
 You get back here!

EDDIE  
 Chicken.

A horn blares next to Herman. He glowers at his departing partner, then walks around the Bel Air, climbing into the driver's seat. The car rolls backward to join the others.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY AIRPORT - THE RUNWAY - NIGHT

Trakul's Monterey is positioned at the strip's finish line, and Kenneth's Capri is idling at the starting line.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. KENNETH'S CAPRI / TRAKUL'S MONTEREY - NIGHT

Kenneth revs his engine twice. Trakul responds in kind.

The greaser girl from the first race of the night stands atop a car at the very center of the strip. She holds up a flag.

Catherine - still in the socs' grip - watches from afar.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. EDDIE'S BEL AIR - NIGHT

Herman squints at the crowd through his binoculars.

HERMAN  
(To himself)  
Cathy!

The binoculars are thrown aside as Herman bolts from the car.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. KENNETH'S CAPRI / TRAKUL'S MONTEREY - NIGHT

The flag comes down. Both cars accelerate toward each other.

Kenneth grits his teeth in an angry grimace.

Trakul's face breaks out into a wicked grin.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY AIRPORT - THE RUNWAY - NIGHT

Herman stops running, then stares at the automotive joust.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. KENNETH'S CAPRI / TRAKUL'S MONTEREY - NIGHT

The cars pick up speed, their engines thundering.

Kenneth steels himself for a potential impact.

Trakul's eyes glow with a deep, balefully crimson light. The surrounding headlights adopt the same color.

The world seems to go utterly silent as a look of sudden realization freezes on Kenneth's face.

KENNETH  
(Calmly)  
Fuck.

The tires of Kenneth's Capri explode.

Kenneth's car is launched into a midair roll, and Trakul's passes by underneath it. Sparks fly as the Capri lands on its hood and skids down the strip.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY AIRPORT - THE RUNWAY - NIGHT

Catherine tries to lunge forward, but is held by the socs.

CATHERINE  
(Screaming)  
*Kenneth!*

Herman's gaze darts between his daughter and the wreck. He makes a frustrated noise, then sprints toward the Capri.

The Monterey screeches to a stop mere inches in front of Catherine. Nobody in the crowd flinches.

Trakul exerts visible effort as he pulls himself out of his car. He makes eye contact with Catherine, showing his teeth with a humorless smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY AIRPORT - NIGHT

The onlookers begin applauding as the vampire saunters forward. He stops in front of Catherine, whose face is stained by tears.

TRAKUL  
(Loudly)  
It would seem that his courage was  
lacking after all.

Catherine writhes against the hands restraining her.

CATHERINE  
I'll kill you!

Trakul leans closer, lowering his face to the point where his lips are almost touching Catherine's.

TRAKUL

(Harshly)

Had I not already chosen she who  
will share in my victory, I would  
take great pleasure in having you.

Catherine forcefully bites Trakul's lower lip. The vampire  
cries out in alarm, stumbling backward.

The crowd abruptly goes silent.

Trakul touches his face, then looks at the blood on his  
fingertips. His eyebrows very slightly rise.

CATHERINE

(Shouting)

Look at him! He *is* scared!

Trakul glances back at Catherine. His face is unreadable for  
a moment, then he smiles with dark amusement.

TRAKUL

This cannot be forgiven.

Catherine slowly licks the vampire's blood from her teeth,  
staring into his eyes the entire time. The socs holding her  
begin to look uncertain of what they're doing.

CATHERINE

Do your worst.

Trakul exhales sharply.

TRAKUL

I will be seen to defeat you.

CATHERINE

Great. Let's race.

TRAKUL

Indeed... but not this night.

The vampire moves toward Catherine again.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)

You will be present one evening  
hence. I trust you know the  
location, as all here do.

Hesitant murmurs of agreement are heard from the onlookers.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)

And to ensure that you do not flee,  
I will take *her* as collateral.



Trakul grabs Lois by the arm.

CATHERINE

No! She's not part of this!

TRAKUL

Oh, but she is. This one has no anchor, yet I see that she is an anchor for you. She is mine.

Without another word, Trakul drags Lois toward his Monterey. Betty, Anne, and Sue emerge from the crowd, and all five of them enter the car. Catherine pulls against the socs again.

CATHERINE

(Shouting)

Lois! Wake up! *Wake up!*

The Monterey's doors close, and it drives into the night.

Catherine is released as the socs wander away. She looks around, visibly fighting to keep from openly crying. Nobody seems to notice her.

Eddie's Bel Air suddenly skids into view, and Herman hurriedly climbs from the driver-side door.

HERMAN

Caty! Are you okay?!

CATHERINE

What are you doing here?!

Herman gestures to the back seat of the Bel Air.

HERMAN

I need to get this kid to the hospital! Get in!

CATHERINE

He's alive?! *Kenneth!*

HERMAN

You know him?

Catherine nods, wiping tears from her face.

CATHERINE

He's... he's my friend.

HERMAN

Well, come on, he needs a doctor!

Herman starts to get back in the car.

Catherine takes a step forward, then appears to remember something. She reaches a hand into her jacket's pocket, pulling out the key that Kenneth gave her.

CATHERINE

I have a car. I'll... I'll meet you there. Will he be okay?

Herman enters the Bel Air without responding. It speeds away.

The crowd has almost entirely dispersed. Catherine sees William's Capri, then struts toward it. Its engine comes to life a moment later, and Catherine drives off.

Eddie is left standing by himself.

EDDIE

... Chicken?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ADMISSIONS - NIGHT

The blue Capri brakes in front of an emergency ward.

Catherine stares at the building, seemingly considering something. A moment later, she appears to reach a decision. She puts the car back in to drive, then pulls away.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MUSEUM - NIGHT

Catherine's car comes to a sudden stop outside the museum.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MUSEUM - A MAKESHIFT GARAGE - NIGHT

Leather-bound journals are dropped into a cardboard box.

Catherine gathers the last of the journals, but pauses for a moment when she picks up Kenneth's notebook. She carefully places the old books in the box, then looks through a few pages of Kenneth's research.

CURATOR (O.S.)

What is this?!

Catherine looks up to see the CURATOR standing in the door that leads to the museum. Although she does not appear to recognize him, he is the customer from the mechanic's garage.

CURATOR (CONT'D)

(Agitated)

You can't... those are museum property! They're my assistant's!

CATHERINE

He's your *associate*, and I'm taking them to him. Don't try to stop me.

The curator makes a pained choking noise, then peers at Catherine for a moment.

CURATOR

Wait, I know you. You're the secretary. You're from the garage!

CATHERINE

I am *nobody's* secretary.

CURATOR

Yes, you are! You told me that your boss was going to fix my carbon!

Recognition suddenly registers on Catherine's face.

CATHERINE

*Carburetor*. Yeah, that's the real reason your engine was stalling... and that inept swindler would have charged you for nothing.

The curator appears to relax.

CURATOR

You're the one who fixed my car?

Catherine sighs with impatience, then deposits Kenneth's notebook in the box with the journals.

CATHERINE

I'm taking this to Kenneth. I don't have time to explain why.

CURATOR

... Is something wrong?

CATHERINE

He... had an accident.

CURATOR  
Is he hurt?!

CATHERINE  
Yes, he's hurt, and I need to bring  
these records to him *right now*.

The curator's head tilts and shakes as he makes obvious efforts to understand Catherine's statement. Eventually, he gives the young woman a pleading look.

CURATOR  
Be careful with them?

Catherine grabs the box and rushes out the back door.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ADMISSIONS - NIGHT

The blue Capri screeches to a halt outside the hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ADMISSIONS - NIGHT

Catherine storms through a corridor, carrying the box full of journals in front of her. She stops near a fit ORDERLY sitting on a chair.

CATHERINE  
Redhead in his twenties. Car  
accident. Where is he?

The man blinks at Catherine.

ORDERLY  
What? Redhead? He's in recovery...  
but visiting hours are...

Catherine walks away before the orderly can finish speaking. He quickly rises to chase after her.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)  
Hey! You can't be in here!

The orderly grabs Catherine by the shoulder. She whips her elbow back into his face, and he is knocked backward with slightly greater force than the blow should have imparted.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOSPITAL - THE RECOVERY WARD - NIGHT

Five empty hospital beds line the walls of a small room. The sixth is occupied by Kenneth, whose right leg is in a cast.

Catherine looks into the room, sees Kenneth, and rushes in.

CATHERINE

Kenneth!

Kenneth looks up, startled.

KENNETH

Catherine, what...

The young man's sentence is cut off as Catherine drops the box on the floor and wraps her arms around him.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

Ow, ow! Be careful!

Catherine pulls back, laughing through tears.

CATHERINE

Are you talking about yourself or the records?

Kenneth winces as he cranes his neck to look at the box.

KENNETH

Records?

Catherine retrieves the box, then drops it on a bedside table. She starts pulling items from it.

CATHERINE

We have to figure out how to stop him, Kenneth. He has Lois. God, what was she even *doing* there?!

KENNETH

I saw Bob in the crowd. She must have come with him.

Kenneth accepts his notebook from Catherine, along with two of the journals.

CATHERINE

You said the priest had some kind of ritual, right? What was it?

KENNETH

What's the use, Catherine?

(Sighing)

(MORE)

KENNETH (CONT'D)

I should have seen it: He wasn't just accused of vampirism; he was accused of *witchcraft*.

Catherine leans forward, holding herself above Kenneth.

CATHERINE

They still beat him! We can beat him, too! We *have to*, Kenneth!

Kenneth studies Catherine for several seconds. His expression eventually softens, then grows determined.

KENNETH

Alright. If there's something here, I'll find it.

Catherine exhales with relief, sitting down on another bed.

CATHERINE

Thank you.

Neither she nor Kenneth says anything for several seconds.

KENNETH

I guess I should thank you, too.

CATHERINE

For what?

KENNETH

You talked me in to installing that seatbelt in my car. If I hadn't been using it...

Kenneth trails off, and Catherine nods.

CATHERINE

Don't mention it.

Another several seconds pass.

KENNETH

(Weakly chuckling)  
Remember when Bob rolled his car?

CATHERINE

I wasn't there.

KENNETH

Yeah, well, it came all the way around and landed on its tires. We thought he was dead for sure.

CATHERINE  
He clearly wasn't.

KENNETH  
No, heh. So he gets out, right? He gets out, and do you know what the first thing that he says is?

CATHERINE  
What?

KENNETH  
"Anyone see where my mirror went?"

Catherine forces herself to laugh.

CATHERINE  
Yeah, Bob is kooky.

KENNETH  
And he's *tough*. I'm just saying, Catherine... if her brother can survive *that*, then Lois can get through worse.

Kenneth eyes Catherine as she scowls to herself.

KENNETH (CONT'D)  
Hey, come on, that's a *good* thing.

CATHERINE  
I'm just remembering something that Trakul said. "She has no anchor."

KENNETH  
"Anchor?" What's that mean?

CATHERINE  
I don't know. She's different than the others, though, right? It's like she's in a trance.

KENNETH  
Yeah. Yeah, she's different. Maybe she knows herself but doesn't like herself?

CATHERINE  
Lois? Have you met her? She's happy all the time.

A genuine smile crosses Catherine's face.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 She has this jar of dimes. You've  
 seen it, right?

Kenneth nods.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 She's had it since she was a kid.  
 Every time she fills it up, she  
 spends it on something special.

KENNETH  
 Like what?

CATHERINE  
 She never knows until the jar is  
 full. She isn't saving for a  
 specific thing; she's saving for  
 the freedom of it, you know?

KENNETH  
 Huh. Yeah, I get that. It's not the  
 thing itself; it's the possibility.

Before Catherine can answer, Herman steps into view in the doorway. The orderly cowers behind him with a bloody nose.

HERMAN  
 With me, Caty. Now.

Catherine resignedly sighs. She rises from the bed.

KENNETH  
 She'll be okay, Catherine.

CATHERINE  
 Start reading. I'll be back soon.

Kenneth nods, then watches as Catherine is escorted away.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The orderly glowers from the hospital's front door as Herman climbs into Eddie's car. Catherine is already in the passenger seat. The car pulls away.

CUT TO:



INT. EDDIE'S BEL AIR - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Herman keeps his eyes facing forward as he drives. Catherine stares out the passenger-side window.

HERMAN

I was starting to think you  
wouldn't show up.

CATHERINE

You don't know me very well.

HERMAN

I know you better than you think,  
Cathy. Catherine.

CATHERINE

Whatever.

After a quiet moment, Herman glances over at his daughter.

HERMAN

That boy. He's important to you?

CATHERINE

Yes.

HERMAN

But you aren't going steady.

Catherine rolls her eyes and snarls.

CATHERINE

Why do you *always* do that? Why  
can't you just accept that I don't  
need a *man* to look after me?!

Equal parts sadness and frustration contort Herman's face.

HERMAN

I know you don't believe me, but I  
only want what's best for you.

Catherine scoffs.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

I mean it, Catherine! There's a  
certain way that the world works.  
We may not like it, but we still  
have to live in it.

Herman's eyes narrow, but stay on the road.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

I learned that the hard way... but  
no matter how much I try, I can't  
get you to learn.

CATHERINE

It's better to know who you are.

Catherine faces toward her father for the first time since  
entering the car.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

"No whim may this be, nor mere  
belief. The truth must be smelted  
in the mind, forged in the heart,  
and cast in the soul, then held  
against all who challenge it."

HERMAN

What's that? Some kind of poem?

CATHERINE

It means that you have to know  
yourself, world be damned.

HERMAN

Catherine, if everyone thinks  
you're trouble...

CATHERINE

(Interrupting)

It isn't about *if* you're trouble;  
it's about *why* you're trouble!

Herman makes eye contact with his daughter, then looks away.

HERMAN

I never wanted to hold you back. I  
never wanted...

CATHERINE

(Interrupting)

Oh, really?

Catherine holds up her hands, revealing that her wrists are  
bound by handcuffs. Herman looks over again and sighs.

HERMAN

I'm sorry, Catherine... but I  
warned you about this. You  
assaulted that doctor.

CATHERINE

Orderly. He wasn't a doctor.

HERMAN

I heard him making the call. I said I'd handle it. If you aren't in a cell come morning, it's *my* ass taking the heat this time.

CATHERINE

If I'm in a cell, Lois is dead.

HERMAN

(Startled)

What's *that* supposed to mean?!

CATHERINE

(Angrily)

Oh, what's the use in telling *you*?! You'd just say that the world doesn't work that way!

Herman briefly turns to examine his daughter's face, but does not immediately respond. He eventually takes a long breath.

HERMAN

Your friend must have hit his head pretty good. He was going on about vampires and magic spells.

Catherine tenses, then eyes her father.

CATHERINE

It's all true. All of it.

HERMAN

Caty...

CATHERINE

(Interrupting)

*It's all true.* He has Lois, and if I don't lose a race to him tomorrow night, he'll kill her.

The Bel Air comes to a stop at a red traffic light. Herman stares intently at Catherine.

HERMAN

Are you telling me the truth, Catherine? Has some greaser really abducted Lois?

CATHERINE

He's not a greaser.

HERMAN

Who is he, then? What's his name?  
Do you know where he lives?

Catherine speaks with a lecturing, borderline-sardonic tone.

CATHERINE

His name is Alden Trakul. He's a  
two-hundred-year-old vampire. Oh,  
but he used to be a mummy, up until  
he broke out of the museum.

Herman resumes driving as the light changes to green. He taps  
his finger on the car's steering wheel.

HERMAN

How'd he learn to drive?

Catherine peers at her father with guarded curiosity.

CATHERINE

We don't know. He can force people  
to tell him things. Maybe that.

HERMAN

How long has he been around?

CATHERINE

He was in the museum yesterday.  
Then he was at last night's race.

Herman appears to hold back from making a comment.

HERMAN

What was he wearing at that race?

CATHERINE

He showed up in a letterman jacket,  
then he took a greaser's clothes.

HERMAN

(To himself)  
Damn it. *Damn it.* It fits.

Catherine is jostled as Herman suddenly pulls the car to the  
side of the road. He turns to face her again.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Can he make people do things? Can  
he hypnotize them?

CATHERINE

Yeah... but only as long as he  
keeps winning, we think.

Herman stares out the windshield for several seconds.

HERMAN  
(Softly)  
Can you beat him?

CATHERINE  
(Disbelieving)  
*What?!*

HERMAN  
(Firmly)  
*Can you beat him?* You're a hell of  
a mechanic, but can you drive?

Tears start to form in Catherine's eyes.

CATHERINE  
Dad, what... what are you saying?

HERMAN  
I told you, Catherine, I know you  
better than you think... and damn  
it, I saw it with my own eyes. The  
girl. The magic. Hell, *Eddie*.

Herman faces his daughter again.

HERMAN (CONT'D)  
So can you beat him?

CATHERINE  
I... I have to lose.

HERMAN  
That doesn't sound like you.

Catherine wipes tears from her face.

CATHERINE  
I told you, he has Lois. She's  
under one of his spells.

Herman furrows his eyebrows with apparent uncertainty.

HERMAN  
Didn't you say he needs to win in  
order to keep those spells working?

Catherine closes her eyes and growls.

CATHERINE  
*Damn it!* That bird dog tricked me!  
I was going to lose on purpose!

HERMAN

Well, wait, don't get ahead of yourself. He might keep her stashed somewhere to use as a hostage.

CATHERINE

No. He'll bring her to the race. He'll want to show off his *puppet*.

HERMAN

What makes you immune, anyway? Why not her?

CATHERINE

It's something about an anchor.

HERMAN

... What, for a boat?

CATHERINE

No, it...

A look of sudden comprehension comes into Catherine's eyes.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I need to go the soda shop!

Herman stares at his daughter as he appears to consider something. He grinds his teeth, then relaxes.

HERMAN

Aw, hell. You've probably cost me my badge already.

There is a quiet jingling noise as Herman tosses a pair of handcuff keys at Catherine. She catches them, then leans back with surprise as the car lurches into motion.

Catherine removes the handcuffs from her wrists, examines them for a moment, then slides them into her jacket's pocket.

CATHERINE

I'm sorry.

HERMAN

Me, too, Catherine.

Father and daughter offer quiet smiles to each other.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

So, what's at the soda shop?

CATHERINE

An anchor, I hope. Let's just pray  
that Mister Sacamano left the door  
unlocked again.

HERMAN

Right... and after that?

Catherine's mischievous smile starts to tug at her lips.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The Bel Air speeds down the street.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

INT. AL'S DINER - NIGHT

Catherine's hand grabs Lois's jar of dimes.

CUT TO:

EXT. AL'S DINER - NIGHT

The Bel Air speeds away from the diner.

AL (O.S.)  
(Shouting)  
What?!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Catherine and Herman support Kenneth as he hobbles out of the  
hospital on one leg.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY - THE STREETS - NIGHT

The blue Capri drives away. The Bel Air follows it.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S AUTOMOTIVE - THE GARAGE - NIGHT

Herman hoists open the door to the garage.

The blue Capri rolls up the servicing ramp.

Kenneth and Herman read through leather-bound journals as Catherine works on the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BOULEVARD - DAY (SUNRISE)

The Capri and the Bel Air drive off into the first rays of the rising sun.

END MONTAGE

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HERMAN'S HOUSE - CATHERINE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Catherine sleeps peacefully atop a pink bedspread.

Muffled voices are audible from somewhere else in the house.

A woman in her fifties quietly walks into the room, sits down on Catherine's bed, and gently strokes her daughter's hair. This is MIREILLE.

MIREILLE

(Softly)

Hey, Kitty.

Catherine stirs in her sleep, then opens her eyes. She squeezes them shut again soon after, pulling away from the brightness outside her bedroom window.

CATHERINE

(Groggily)

Mom? What time is it?

MIREILLE

It's time for you to get up. The boys are already awake.

Mireille smiles warmly.

MIREILLE (CONT'D)

I made you all some stroganoff.

CUT TO:



INT. HERMAN'S HOUSE - THE DINING ROOM - DAY

Catherine is still rubbing her eyes as she half-stumbles into the dining room.

Herman is seated at the table, and Kenneth is lounging on a sofa chair, his cast-ensconced leg stretched out in front of him. They are engaged in an animated but friendly debate.

CATHERINE

I've had nightmares about this.

The two men look over at Catherine. Kenneth tries to rise from his seat, slips, then shrugs with mock surrender.

HERMAN

You sleep okay? You'll be rested for tonight?

Catherine slides a chair so that it faces both her father and Kenneth, then sits down in it.

CATHERINE

I'll be ready.

KENNETH

More than you know.

Kenneth holds up his notebook.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

We found it.

Catherine immediately seems more alert.

CATHERINE

The ritual? The one that turned him in to a mummy?

Kenneth turns to a bookmarked page in the notebook, then passes it to Herman, who hands it to Catherine.

KENNETH

It's a bit, uh... *esoteric*. I think we can do it, though.

Catherine begins to read aloud from the journal.

CATHERINE

"I am he who..."

Herman hurriedly but gently shushes his daughter as Mireille enters the room. She smiles at everyone, deposits some plates and silverware on the table, then leaves again.

HERMAN  
(To Catherine)  
No sense worrying your mother.

CATHERINE  
All of that aiding and abetting was  
somehow fine, though?

HERMAN  
Don't forget breaking and entering.

Catherine offers a joking smile, then goes back to reading.  
After a few seconds, she looks up again.

CATHERINE  
How strict are these?

KENNETH  
"Strict?"

CATHERINE  
If I've done one of them, but then  
I undid it, will it still work?

Kenneth glances at Herman. Herman shrugs.

HERMAN  
If you commit a crime and then make  
up for it, you still get charged.  
The judge might be lenient, though.

KENNETH  
Yeah, I, uh... I don't know. I'd  
guess that it's up to your personal  
interpretation. There is that whole  
blood thing, too.

Herman shakes his head.

HERMAN  
No. Out of the question. We're not  
even going to discuss it.

Mireille comes walking back into the dining room with a  
steaming pan of beef stroganoff.

HERMAN (CONT'D)  
Especially not before dinner.

Catherine and Kenneth exchange a look as Mireille begins  
serving portions of the food.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY - NIGHT (SUNSET)

A red glow on the horizon fades away, leaving the lights of the city behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRAKUL'S LAIR - NIGHT

Trakul sits in a throne-like chair in the middle of the dilapidated room from before. Betty is combing the vampire's pompadour in to place, while Sue and Anne stare up at him from the floor. Expensive-looking furniture has been moved into the space, but the stained and cracked walls remain.

BETTY  
(Hesitantly)  
I'm frightened, Alden.

Trakul snarls, prompting Betty to pull back slightly.

TRAKUL  
Speak as you have been taught.

Betty looks ashamed for a moment.

BETTY  
My lord, I am troubled.

The vampire relaxes and smiles.

TRAKUL  
You need not fear, for I am with you. What vexes you, my pet?

Betty glances over at the corner of the room.

Lois is sitting there, slumped against the wall. Her eyes are staring out at nothing.

BETTY  
Why hasn't she joined us?

TRAKUL  
She is a contradiction. Her true nature is known to her, but she has been given cause to fear it.

Sue sneers over at Lois with disgust. Anne looks confused.

ANNE  
What's her true nature?

TRAKUL

This I cannot say. She is vacant,  
thus she will offer no truths.

SUE

You should eat her.

Trakul laughs icily.

TRAKUL

Alas, if I cannot compel her, I  
cannot know that she is chaste.

The vampire reaches up and strokes Betty's face. She smiles  
and shivers with evident pleasure.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)

A meal before the race would be  
most welcome, however.

Moving seductively, Betty pulls her dress off her shoulders  
and down to her waist, then leans over Trakul. He plunges his  
teeth into her neck.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE

INT. A WELL-KEPT HOME - NIGHT

A man and a woman are eating dinner and chatting. Their faces  
gradually go blank. They stand and leave the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Four greasers lounging against a convertible smoke and laugh.  
They all slowly slouch in unison, drop their cigarettes, then  
climb into the car, which drives away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A PRIVATE BEDROOM - NIGHT

A young woman in a nightdress brushes her hair in a mirror.  
She pauses, and the brush falls from her hand. She rises from  
her chair and walks out of sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY - NIGHT

Cars drive down a street on the outskirts of the city. Streetlights illuminate the drivers' expressionless faces.

END MONTAGE

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY - THE STREETS - NIGHT

The blue Capri roars down a largely deserted street.

CUT TO:

INT. CATHERINE'S CAPRI - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Catherine stares intently ahead as she drives. Herman is sitting next to her, and Kenneth is in the back seat.

HERMAN

You know the gauntlet is the most dangerous course in the country.

KENNETH

(Surprised)

You know about the gauntlet?

CATHERINE

Three fatalities this year alone?  
Yeah, they know about it.

Kenneth attempts to shift in his seat, but his broken leg makes it difficult for him.

KENNETH

We need a backup plan.

CATHERINE

We have one.

HERMAN

"Throw him in the trunk" is not a backup plan. He ripped a kid's chest open. He's *strong*.

Without taking her eyes off the road, Catherine reaches for something on the seat next to her, then holds up Lois's jar.

CATHERINE

Hey, Kenneth, I'll bet you thirty pieces of silver that Trakul doesn't show.

Kenneth slowly takes the jar, then shakes it.

KENNETH

There's more than thirty in here.

CATHERINE

I'm only betting some of them.

A wry smile crosses Kenneth's face.

KENNETH

Alright, you're on!

HERMAN

You stole those from Lois, though. How are you going to steal from your enemy?

Catherine tightens her grip on the steering wheel.

CATHERINE

I'm working on it.

All three of the car's occupants look darkly pensive.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE GAUNTLET - THE STARTING LINE - NIGHT

Catherine's Capri drives down a long, straight, broad road. Behind it, a street on the outskirts of the city is visible.

Dozens of cars are parked along the edges of a parking lot in front of a factory. The Capri enters the parking lot, then pulls around to face the road that it just traveled.

Catherine exits her car. Herman climbs from the passenger-side door, then helps to pull Kenneth out.

All around them, people with blank expressions on their faces exit their own vehicles. Catherine peers at them.

CATHERINE

Creepy.

HERMAN

Be ready to run, Catherine.

KENNETH

What am I, chopped liver?

Catherine gestures to Kenneth's cast.

CATHERINE

Chicken à la Crash.

Kenneth looks more annoyed than amused by the joke.

KENNETH

I didn't swerve.

CATHERINE

Then you're an idiot. Trakul may have actually saved your life.

KENNETH

He was saving his car! I told you, it's his chosen place of power.

Catherine shoots a look of incredulity at Kenneth.

CATHERINE

You never said that!

HERMAN

He's coming.

The rumble of Trakul's engine becomes audible as the Monterey's headlights come in to view.

People in the stupefied crowd begin to grow animated, murmuring and shifting in place.

Applause begins to slowly break out as the Monterey makes a pass in front of the onlookers, then parks to the right of Catherine's blue Capri.

Trakul emerges from his car, and the crowd cheers in earnest.

Catherine, Herman, and Kenneth glare at the vampire.

CATHERINE

(Snarling)

There's your chopped liver.

Betty, Anne, and Sue exit Trakul's car. Sue begins pulling Lois from the back seat, but Trakul stops her.

TRAKUL

No. That one stays.

CATHERINE

You let her go, you bastard!

Herman puts a hand on Catherine's shoulder, holding her from rushing forward. She jerks free, but stops walking. Trakul watches this and grins.

TRAKUL

She is my assurance of your spirited participation.

The vampire nods at Herman and Kenneth.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)

These will have no chance to spirit her away.

Trakul's three thralls saunter off to join the crowd, which closes to surround the Monterey and the Capri. The vampire steps around his car, approaching Catherine.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)

Be not mistaken, you *will* lose... but only after making your effort.

Kenneth leans and stretches to whisper in Catherine's ear.

KENNETH

(Urgently)

If you throw the race, it isn't a real defeat! That's it, Catherine!

Catherine shakes her head.

CATHERINE

He'd still win... and he'd still have Lois.

Trakul's grin broadens as Catherine steps forward to meet him. She looks directly into his eyes.

TRAKUL

It would seem that we have our wager, as well. It shall be the life of the girl against your own.

Catherine answers through bared teeth.

CATHERINE

(Coldly)

I accept.

The hum of Trakul's power begins to drown out the crowd.



TRAKUL

Speak truly to me now: Have you  
ever known the touch of a man?

Catherine appears to resist, but the hum grows louder. Her eyes start to look pained, and a tear runs down her cheek.

CATHERINE

(Whispering)

... No.

Trakul spreads his arms triumphantly. The hum stops.

TRAKUL

(Loudly)

Then you shall share in my victory!

The onlookers cheer again. Catherine rubs her forehead and grimaces, stumbling back a step.

HERMAN

(Sympathetically)

Oh, Catherine...

CATHERINE

(Interrupting)

Can it. I'm fine.

Catherine struts to her Capri.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I'm going to *beat* this asshole.

Trakul smirks at Catherine as he enters his Monterey.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

A broad, white line has been drawn across the parking lot. The Capri and the Monterey are side by side - the vampire's car on the right - and are facing toward the road.

This road extends outward for a quarter of a mile, then meets up with the street on the city's outskirts.

Another road breaks away from the street after a short distance, loops through an orange grove behind the factory, then rejoins the original route.

A final quarter-mile brings the street to the first road.

Kenneth and Herman stare intently at Catherine as a girl carrying a flag steps between the two cars.

The flag comes up, reflected in Catherine's windshield.

Catherine tightens her grip on her steering wheel.

Trakul bares his teeth in an evil smile.

The flag comes down, and the cars roar forward.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. TRAKUL'S MONTEREY / CATHERINE'S CAPRI - NIGHT

The Capri and the Monterey keep perfect pace with one another as they accelerate. The outskirts of the city loom ahead.

Catherine risks a glance to her right. Trakul is keeping his own eyes facing forward.

The cars steadily approach the ninety-degree turn that will take them onto the street.

Catherine reaches her hand beneath the Capri's dashboard, taking hold of the handle for the parking brake.

As the two cars reach the turn, Catherine shifts her car into neutral, engages the parking brake, and spins her steering wheel halfway around.

The Capri falls behind the Monterey, but comes around to hug the right side of the street as both cars make the turn.

Catherine forcefully shifts her car into drive, then presses down on her accelerator pedal.

The Capri catches up to the Monterey.

Streetlights flash by overhead, making the shining paint on both cars appear to flicker.

The light suddenly adopts a crimson hue, and Trakul's car pulls several lengths ahead. The next turn arrives.

The Monterey skids as it comes into the turn, barely avoiding a collision with an orange tree.

Catherine wrenches her steering wheel to the right, taking the turn early. Dirt flies past her window.

The Capri comes back onto the road, then quickly gains on the Monterey from behind.

Trakul glances in his rearview mirror, adjusting his position to keep Catherine from passing.

Catherine snarls to herself, then floors her accelerator.

The Capri scrapes against the Monterey as it starts to pass.

Lois bounces limply in Trakul's back seat, moaning softly. She begins to sit up and open her eyes.

Trakul's eyes glow red, and Lois slumps back down.

The two cars are neck and neck again.

Catherine's eyes widen then narrow as the shadows cast by the orange trees suddenly part to reveal the lights of the city. The penultimate turn is just ahead.

Both cars skid around the curve, but Catherine keeps the inside position. The Capri pulls ahead on the street.

The streetlights turn crimson.

Trakul grimaces with obvious effort as he retakes the lead.

The final turn arrives.

The Monterey starts its turn just before the Capri, slamming into the blue car's bumper.

Catherine fights for control of her car, spinning her steering wheel to compensate for the glancing collision.

Both vehicles accelerate onto the straightaway.

Trakul visibly strains, parting his teeth in a howl.

Translucent, blood-colored flames engulf Trakul's car. It pulls forward by several lengths, leaving Catherine behind.

Catherine yells with unbridled fury. Her eyes glow blue.

Sapphire-like flames erupt around the Capri. It surges forward, passing the Monterey. The red flames die.

The Capri passes over the finish line. A blue shockwave explodes outward from it, then flashes through the crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GAUNTLET - THE STARTING LINE - NIGHT

The onlookers stagger as the shockwave touches them.

The Capri skids to a halt, spinning as it does. It stops just before colliding with the wall of the factory. The flames surrounding it evaporate.

Herman helps Kenneth hobble toward the car.

KENNETH  
(Shouting)  
Catherine! *Catherine!*

Catherine shakily hauls herself out of her car.

HERMAN  
Just what the hell was...

Trakul's Monterey arrives at the finish line and stops.

CATHERINE  
(Interrupting)  
Lois!

Catherine rushes past hordes of spectators, all of whom seem confused and disoriented. Many of them watch her pass.

Trakul tumbles from his car, landing on all fours. He growls, rises, and stumbles toward Catherine. His eyes are bloodshot, and strands of his pompadour have fallen out of place.

TRAKUL  
(Shouting)  
Trickery! Deceit! I shall open your  
veins where you stand!

The vampire stumbles again, falling forward. The crowd starts to draw closer, offering murmurs of apprehensive distaste.

Catherine struts up to Trakul and stomps on his hand. He lets loose a weak cry of pain.

CATHERINE  
I won. Let her go.

Trakul coughs and laughs, looking up at Catherine.

TRAKUL  
You have *cheated*. You have won  
*nothing!* Her life, just as your  
own, is *mine!*

The vampire's eyes briefly glow.

HERMAN (O.S.)  
 (Shouting)  
 Catherine!

Catherine looks over her shoulder. The crowd is approaching.  
 Herman tosses the jar of coins, and Catherine catches it.

HERMAN (CONT'D)  
 (Shouting)  
 Get her out of here! Go!

Catherine rushes past Trakul, then slides into the Monterey.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAKUL'S MONTEREY - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Catherine slams the car in to drive and swings the wheel around. Behind her, the crowd descends on Trakul.

CATHERINE  
 (Urgently)  
 Lois?! Lois! Hey, can you hear me?!

Lois moans and stirs in the back seat. Catherine alternates between glancing in the rearview mirror and looking at the young woman over her shoulder.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 I need you to wake up, okay? Lois!  
 Come on, are you with me?!

Another moan - weaker, this time - is heard. Catherine holds up the jar of dimes.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 Look, remember this?!

Catherine shakes the jar.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 There's all this hope! There's all  
 this potential! You need to come  
 back for it now!

Lois slowly opens her eyes, but they remain mostly unfocused. With an uncertain expression, she reaches forward.

The jar drops into the back seat as the passenger-side window suddenly explodes inward.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

The Monterey swerves as it turns through the intersection. Trakul is on the hood, pulling his fist back from breaking the window. He moves to climb inside.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAKUL'S MONTEREY - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Trakul enters the car feet-first, then lunges at Catherine. She struggles to fight him off while keeping control of the car, elbowing him and punching him with her right hand.

TRAKUL

You dare abscond with *my* property?!  
You dare to invade *my* carriage?!

CATHERINE

You're goddamned right, I dare!

Catherine lands a blow that staggers the vampire. He recovers quickly, but is held at bay by her outstretched arm.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY - NIGHT

The Monterey fishtails as it pulls onto a long, straight stretch of highway. It begins to slow... but then crimson flames surround it, and it accelerates forward.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAKUL'S MONTEREY - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Catherine stomps on the brake pedal several times, but the car continues to pick up speed.

TRAKUL

You scheme to exhaust me of my  
power, do you?!

Trakul hisses and lunges, scratching at Catherine's arm. His eyes blaze with unholy light, which causes the skin on his face to burn and split apart.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)

Now you will see how deep its well  
truly runs!

Catherine cries out as Trakul slashes his nails across her face. She swerves to avoid a large truck, then shoves the vampire back again.

TRAKUL (CONT'D)  
 (Shouting)  
 You seek to defeat *me?! You are nothing!*

There is a cracking noise as Trakul pushes against Catherine's arm. She cries out again, but keeps him in place... then whips her head around to face him. Tiny pinpricks of blue light are visible in her pupils.

CATHERINE  
 (Shouting)  
 Nothing, am I?!

Catherine pulls back her fist and slams it into Trakul's face. A very faint blue pulse accompanies the blow.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 (Shouting)  
 I am she who has forgiven my father!

She punches him again, this time with more force. The blue pulse is more visible as it flashes.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 (Shouting)  
 I am she who has taken and returned thirty pieces of silver!

Another strike follows the words, and a still-brighter pulse is seen, leaving behind an aura of glowing smoke.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 (Shouting)  
 I am she who has reclaimed what my enemy had stolen!

Trakul holds his hands up to defend against a fourth blow.

Catherine thrusts her hand into her jacket's pocket, pulling forth her father's handcuffs. They glint with phantom light as she rakes them across Trakul's wrists.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 (Shouting)  
 Now I bind you in your chosen place of power!

The handcuffs close, coming ablaze with blue flames.

Trakul howls in agony, kicking as he tries to thrust himself back out the window. Catherine grabs the chain on the handcuffs and pulls him back down.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 (Shouting)  
 I seize all that you hold, and I  
 hold thee in turn!

Crackles of blue electricity arc from Catherine's hands, into the handcuffs, and up Trakul's arms. He thrashes and spasms in place as the energy courses through and around him.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 (Shouting)  
*Thou... art... dispelled!*

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY - NIGHT

The crimson flames around the Monterey are replaced by blue ones. Bright light flares from inside the car, obscuring its occupants and illuminating the highway. The car skids onto the median, then comes to a halt. The flames evaporate.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAKUL'S MONTEREY - NIGHT

Catherine breathes heavily, staring at Trakul. Steam rises from the vampire as his skin wrinkles and dries. He lets loose a final, pained rasp, then closes his eyes.

LOIS (O.S.)  
 Is it over?

With a gasp, Catherine turns around to see Lois sitting upright in the back seat. The young woman appears to be exhausted, but free of Trakul's spell.

CATHERINE  
 Lois!

Catherine reaches over the seat to hug Lois, then pulls back to look at her face.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 God, are you okay?! Did he hurt  
 you?! Are you really back?!



Lois quietly grunts in pain. Catherine gently releases her and helps her lean back.

LOIS  
Sorry, ugh... I ache all over.

Tears are streaming down Catherine's cheeks as she replies.

CATHERINE  
No, no, *I'm* sorry, Lois. I should have known. I should have helped!

LOIS  
Known what? What happened?

CATHERINE  
You don't remember?

Lois inhales and exhales once.

LOIS  
It's like everything was in a fog.  
I knew it was wrong, but I guess...  
well, at the time, he was cool.

Trakul's eyes snap open.

The vampire tackles Catherine with lightning speed. Red eyes stare out from his desiccated face.

TRAKUL  
Foolish child! She has given me  
praise! Now you will give me life!

Catherine yells as Trakul plunges his fangs into her neck.

LOIS  
(Screaming)  
Catherine!

Trakul suddenly pulls away, retching and choking.

TRAKUL  
What... what is this?! How?!

Catherine claps her hand over her wounded neck, then props herself up to glare at the vampire.

CATHERINE  
How's that unchaste blood for you?

Patches of Trakul's skin begin to smolder and smoke.

TRAKUL

*How?! You spoke truly! You have never known the touch of a man!*

CATHERINE

You're right. I haven't.

Catherine looks back at Lois. Both women smirk.

LOIS

But she's *definitely* not a virgin.

Lois slams her jar of dimes down on Trakul's head, and the vampire violently explodes into a cloud of ash.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY - NIGHT

Catherine stumbles from the Monterey, audibly coughing. She helps Lois climb out, then supports her as they walk away from the car. They stop after several feet, then look back.

CATHERINE

Okay. Now it's over.

Lois makes a trembling attempt at brushing Catherine off.

LOIS

You're going to have to tell me everything, you know. *Everything.*

CATHERINE

Yeah. Right now, though, I just want to say this:

Catherine gently pulls Lois around to look at her.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

It's okay to be who you are.

The two women kiss for several seconds.

They eventually pull away from each other.

LOIS

We have to drive back in that car, don't we?

CATHERINE

Yeah.

They start limping back to the Mercury.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 Christ, I think I have vampire dust  
 in my *ears*.

LOIS  
 Is it weird that I want a burger?

CATHERINE  
 Oh, right, uh... I might need you  
 to talk to your dad for me.

LOIS  
 ... What?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE DRIVE-IN - THE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cars in a myriad of different designs and colors are parked  
 in the shining light of the all-white projector screen.

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

Greasers, socs, beatniks, and hepcats alike mill around.

Kenneth gazes out at the festivities with a slack-jawed  
 expression. He is dressed in his pseudo-greaser outfit. His  
 right hand holds a corn dog.

LOIS (O.S)  
 Hey!

Lois comes bounding up behind Kenneth. She wraps her arm  
 around him, smiles brightly, and eyes his food.

LOIS (CONT'D)  
 Is that for me?

KENNETH  
 No! Go away!

Kenneth shrugs Lois off with seemingly genuine annoyance.

Lois laughs affectionately.

LOIS  
 I told Catherine I'd meet her next  
 to the *bent carrot*.

KENNETH  
 I'm busy, alright?! Scram!

Kenneth suddenly goes pale as William walks up. His own greaser attire is as new and clean as Kenneth's. He glances from Kenneth to Lois and back again.

WILLIAM  
Is she cool?

KENNETH  
Uh... uh, yeah. She's cool.

William nods.

WILLIAM  
Cool. Is that for me?

Kenneth's face turns almost as red as his hair as he wordlessly hands the corn dog to William. Lois watches and visibly suppresses a giggle.

CATHERINE (O.S.)  
(Happily)  
That's it! I'm entered!

Catherine struts up to the group with a satisfied smirk on her face. She clad in a new leather jacket, black jeans, and a blue shirt. A matching blue ribbon holds back some (but not all) of her hair, giving her a slightly wild look.

KENNETH  
I still think it's weird that you drive around in that car.

WILLIAM  
I still don't get why you're allowed to keep it.

Lois laughs and twirls a strand of her hair.

LOIS  
I might have a friend who helped me buy her a gift at a police auction. It was evidence, remember?

Catherine smiles warmly, then looks over her shoulder.

Near the edge of the parking lot, Herman is sitting in the driver's seat of Eddie's Bel Air. In the passenger seat, Eddie seems to be hesitantly examining a radio's handset.

Herman taps the side of his nose with one finger as he smiles out at his daughter.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Cars to the starting line!

Catherine turns back to face her friends.

CATHERINE  
It sounds like I'm up. Wish me  
luck, guys!

KENNETH  
You're not going to... you know...  
that thing, right?

CATHERINE  
(Grinning)  
Only for my victory lap.

Lois, Kenneth, and William watch as Catherine struts away.

KENNETH  
I kind of thought she'd decided to  
stay away from racing.

LOIS  
I guess you can only work on other  
people's cars for so long before  
you want to bring out your own.

William tilts his head in apparent thought.

WILLIAM  
Hey, did she ever decide on a name  
for herself?

Kenneth and Lois exchange a knowing smile.

KENNETH  
Yeah. Yeah, she did.

Lois stands on her toes to whisper something into William's  
ear. He wrinkles his nose as he listens.

WILLIAM  
What, really?

CUT TO:

EXT. CATHERINE'S MONTEREY - NIGHT

Catherine stares out the windshield of a familiar 1954  
Mercury Monterey hard-top coupe. The red accents have been  
replaced with blue ones. A powerful engine audibly purrs.

Anne walks into view carrying a large flag. She raises it.

WILLIAM (O.S.)  
What kind of name is that for a  
girl?

Catherine smiles mischievously. Her eyes briefly glow blue.

The Monterey accelerates away as the flag comes down.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE:

**TRACKULA: NIGHT RACER**