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Blood Night

Tasha Joi Henderson
Loyola Marymount University

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Blood Night

A Screenplay

Presented to

The Faculty of the School of Film & Television,
Loyola Marymount University of Los Angeles, California

In Partial Fulfillment

Of the Requirements for the Degree

Master of Fine Arts

By

Tasha Henderson

APPROVAL TO ADVANCE TO CANDIDACY

The following student has met all the criteria to advance to candidacy
for an M.F.A. in Fine Arts with an emphasis in Screenwriting

Student: Tasha Henderson Date: 12/2

Committee Co Chair (690): Beth Serlin  Date: 12/2/15

Committee Co Chair (691): Karol Hoetener  Date: 5/7/15

Advanced Screenplay Project Title:

Blood Night

Criteria for advancement to candidacy:

Student has demonstrated sufficient ability and knowledge to complete the thesis project.

Approved to Candidacy


Not Approved to Candidacy

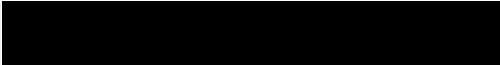
Comments:

This feature length screenplay written by
Tasha Henderson

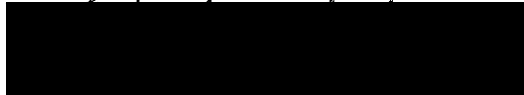
under the guidance of a faculty committee
from the School of Film & Television at
Loyola Marymount University, and approved
by the members of the committee, has been
presented to and accepted by the Graduate
School in partial fulfillment of the thesis
requirements for the degree of Master of
Fine Arts in Screenwriting.

Advanced Screenplay Project Committee:


Committee Chair: SCWR 690


Committee Member: SCWR 691


Graduate Director


Dean, School of Film & Television


Date

ADVANCED SCREENPLAY PROJECT APPROVAL

The Advanced Screenplay Project submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts in Screenwriting submitted by the candidate fulfils the requirements and standards set forth in the University Bulletin by the Division.

Screenplay Title: Blood Night
Student: Tasha Henderson Date: 12/4/14

Committee Co Chair: SCWR 690 Beth Serlin
Signed: _____ Date: 12/14/14

Committee Co Chair: SCWR 691 Karol Hoeffner
Signed: _____ Date: 5/7/2015

Graduate Director: Karol Hoeffner
Signed: _____ Date: 5/7/2015

Dean: Steven Ujaki
Signed: _____ Date: 5/7/15

BLOOD NIGHT

Written by

Tasha Henderson

214-404-2120
TashaJHenderson@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. WIDOW'S PEAK - NIGHT

Crickets CHIRP, the wind HOWLS. An ominous fog hangs in the air. A lone 1968 Buick Pontiac SQUEAKS and CREAKS as it shakes from side to side.

INT. BUICK - NIGHT

A trickle of sweat rolls down the forehead of ALEC BATEMAN (16). FELICIA WATERS (16), wearing a pink sweater, maneuvers her way around his lap.

FELICIA

I can't see anything. It's too small.

ALEC

You just got to feel for it.

FELICIA

What do you think I'm doing? Maybe if you helped this would go a little faster.

ALEC

What do you want me to do? Shine a flash light down there?

FELICIA

Here we go. I got it.

Alec lets out a sigh of relief.

ALEC

Finally.

Felicia comes up for air. She holds a small pink button in her hand. Presses it to her cardigan. She looks as if she were raised by a pack of librarians.

Two open science books, a picture of glowing WHITETAIL DRAGONFLY on each page, rest on the dashboard.

ALEC

Good, now can we get out of this car? It's hell in here without A/C.

They climb out.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Books and notepad in hand, the two teens make their way to the river bank. Felicia reads as she walks. Flips through a couple of pages then checks her watch.

FELICIA

Five minutes till dragonfly coitus.

Alec gives Felicia a somewhat disgusted look.

ALEC

Could you not call it that?

FELICIA

What would you prefer? Procreate?
Intercourse? Hanky panky?

ALEC

You know, it's no wonder you don't
have a boyfriend.

FELICIA

It's not like I've ever seen you
with a girl.

ALEC

All that's going to change with the
Buick. My dad said so.

FELICIA

Your dad sounds better than my mom.
She's always like "it wouldn't hurt
to put a little eye shadow on
honey. Look at what it did for
Madonna."

They both burst into laughter.

ALEC

Parents are the worst.

The wind picks up. Aging leaves wrestle against the grass.
The crickets chirp even faster.

ALEC

Did you hear that?

Head still in the book.

FELICIA

Probably just a raccoon or a
squirrel.

EXT. WIDOW'S PEAK - DOWN THE HILL - NIGHT

The wind has died down a bit. The crickets chirp at a low rumble. Felicia sits alone. Notepad and pen in hand, she records her findings.

AAAGGGHGHGHGHGHGHGHHGHGHG!

Felicia turns around. That was definitely a scream.

FELICIA

Alec?

WIDOW'S PEAK - UP THE HILL

Felicia makes her way up the hill.

A bit of relief on her face as she spots Alec's SILHOUETTE in the Buick.

FELICIA

You scream like a girl, you know.

The car door thrust open. Felicia takes a step forward. Suddenly, a BLOODY PALM grabs her shoulder.

Felicia turns around to find Alec, blood trickling from his neck, standing behind her. His eyes glow an EMERALD GREEN. Fangs peak from his lips.

Before Felicia gets the chance to run, more NERDY TEENS, all sporting green eyes and fangs, emerge from the forest.

Felicia tries to run, but Alec's grip is too tight. Fangs in full view, he goes for Felicia's neck.

As she lets out a BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM--

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Steam rises from a running, but empty shower.

The puffs travel through the bathroom and out an open window.

Just below the window sits a fully dressed, proportionate mix of apathy and excitement, ALLIE WILSON (16). An open novel in her lap, eyes glued to the page.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

The door handle JIGGLES.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Allie's mom, MRS. WILSON (50s), well-meaning, stands on the other side, ear pressed to the door.

MRS. WILSON
Everything okay Allie? You've been
in there for almost an hour.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Allie doesn't bother to lift her head from the book.

ALLIE
Yeah mom, everything is fine. Just
finishing up my shower.

The door handle jiggles once again.

MRS. WILSON (O.C.)
Do you want some help? Unlock the
door.

Still not lifting her head, Allie rolls her eyes.

ALLIE
Mom, I'm fine. Just give me a few
more minutes.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Allie's father, MR. WILSON (50s), walks to the door. He stands next to his wife.

MR. WILSON
What's going on?

MRS. WILSON
Allie's been in the shower for
nearly an hour.

ALLIE (O.S.)
More like thirty minutes.

MR. WILSON
Is she alright?
(whisper)
Did you ask her if she needed help?

MRS. WILSON
(whisper)
Yes, I did. Why are we whispering?

MR. WILSON
(whisper)
Because she's in the shower.

Mrs. Wilson knocks on the door.

MRS. WILSON
(normal tone)
Is this about your first day back
to school, honey?

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Allie turns another page.

ALLIE
Mom, please. I'll be out in a few.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Finally, her parents relent. They back away from the door.

MRS. WILSON
Well hurry up. You don't want to be
late.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson make their way down the hall.

They pass by Allie's room. Door missing from its frame.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Allie closes the book and shoves it out the open window.

EXT. WINDOW - DAY

The book lands in a small pile of more books, nestled in a
small bush.

The cover reads: BLOOD NIGHT. On the front: a picture of an
old Buick and two nerdy teens.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Eggs, bacon, pancakes all gathered on a plate, resting in front of an empty chair.

A brown paper sack sits on the kitchen counter top.

Mr. Wilson reads a newspaper, while Mrs. Wilson tidies the kitchen.

Allie rounds the corner, bypassing her sacked lunch. She makes her way to the back door.

MR. WILSON

Hold it!

Allie stops in her tracks. Mr. Wilson holds out his hand.

MR. WILSON

Backpack.

Allie hands over her backpack.

ALLIE

Are we really doing this dad?

Mr. Wilson unzips the bag. He rummages through the notebooks and binders.

ALLIE

You've already taken my door. Can I at least keep my dignity?

Mr. Wilson dumps the contents of the backpack onto the table.

MR. WILSON

We gave you a choice. It was either this, or spend another six months in--

ALLIE

The looney bin?

Trying to placate everyone:

MRS. WILSON

Recreational vacation.

Mrs. Wilson winks at her daughter, as if sharing some type of inside joke.

Mr. Wilson rummages through the side pockets.

Allie turns to her mom for help.

ALLIE

You guys are being unreasonable.

MR. WILSON

Honey, you were so obsessed that the author had to file a restraining order, just from the letters you were writing.

Finding nothing, Mr. Wilson puts the contents of Allie's backpack back inside.

ALLIE

It was a cease and desist. Not the same thing, mom.

Parents just don't understand.

Having heard enough, Allie takes the backpack from her father. She heads for the door.

MRS. WILSON

Do you at least want to have breakfast before you go?

ALLIE

I'm not hungry.

Allie walks out the door.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Allie checks her shoulder as she walks to the bushes. Coast clear, she grabs her copy of Blood Night and shoves it into her backpack.

MRS. WILSON

Allie, wait.

Mrs. Wilson holds Allie's sack lunch in one hand and an apple in the other.

MRS. WILSON

You forgot this.

Allie takes the lunch.

ALLIE

Thanks.

An awkward silence. Allie grabs her bike.

MRS. WILSON
Your father and I--

Allie hops on. Turns to her mother.

MRS. WILSON
We just want things to go back to
the way they were.

Allie smiles.

ALLIE
Me too Mom.

Allie kisses her mom on the cheek. She puts the sack lunch in her backpack.

MRS. WILSON
And don't take that shortcut to
school, it's dangerous.

ALLIE
(biking away)
I won't.

A sorrow filled smile rest on Mrs. Wilson's face as she watches her daughter bike away.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Brownish red leaves CRUNCH under Allie's wheels. She bikes through the forest, taking the shortcut to school.

EXT. HUNTINGTON GROVE HIGH - DAY

Truly remarkable in how unremarkable it is, Huntington Grove High, typical American high school. CHEERLEADERS, NERDS, and the INBETWEENERS file into the school.

Allie pedals to a nearby bike rack. She pulls a chain from her backpack, locks the wheels in place.

GUY (O.S.)
I thought we agreed, no sack
lunches this year.

Allie doesn't bother to turn around.

ALLIE
Good to see you too, Guy.

She turns to face, GUY STEVENS (16). Dressed in a red button up and grayish skinny jeans, he's stylish in the "I'm better than you" way.

They embrace one another. A long overdue hug.

GUY

How are you feeling?

Allie watches as the groups make their way inside. She grips her backpack, not yet ready to take the next step.

ALLIE

I just don't want to be seen as the school freak again.

GUY

I wouldn't let that happen. Besides, we're like three social tiers above Freaks.

Allie snorts. Guy always knows what to say.

ALLIE

Thanks.

They make their way into school.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A petri-dish of students, each clique its own microcosm of bacteria. Circling, but not getting too close to one another.

The PREPS type away on their iPhones. The GOTHS, pale skin and dark hair, congregate in a corner of the hallway.

Allie glances around the hall. Some students stare directly at Allie, while others deliberately avoid eye contact. All of them in mid-whisper, presumably talking about her.

ALLIE

How much longer is this day going to be?

GUY

You at least have to make it through lunch. Who do you have for home room?

Allie glances down at her schedule.

ALLIE

Physics, Hoover.

GUY

The sub?

ALLIE

I guess he's full time now. I'm just happy to have a teacher who doesn't know about my retractable fang phase.

GUY

Or your blood drinking days.

ALLIE

It was food coloring and I did it for research. I needed to get into the mind of a revamp for a theory I was working on.

GUY

I don't want to hear about that book.

ALLIE

Blood Night, is on the verge of becoming a cultural phenomenon.

Guy mouths along as Allie speaks.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

The revamps are not just nerdy teens who created a way to turn themselves into vampires. They symbolize all teens who are not happy with the social constraints society has put on them. They did something about it and--

Allie stops herself. Realizing she is getting too deep.

Closing her eyes, Allie takes in a deep breath and lets it out slowly.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

One, two, three, four, five--

Several students stop and stare. Her freak status even more solidified. A horrified Guy watches Allie, while steering her clear of oncoming classmates.

GUY

What are you doing?

ALLIE

Dr. Sandberg says that when I get too worked up about the book I should breathe and count to ten.

GUY

Well can you do it with your eyes open? People are staring.

Right as Allie opens her eyes:

WHAM!

A manicured hand belonging to STACY BARNES (16), head cheerleader, knocks Allie's books from her hands.

STACY

Well, look who's back. Finally got the voices in your head to shut up?

A hidden copy of Blood Night falls to the ground.

Stacy and her POSSE OF POPS (footballers, cheerleaders, overprivileged teens) all hold fruit smoothies.

Allie bends down to pick up her scattered papers. Guy helps.

ALLIE

Wow Stacy, new nose since the last time I saw you?

Allie stands.

ALLIE

Fake nose, faker personality, you're almost like a real girl.

A few members of Stacy's posse GIGGLE at Allie's joke. Hearing the laughter, Stacy grits her teeth. She pours her smoothie on Allie's head.

STACY

Whoops.

Stacy drops the remaining smoothie on the ground. She and her posse stomp away.

A few students stifle laughter, while a few others stare.

Guy swoops in, napkins in hand, to clean up his friend.

GUY

Stacy and the stupid Pops. They are the worst.

Anger seizing inside, Allie grabs the cup off the ground. A bit of smoothie still inside.

ALLIE
Hey, Stacy--

Allie turns, chunks the smoothie right into PRINCIPAL MCDONALD'S (40s) face.

INT. PRINCIPAL MCDONALD'S OFFICE - DAY

Dried bits of strawberry are stuck to Principal McDonald. Fingers interlaced, he stares at Allie.

ALLIE
Principal McDonald, I'm so sorry!
Stacy dumped the smoothie on me and
I was--

MCDONALD
Retaliating.

ALLIE
I don't get why she isn't in here
with me.

MCDONALD
I didn't see Stacy dump the
smoothie, but I did see you throw
yours.

ALLIE
So I just randomly decided to give
Stacy a smoothie facial?

MCDONALD
Given your history, I don't know
what to expect from you Allie.

Allie folds her arms. She slumps back into her seat; tired of hearing this again.

ALLIE
So what is it? Detention? Calling
my parents?

MCDONALD
Neither.

Allie perks up at this. Maybe McDonald isn't so bad.

MCDONALD

I want you to consider joining
Athlete Scholars.

ALLIE

I'm not an athlete, or a scholar
really.

MCDONALD

You don't have to be.

McDonald pulls a flyer from his drawer. He hands it to Allie.

FLYER:

In big bold letters at the top: ATHLETE SCHOLARS MEETING
THURSDAY AT SIX.

In the upper right hand corner lay a crest: two thick
stripes, with a circle in the middle.

BACK TO SCENE

McDonald softens a bit.

MCDONALD

I think you should consider it,
Allie. The group could really give
you a fresh start. Like last year
never even happened.

A bit intrigued, she looks back down at the flyer.

MCDONALD

By the way--

Allie looks back at McDonald. He holds the copy of Blood
Night that flew from Allie's backpack.

ALLIE

I know, confiscated.

McDonald walks over to a closet and places the book inside.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY

Your typical high school science lab. Instead of desks,
tables with faucets attached. Bunsen Burners, beakers, ring
stands, scattered here and there.

Even in the class of twenty, the social groups are very much
apparent.

Stacy and the CHEERLEADERS primp each others hair. THEATRE NERDS recite lines to one another. BAND GEEKS hard at work fingering scales.

Major dweeb, KYLE CHANDLER (16), sits at the front of the classroom. FOOTBALL PLAYERS chuck spitballs at his head.

Last one in, Allie rushes into the room. She makes her way down the rows, looking for an empty seat.

A backpack gets placed in every empty chair she approaches.

Well, all seats except for the one next to JAMES "JOCK" BROCK (16), more brawns than brains. He waves at her, but Allie turns around.

She heads back to the front of the class, taking a seat next to Kyle.

STACY

We don't bite, but you do.

All except Kyle, burst into laughter.

Allie bites on her jaw. Looks straight ahead, but thinks better of it. She turns back towards the class, about to speak:

KYLE

Just ignore them. Statistics show that the kids who peaked in high school, like the Pops, usually lead less fulfilling lives than those who were considered outcasts, like us.

Allie lets out a deep breath. She turns back around. Gives a slight smile to Kyle.

KYLE

Our time will come.

Kyle gives a proud smile back to Allie.

ALLIE

At least I have something to look forward to.

Kyle holds out a hand.

KYLE

Kyle, by the way.

ALLIE

I remember.

KYLE

No one usually does.

Before Allie can respond, the front door swings open.

A pair of black dress shoes, attached to sleek grey trousers in a pressed button up walks into the room.

They belong to MR.HOOVER (30s), arms filled with stacks of paper, an air of mystery and insight follows where he goes.

HOOVER

Sorry for being late, I was in a meeting--

Before making it to his desk, Hoover drops the papers. A few students SNICKER. The air of cool Hoover once had now gone.

Doubling as dweeb and teacher's pet, Kyle jumps to the rescue gathering Hoover's papers.

HOOVER

Thank you, Kyle. I was in a meeting with Principal McDonald. I wanted to get his approval for the lesson on electrons.

Kyle places the pile of papers on Hoover's desk before heading back to his seat.

HOOVER

Don't worry, his reaction was positive.

Dead silence in the room. Well, except for Kyle, who finds Hoover's joke exceedingly funny.

Trying again:

HOOVER

What is the name of the first electricity detective?

(beat)

Sherlock Ohms.

Kyle can barely contain his laughter. Deadpan stares from the rest of the class.

HOOVER

It's because electricty--

No use.

HOOVER
Okay, well let's get started then.

Hoover turns to the board.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Cafeteria segregated by cliques.

Allie and Guy have their own table in the back.

Guy forks a salad, while Allie reads a Physics textbook; a copy of Blood Night hidden inside.

GUY
And her hair is hideous. How am I
to expect a woman who can't even
manage a flat iron to teach me
about the fall of the Byzantine
Empire?

ALLIE
Uh, huh.

Guy gives a knowing look to Allie, who pays him no mind.

GUY
I thought McDonald confiscated
that.

Allie licks a finger, turns the page.

ALLIE
I still have a few spares around.

Guy glances up. A bit of worry on his face.

GUY
Uh oh.

ALLIE
What?

GUY
Kyle Chandler twelve O'clock.

Books in hand, Kyle bounces straight for Guy and Allie's table. Allie waves him over.

GUY

What are you doing? If he sits with us that's social suicide.

ALLIE

We passed that a long time ago.

Kyle plops down at their table.

KYLE

Hey, Allie!
(to Guy)
Guy!

GUY

Hi Kyle.

KYLE

Allie, I was wondering if you wanted to be my science fair partner this year?

ALLIE

Isn't the science fair not for another six months?

KYLE

I like to get a head start.

GUY

I think Allie is going to be *sick* that day.

Guy makes a few loud COUGHS.

ALLIE

I'd love to Kyle, but I'm not sure you'd want me as a partner. Science is not really my forte.

KYLE

I don't mind. I like doing most of the work anyway.

GUY

There's no one else you can ask?

Allie shoves Guy. He shrugs, no seeing any harm in the question.

KYLE

I usually partner with Katie, but now that she's an Athlete Scholar I think she's more interested in working with them.

The three of them glance over to the Athlete Scholar table.

ATHLETE SCHOLAR TABLE

The table sits directly across from the Pops, yet neither side speak to one another.

The Athlete Scholars, MORRIS, KATIE, JOSEPHINE, CLYDE, all dressed the same, wearing a unified blank expression, watch their fellow classmates.

GUY AND ALLIE TABLE

Allie doesn't take her sight off the Athlete scholars.

ALLIE

Is that Morris Thompson? I thought he was expelled?

GUY

One minute he's expelled for smoking pot behind the bleachers, and then a few weeks later, he's back at school, blander than mayonnaise on toast. They all are.

ALLIE

They?

GUY

Brainy Katie, Josephine the Goth, and Clyde.

ALLIE

I never thought I'd see those four hanging together.

GUY

Why not? None of them really fit in with their particular groups. Makes sense they would form their own.

KYLE

They're not even that cool.

GUY

What makes them uncool, Kyle? The fact that they're super Athletic, or the fact that they're also super smart.

KYLE

Yeah, but I hear they cheat off of one another. Which is so lame. Right, Allie?

Allie nods.

KYLE

So are you in?

ALLIE

Yeah, I'm in.

KYLE

Great, we can prepare our project proposal tomorrow before home room.

ALLIE

Great.

KYLE

See you then!

Kyle grabs his books. He turns and smacks right into GREG PETERS (16), body of a lineman, brains of a donkey.

GREG

Watch where you're going.

Head down, Kyle tries to maneuver his way around.

KYLE

Sorry, Greg.

Greg pushes Kyle to the ground. Kyle's books fly everywhere. The cafeteria bursts into laughter.

Allie shoots up from her seat.

ALLIE

You are an ass.

She shoves Greg out of the way. Greg and the other players walk away, while Allie helps Guy with his books.

ALLIE

Kyle, are you okay?

KYLE
Yeah, it's fine.

Unaffected, Kyle springs up. Allie hands him the last of his books.

KYLE
Tomorrow, before home room.

ALLIE
See you then.

Kyle hurries out of the cafeteria.

MOVIE TRAILER

On the horizon, pink and yellow rays push up on the seams of the thick night. We zoom in to see a FOOTBALL PLAYER(17) and CHEERLEADER (17) both bound, bloody and bruised, squirming surrounded by teens in black robes.

FOOTBALL PLAYER
Come on, Bryan! You don't have to do this man.

BRYAN MEARS (17), holding a dagger, removes his hood. He's pale, wears wire rimmed glasses. The other black robes in the circle do the same.

NERDS! All of them nerds!

One girl wears her hair in pigtails, another kid is just plain chubby, while one nerd wears a face full of headgear.

Dagger in hand and sun rising, Bryan closes in on Football player and Cheerleader. The rest of the nerds do the same.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Bryan, mouth bloody, and the rest of the nerd herd convulse as the sun rises above them.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY

MURPHY GISH (17), could be a real beauty if it wasn't for those pesky glasses, stares at BRYAN MEARS (17).

They pay no mind to the boiling liquids and Bunsen burners that surround them.

MURPHY

Bryan, you look... different.

Murphy tries to look in his eyes, but Bryan turns away.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Murphy stands in a cafeteria line. TWO GIRLS IN LINE gossip with one another.

GIRL IN LINE

Did you hear they found two bodies
in the woods last night?

Murphy looks across the cafeteria to Bryan and his friends. They all stare at her. None of them eating a bite.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY

More liquids boiling on the burners. Still, Murphy and Bryan pay no attention to what is going on.

MURPHY

Do you know anything about the
disappearances? Tell me! What's
going on!? Are you--

Bryan hisses at Murphy. Fangs shoot from his teeth. Green beams in the bulb of his eyes.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Books in hand, Murphy runs down the hall. She SCREAMS, checking her shoulder every so often.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Murphy bursts out the door, to find Bryan and his nerd posse standing before her. Their eyes, a deep emerald GREEN as they stare at a frightened Murphy.

The screen goes BLACK. Blood Night drips onto the screening. At the bottom: Coming Soon.

END TRAILER.

INT. GUY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Allie and Guy sit in front of the computer screen. Allie visibly upset, while Guy files his nails.

GUY
(sarcastic)
Wow, that was really good.

ALLIE
Are you kidding me?

Allie slams down the laptop screen.

GUY
Hey, that's mine.

ALLIE
First of all, they call that a conversion period? It takes two weeks for them to change in the book, that took like what? A minute?

Guy starts to say something:

ALLIE
And don't even get me started on the eyes. They're supposed to be emerald green at night. That was more like forest.

Guy goes to speak once again, but thinks better of it.

ALLIE
And the acting! The guy who plays Bryan was brooding! Brooding! Bryan doesn't brood, he repines.

An exasperated Allie slumps back in her chair.

Finally, she sits up. Opens the laptop:

ALLIE
Let's watch it one more time.

She presses the spacebar. The trailer starts again.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Once again, Allie takes her shortcut. The setting sun quickly approaching behind her.

Just a few peddles ahead, Allie spots Kyle and the rest of the Athlete Scholars. She slows her bike, but doesn't approach.

KYLE

Are you sure this is alright?

KATIE

It's not cheating if we're all working together.

KYLE

Science fair rules state--

MORRIS

Aren't you tired of worrying about rules, Kyle?

KYLE

No.

Clyde pats Kyle on the back.

CLYDE

We're your friends. We wouldn't do anything to get you in trouble.

KYLE

I guess.

Allie's brow furrows as she watches the scene. She takes a step forward, about to help her friend when:

BEEP, BEEP.

Allie's phone echoes in the forest. She dips behind the tree, making herself out of sight.

The Athlete Scholars and Kyle look around, but see no one.

BEHIND THE TREE

Allie checks her phone. A text message from mom reads: Where are you?

Allie pockets the phone.

She does another check around the tree to see if she's been caught, but the group is no longer there.

Allie hops on her bike and rides away.

INT. ALLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Headphones in, volume way low, Allie watches the Blood Night trailer for the umpteenth time. She rolls her eyes and shakes her head at the screen.

MR. WILSON (O.S.)
How's the homework coming kiddo?

Allie exits out of the trailer. Pulls up a blank page.

ALLIE
Fine.

Hands behind his back, Mr. Wilson enters Allie's room.

MR. WILSON
I just got off the phone with your principal.

Allie's jaw nearly drops. Scrambling:

ALLIE
Dad, I was going to tell you, but principal McDonald said he wasn't going to call, so I--

Mr. Wilson removes the crumpled Athlete Scholar flyer from behind his back.

MR. WILSON
I found this in your backpack. Principal McDonald told me he asked you to join.
(beat)
You know, I was an athlete scholar?

ALLIE
Really?

MR. WILSON
Loved every minute of it. Really helped me to blossom. I think it could do the same for you.

ALLIE
I kind of like doing my own thing.

MR. WILSON
You don't think you've had enough of that? Your mother and I are even willing to extend your curfew, so you can attend meetings.

A nice incentive. He sets the flyer on the night stand.

MR. WILSON
Think it over, won't you?

ALLIE
Sure dad.

Mr. Wilson gives his daughter a kiss on the head. He heads out of her room.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

flyer in hand, Allie reads over the information one more time before finally crumpling the flyer and throwing it in a nearby dumpster.

MORRIS (O.S.)
That wasn't recycling.

Allie looks up to find Morris standing in front of her.

ALLIE
Oh, hey, I uh--

Allie stares down the somewhat familiar face before her. Clean-cut, straight-laced, a parents dream.

MORRIS
I'm just messing with you.

ALLIE
Morris right?

MORRIS
Surprised you remember me.

ALLIE
What do you mean?

MORRIS
I mean, I've come a long way from smoking joints behind the bleachers.

ALLIE
I heard you got expelled?

MORRIS
Something like that. I heard you went to the insane asylum.

ALLIE
Something like that.

Morris motions to the crumpled flyer in the trash.

MORRIS
You know, you really should
consider joining Athlete Scholars.

ALLIE
How'd you know what that was?

MORRIS
Who do you think made the flyers?

Allie spots the pin on Morris's collar: Two yellow stripes
and a circle in the middle. She admires the pin.

MORRIS
If you join, you'll get one of
these too.

ALLIE
Oh sorry, it just looks like the
Mitaka is all.

MORRIS
The what?

Realizing what she just said:

ALLIE
Oh it's nothing. It's just
something from a book. Really dumb.

MORRIS
I like it. Sounds official.

ALLIE
It's actually a vampire symbol.
Kind of how you know who's in and
out.

MORRIS
Like in Blood Night?

ALLIE
Have you read it?

MORRIS
I've skimmed it once or twice.

Allie spots two small puncture wounds on the side of Morris's
neck, peeking from his collar.

ALLIE
What happened there?

She points to his neck. Morris immediately covers his neck with his shirt.

MORRIS
I got bit by a vampire.

Allie stares at Morris. She can't believe what she's just heard.

He lets out a slight chuckle.

MORRIS (CONT'D)
I'm kidding. Hunting accident over the summer.

A nervous laugh escapes from Allie's mouth.

ALLIE
Right, I better get to class.

MORRIS
See you around.

ALLIE
Yeah.

Allie continues her path down the hall.

As soon as Allie walks away, Morris's kind demeanor changes to stone. No longer smiling, he watches as Allie makes her way down the hall.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY

Head resting in one hand, the other tapping on the desk, Allie waits in the empty classroom.

She checks her watch, then looks at the door, then checks her watch once again.

Letting out a long sigh, she rests her head back in her hand and taps on the desk.

BRING!

A swarm of students enter the class. All in attendance, except for Kyle.

HOOVER

Good morning! If everyone would
turn to page fifty-eight in your
text book.

Allie eyes the empty seat next to her.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Allie slams her lunch tray in front of Guy.

GUY

Everything okay?

ALLIE

Have you seen Kyle today?

Guy forks his salad.

GUY

I try not to.

ALLIE

He wasn't in class.

GUY

Okay.

ALLIE

That's weird. Kyle would never miss
a day of school.

GUY

It happens.

ALLIE

What if something is up.

GUY

Allie, people miss days of school,
even dweebs like Kyle.

She settles into her seat.

ALLIE

(speaking rapidly)

I saw him with the Athlete Scholars
after school yesterday.

GUY

And?

ALLIE

I don't know, don't they give you the creeps?

GUY

No.

ALLIE

You don't think it's weird that they wear sunglasses outside, even when it's cloudy?

GUY

So do celebrities.

ALLIE

Or what about that pin they wear that looks oddly the Mitaka Bryan and the revamps have?

GUY

Oh no, I see where this is going.

ALLIE

And when I asked Morris about the puncture wounds on his neck, he laughed and said he was bitten by a vampire, but not in the ha ha jokey way. Instead it was like, I'm only laughing to hide the fact that I'm actually telling the truth kind of way.

A bit winded, Allie stares at Guy, waiting for his reply.

GUY

You think the Athlete Scholars are vampires?

ALLIE

It makes sense right?

GUY

No and don't go around telling people that either.

ALLIE

But--

GUY

Give it twenty-four hours. If Kyle doesn't show up in a day, you have my full permission to freak out.

Allie looks over her shoulder. The Athlete Scholars stare directly at her. Allie clenches her jaw and turns back around.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

An intricate series of metal pipes and large water tanks.

Blood Night: Resurrection in hand, Allie leans against the pipes, deep in her read.

Suddenly one of the pipes, OLD FAITHFUL, shoots out a stream of steam.

Allie stops reading. Checks her watch, then closes the big.

She slides the book into a small cubby between water tank and some pipes. As she stands she bangs on Old Faithful.

ALLIE

Old faithful, always on time.

Allie grabs her backpack and heads for the stairwell leading back into school.

The faint sound of an AGONIZING MOAN stops Allie in her tracks. She turns around.

The sound coming from behind the supply closet door.

ALLIE

Hello?

Felling a bit of curiosity, Allie makes her walk towards the door. Suddenly, the door swings open. Mr. Hoover, carrying a large brown box emerges.

ALLIE

Mr. Hoover, you scared me.

HOOVER

Allie, what are you doing down here?

ALLIE

I was, uh--

Hoover spots the book.

HOOVER

Reading?

Allie slides the book behind her back.

ALLIE

Yeah.

HOOVER

I completely understand. This may surprise you, but I'm an avid reader myself.

Hoover nearly drops the box. Allie rushes to his aid.

HOOVER

Oh no, I've got it.

Allie gets a look inside the box: electrical wires, hard drives, banana leds.

HOOVER

It's for the unit on electrical circuits. It's a surprise, but I'm going to let you guys build your own light sockets.

The excitement on Hoover's face nearly rivals the non-excitement on Allie's.

ALLIE

Oh, fun.

HOOVER

I can assure you it is.

Hoover readjusts the box to get a better handle.

MR. HOOVER

We should probably head upstairs, before Mcdonald catches you down here.

They both turn and head for the exit.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Finally above ground, Allie asks the question that's really been on her mind.

ALLIE

Mr. Hoover, can I ask you something?

HOOVER

What is it?

Allie wrings her hands.

ALLIE

Kyle's parents didn't call and say
he was sick today, did they?

HOOVER

I haven't heard anything, but I'm
usually the last one they tell
anything. Why, is something wrong?

ALLIE

No, it's just, I think something
may be wrong.

Hoover looks a bit concerned. He readjusts the box.

HOOVER

What do you mean?

Allie glances over Hoover's shoulder.

Coming down the hall, eyes directly on Allie, the Athlete
Scholars. Another shiver through her spine.

ALLIE

Nothing.

HOOVER

You sure?

ALLIE

Yeah, I'm sure.

Allie turns and walks down the hall.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

Phone to her ear, Allie paces outside of the bookstore.
Mostly adults and a few teens filter inside.

ALLIE

No dad, I don't need to be picked
up. Yeah, I should be home around
eight.

Allie shakes her head.

ALLIE

Go athlete scholars.

Allie hangs up the phone.

INT. BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

A bald middle aged man, OLIVER (40s), stands in the center of the circle. All eyes are on him as he reads from a notebook.

OLIVER

Even in the dim light, Bryan's eyes flash. The blue of his iris deep and familiar, his smile close enough to presses against her own, and it is a million things all at once but none of them are weird. And Murphy thinks, maybe that's all I need to know. Thank you.

Club leader, NADINE, (60s), could be anyone's grandmother, leads the room in applause.

NADINE

Thank you Oliver, that was just wonderful. I'm surprised you haven't been published yet.

(beat)

So, next up, we have Charles.

Allie looks across the room. Hiding between the shelves, she spots Jock. He's dressed in a black hoodie and dark sunglasses. His version of incognito.

Before Allie can get a better look, her eyes avert to the center of the circle. Mr. Hoover, standing in the middle, holds a notebook in his hand.

HOOVER

Hi I'm Charles Hoover, and um, the piece I will be reading is called The Pull of The Moon.

Just before Hoover starts, he spots Allie across from him. He pauses for a moment not sure whether or not to go on.

Feeling his nerves, Allie does a "lips locked" movement and throws away the key. Hoover nods a silent "thank you".

HOOVER

Murphy couldn't hold her excitement in any longer. Her older brother Dane was just getting into town that morning.

INT. BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

Meeting over, the group congregates at the front door.

Nadine gives Allie a pat on the back.

NADINE

So glad to have you back Allie.
Good to see you're doing better.

ALLIE

Thanks.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

Just as Allie gets out the door, Hoover approaches.

As Allie heads for the door, she gets tapped on her shoulder.
She turns to find a smiling Hoover behind her.

HOOVER

So you're a fan of Blood Night?

ALLIE

Some would say too much of a fan.

Allie waves to a few familiar faces.

HOOVER

I find that hard to believe. Is
there something I should know?

ALLIE

I'm surprised the other teachers
haven't told you.

HOOVER

They don't really talk to me.
That's the one thing about high
school, no matter what point you
are you never stop feeling like an
outcast.

Allie can't help but smile. Finally, a cool teacher.

As they continue their path towards the bike rack, a pack of
Athlete Scholars make their way into a nearby diner.

Allie's gaze locks on the group, who don't seem to notice
her.

HOOVER

Thinking about joining?

Allie snaps back to reality.

ALLIE

Sorry?

HOOVER

Athlete Scholars? I wish we'd had something like that when I was in high school.

ALLIE

What do you mean?

HOOVER

Well you know, looking at their members before and after. They've found a way to get the faculty to trust them again, and get their classmates off their back.

ALLIE

Yeah, I guess.

Allie lets Hoover's words sink in as she unchains her bike.

Unfortunately, the moment is ruined when Allie realizes her tires have been slashed.

ALLIE

Oh no.

HOOVER

Looks like someone got you there.
You need a ride home?

Allie looks up. She spots Jock getting into his jeep.

ALLIE

Sorry, Mr. Hoover. Will you excuse me.

HOOVER

Yeah, sure.

Allie stomps away.

EXT. JOCK'S JEEP - NIGHT

An upset Allie marches over to Jock's car.

ALLIE

I can't believe you!

JOCK

What!?

ALLIE

You slashed my bike tires.

JOCK

Why would I do that?

ALLIE

Because you're a jerk and a pop.

JOCK

That's why you think I slashed your tires?

ALLIE

Cruel and unnecessary punishment seems to be your MO these days.

JOCK

I'm being blamed because of something someone else did?

ALLIE

You didn't stop it, Jock. You never do. You just let bad things happen to people and then pretend like you have nothing to do with them. You get to avoid all your problems because you're a Pop.

Allie turns away she heads back to her bike.

JOCK

Allie.

ALLIE

I can't even believe you show up to these things still! If your friends knew you were ever interested in Blood Night, then you wouldn't be a pop anymore. That's what scares you. Not standing up for something you think is cool, but what happens when people know who you really are.

JOCK

Allie I--

ALLIE

Shove it.

Jock follow after her.

JOCK
Let me give you a ride home.

ALLIE
I can walk.

Wheeling her bike, Allie walks past Jock.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Full moon, chirping crickets, rustling leaves.

Clutching her handle bars tight, Allie now realizes the shortcut may have been a bad idea.

Fall in full swing, bare trees cast spooky shadows throughout the forest.

ALLIE
You just couldn't take the ride,
could you Allie.

She lets out a deep breath, continues her cautious tread through the forest.

Feeling the weight of eyes on her back, Allie whips her head around. No one there. She shakes her head.

ALLIE
There are no such thing as
vampires. It's just a book, not
real.

Allie continues her walk.

Suddenly, a deep YELL from somewhere in the forest.

Once again, Allie stops. She looks left, then right. Still nothing there.

She gets a tighter grip on her handle bars and walks faster through the forest.

ALLIE
It's just a full moon Allie. Like
Felicia said, heightened senses.
That's it, heightened senses.

Suddenly, another YELL! This time a bit closer.

Thinking fast, Allie unzips her backpack. Inside, she unzips another hidden compartment and pulls out a wooden stake.

Just wanting to get out of the forest, Allie barrels straight ahead. Not bothering to turn around.

Eyes straight ahead, Allie trips and lands to the ground with a THUMP.

Allie looks down.

Laying at Allie's feet, a dead Greg Peters; blood seeping from his neck.

Horror on Allie's face, as she lets out a loud SCREECH, then covers her mouth. She drops the stake, crawling backwards in the leaves.

Suddenly, a twitch in Greg's right arm. His eyes slowly open as he starts to come to.

ALLIE

Greg?

Allie crawls closer to Greg. He let's out a drowsy MOAN.

ALLIE

Greg?

Allie looks into Greg's semi-balled hand. Resting inside, a bloody Athlete Scholar pin.

Mustering some strength, Allie reaches for the pin. Greg closes his fist, trapping Allie's hand in his.

Allie pulls free. Clamors to her feet and takes off into a sprint, leaving her bike and stake behind.

INT. LIVING ROOM - WILSON HOUSE - NIGHT

A nice quiet evening at home. Mr. Wilson sits comfortable in his arm chair reading a book, while Mrs. Wilson peacefully knits.

The front door bursts open. A winded Allie runs into the living room.

ALLIE

(panting)

We have to get to the forest, now!

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Allie leads the charge, as her parents, Principal McDonald and a couple of POLICE OFFICERS trudge through the forest.

ALLIE

He was just right up here.

MRS. WILSON

Thank you again for meeting us here, Principal McDonald.

MCDONALD

A principal's work doesn't end when the clock hits four.

(beat)

Besides, by law, I'm required to be present when there is an incident that involves two or more students and police presence.

Allie comes to a stop. She eyes her surroundings, a bit confused.

ALLIE

He was right here.

The officers approach the spot where Allie stands.

No body.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Are you sure this is the spot?

Allie looks around the forest. Nothing there to distinguish one side from the other.

ALLIE

Yeah, he was right here.

Allie paces around the spot, retracing her steps.

ALLIE

I was walking and then I tripped over his body.

POLICE OFFICER 2

Are you sure he wasn't asleep?

ALLIE

Yeah, there was blood coming from his neck.

One of the Officers pulls a notepad and pin from his pocket. He jots down Allie's account.

ALLIE

He had been bitten.

MRS. WILSON
By what sweetie?

Something catches Allie's eye underneath the leaves. She bends down and picks up the wooden stake she dropped earlier.

The Wilson's, and the Officer's jump back at Allie's discovery.

MR. WILSON
I thought we threw away all of your stakes when you went to the institution.

MRS. WILSON
Recreational vacation.

ALLIE
He was right here. I saw him. They're turning Greg into one of them.

OFFICER ONE
Who?

ALLIE
The Athlete Scholars! They're vampires.

A howling wind blows through the forest. Leaves shake from tree branches. Cricket chirps become faster, louder.

OFFICER TWO
Oh, I remember you now. You're that book girl who caused all that trouble last year.

The forest returns to calm. Allie hangs her head.

MRS. WILSON
Allie, we thought you were over this.

ALLIE
Dad I am. I'm telling the truth.

MR. WILSON
I knew it was too soon for you to return to school.

Officer Two grabs hold of his walkie on his chest.

OFFICER TWO
Code twelve, false alarm. It's that
book girl again.

The Officers turn around. Head back towards the street.

Unaffected by what's just happened, McDonald marches up to
Allie and takes the stake from her hands.

MCDONALD
Confiscated.

He turns around. Following the police to the street.

The Wilsons wear matching looks of disapproval.

ALLIE
Mom, Dad, I--

Neither wait to hear what their daughter has to say. They
make their way back to the street.

EXT. HUNTINGTON GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Mrs. Wilson's station wagon pulls up to the school. A visibly
upset Allie hops out of the car.

She marches to the bike rack, where a waiting Guy stands.

GUY
No bike today?

ALLIE
It was stolen. Have you heard
anything about Greg Peters?

GUY
Besides that he ran away from home
last night?

Allie and Guy make their way towards the school entrance.

ALLIE
I think the Athlete Scholars got
him too.

GUY
What are you talking about? Kyle's
back.

ALLIE
What?

KYLE (O.C.)
Hey Allie!

Recognizing the voice, Allie turns around. To her shock, the Kyle she once knew now gone.

Thick rimmed glasses, pocket protector, braces a thing of the past. Kyle now sports a pair of nice khakis, button up shirt, sunglasses and Athlete Scholar pin.

Oh yeah, and he's also clutching Allie's bike.

ALLIE
Kyle?

KYLE
I think you lost this?

Allie takes hold of the bike.

All wearing the same smug smirk, the Athlete Scholars make their way into the school.

Allie and Guy both share a look.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY

Students file in as Allie takes her seat at the front of the class. Jock enters the room. He plops his things down right next to Allie.

JOCK
Allie, listen I thought about what you said last night and I--

Kyle puts a hand on Jock's shoulder.

KYLE
This seat is taken.

JOCK
Do you mind if we trade for the day? I really need to talk to Allie.

Kyle gets a grasp on the chair. He pulls the seat from under the lab table. Jock nearly falls out of his chair. Kyle's response to Jock's question.

Ego bruised, Jock returns to his seat.

Kyle takes his spot next to Allie.

KYLE

Heard you were worried about me
yesterday.

ALLIE

I was just wondering where you
were. It's not like you to miss a
day of school.

KYLE

I was sick, but I'm doing much
better now.

ALLIE

And the Athlete Scholars?

KYLE

Let's just say they helped me get
over my cold.

Allie turns to Kyle. She looks him directly in the eyes. A faint emerald glow from his pupils.

Right on cueGuy, in walks Hoover.

HOOVER

Good morning! I want to begin where
we left off yesterday.

Hoover pulls up the projector screen. Underneath, on the whiteboard, a drawing of a high voltage battery with two light sockets next to it.

HOOVER

You would think I would only have
to say this once, but we've had
problems with it in the past: don't
turn on a current switch while
screwing in a light bulb.

Kyle turns his attention to the front. Allie gets a good look at his neck. Just like Morris, two fresh puncture wounds.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Harper's Bazaar placed over a hidden copy of Blood Night, Guy reads at a steady pace. Nearly half way through the book.

Allie watches as he reads.

ALLIE

Are you done yet?

GUY

No, I just started reading this morning.

ALLIE

But you believe me right? This doesn't make sense.

Guy sets down the book. He looks to Allie, mulling over his next words. She waits with anticipation.

GUY

A little, yes.

ALLIE

That's good enough.

GUY

But what can we do? There are only two of us.

Allie pulls out her laptop. She pops it open.

ALLIE

I already have a plan of action.

She shows her laptop screen to Guy.

ON SCREEN

In big Bloody Letters: BLOOD NIGHT BOOK SIGNING.

BACK TO SCENE

Guy shrugs, not really sure what Allie is suggesting.

GUY

You want us to go meet the author?

ALLIE

TJ Kelly is going to be in Yellow Springs in a couple of weeks. If we go there, talk to her, maybe she'll have some answers.

GUY

Yeah, that's if she doesn't laugh us out of the town first.

ALLIE

She won't if we have an army behind us.

GUY

So now you want to involve the national guard?

ALLIE

No, not yet at least.

(beat)

We need the book club.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

BREAK!

Red and gold practice jerseys form a shotgun formation on the field. Jock, in the quarterback position, yells out to his teammates.

JOCK

B-fifty-two B-fifty-two hike!

The players scramble across the field. Jock falls back, looks for an open receiver.

WHAM!

He's brought down by Morris. For a skinny guy, he really packs a punch.

Ego and ribs bruised, Jock attempts to pull himself up. Morris, sinister gleam in his eyes, looms over Jock.

JOCK

Wow dude, you really pack a punch.

Jock holds out his hand. A friendly help up?

JOCK

Looks like Greg has some competition this year.

Morris takes Jock's hand. Pulls him up.

JOCK

Thanks.

Jock attempts to walk away, but Morris doesn't let go of his hand. He stares at Jock, glare even more menacing. Jock notices faint red lights in Morris's pupils.

JOCK

Everything alright man?

Jock tries to pull away, but Morris clamps down even harder. Jock starts to wince from the pain.

A WHISTLE BLOWS. Morris looks past Jock to COACH HARTLY (52), calling the players in. Like a flipped switch, Morris turns on a big smile. He lets go of Jock's hand.

Like a wounded puppy, Jock runs to the bench.

INT. BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

Usual set up, with one new addition: Guy. Allie fidgets in her chair, ready for her time in the center.

On now: a glimpse into Allie's future, Nadine reads from a journal.

NADINE

And that's when Dane uttered the words Murphy had been waiting her whole life to hear: Take a bite.

(beat)

The end.

The room erupts into applause. A few audience members wipe away tears from their eyes; Guy is one of them.

NED

Thank you, thank you.

Nadine lets the applause die down.

NADINE

Next up we have truly special treat. After spending six months with an ailing aunt in Dallas, she's back and ready to share a new story with all of us. Please welcome Allie Wilson to the stage.

Allie heads to the center of the circle.

ALLIE

Hi, I'm Allie. I guess most of you already knew that. I don't have a fan-fiction to read today, but I do have some crucial news.

She looks out at the eager audience. All waiting with bated breath to hear what Allie has to say. Finally, she goes for it:

ALLIE

Blood Night is real. I know because I've seen it first hand. The Athlete Scholars are not what you think they are. They killed Greg Peters and converted Kyle Chandler. If we don't do something soon we all could be next.

An overwhelming silence from the group. Allie eyes the room, their expressions all blank. She looks over to Jock who averts his glance. Hoover doesn't look too convinced either.

Finally:

OLDER WOMAN

You saw them kill a football player?

ALLIE

What? No.

MAYBELLINE

You said, you saw it first hand.

ALLIE

No, what I meant was--

Other MEMBERS pipe in.

MEMBER 1

I've never seen their eyes glowing in the sun light.

MEMBER 2

The first conversion takes place in winter and fall's not even over yet--

ALLIE

I know, but--

NADINE

The Athlete Scholars are too nice to be vampires.

NED

They're always helping take my groceries to my car.

MEMBER 1

Mowed my lawn.

MEMBER 2
Painted my door.

ALLIE
It could be a cover.

MEMBER 1
She should have spent six months in
the mental hospital instead of with
an aunt.

The entire room bursts into laughter. Defeated, Allie hangs her head. She walks back to her chair grabs her things and runs for the door.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

Doing her best to hold in tears, Allie bursts through the doors. Guy runs out after her.

GUY
Allie, wait.

He doesn't notice as Jock slips out behind him.

JOCK
Allie, wait.

Allie keeps marching. To where? She's not sure either.

JOCK
Allie, I believe you.

Allie stops in her tracks. She turns back around. Marches over to Jock.

ALLIE
I don't think this is funny.

JOCK
I mean it. The way Kyle was acting
in class and then Morris at
football practice.

GUY
Wait, Morris is on the football
team?

JOCK
Took Greg's old position.

Jock takes a few steps towards Allie. She draws closer to him as well.

JOCK

I swear I even saw his eyes
glowing, just --

ALLIE

Just like Dane's.

JOCK

Like Dane's.

Finally, a look of somewhat relief on Allie's face.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

Old Faithful lets out a stream of steam.

Guy, Allie and Jock, a bit of sweat dripping from their brow,
congregate in Allie's usual reading spot.

GUY

What do you mean act now?

ALLIE

Jock's right, Guy. We don't have a
choice.

GUY

You said we were going to need an
army. You said we needed TJ Kelly.

JOCK

Trust me, if the book club doesn't
believe us then no one will.

ALLIE

We're all we've got.

GUY

Fine, what are we going to do?

Allie starts to pace.

ALLIE

Well, according to the book, there
are six ways to kill a vampire.

Jock starts to pace as well.

JOCK

But, Kelly has created an immunity
for three of the methods.

GUY

An immunity?

JOCK
With each book, Kelly creates an
immunity for the revamps. That
means--

ALLIE
No sunlight, stake through the
heart, and no decapitation.

A chill runs through Guy's spine.

GUY
Thank God.

JOCK
That only leaves us with three
other options.

GUY
Which do we choose?

Allie and Jock stop pacing. They look to one another. The
same thought in both of their heads.

ALLIE
All of them.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Alone, Jock sits on a bench stuffing cloves of garlic into a
deodorant stick.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER

Locker room full of players, Jock rubs the deodorant on his
pits. He passes it around the other players. They all take it
rubbing it under their arms.

Jock keeps a watchful eye on Clyde who at first refuses to
take the stick. After a few more urges by the guys, Clyde
takes the deodorant. He rubs a big heaping under both pits.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

WHAM!

Jock gets thrown to the ground by Clyde, who seems to be
getting stronger each day.

BOOK PAGE

Of all words on the page, a pencil strike through: GARLIC.

INT. GUY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Several red candles lit around a framed picture of LADY GAGA dressed as a saint. A bottle of Evian rests underneath. Guy kneels at his makeshift altar. He crosses himself, before removing the bottle.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Open water bottle in hand, Guy saunters down the crowded hallway. He spots Josephine making her way down the opposite end. Guy saunters right over to Josephine and knocks into her, spilling the "holy" water on her arm.

Guy recoils, waiting for something big to happen, but nothing does. Josephine continues her stride down the hall.

BOOK PAGE

HOLY WATER, the next to get crossed out.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY

Students tinker with mini circuit boards.

Wires connect the board to a current switch on one side and a load on circuit with three bulbs on the other. Both sets of wires connect to a small voltage battery.

Allie watches as Kyle screws in the metal base to the light circuit.

While Kyle isn't looking, Allie connects the wires to the voltage battery and flicks the switch.

Nothing.

She does it again... Nothing.

And again... Still nothing.

As Kyle continues to toy with the circuit. Allie dips a finger into the socket. A small spark, she immediately recoils her finger.

Not electrocuted, but a definite shock.

BOOK PAGE

Electrocution crossed off the list.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Guy walks alone down the somewhat empty street. Visibly angry, he grumbles to himself as he walks alone.

GUY

Of course, I had to be the bait.
Typical, Jock mentality. Go for the
weakest. We could have at least
picked straws.

I/E. JOCK'S JEEP - NIGHT

Lights off, Jock and Allie trail a few paces behind. Finally a little alone time for the two.

A couple of wooden stakes in the back seat.

JOCK

You sure this is going to work?

ALLIE

It has to. Electrocution, Garlic,
holy water, didn't work. It only
makes sense to start from the top.

JOCK

Yeah, I guess.

ALLIE

If this doesn't work, there is
always TJ Kelly.

JOCK

What excuse did you give your
parents this time?

ALLIE

No excuse. I told them the truth.

JOCK

That you were going to drive a
stake through the heart of a couple
of vampires that you happen to go
to school with.

ALLIE

In so many words. My therapist, Dr. Sandberg, says that I need spend time with friends outside of school. It's good for my recovery.

A slight chuckle from Jock.

JOCK

You always were good at stretching the truth.

ALLIE

Thanks?

JOCK

You know what I mean.

ALLIE

Speaking of, still haven't told your parent you no longer want to play football?

JOCK

I plan to tell him.

ALLIE

When?

JOCK

After I graduate from college.

ALLIE

Solid plan.

JOCK

I just wish I could trade places with him. Once he lost his arm, there was no more pressure. No more this is what you have to do. He got to see himself for who he was. I've never had that.

(beat)

I mean, who am I kidding? I'll always be just a jock right?

ALLIE

I don't see you as just a jock and if other people don't see more than that, then doesn't matter.

JOCK

Thanks.

The jeep comes to a slow halt. Allie and Jock look into each other's eyes. They draw closer to one another, about to kiss.

GUY (O.S.)

HEY!

So close, but not just yet.

Their attention turns to the window.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Guy holds his ground in the middle of the sidewalk.

Hand in hand, emerald glow in their eyes, Clyde and Josephine make their way towards Guy.

JOSEPHINE

Guy, isn't it?

Guy's hand starts to tremble. Fear has him locked in place.

GUY

Allie! Allie!

INT. JOCK'S JEEP - NIGHT

Wooden stakes in hand, Allie and Jock rush out of the car.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Stakes at the ready, Allie and Jock stand next to Guy.

Josephine and Clyde SNORT at their weapons.

JOSEPHINE

Look Clyde, wooden stakes. They've found our kryptonite.

CLYDE

Looks like they found out how to kill us. Well, that's if they catch us.

Josephine and Clyde BUCK at the gang. They all jump back, giving Josephine and Clyde a chance to run down the street.

Allie and Jock head after them, but Guy stays put. Allie stops.

ALLIE
What are you doing?

GUY
I'm not fit for this. I'll just
stay in the car.

JOCK
Allie, come on.

No time to reason, Allie and Jock chase after Josephine and Clyde.

INT. MERCEDES SUV - NIGHT

The car rocks gently side to side as two TEENS passionately make out in the back seat.

Judging from their good looks, expensive car, FOOTBALL and CHEERLEADER uniforms. They're a couple of POPS.

Football Player comes up for air.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Josephine and Clyde zip past the car. Next Allie and Jock.

INT. MERCEDES SUV - NIGHT

Cheerleader looks up at her boyfriend. Who's eyes furrow out the car.

CHEERLEADER
Everything alright?

FOOTBALL PLAYER
I think I just saw Jock and the
crazy chick, chasing two Athlete
Scholars with wooden stakes.

The two of them burst into laughter.

CHEERLEADER
You've got to lay off the Molly.

They go back to making out.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Running out of street, Clyde and Josephine run to a nearby park.

INT. SAAB SOFT TOP CONVERTABLE - NIGHT

Stacy simultaneously sips on a smoothie, while driving down the street. Her Minions BRITNEY and BRITTANY sit in the passenger and back seat. They too slurp on smoothies.

STACY

What the!?

Stacy slams on the brakes.

STACY'S POV

Allie and Jock, silver stakes in their hands, run into a nearby park.

BACK TO SCENE

Stacy slams her smoothie into it's holder. She turns the car around.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Josephine and Clyde run up a jungle gym. LAUGHING as they do.

JOSEPHINE

Come on up! Play a little.

CLYDE

We don't bite.

JOSEPHINE

Hard.

Allie and Jock braces themselves, about to go up when:

STACY

What in the name of Lorde and Taylor Swift do you think you're doing?

Jock and Allie whip around to find a disgruntled Stacy and her minions.

JOCK
Stacy I--

STACY
You ditched fooling around in my
parents hot tub for this?

She motions to Allie.

JOCK
Stacy you need to go home.

STACY
What is your deal?

Crocodile tears form in Stacy's eyes.

STACY
You don't want to make out. You
don't want to come with me to get
my nails done. It's like I don't
even know who you are anymore.

JOCK
Stacy, listen.

STACY
Save it. We're over.

Stacy throws her smoothie straight into Jock's face. She
walks away.

ALLIE
Jock, are you--

JOCK
Clyde and Josephine.

They turn around. To both their dismay, Josephine and Clyde
are nowhere in sight.

ALLIE
Where did they go?

They turn to one another.

Guy. ALLIE Guy. JOCK

I/E, JOCK'S JEEP - NIGHT

Fear in their eyes, Jock and Allie approach the Jeep. Guy
nowhere in site.

An audible GULP from Allie's throat as she reaches for the door handle. She pops open the door to find Guy huddled in the back seat.

GUY
Did the stake work?

I/E. JOCK'S JEEP - NIGHT

Jock pulls into Allie's driveway. Guy fast asleep in the back seat.

ALLIE
Thanks again, Jock.

JOCK
For what?

ALLIE
You know, for believing me.

JOCK
I'm just glad I found someone who understands.

Teen hormones in full swing, Allie and Jock look deep into each others eyes. They draw nearer to one another. They just might get their kiss.

GUY
(groggy)
Is this my stop?

Moment ruined once again. Allie climbs out of the car.

EXT. ALLIE'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

She stands with the door open.

ALLIE
Don't forget, we leave right after practice. Head straight for Yellow Springs.

JOCK
Got it.

She shuts the door.

INT. MERCEDES SUV - NIGHT

Mid-coitus, Football Player and Cheerleader are too wrapped up in each other to notice the passing shadows over the SUV.

The SUV shakes violently startling Football Player.

CHEERLEADER
What's wrong?

FOOTBALL PLAYER
Did you feel that?

CHEERLEADER
Yeah, I did.

She kisses on his neck.

FOOTBALL PLAYER
I mean outside.

CHEERLEADER
You're delusional.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

The windows SHATTER. Football Player and Cheerleader both let out GIRLISH SCREAMS.

EXT. MERCEDES SUV - NIGHT

The Athlete Scholars stand outside of the SUV. Eyes glowing green.

EXT. JOCK'S JEEP - NIGHT

A groggy Guy climbs out of Jock's car.

GUY
Thanks for the lift.

Jock drives away.

Guy gets to the front door. He pulls out his car keys. Unlocks the door, but an unseen hand on the other side opens it.

A bit surprised:

GUY
How'd you get in here?

EXT. HUNTINGTON GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Students file into the school. Allie waits at her usual spot near the bike racks.

A bit disappointed, Allie turns, heads into the school.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Walking the halls alone, Allie feels more vulnerable than ever. She takes out her phone once again.

Not even a reply text.

Just as she looks up from her phone, Allie bumps right into Hoover.

ALLIE

Sorry.

HOOVER

(stern)

More eyes on the road, less eyes on your phone.

Hoover seems like a bit of a foreigner to Allie. His stern demeanor quickly fades.

HOOVER

Sorry, my attempt at being tough. McDonald and the other teachers say I'm too nice to the students.

Mind still on Guy, Allie can't even muster a reply to Hoover.

HOOVER

Everything alright?

ALLIE

I can't get ahold of Guy. I think something may have happened to him.

HOOVER

Is this about Blood Night again?

ALLIE

Yeah, and I know that I may have sounded a bit crazy at the book club meeting, but I know that I'm right.

HOOVER

What proof do you have?

ALLIE
They killed Greg.

HOOVER
He ran away Allie. Left a note and everything.

ALLIE
How do you know?

HOOVER
Faculty meeting. Read the note and everything. He was tired of football. Tired of the pressure of being popular. Ran away.

Hoover furrow his brow. Looking more contemplative than upset.

HOOVER
You know, you may consider joining the Athlete Scholars.

ALLIE
Why would I do that?

HOOVER
Could be good for you. You know, see that this just might be all in your imagination.

Allie tries to maneuver her way inside the class. No longer wanting to have this conversation with Hoover, but he blocks her way.

HOOVER
I'm just saying, as the new guy. All I've seen is kids who were once unruly, disrespectful, outcast, turn into the exact opposite.
(beat)
That can't be a bad thing.

Finally, Hoover moves out of Allie's way.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY

Only a few students already in the class. No sign of Kyle, a bit of a relief for Allie.

She makes her way to her seat. Resting on her desk, the school newspaper.

ON NEWSPAPER

The Football Player and Cheerleader have names. CODY and BRIANNA. Two smiling yearbook photos underneath the headline: Two Huntington Grove Students Go Missing.

BACK TO SCENE

A shocked Allie looks around the room. No one even bats an eye in her direction.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Allie sits alone, facing the cafeteria door. Holding out hope Guy will arrive.

As if hearing her thoughts, the doors open. Guy, dumping the skinny jeans and stylish top for slacks and a sweater vest, strides into the cafeteria. All eyes on him.

Ecstatic to see her best friend, with or without the new clothes, Allie runs up to Guy. She gives him a huge hug.

ALLIE

I was so worried when I couldn't get a hold of you.

She squeezes even tighter.

ALLIE

I think the Athlete Scholars are getting stronger.

She lets go of Guy. Gives his smoothed back hair and conservative attire a quick once over.

ALLIE

Why are you dressed like that?

A sly smirk on Guy's face. He looks past Allie.

The Athlete Scholars approach from behind.

Allie's eyes run down Guy's collar. On his lapel: an Athlete Scholar pin.

MORRIS

Hey Guy, looking good.

ALLIE

Guy?

It all starts to sink in as Guy brushes past Allie to take his spot with his new clique.

She turns to them.

ALLIE
What did you do to him?

GUY
Nothing I didn't want.

KYLE
You know, it's not too late for you Allie.

KATIE
With a few adjustments--

MORRIS
You'd fit right in.

They all laugh at their inside joke as they walk away from Allie.

EXT. YELLOW SPRINGS BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

The young and the old, dressed up as CHEERLEADERS and NERDS, all sprouting fangs, blood dripping from their mouths, make their way into the library.

Jock's Jeep pulls inside the lot.

I/E. JOCK'S JEEP - NIGHT

A bit somber, arms crossed, Allie sits in the passenger side of Jock's car. Her eyes straight ahead, deep in thought.

JOCK
You ready?

ALLIE
Yeah, I just wish Guy was here.

JOCK
I'm sorry Allie.

ALLIE
We should have taken him home first. I would have made sure he had gotten inside safe.

JOCK

You saw how fast Josephine and Clyde were. If you had of gone inside, you and Guy would both be one of them.

This doesn't make Allie feel any better.

JOCK

We're so close, Allie. Guy would want us to continue on. He would want us to go to TJ Kelly and figure out how to kill the Athlete Scholars.

Allie snaps back to life. She shakes her head.

ALLIE

We can't kill them.

JOCK

Allie.

ALLIE

I'm sure there is another way. We can turn them back.

A bit of excitement in Allie's voice.

ALLIE

Kelly has to know how to turn them back.

With new determination, Allie steps out of the car.

She rushes into the bookstore, Jock following behind.

POSTER

A robust, wine haired woman in a crushed velvet poncho, a mixture of petulance and sanguine on her face. One eyebrow raised, daring you to look at her. This is T.J.KELLY (60).

INT. BRIARWOOD BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

Wearing the exact same expression, down to the raised eyebrow, Kelly sits on a stage.

Her posture is perfect, but she has a slight lean as she sits. Not out of laziness, but deliberate comfort.

In Kelly's hand, a copy of the newest book in the series, Blood Night: Extinction.

She reads an excerpt to the captivated crowd.

KELLY

And that's when Murphy knew, she had only two options left: flight or fight.

Bookstore filled to the brim with eager fans all captivated as Kelly speaks.

KELLY

And she chose fight.

A reverential silence falls on the room. Kelly closes the book, signaling the crowd's APPLAUSE.

Kelly hands the microphone over to the COMMENTATOR (40).

COMMENTATOR

Wow, that was just, wow. I can't wait for Blood Night: Extinction to hit the shelves next month.

He reaches for the copy in Kelly's hand. Tugs on it, but she won't let it go.

COMMENTATOR

You sure this is the only copy you have.

Kelly yanks the book out of the Commentator's reach.

COMMENTATOR

Well, I guess it's time for the Q&A portion of tonight's talk.

A room full of hands shoot up in the air. The Commentator points to an EAGER FAN dressed in Khakis, and pleated vest. Fangs and two puncture wounds on his neck for accent.

EAGER FAN

First off, I want to thank you so much for being here Miss Kelly. We are all truly blessed to have you speaking with us today.

Kelly raises an eyebrow at the word "blessed". She brings the microphone to her lips with delicate precision.

KELLY

Your question?

Eager fan takes an excited gulp.

EAGER FAN

There has been a lot of speculation that Zac Efron will be playing Jamie in the film adaptation. However, Zac Efron has blue eyes and Jamie has green. Do you think this will effect his performance in the film?

A collective head turn as the crowd looks to Kelly for a response.

She takes a moment, truly considering the question. Slowly, she brings the microphone to her lips.

KELLY

Those are just silly rumors.

(beat)

Just as Jamie is true to himself through out the series, so will the actor who plays him. When we do find the actor to play Jamie, I can assure you, he will have naturally green eyes.

Kelly brings the microphone down. The room erupts with APPLAUSE.

EAGER FAN

Thank you.

Jock turns to Allie.

JOCK

I knew it!

More hands, including Allie's shoot up. The Commentator points to Allie in the back of the room.

All eyes on Allie as she stands. A microphone is handed to her.

ALLIE

Uh, hi--

KELLY

Is that your question?

A few murmurs of laughter from the crowd. Allie looks over to Jock for some support. He gives a nod of encouragement. Regaining her confidence:

ALLIE
My names Al--

Realizing that might be a bad idea:

ALLIE
Alberta, I live a few towns over
and I think my high school is being
taken over by vampires, just like
in the book.

A low RUMBLE of whispers from the crowd.

No emotion on Kelly's face.

ALLIEGH
We were wondering if you could tell
us something, anything, on how to
turn them back from being vampires.

A silence sweeps the room as Kelly brings the microphone to her lips. What seems like moments of silence, then a CHUCKLE erupts from Kelly.

The crowd joins in. The entire room laughing at Allie.

KELLY
It's a book. Strictly
entertainment. Get real kid.

A FACILITATOR goes to grab the mic, but Allie holds on.

ALLIE
But, if it were real, there would
have to be a way to turn them back
from vampires right?

Getting a bit agitated

KELLY
Like I said, it's just a book.

ALLIE
But what if--

KELLY
Fine, you want to know how to turn
them back?

Allie nods, enthusiastic. A smile pierces Kelly's lips, before going in got the kill.

KELLY
You kill them.

ALLIE

That can't be the only way.

KELLY

It is. There is no turning vampires back once they've been turned. You either kill them or they kill you. Did that answer your question?

Allie falls back into her seat. Head hung, she turns to Jock.

ALLIE

I'm ready to go.

Tears are already streaming down Allie's face. She gathers her things and stands.

JOCK

Allie don't let that get you.

Allie races towards the exit. Jock stands, follows behind.

KELLY

I think I had a restraining order against her.

More laughter from the crowd.

Allie has already made it out the door. Jock stops in his tracks. He turns back around. Sees Kelly and the rest of the crowd in mid-laughter.

His eyes dart back and forth between Kelly and the resting book on the coffee table.

He does a quick glance around the room, noticing the fire alarm right next to the door.

He walks to the wall, breaks the glass and pulls the alarm.

JOCK

Fire!

Water shoots from the sprinkler system. Chaos ensues. The crowd runs for cover.

SECURITY MEN come at Jock from both sides. He does a quarterback shuffle. The Security fall at Jock's feet.

He sprints to the stage.

STAGE

Kelly, book in hand, shuffles her way off the stage. She looks up, noticing Jock coming straight for her, grabbing for the book.

Not realizing what Jock is going for, Kelly puts up her hands in fear, dropping the book in the process.

Jock jumps on the stage, but before he has a chance to get to Kelly, he gets flanked by a group of security.

He falls at her feet.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Resting against the jeep, Allie watches as a sopping wet Jock gets escorted out of the bookstore by Security.

SECURITY

And don't think about coming back.

Security shoves Jock before walking away.

ALLIE

What happened?

Jock opens up his jacket. Inside: a soaking wet copy of Blood Night Extinction.

Allie sighs. She walks to the passenger side of Jock's car.

JOCK

I thought you would be more excited than that?

ALLIE

What's the point?

JOCK

Allie, we have the book. We can figure out how to turn Guy.

ALLIE

Didn't you hear Kelly? There is no turning.

JOCK

She just said that for the fans in there. I'm sure if we read it then--

ALLIE
No, I'm tired of this. I just want
to go home.

JOCK
But Allie.

Allie brushes past Jock. She climbs into the jeep.

I/E. JOCK'S JEEP - NIGHT

Jock pulls into Allie's driveway. No words as Allie goes to
unlock the car door.

Jock grabs Allie by the arm.

JOCK
Wait.

Jock grabs the book from the back of the car. Sets it in
Allie's lap.

JOCK
Please, just read it.

A bit reluctant, Allie takes the book.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - NIGHT

Cell phone in one hand, homecoming dress in the other, Stacy
walks to her lone convertible in the market square.

STACY
I mean going stag is so much cooler
than having a date.

Stacy balances the phone between her shoulder and ear as she
reaches for her keys.

STACY
Besides, I'm gonna look so good at
the dance, Jock is going to beg for
me back right on the spot.

She drops her keys.

STACY
Shit.

She grabs the phone.

STACY

Sorry Grandma, can I call you back
later?

Stacy pockets the cellphone, places the dress on top of her car and bends down to pick up her keys.

UNDERNEATH THE CAR

A pair of sneakers underneath on the opposite end of the car.

A bit confused Stacy raises back up.

BACK TO SCENE

Stacy puts a disgusted hand on her hip.

STACY

What are you doing here?

Suddenly, she gets grabbed from behind. She lets out a BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Eyes carrying a new determination, Allie reads through the book. She flips page after page with lightening speed.

Finally, she reaches the end. She shuts the book. The realization of Kelly's words sink in.

Upset, she throws the book across the room, then buries her head in her hands.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Shotgun formation, red jersey's versus gold.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

B-Fity two, B-fifty two Hike.

The HOLDER snaps the football. The players scramble, rushing towards the QUARTERBACK in a red jersey.

Quarterback does a quick scan of the field, before throwing the perfect spiral into the hands of the WIDE RECEIVER at the end of the field.

Touchdown.

BENCHES

Helmet barely on, Jock runs from out of the locker rooms.

JOCK
Sorry I'm late.

He jogs onto the field

COACH HARTLEY
Wait a minute Jock.

Quarterback, Kyle, removes his helmet. Wide Receiver, Morris, does the same. Clyde, also on the field, removes his helmet as well. They all stare at Jock and Coach Hartley.

Jock stares down the three players, before turning back towards the benches.

JOCK
What's going on?

COACH HARTLEY
We're trying something new.

JOCK
With the Athlete Scholars?

COACH HARTLEY
Morris has really got an arm, and with the homecoming game coming up we need that kind of strength.

JOCK
Coach, you can't put the Athlete Scholars in the game?

COACH HARTLEY
Why not son?

Jock gnaws his lip. Does he reveal what he knows?

Desperate times call from desperate measures.

JOCK
Their vampires.

Coach Hartley stares at Jock. For a moment, it looks as if Hartley might even believe him.

Finally, Hartley lets out a big sigh.

COACH HARTLEY

Look Jock, I know you're upset that Morris has taken your spot.

JOCK

That's not it, Coach! I mean it!

Coach places a fatherly hand on Jock's shoulder.

COACH HARTLEY

We really need to win State this year. Isn't that more important than you being the school quarterback?

The Athlete Scholars turned football stars approach. The rest of the team follows as well.

JOCK

I don't care about being quarterback Coach! Check their necks. They have puncture wounds.

Kyle and the gang LAUGH at Jock's accusation.

COACH HARTLEY

Jock, please.

Jock points to Kyle's neck.

JOCK

Look!

Coach Hartley and the rest of the team look at Kyle's bare neck.

COACH HARTLEY

There's nothing there.

Jock looks for himself. No punctures on any of the Athlete Scholars.

JOCK

It must have healed!

COACH HARTLEY

Why don't you hit the showers, Jock?

JOCK

But coach?

Coach Hartley turns away. Jock looks to his fellow teammates. They whisper to one another.

Finally, Jock throws his helmet down. He heads back inside.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

A homecoming booth, complete with banners and balloons has been erected on the far end of the cafeteria. The Pops, sans Stacy, man the booth.

The banner reads: FULL MOON HARVEST.

A somber Allie walks through the cafeteria. She spots Jock, spooning through mashed-potatoes, watching his old Pop friends at another table.

Allie walks over and sits with Jock.

ALLIE

Why aren't you sitting with the Pops.?

JOCK

They dumped me.

ALLIE

Isn't that what you wanted?

JOCK

Did you read it?

Allie lets out a sigh as she reaches for her backpack and digs inside.

She hands the book back to Jock.

ALLIE

We can't turn them back.

JOCK

Allie, I'm--

ALLIE

I can't kill my best friend Jock. I can't.

The ring of FEEDBACK echoes in the cafeteria as the PA system turns on. The students look around a bit confused.

MCDONALD

(filtered)

Students, please head to the auditorium for a emergency assembly.

A few confused looks from the students. Jock and Allie exchange a look as well.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Disinterested students pack into the aisles.

Atop the stage, a large banner that reads: Homecoming Harvest!

Mr. Hoover stands at the far end of the stage. Monitoring the auditorium.

A group of POPS sit behind Allie and Jock. Stacy's minions Britney and Brittany, browse through their cell phones.

BRITTANY

Yeah, I haven't gotten a text from her either, Britney.

BRITNEY

Stacy is going to be so upset she missed the assembly.

Allie's ears perk up.

BRITTANY

She must be sick.

BRITTNEY

I'm scrolling through her insta feed now. She hasn't posted a hashtag sick selfie today.

Last and most certainly not least, the Athlete Scholars make their way into the front row.

Sensing Allie's stare, Guy turns and gives her a subtle wink.

Emotions rising to the surface, Allie stands.

ALLIE

I can't take this.

She tries to make her way out of the aisle.

JOCK

Allie wait--

Principal McDonald walks onto the stage.

Allie attempts to push past her classmates, but she can't get through them fast enough.

MCDONALD

Students, it's with sad news that I must inform you, head cheerleader Stacy Barnes has gone missing.

Allie pauses in her tracks. A bit slack-jawed, she turns to Jock. He wears the same reaction.

A rumble of whispers erupts from the auditorium. Students look to one another. A few shocked, most not so disappointed.

BRITTANY

Does this mean I'm going to be head cheerleader?

BRITTNEY

Brittany, show some respect.

BRITTANY

Sorry, Brittney.

Brittany hangs her head a bit guilty.

BRITTNEY

I've been best friends with Stacy longer than you. I'm going to be new head cheerleader.

McDonald waves his hands, signalling the students to simmer down. He hasn't issued the final blow just yet.

MCDONALD

Due to the recent string of disappearances, enforcement officials have issued a Ten PM curfew.

Allie eases her back into her seat next to Jock.

STUDENT ONE

I thought they ran away?

POP ONE

What about the homecoming dance?

MCDONALD

We'll just have to cancel it.

"What!" and "How Could You!" are hurled at McDonald from the angry crowd.

One FOOTBALL PLAYER throws an empty smoothie cup at McDonald. A few more angry students start to throw things on the stage.

McDonald picks up a stray shoe that has been thrown at him.

MCDONALD
Confiscated!

He picks up more items.

Realizing things are getting out of hand, Hoover jumps up to join McDonald.

He waves the students to calm down. Most do, although a stray cup does fly at his head.

HOOVER
(to the students)
Why don't we do both?

A few students ease into their seats, intrigued.

HOOVER
Homecoming game, then the dance. No
worrying about the curfew.

The entire auditorium breaks into applause. A few students chant Hoover's name.

Hoover beams, happy with his new found glory.

All but Allie and Jock look happy with this decision.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The halls thin out as students make their way to the next class.

Fire in her eyes, Allie stomps down the hall. Jock trails behind.

JOCK
Allie wait up.

She has her sights set on Guy and the Athlete Scholars.

Allie gives a slight shove to Guy. He and the rest of the Athlete Scholars look as if they are about to pounce.

ALLIE
What did you do?

GUY
What do you mean?

ALLIE

You killed Stacy. I know you did.

GUY

I thought you of all people would be happy that Stacy was gone.

Allie takes another step towards Guy, but this time Katie steps in.

KATIE

Maybe with Stacy out of the way you'll finally have a shot at homecoming queen.

JOSEPHINE

Yeah Allie, with the Pops no longer in charge of homecoming you can finally buy a ticket.

JOCK

What do you mean?

Guy puts a hand over his heart for dramatic effect.

GUY

We felt sorry for the Pops, you know, with their leader dying and all.

KATIE

So we volunteered to take over the rest of homecoming planning. You know, so they could have time to grieve.

MORRIS

We promise to make this year's full moon harvest a killer.

More snickers from the group.

Suddenly, realization washes over Allie's face.

ALLIE

You're using the dance to convert everyone. Just like in Blood Night Resurrection.

Allie turns to Jock.

ALLIE

Vampires are at their strongest in the full moon.

GUY

Blood Night, Allie? You don't think that book has gotten you in enough trouble?

Allie searches Guy's face. Eyes dead, he looks directly back at her.

ALLIE

You have to still be in there Guy.

A sick, almost robotic, smile pierces his lips.

GUY

Maybe this is who was inside me all along.

With that, the Athlete scholars turn back around. Make their way down the hall.

ALLIE

We have to kill them.

A new ferocity in her eyes, Allie turns to Jock.

ALLIE

And I know how.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

Blood Night extinction in hand, Jock flips through the pages as Allie picks the lock on the supply closet door.

ALLIE

So far, we've tried garlic, holy water, and electrocution.

JOCK

Yeah and none of those worked.

ALLIE

That's because we were thinking small. In Blood Night Extinction--

JOCK

Whoa, whoa, is this a spoiler?

ALLIE

Jock.

Jock does a head shake, sigh combination. He lowers the book.

JOCK

Fine.

ALLIE

During the final battle, it's
Murphy and Bryan in the
incinerator. She figures out that
he was the host vampire.

JOCK

WHAT!

A CLICK from the lock. Allie jiggles the handle, but it still
won't open. She goes back to work.

ALLIE

If she kills him, then that is the
key to destroying the rest of the
revamps.

Jock shakes his head in disbelief.

JOCK

It all makes sense. She couldn't
kill Bryan because there was a
chance that he was her true love.

ALLIE

So they're stuck in the incinerator
and Bryan is right on top of
Murphy. Just when it looks like he
is about to bite, Murphy asks for
one last kiss and he obliges.

JOCK

He loves her too!

ALLIE

Yes, and right as they kiss, Murphy
flips him over and the incinerator
turns on.

JOCK

How did she know it would turn on?

Allie stops her lock picking to give a coy look to Jock.

JOCK

Dane?

She nods.

JOCK

Oh my God.

ALLIE

She was wearing a walkie. He was listening in for her cue.

JOCK

And fire, that's the key?

ALLIE

Not quiet. Fire flaming all over Bryan's face, he makes his way towards Murphy. Angrier than ever. Just when he is about to grab her, Murphy plunges the stake into Bryan's chest.

CLICK.

The locked door opens, just by a hair.

JOCK

And that's what kills him?

ALLIE

That and the fact that Murphy had eaten ten cloves of Garlic before the kiss.

Allie stands, proud of herself.

JOCK

What about the rest of the revamps?

ALLIE

Bryan was the host. Turns out after killing him, all it took was a stake through the heart for the rest.

JOCK

So one of us needs to kiss the Athlete Scholars? Not it.

ALLIE

No, it was a combination of the methods. That's what Murphy used to kill the revamps.

Allie places her bobby pins back in her head.

She points to the water tank.

ALLIE

Garlic in the water fountains. A
stake through the heart, and
electrocution to finish them off.

Allie pushes on the door. Pitch black lay before them.

JOCK

So why the supply closet?

ALLIE

This is where Hoover keeps all the
physics supplies. We need these to--

HOOVER (O.S.)

What are you two doing down here?

Jock and Allie turn around to find Hoover and Principal
McDonald standing behind them.

ALLIE

Mr. Hoover, Principal McDonald, we
were just--

MCDONALD

You know students are not allowed
down here. Especially after your
little, food coloring in the water
tank incident last year.

ALLIE

And I've learned my lesson, we were
just--

MCDONALD

In my office, now.

Heads hung, Allie and Jock march to Principal McDonald's
office. McDonald turns around, but Hoover stays behind.

MCDONALD

Are you coming upstairs?

HOOVER

In a second. I just want to make
sure they didn't take anything.

MCDONALD

Good idea.

McDonald heads for the exit.

Hoover walks to the supply closet, takes a peak inside.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - BOILER ROOM - DAY

Hoover flicks on the light switch. He looks left, right.

Greg, Stacy, Cody, Brianna, among a few other bodies lay lifeless on a metal tables. Above their heads, mechanical contraption, fitted with saws, blades and drills.

Satisfied with what he sees, Hoover flicks off the light and shuts the door.

INT. PRINCIPAL MCDONALD'S OFFICE - DAY

Shocked, Allie leans forward in her seat.

ALLIE
Suspended!?

MCDONALD
And you won't be attending the school dance.

ALLIE
But Principal McDonald--

MCDONALD
That's final.

McDonald reaches for his school phone.

MCDONALD
You can wait outside, while I call your parents

Allie stands. She mopes out the door.

INT. ALLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Arms crossed, sitting on her bed, Allie watches as Mr. Wilson unscrews the last of the bolts from her bedroom door. He removes the door from it's frame.

Mrs. Wilson removes a hidden copy of Blood Night from a vent in Allie's bedroom. She throws the book into a box of other Blood Night books.

MRS. WILSON
We really thought better of you Allie.

ALLIE
But mom--

MRS. WILSON
I don't want to hear it.

Mrs. Wilson heads out the door, while Mr. Wilson removes the door from its hinges.

Upset, Allie lays in her bed. She pulls the blankets over her head.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The football team circles around Coach Hartley as he gives a rallying speech to the players.

COACH HARTLEY
I know we've had a few setbacks at the start of this season, but I really feel that this team can win state thanks to Morris, Clyde and Kyle--

Around the corner an upset Jock, fills jugs with water. His gym bag resting at his side.

COACH HARTLEY
Now, we're going to go out there and kick some Briarwood high butt. Today homecoming, tomorrow state!

The football team erupts into Cheers. They run out of the locker room,

Jock unscrews the jug tops. He pulls out a few clothes of garlic drops them inside.

COACH HARTLEY (O.S.)
How's the water coming son?

Jock puts the top back on the water jugs before Hartley can see what he is really doing.

JOCK
Almost ready Coach.

COACH HARTLEY
Good.

Hartley pats Jock on the back.

COACH HARTLEY
You know, keep this up and I might even let you water-boy at State.

JOCK
Wow, thanks Coach.

Hartley nods before heading out the door.

Jock waits a moment, then takes out his phone.

JOCK
(phone in hand)
Come on, pick up pick up.

INT. ALLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Still upset, Allie stares down her homecoming gown. Major disappointment on her face.

INT. KITCHEN - WILSON HOME - NIGHT

Resting on the dining room table, along with a laptop and box of Blood Night books, Allie's cellphone buzzes. Incoming call from: Jock.

Meanwhile, the Wilson's watch television in the living room.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

More Garlic cloves swim in water jugs.

JOCK
(on phone)
Allie, it's Jock. I'm going through with the plan. I've already put the garlic in the water, and heading down to the supply closet after the game.

Jock looks left then right. Coast still clear.

JOCK
Even if it means having to kiss Morris, or any of the other Athlete Scholars, this ends tonight.

Jock hangs up and pockets the phone. He screws the water jug top on tight. He picks the last of the jugs up and loads them onto a cart.

Just as Jock heads for the exit, Morris, Clyde and Kyle round the corner. They look pretty upset.

A big GULP from Jock.

JOCK
Hey guys, want some water?

They march towards Jock. He tries to overturn the water, but it just splashes at their feet.

INT. KITCHEN - WILSON HOME - NIGHT

While Mr. Wilson watches the nightly news and Mrs. Wilson knits in the living room, Allie tiptoes into the kitchen.

Dressed in her homecoming gown, Allie grabs her cell phone from the kitchen table and sneaks out the back door. Neither parents hearing the door shut.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Despite the dress, Allie pedals with ferocity down the street.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Bright flashes as the stadium lights shoot on.

The crowd CHEERS as the Huntington Grove Football players take the field. The Athlete Scholars leading the charge.

The MARCHING BAND playing an overly peppy toon.

As soon as the song is over, Hoover walks up to the band director, whispers something in his ear.

INT. PRINCIPAL MCDONALD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CLICK!

McDonald's door swings open.

Down on both knees, at lock lever, Allie places the bobby pins back in her hair.

She peaks inside, coast clear.

Allie goes straight for McDonald's confiscation closet.

She jiggles the handle, and the door opens.

ALLIE
Amateur move McDonald, amateur
move.

CONFISCATION CLOSET

Allie flicks on a light.

Several stakes, jars of blood, copies of Blood Nigh among other confiscated items, mostly belonging to Allie, rest inside ready for the picking.

ALLIE
Jackpot.

Allie goes for the stakes and piles them into her backpack.

GUY (O.S.)
Still going with the vampire theme
huh?

Allie turns around. Guy stands behind her. Arms crossed, eyes emerald, looking ready for a fight.

Allie holds up the stake.

ALLIE
Guy, I don't want to do this.

Guy CRACKS his neck. Walks towards Allie.

GUY
Too bad I do.

Allie attempts to plunge the stake into Guy's chest, but he grabs her arm. Throws her into the wall.

A few water guns, jars of fake blood, and copies of Blood Night fall from the shelves.

Allie reaches up, grabs one of the books and hits Guy across the head. He falls back, but doesn't go down.

He comes back towards Allie with a vengeance. She reaches for something, anything, grabs hold of that months old smoothie cup.

Guy comes straight for Allie she throws the mostly thawed liquid in his face. Mostly landing on Guy's pin.

He freezes in place.

ALLIE

Guy?

A few SPARKS from his Athlete Scholar pin. Allie jumps out of the closet. Guy doesn't follow.

Coast seemingly clear, Allie grabs her backpack full of stakes and rushes out the closet. She shuts the door, leaving Guy inside.

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

Score Forty Seven to nothing, the excited fans start to exit the stadium. While the Huntington Grove team looks plenty excited, the Briarwood players look worse for wear.

Most are even spread out on medical gurneys.

EXCITED FAN

What a game!

MORE EXCITED FAN

Yeah, too bad the band wasn't here to see the end of it. I wonder where they went.

The fans look to the empty row of seats where the Marching Band once played.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Instead of punch bowls, a live band and finger foods, the entire gym filled with examination tables.

The Marching Band takes up about an eighth of the room. Metal contraptions, similar to the ones in the supply room, strapped to the examination tables.

Drills, wires, some medical equipment, goes to work on the band's necks and chest.

A hard-drive fitted in the chest, while wires are inserted in the neck. The incision not very deep, just enough to get the hardware in.

Against the wall, a large black switchboard. Red and green lights flash, while a beeping sound emits from the machine.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Up-do quickly coming down, backpack on, heels off, Allie does her best to blend in with the incoming students. Ready for the dance.

While students file into a line waiting for the gym doors to open, Allie heads down the hall.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

No sign of Jock as Allie makes her way deeper into the room.

ALLIE

Jock?

Although Allie can't see all the way inside, the supply closet door is cracked.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

The number of bodies has slightly grown since the last time we were in the room.

More Pops, in their homecoming attire, strapped to the beds.

ALLIE

What the--

Horror and shock on Allie's face as she walks deeper inside. She pulls her cellphone from her backpack and records the scene.

Resting front and center: Jock. Allie runs to him.

ALLIE

Jock.

HOOVER (O.S.)

You know, you really would have made a great Athlete Scholar.

Allie turns around, shoving the phone behind her back.

A grinning Hoover, along with Kyle and Katie, stand behind Allie. Hoover walks deeper into the room.

ALLIE

You did this?

HOOVER

Not bad for a kid who got kicked
off the robotics team for being too
into it.

ALLIE

But, you're the teacher.

HOOVER

That's just a label really. I like
to see myself as more of an
innovator.

Behind Allie's back, we see her tinkering with the cell
phone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - WILSON HOUSE - NIGHT

BUZZ, BUZZ, BUZZ.

Mrs. Wilson stops her knitting to pick up her phone.

MRS. WILSON

(excited)

Oh honey, a video message from
Allie.

Realizing what she has just said, Mr and Mrs. Wilson's eyes
dart to the kitchen. Allie's cellphone missing from the
table.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Hoover takes a menacing step closer to Allie. She takes a
step back.

HOOVER

You know what it's like to be all
alone. The outcast of the outcasts?
That was me. My parents were always
pushing me to do better, be better.

Allie looks over the bodies. She notices the saw, the drills.
She looks over Kyle and Josephine. She stares at their
Athlete Scholar pins.

He walks deeper into the room.

HOOVER

People always say it gets better,
but it doesn't.

(MORE)

HOOVER (CONT'D)

It never gets better. That's why I decided to take my fate into my own hands.

For every step forward Hoover makes, Allie takes two back.

ALLIE

By turning high school students into drones?

HOOVER

It started off that way. Then I realized I could do more. An army.

Hoover motions to the resting POPS.

HOOVER

The Kyle's, Morris's, Allie's of the world are constantly getting stepped on, by the Stacy's, the Greg's and the Jock's. Not anymore.

ALLIE

You think killing the Pops will make things even? You're just as bad as them.

HOOVER

I don't want to kill the Pops. I want to use them for good. It started off by just wanting to make the perfect teen. Fit them with hardware that tells them how to act, what to say, love doing their chores, but then I thought why not do more?

Hoover walks over to the wall. He SLAMS on a red button near the door.

The contraptions spring to life. Several saw blades sputter on. Slowly, but surely making their way to the skin.

HOOVER

So I decided to cut the limbs from the Pops and stick them to the Athlete Scholars.

Allie drops her backpack. She runs to the table holding Jock. She tries to move the metal arms without getting hurt herself.

HOOVER
I've kept the bodies frozen for
this very night. When I can finally
convert the whole school.

A groggy Jock fades in and out of consciousness.

ALLIE
Jock, wake up. Please.

Hoover turns to Kyle and Katie.

HOOVER
Once the Pops are done, strap her
up as well. I'm sure we can find
something of use.

With that, Hoover heads out the door.

Allie eyes the space between the Athlete Scholars and the red
button.

Allie tries to move for the door, but with each step she
takes Katie and Kyle move closer.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hoover stands before the gym doors. Nearly the entire student
body waits to be let into the gym.

HOOVER
Sorry for the delay. Welcome to the
winter harvest.

The doors open and excited students file inside the gym.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

The blade edges closer and closer to Jock's chest.

Allie looks around.

There is no way she can get to that switch.

She tries shoving the body, but it won't move.

A devious grin on Kyle's face as he moves towards Allie.

KATIE
Hoover said to wait.

KYLE

I'm tired of listening to him. I say we kill her now.

KATIE

We can't disobey Hoover.

While Katie and Kyle bicker, Allie is able to move one of metal tentacles, however it's not enough to get Jock out of harm's way.

KYLE

He's not one of us. Especially after the harvest. He'll be weak, while we are strong.

Kyle gets a good crack on his knuckles. A devious grin on Katie's face. She too makes her way towards Allie.

Allie attempts to use the metal table as a shield between them, but Kyle swipes the tables to the side with ease.

Knocking Jock's right next to the wall.

They corner Allie against Stacy's bed. Running out of options:

ALLIE

Kyle, I love you.

Kyle and Katie stop in their tracks. They stare down Allie.

ALLIE

It's you I've had a crush this whole time.

KATIE

She's just saying that.

Katie moves for Allie, but Kyle raises a hand stopping her.

ALLIE

No, I'm not. You can kill me if you don't believe me, fine.

Gaining a little more confidence she takes a step closer to Kyle.

ALLIE

But before you do, could you at least kiss me?

Intrigued, Kyle raises an eyebrow. He closes his eyes and puckers up as Allie gets closer to him.

With one hand, Allie grabs Kyle by the collar and with the other, she reaches for the saw blade and hurls it right into Kyle's Athlete Scholar pin.

Several sparks fly as the blade drives deeper into Kyle's skin and into the hard drive.

Katie lunges at Allie.

Allie pushes Kyle into Katie, causing both of them to fall to the ground.

Allie runs to the red button. She shuts it off just before the blades touch Jock's skin.

Katie grabs Allie by the back of the head. She throws Allie to the ground. She barrels straight for Allie.

Thinking fast, Allie reaches out and grabs one of the wooden stakes from her backpack.

Just as Katie is about to pounce, Allie stabs Katie right in the Athlete Scholar pin.

The pin breaks and Allie digs the stake deeper. Getting to the hardware.

Katie goes limp. Allie throws her off.

EXT. HUNTINGTON GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

The Wilsons, a few parents and a few police officers gather at the front of the school.

Mr. Wilson and the officer's try to break down the door, but it won't budge.

MR. WILSON
He's locked them inside!

MRS. WILSON
Oh no, what have we done?

More parents gather at the door. They all put in even more effort to break the door down.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Allie smacks Jock in the face a couple of times, but he doesn't budge.

ALLIE

Jock, Jock wake up!

She slaps him again, this time even harder, still nothing.

Frantic, Allie looks around the room. She runs to her backpack.

One lone jar of fake blood rest inside. Allie pulls it out.

She opens the top and waves is under Jock's nose.

Jock springs to life.

JOCK

Whoa.

He tries to shake the smell out of his nose but it won't budge. He sits up.

ALLIE

Jock!

Allie goes for the hug. Oblivious to what has just happened, Jock can't help but smile at Allie's touch.

JOCK

What was that?

ALLIE

Red food dye, year old powdered chocolate and corn syrup.

JOCK

Fake blood?

ALLIE

Yeah.

Allie pulls away. Jock gets a good look at Allie. Despite the last hour or so, she still looks stunning.

JOCK

Allie, you look--

ALLIE

I have a plan to stop Hoover

Allie rushes for the door. While Jock can only stare, a bit skeptical. Allie rushes back to Jock.

ALLIE

One that doesn't involve vampires.

Jock nods. He hops down from the table.

INT. HALLWAY - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Leading the charge, Allie and Jock stand front and center as a heard of freshly thawed Pops follow behind them.

Game faces on.

Stakes in hand, they stand before the gymnasium.

JOCK
Are you ready to do this?

Allie reaches for the door.

GUY (O.S.)
Allie.

They turn to find Guy standing behind them. The Athlete Scholar pin no longer on his chest.

Allie and Jock make their way through the sea of Pops.

POP
He's one of them! Kill him.

ALLIE
No!

Allie takes a step towards Guy, but Jock grabs her by the arm.

JOCK
Be careful.

ALLIE
It's fine.

The two former besties take a few steps closer to one another.

GUY
What's going on?

Allie raises the stake.

GUY
Why am I in polyester?

A huge grin on Allie's face. She lowers the stake. Runs to her best friend.

ALLIE

Guy!

They hug!

GUY

And I thought we agreed your color
was cream, not egg shell.

Allie can't help but smile. She looks back to the gym with
new determination.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The doors BURST open.

Looking fierce, Jock, Allie and Guy stand in the doorway. The
Pops stand behind them.

Hoover's multi-armed contraptions move at super speed.

Strapping wires and hard drives into all the students.

Hoover, along with Morris, Clyde and Josephine, step out from
behind the switchboard.

HOOVER

(sarcastic)

Allie and friends, what a surprise.

ALLIE

You're not going to get away with
this Hoover.

JOCK

Yeah, our parents know all about
your little plan.

GUY

And they are not happy about it.

HOOVER

Really?

Hoover stays next to the switchboard, while the rest of the
Athlete Scholars move toward Allie and friends.

HOOVER

Where are they?

Laying on the table amongst the students, Principal McDonald.

HOOVER

You don't really think I could get all of these students to go missing without parental consent.

ALLIE

They knew?

Jock nudges Allie. He motions to the fire alarm on the far wall near the switchboard.

HOOVER

Of course they did. They wanted to have the perfect teen, just as much as these dweebs wanted to be popular.

He points to the exit.

HOOVER

Your parents are out there waiting for their dream child to walk out those doors. And I'm going to make sure they get it.

Hoover presses a button the switchboard.

A few of the March band members rise from their resting place.

HOOVER

Whether it's with your body or someone else's.

The Athlete Scholars run towards the group.

The all go their separate ways, causing the Athlete Scholars to split up as well.

Some marching band members, join in on the fun.

ALLIE

(yelling to the Pops)
Remember go for the pin!

Josephine grabs Allie. Throws her to the ground.

Just as she did to Katie, Allie lunges the stake into Josephine's chest.

Just as Allie gets to her feet, a THEATRE NERD, grabs Allie by the wrist.

HOOVER

Face it Allie, no matter how many
of you there are, I have more. I
can build more.

Allie reaches for the stake plunged into Josephine's chest,
but it is too far away.

To make matters worse, Josephine comes back to life. Angrier
than ever.

Allie bites down on Flute Girl's hand. She digs her teeth
deep into her skin. Flute girl lets go.

Allie rips the Athlete Scholar pin from Flute Girl's chest.
She throws it to the ground.

Allie runs for the switchboard.

A few Marching Band members give the football players a good
pounding.

Every so often a Football Player gets a good swing in, or a
stake through one of the Band Geek's chest.

SWITCHBOAR

Allie runs to the switchboard. She looks over all the knobs
and buttons.

HOOVER

I bet you wish you had paid more
attention in physics rather than
hunting vampires.

Hoover swings at Allie, but she moves fast out of his reach.

However, Josephine, stake still in her chest and Morris, grab
Allie. She tries to break free, but the Athlete Scholars
grasp is too strong.

HOOVER

I'm going to watch them tear you
limb by limb.

JOCK

Allie!

Jock attempts to make his way to the other side of the gym,
but more and more waking students stand in his way.

HOOVER

Do it now.

Allie looks past Hoover, she spots the fire alarm on the far end of the wall.

ALLIE

Josephine, Morris, you don't have to do this.

(to Hoover)

You may have made Athlete Scholars, but you will never be one of them.

Hoover puts a hand up, for the Athlete Scholars to stop.

HOOVER

I don't need to be one of them.

He gets deep into Allie's face.

HOOVER

I wasn't the problem. They were. They weren't good enough for the football team, they weren't worthy of finding a date to homecoming, they were the ones who should have been kicked off the robotics team. Those kids didn't see my worth and now they will.

ALLIE

So you won't care when they turn on you.

He motions to Josephine and Morris.

HOOVER

They mean nothing to me. I made them and I can make more.

Josephine and Morris's grasp loosens.

Hoover looks at them.

HOOVER

What are you doing?

MORRIS

We do have feelings you know.

Hoover pokes Morris right in the chest.

HOOVER

I didn't design you to have feelings.

Morris grabs hold of Hoover's finger. He twists it behind Hoover's back.

HOOVER

Let me go!

Not wasting time, Allie rushes to the fire alarm.

She pulls the Alarm. Sirens BLARE as reddish liquid shoots from the nozzles.

Sparks and smoke emit from the switchboard. The metal contraptions stops their work. The Athlete Scholars, and Band Geeks freeze in their spots.

GYMNASIUM DOORS

The doors thrust open. Concerned parents, police officer's and firefighters rush into the gym.

No parents more concerned than the Wilson's search frantically for their daughter.

MR. WILSON

Allie!?

A relieved Allie spots her parents. She runs towards them.

ALLIE

Mom! Dad!

They all embrace. Tears streaming down both their faces.

MRS. WILSON

We're so sorry Allie. We're so sorry!

ALLIE

Me too mom. Me too!

At the switchboard, officer's circle around a somewhat beaten up Hoover.

EXT. HUNTINGTON GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

On the outside, Huntington Grove High still looks truly unremarkable.

The social cliques still present as the different groups head into the school.

BIKE RACK

Allie chains her bike the rack.

JOCK (O.S.)

When are you going to let me give
you a ride to school?

Allie turns around. Jock, dressed in jeans and a shirt, sans
a football jacket, stands behind.

ALLIE

And have everyone see me arrive at
school with a non-quarterback? I
have a reputation to think of.

Finally the two kiss. Not super passionate, they've done this
before, but still a lot of meaning there.

GUY (O.S.)

Will you two get a room.

They pull away.

Allie eyes Guy. He's dressed in his normal attire, but a
broach rest on his jacket.

ALLIE

What's that?

GUY

A broach. You know that Athlete
Scholar pin may have had a hideous
design, but really did go with
everything.

Allie and Jock lock hands. The three of them enter into the
school.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

In stark contrast to the outside, the social groups now
mingle with one another.

Don't get me wrong, a majority of the Pops still hang with
Pops and Dweebs with Dweebs, but, every so often, the groups
will mingle, like catching up with an old friend.

Sitting at their own table, Allie, Jock and Guy.

Katie and Kyle, hand in hand, make their way through the
cafeteria. They wave at Allie before heading to table with a
few of their friends.

GUY
Ah, nerd love.

ALLIE
Guy!

GUY
Oh I'm sorry, Dweeb love. I forgot
there is a difference.

Jock pulls his laptop from his backpack.

JOCK
Did you see the trailer for the new
TJ Kelly movie?

ALLIE
What? Already? The new book just
came out.

Allie sets a heaping of a novel on the table.

On the cover: two teens who look eerily similar to Allie and
Jock. A nerdy professor stands behind them, while an army of
robots watch on.

JOCK
Yeah, apparently this one is about
robots.
(beat)
Want to watch.

ALLIE
No, not really.

Jock and Guy stare at Allie. They can't believe it. She
laughs, not even believing her own joke.

ALLIE
Well what are you waiting for?

She presses the spacebar on Jock's computer. The trailer
begins.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A dim yellow paint covers the school walls. Teens, normal
cliques in place walk down the hall.

CLICK, CLACK, CLICK, CLACK.

We only see the back of a man's head, making it's way down the hall. A few of the oncoming students glance at the man. Some of the girls giggle and a few smile.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A classroom full of overly enthused students. Even in the class of twenty, the social groups are very much apparent.

CHEERLEADERS primp each other's hair and laugh at the physically less fortunate students.

The THEATRE NERDS recite lines to one another, while the HIPSTERS text away on their iPhones, while sipping on black coffee.

In the back of the room, a few JOCKS have congregated. They throw paper balls at the back of the heads of the BAND NERDS who are at work fingering scales.

The male head walks into the class. The students quiet down upon seeing him.

A pair of black dress shoes attached to sleek grey trousers in a pressed button up walks into the room.

They belong to KYLE. Hair gelled back, suit and tie on, he looks slightly older than the rest of the class. A repaired Athlete Scholar pin on his lapel.

KYLE

Hi, I'm Mr. Chandler and I'll be
your new Physics teacher.

A devious smile on Kyle's face. He eyes move beyond the class, directly to us. A green glow emits from his eyes.

We lock on his devilish gaze as we:

CUT TO BLACK.