

“NEAR DARK II”

A treatment by
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Dusk.

A rural and isolated farm sits in the Oklahoma flatlands.

An all-American family barbecue is going on in the backyard. CALEB COLTON and MAE COLTON are now both in their late 30's. They look like a standard midwestern blue-collar couple. Caleb flips burgers and drinks beer with his family. Mae serves home made apple pie.

Their teenage son, LUKE COLTON, 17, is a handsome teenager. He has short hair and a perpetual restless look.

SARAH COLTON, Caleb's 10-year-old sister from the first film, is now in her late 20's. She is all grown up into a beautiful, assured and physically capable woman who works locally as a wrangler.

A pickup truck with a group of Luke's friends drives up the road. The kids ask Luke if he wants to go with them to town and grab a burger. Luke asks his parents but Caleb and Mae tell him no. They won't let him go out after sunset. His pals' pickup truck drives off without him. "Why is it I got the only two parents who are afraid of the dark?" Luke complains to his folks.

The kid storms off, going for a walk into the darkening field. Concern etches the parents' faces as they watch their rebellious son by himself in the distance.

Sarah defends her nephew, telling her brother and his wife to stop being so overprotective of their boy so he can grow up. "They're all dead," Sarah says about the vampires from the first film. "It's been 17 years."

"We don't know that," says Caleb.

"It was just this time in the fall back then. It had the same smell in the air," Agrees Mae.

"Let me talk to him," says Sarah.

Sarah walks across the field to where Luke stands alone brooding by the fence, watching the coming sunset. A small family burial plot sits nearby with a gravestone for Loy Colton. Prairie wind whips the aunt and her nephew as they share a moment. "Why are Mom and Dad so weird?" Luke asks. "They won't tell me." Putting her arm around her nephew, Sarah says that when she was just a little girl they all encountered some very bad people and the experience stays with them to this day. She sympathizes with Luke that his parents are too overprotective, but asks him to understand and be patient with them. Luke expresses teenaged angst that he is alienated and doesn't feel like he belongs anywhere. A strong affectionate bond between nephew and aunt is apparent. Luke, dejected but appeased, goes to his room.

Sarah says goodnight to Caleb and Mae and drives home

Sunset.

In the kitchen, Caleb and Mae are cleaning up the family barbecue, washing the dishes and putting the leftovers away. Both of them share a very uneasy feeling, and keep looking out the windows at the vast and empty landscape in the dimming embers of twilight.

They both feel it, but can't see it.

Upstairs in his room, the sulking Luke listens to his CD player.
The clock on the wall ticks.
Dust rolls on the distant horizon.
Crows scatter.
Nervous, concerned glances pass between Caleb and Mae as they clean up.
Suddenly, the dog starts barking furiously, scaring the heck out of Caleb and Mae.
It bolts out the door, charging into the field.
The Coltons rush out onto the porch.
Outside, the desolate landscape is darker than normal.
The distant barking of the dog is suddenly abruptly silenced.
“Get inside!” Caleb tells Mae. They hurry back into the kitchen, slamming the door.
They hear the sound of spurs jingling.
Realizing a second too late they are not alone.
Four very dangerous looking individuals are in the room with them.
Both Coltons know vampires when they see them.
One of them locks the door while two others seize the two people.
The leader of the vampires sits in the kitchen. JEDDAH VAN SICKLE is a fierce, pallid white trash man in a leather motorcycle jacket and jackboots. His long hair is white but he is of indeterminate age. Jeddah’s eyes burn with feral unimaginable hatred and savagery. With his finger, he spins the rowel of the spur of his cowboy boot, sharpened to a razor edge and rusted with dried blood.
“You motherfuckers killed my brother Severn. Been waiting a long time to even the score.” He snarls, nodding to his redneck clan. “Hold ‘em down.” Caleb and Mae struggle vainly against the much superior strength of the leather jacketed vampires.
Jeddah Van Sickle bares his teeth and bites both Coltons in the necks, drinking deep.
They scream uselessly, both now again vampirized. Jeddah looks them in the eye, his mouth full of blood. In hatred, he spits in their faces. Blood and saliva splatters their terrified features. “I want ya to know two things,” the vampire snarls. “One. Ya die at dawn. Two. Yer kin is now our kin. Ya took mine I take yers.”
LUCKY VAN SICKLE, a bald tattooed vampire, comes downstairs.
He carries the unconscious Luke Colton over his shoulders.
When Caleb and Mae see their son in the hands of the marauders they fight like wild animals and vent in fear and fury, but remain helplessly held captive. The vengeful vampire leader Jeddah Van Sickle gazes on with grim satisfaction as his clan loads Luke into the back of a nearby RV.
Then he turns his fearsome rabid stare on those who killed his brother. “Now for you.”

Later.
Just before dawn.
The vampires are gone.
Caleb and Mae are roped to the heavy hitching posts on the fence, bound and gagged. The two people struggle against their restraints, tied firmly. Blood pours from their neck bites. Behind their gags, Caleb and Mae stare at one another desperately.
The sky starts to lighten.
Caleb and Mae struggle in raw terror against the fence post, unable to move.

Their skin starts to smoke as the sun breaks the horizon.
Both are weeping as they gaze with finality at one another, tears burning down their cheeks, knowing it is the end.
The sun explodes like a nuclear bomb above the world.
Both Coltons burst into flames.
The flames blaze apart the ropes and both burning people fall to the ground in agony.
Covered with fire, they crawl desperately across the ground for one another, reaching out their hands.
Their fingers touch.
Two smoking skeletons, poignantly holding hands.

The phone rings by Sarah's bedside.
She answers, and turns pale.
It is the police.
They need her out at her brother's farm.

Five squad cars and a coroner's vehicle are parked in the perimeter of the Colton Farm. A police line has been set out. The SHERIFF and DEPUTIES are investigating the scene and using dogs to scent the area.

Sarah is on her knees by the charred remains of her brother and his wife. She sobs and sobs, completely devastated. After awhile, she is able to gather herself as the Coroner begins loading the skeletons into black rubber body bags.

The Sheriff tells her that Luke has gone missing. He has put out an APB to the police departments in the surrounding states.

At the moment, Caleb and Mae's son is the prime suspect in their murders.

Sarah knows full well this was the work of vampires and tries to explain to the Sheriff about their encounter with them years before. He doesn't believe a word she says.

Thinking her hysterical, the Sheriff takes leave of Sarah and tells her he will keep in touch about her nephew.

The following day, Sarah buries Caleb and Mae Colton beside her father Loy in the field at the family farm. Standing alone on the sprawling and empty midwestern landscape, she is framed in epic pose under the vast sky. At the graves, Sarah Colton swears a mortal vow to avenge her brother and sister in law, to safely rescue her nephew and destroy forever the vampires who have infected their lives.

She walks away, a solitary heroic figure, whipped by the wind.

Sarah goes home.

She knows what she has to do.

Forsaking her shotgun and .357, she goes to her garage and builds a specific homemade weapon on her tool bench. Soldering a small propane tank to a backpack harness, the handy and able woman rigs a hose to a spigot and attaches a clamp with a cigarette lighter to it. Slung on the harness, she opens the propane tank valve knob and releases a stream of compressed gas from the hose spigot, igniting it with the lighter and sending a five-foot long gushing plume of hot fire from the nozzle spout.

It is a jerry-rigged portable flame-thrower.

Sarah loads the weapon in trunk of her car.

She drives to a construction utility supply store and purchases a case of dynamite, packing it with the flamethrower in the boot of her vehicle.

Looking in the phone book, she locates the office of a local bail enforcement agency. She makes an appointment with FRED GLANTON, a ruggedly handsome professional bounty hunter in his 30's who looks like he can handle himself. The young woman says she wants to hire the tracker to locate her nephew who has gone missing. She says that the police believe he murdered her brother and his wife, but she knows he is innocent and was kidnapped by the real killers whom she says are very dangerous people.

Knowing full well that the bounty hunter wouldn't believe they were vampires, she leaves out those details.

She offers to pay him a hefty reward if he finds Luke, but her one condition is she is able to accompany him on the search. Initially resistant, Blanton agrees to take the job and to let her come along.

They hit the highway.

A decrepit RV hurtles down the night Interstate highway.

It crosses the Kansas State line.

Inside, Luke comes to, rubbing his throat.

His hand comes away wet.

He opens his eyes face 6 vampires led by the feral Jeddah Van Sickle.

"Who are you? What did you do to me?" Luke yells.

Jeddah pins him to the floor with his cowboy boot. "I'm yer new best friend, boy." The razor rowel of the spur is at his throat. "You're gonna do what I tell you when I tell you to do it, or I'll kill you worse than dead."

"I don't got no money," Luke stammers.

"Ya ain't gonna need none."

"My Dad is gonna be looking for me. He's gonna call the cops."

"Should we tell him now?" Lucky Van Sickle says.

"Not yet," says Jeddah. He looks down at Luke and indicates the leathered vampires in the RV. "I'm Jeddah Van Sickle. These here are kin. Long time ago yer old man and old lady killed my little brother Severn. That's why you're here."

"My Dad never killed nobody."

"No? He tell you how he and yer Mom met?"

"Sure. They met at a rodeo."

"A rodeo?" The vampires chortle savagely. "Only thing a rodeo got in common with that story is the bullshit. Your Ma tell you about her family?"

Luke is confused. "She didn't talk much about that stuff. Mom said her folks died when she was little."

Jeddah Van Sickle lets Luke up. He puts his arm menacingly and chummy around Luke's shoulders. "Well, baby boy, I'm gonna tell ya all about yer Dad and yer Mom and her family. Man gots to know where he comes from."

Luke looks Jeddah square in the eye.

"Fuck you," he says.

The kid grabs the steering wheel and spins it violently.

The RV goes swerving around the road, tossing the vampires about.

Smashing out the door of the motor home, Luke hits the ground and rolls down an embankment leading to a junction intersection of freeways. He is shocked at how resilient his body has become.

Atop the grade, the RV skids to a violent screeching halt. The Van Sickles leap out onto the blacktop and broken white lines and run to the railing, seeing the fleeting figure of the kid on the roadway far below. "Find him!" Jeddah yells, clambering back into the RV. The motor home tears out in a scream of skidding tires.

Running across the night highway, Luke dodges cars speeding at 75 M.P.H. Seconds later, the vampire's RV comes barreling down the access ramp in the wrong direction, forcing cars out of the way and trying to mow him down at high speed. Luke flees into oncoming traffic with the pursuing motor home headlights right behind him.

He leaps over a small overpass to an adjacent freeway and lands in a heap on the side of the road.

Suddenly, a police cherrytop bursts to blazing life.

A Highway Patrol car is parked in front of him in a speed trap, shining a side window spotlight in his face. The rooftop P.A. on the police cruiser orders the kid to put his hands behind his head.

He does.

A friendly and decent police officer named PATROLMAN JACKSON picks up Luke. In the car, the frightened teenager tells the cop of his abduction. He explains he doesn't know who his captors are what they want with him. All he wants to do is get back home. The helpful Highway Patrolman tells him they'll go back to the stationhouse and contact his parents. Luke keeps nervously glancing out the windshield at the cars and truck headlights on the darkened freeway, unable to make out if it is the RV or not.

The Highway Patrol car pulls up by a small HP station off the highway.

Luke gets out with Patrolman Jackson and they go inside. There are two other police officers present. The kid sits down at the desk with SERGEANT CADY and PATROLMAN GUITERREZ. He explains who he is, and what happened to him. The Sergeant asks for some I.D. and Luke takes out his wallet, handing over his driver's license. The Patrolmen take down the descriptions of the Van Sickles while the Sergeant runs a background check on Luke.

Suddenly, Cady shoots a sharp glance to Luke and summons Patrolman Jackson over to the computer. Both cops react to what they see on the screen. "You say you're Luke Colton?" The Sergeant asks.

The kid nods.

The cops seize Luke and subdue him on the floor, handcuffing his wrists behind his back. Panic-stricken, Luke demands to know what's going on. Cady informs him he's under arrest for the murders of his parents, Caleb and Mae Colton.

This is the first time Luke has heard his parents are dead and he doesn't believe his ears.

Dumbstruck, he demands to know what the police are talking about. They read him his rights, forcibly drag him into a holding cell in the squad room and lock him up. Luke is overwhelmed emotionally because of the news of his parents' death and that he is being blamed. His world has become a nightmare beyond comprehension.

The Highway Patrol officer radio headquarters that they have the suspect, and they seem skeptical the kid is responsible for murders.

Suddenly, the doors to the squad room swings open.

The jingle of spurs.

Jeddah Van Sickle and the 5 vampires enter the police station with the cocky and self-assured swagger of confident cowboy honcho killers. The cops ask them what they want. Jeddah smirks that their RV has broken down and they were hoping to use the phone to call a tow.

In his cell, Luke shouts to the cops that those are the people who abducted him and probably killed his parents.

The Sergeant and Patrolmen regard the dodgy leather jacketed people in their station sketchily. The police ask them if they know Luke.

“Sure,” replies Jeddah. “We took him with us. After we killed his folks back in Oklahoma.

The two patrolmen draw their guns on the vampires.

The vampires make mock faces of terror.

Taking out their handcuffs, the Patrolmen advance on the vampires.

Big mistake.

ELVIS VAN SICKLE kicks out his cowboy boot and the razor rowel of the spur slices Patrolman Jackson’s hand off.

Sergeant Cady opens fire on Lucky, shooting him twice at point blank range in the chest.

Elvis acts like he is a bad actor playing a dying cowboy, staggering around, clutching his chest. Then he bursts into hysterical demented laughter.

Patrolman Gutierrez pumps off three blasts from a sawed off riot shotgun into Jeddah, including one in the face. The vampire leader staggers back in the smoke, his hands on his face. He pulls them away, his skin pock marked by .12 gauge pellets like gory acne. Unharmed, he grins savagely. “Is my face red?” he quips.

Luke stares in speechless horror from his cell.

It is the first time he has seen what vampires can do.

The rest is not pretty.

Like bar the scene in the first film, Jeddah and his clan take sadistic deliberate pleasure in handcuffing and terrorizing the helpless police officers as they kill them and drink them one by one. The scene has a tone of grisly black humor as the vampires use the police radio to make prank calls, take mug shots of the dying cops with the squad room camera after putting numbers around their necks, fingerprint severed digits and worse.

Luke watches on in luxurious horror, until he faints dead away. The vampires drag him from the cell and flee the slaughterhouse of a police station in their RV.

Night.

Back in Oklahoma, the Colton farm is dark and deserted in the empty fields.

The heavy intimidating rumble of motorcycle engines shatters the silence.

6 BIKERS on hog choppers patrol the farm, checking out the area, hunting and searching. The marauders’ silhouettes are concealed in the menacing gloom. Motorcycle headlights blaze starkly across the desolate ranch house as the biker gang intruders depart, red taillights dissolving into darkness.

Three hundred miles away, in the next state, Sarah's car speeds down the Oklahoma highway.

Sarah drives with the bounty hunter Glanton.

"It's your business, but you're not telling me something." He says. She remains tight lipped.

Their car gets a flat.

Glanton goes back to change the tire and opens the trunk to get the spare.

He discovers the homemade flamethrower and the dynamite.

Suspicious, he confronts Sarah about the paraphernalia.

The woman is forced to tell him the truth that the weapons in the trunk are necessary to deal with those who kidnapped her nephew. Glanton reminds her that he is packing a shotgun and a high caliber handgun. She argues the people they are after are impervious to bullets and only daylight and fire can harm them. Reluctantly, she tells the bounty hunter that they are hunting vampires.

A sarcastic and annoyed Glanton quips why she doesn't have any crosses and stakes.

Sarah says these are real vampires. Stakes and garlic don't destroy them, only sunlight and fire. They don't have fangs. They've lived for hundreds of years. They stick together like a tight-knit family and clan and survive because they keep a low profile and move like nomads. Explaining she witnessed all this first hand, she tells him about Caleb and Mae and their adventure 17 years ago.

Totally incredulous of the story, Glanton threatens to quit the job. He tells Sarah that she is nuts and is trying making an idiot out of him. They have it out on the side of the road. The woman finally breaks down in tears of grief for her brother, dread for her nephew and fear of confrontation of the vampires. She bawls that she can't do it alone.

Glanton sees that while the story is wild, Sarah is definitely sincere.

The good hearted and compassionate bounty hunter puts his arm sympathetically around her. "This is all crazier than hell, but don't worry. We'll find your nephew. And these bastards, I'll kick their ass free of charge.

They fix the tire.

Glanton calls a number on his cell phone, asks a few terse questions and hangs up. "That was one of my sources back at the Sheriff's office. It just went out over the wire that the cops picked up Luke in Kansas. I got directions. It's about 3 hours from here. Let's move."

They get back on the road.

"Hell, you probably won't need my help at all now," he chuckles.

Dawn approaches.

Across the state line in Kansas, Jeddah Van Sickle orders his crew to pull the RV into tiny roadside motel in the middle of the barren flatlands.

The road-weary vampires park and check into several little bungalows.

The shell-shocked Luke is handcuffed by the tired vampires to the drainpipe behind the bathroom sink. They close the shutters, and seal off the light with cardboard and electricians tape over the windows. The Van Sickles stretch out on the bed, couch, bathtub and floor to hibernate the day.

Luke lies awake.

Noon.

Day at the isolated roadside motel.

Bright sunlight sprays across the small bungalows.

The RV is parked out back.

The sounds of umuffled engines shatter the silence.

6 motorcycles slowly ease into position in the motel driveway, engines idling. Smoke and exhaust fumes fills the air. The choppers rumble threateningly.

The 6 menacing Bikers in the saddles are clothed head to foot in blankets and nomad-like outerwear. They wear heavy construction gloves, faces completely bandaged and goggles over their eyes. No skin shows. They resemble a strange gang of western outlaws as they assemble their motorcycles side by side to face the small remote hotel in broad daylight.

The leader gestures with a gloved fist, signaling the others towards two of the bungalows where the vampires bed down.

They gun the throttles and surge forwards straight at the buildings.

The first biker crashes through the side of the shuttered bungalow, shattering boards, releasing a huge beam of sunshine through the hole in the wall onto the vampires sleeping within. A searing ray of daylight hits Lucky Van Sickle. His leg bursts into fire. He crawls away into the shadows with a cry of agony. A second chopper catapults through the windows onto the floor, unleashing a column of deadly sunlight onto the surprised vampires. The alarmed Van Sickle awakes and scramble desperately into the shade, away from the hellish beams of sun.

The second Biker lassos a heavy chain with a wire snare around his head, looping it over a vampire's foot and capturing him. Revving the throttle, the motorcyclist speeds his Harley around in a screeching U turn and barrels back outside the motel. The vampire is dragged behind the bike on the chain out into the direct sunlight. His body is pummeled along the asphalt before bursting into flames and exploding in chunks of charred flesh and bone.

Next door, another cloaked and goggled Biker uproars out a bungalow wall. A vampire is dragged kicking and screaming on a chain behind the chopper. The wall of sunlight hits the struggling Van Sickle and he blows to smithereens.

Inside a bungalow, Jeddah Van Sickle takes charge and marshals his clan. The air is filled with the deafening thunder of motorcycle engines. "Get in the RV!" he bellows. Throwing blankets and coats over his family, he hustles them out the back door. Their clothes are smoking as they flee for their lives.

In the floor of the bathroom, Luke reacts in alarm to the action around him. He tugs on his handcuffs pull them free from the sink pipe.

An explosion of plaster and wood as another huge chopper bulldozes through the back wall, lassoing another Van Sickle with a clanking chain and hook. The biker jumps his motorcycle through a glass window and lands outside in wheelie. The vampire goes tumbling after him on the chain, shrieking hideously as he is dragged out onto the Interstate highway in the direct sunlight. The vampire incinerates in grisly clouds of charred flesh and burnt meat. But not before the clouds of fire engulf the motorcycle he is chained to, igniting the gas tank and blowing up the Biker and chopper in boiling clouds of flame and smoke. Burning debris rains.

Pandemonium and chaos everywhere.

The vampires escape under the blankets into the motor home in the parking lot. Yanking open the door of the RV, Jeddah Van Sickle hurriedly helps his vampire kin into the vehicle and swings behind the wheel. With practiced skill, they blot out the windshield with cardboard and electrician's tape. In agony from their burns, they start up their engine and surge off out onto the highway.

The marauding Bikers give fierce pursuit. After a short chase the motor home eludes them and vanishes into the distance up the road.

On the floor of the motel, Luke smashes the pipe and frees his cuffed hands.

He looks up to see three hulking Bikers in ponchos and safety glasses enter the room. One of them holds the kid down while the other starts to chain his legs.

"Stop." Luke looks up at the leader looming over him, face obscured behind bandages and welders goggles.

"This one, he ain't no Van Sickle."

The 5 Bikers ride their choppers into a rural train yard.

On the back of one of the bikes is Luke, covered in a blanket,

A freight train is pulled to a stop amidst all the other cargo cars.

A ramp leads into the beckoning hold of a cattle car.

The Bikers ride their hogs into the empty train compartment and park.

Two of them slam the steel door of the hold and bolt it. The cattle car is plunged into total darkness. One of them fires up a kerosene lamp, and flicking flame illuminates the people and their motorcycles.

Luke is thrown into the corner like a bag of potatoes.

His captors pull off their gear and outerwear and we see that they too are rugged redneck vampires. Another gang.

"We lost Jim."

"Sonsofbitches."

"We got Virgil and Clyde Van Sickle."

"Edgar too. Three of theirs to one of ours."

"And who the fuck is this asshole?"

The apprehensive Luke watches as the leader the group walks up to him.

They pull off their hood and remove their goggles to reveal the face a hauntingly lovely, marble pale country girl whose eyes are many years older than her youthful features. This is EVANGELINE HOOKER. "What's your name, boy?" She growls. "Talk fast."

"I'm L-Luke Colton."

"You run with the Van Sickles?"

"No. They killed my folks. They took me."

One of the other Bikers protests. "He's lyin'."

The hot but icy Evangeline eyes Luke hard. "Where you from?"

"Oklahoma."

"That farm back there the Van Sickles hit I bet."

"You turned?"

"What?"

"You turned, boy, turned?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Evangeline crouches down and looks at his face and his neck. She looks back at the others. "He's been bit but he ain't been bled."

"What's going on?" Luke screams. "Who are you people?"

"We're the Hookers. Those others, they're the Van Sickles. They is and always was hotheads. That's why don't like 'em. They do crazy stuff, get messy, sloppy, attract attention, and make things hot for the other families. But now they come into our territory and it's war. The Van Sickles gone to far."

Luke looks at the gang of vampires. "War?"

"Long as anybody can remember, the Hookers stayed west of the Mississippi and the Van Sickles stayed east. My father Jesse used to run with one of the Van Sickles, Severn. They had a gang of their own. Jesse and Severn, they carved out the South. For generations we all had a truce, an arrangement, and stayed out of one another's territory. Years ago, my father's gang got stupid and got themselves killed. So the South was up for grabs. The Hookers and the Van Sickles had a parley and made a truce to divvy up the South. The Hookers took Oklahoma and Kansas. It all worked out fine so long as Pa Van Sickle was alive. Then he got incinerated last year and it all went to shit. Severn's crazy brother Jeddah took over the gang. Jeddah had a wild hair up his ass 17 years for them that killed his little brother. With Pa Van Sickle gone, nothing was stoppin' him. Jeddah crossed the Mississippi line and word got back to us. Then them damn crazy Van Sickles wiped out that police station and now law enforcement over the whole damn territory is alerted to us. They're gonna get us all killed, unless we take 'em out first"

The beautiful and magnetic Evangeline lights a cigarette. "No Van Sickle crosses west of the Mississippi. This is our territory. We protect it." There is the edgy tone of a street gang member in her voice. "Two people can't rob the same bank."

Luke looks in her face, as she meaningfully searches his. "Now what the hell we gonna do with you?"

Sarah drives in her car with Glanton through the stark and sun bleached Kansas flats.

They hear a local radio report of a series of inexplicable killings out at a small hotel. A group of people was mysteriously incinerated.

"That's them!" Sarah says.

They decide to bypass the police station and head straight out to the motel.

When they arrive, they find the area crawling with cops and coroners. Sarah goes with Glanton as he talks with some of the officers, who speak to him once he produces his I.D. The local police are baffled, figuring the mayhem was the work of some satanic cult biker gang.

Sarah tells Glanton that someone attacked the vampires and drew them out into daylight knowing it would kill them, someone who knew how to kill vampires. They look at the wreck of one of the motorcycles, noticing the charred remains of the biker clothed in heavy protective gear.

"What if there's more than one bunch of vampires?"

"My guess is the town's only big enough for one."

He and Sarah go into a bungalow and search around.

On the floor of the bathroom, under a pile of wall bloods and plaster, Sarah finds Luke's wallet. She shows it to Glanton and tells him she gave it to him for his birthday.

His I.D. is gone, but a family photo of Caleb, Mae, Luke and Sarah all smiling for the camera is there.

Sarah bursts into tears of grief, her resolve strengthened anew to rescue her nephew and destroy the vampires responsible for killing her family. She sucks it up.

"The cops are wrong. They didn't leave the area," she says. "It's daylight so they're probably close by."

They drive off up the road.

Sundown.

The freight train sits in the crowded rural train yard, bathed in the bloody glow of dusk.

Inside the cattle car, Luke Colton awakens gagging and choking, in terrible pain.

The Hooker gang vampires rouse.

An argument ensues about their new member.

"Keepin' this kid is too much of a risk, Evangeline," the eye patched Elvis Hooker protests.

"He's right." Grandfather ABRAHAM VAN SICKLE adds. "We got enough on our hands with them damn Van Sickles and we don't need no more problems. Just kill him, have a little feed and be done with him, Evangeline"

The female leader refuses, large and in charge. "Use your heads. Jeddah and his bunch took this kid for a reason. Now we got something they want, so I'm figuring they'll come to us to get it back."

Evangeline walks over to Luke and bites open her own wrist.

She forces the weakened kid to latch onto her wound and drink her blood. It sates his hunger and makes him strong.

Evangeline lifts Luke up and slams him against the wall, her eyes fierce and spirited. "Listen good. You want to come with us to get some revenge on the Van Sickles, you gonna have to keep up. You gotta learn how to hunt and kill and learn fast. There's a war on and we ain't got no time to wipe your ass. You been bit and you been bled and now you gotta hunt and kill. You better pull your weight, Luke. Fuck up once and we're gonna leave you behind. Hear me, boy?"

Luke nods. "You let me have a piece of those assholes that killed my folks, I'll do whatever you want."

"That's right."

"One thing. I get to kill that one, Jeddah. He's mine."

"Fair enough."

"Let's ride. Move it or lose it."

Luke climbs on the back of Evangeline's motorcycle. The rest of the Hookers swing into the saddles of their badass choppers. They heave open the door to the train car and rumble out into the beckoning night.

The Hookers thunder down the night interstate on their choppers, hunting for the Van Sickles. They blast past speeding cars, trucks and tractor-trailer eighteen-wheelers.

Luke rides on the back of Evangeline's motorcycle, his hands resting on her thin and shapely hips, her long hair blowing in his face. She is uncannily beautiful and

alluring on the nocturnal open road. His eyes are wild as the wind whips his face. The very night is alive and seductive to him after his first vampire feed. Pumped with adrenaline and anticipation, his blood runs hot in his veins. Evangeline enjoys having Luke behind her, mystery in her gaze, moisture on her lips. The deafening motorcycle engines give them both an energizing visceral thrill.

The choppers hurtle in and out of sparse traffic.

Suddenly, behind them, the headlight of more bikes.

A sketchy motorcycle gang wearing leather and denim vests with a club logo of "The Savage Skulls" accelerates up alongside. The fat, dangerous and surly biker gang glares over at the Hookers. They look plenty mean in bandanas and beards and give the vampires the stink eye.

The Hookers ignore them and give them the road.

The Savage Skulls charge forwards, tailpipes expelling exhaust.

One drains his beer and tosses the empty longneck bottle back at the receding vampires on their bikes.

It hits Evangeline in the face, shattering glass and spraying blood down her cheeks.

Luke reacts in alarm.

Evangeline doesn't. She smiles in hot arousal, licking the blood from her lips.

The female leader of the Hookers throws a wicked glance over her shoulders and signals her fellow vampires.

They gun their throttles and rapidly advance on the tough motorcycle gang ahead.

The surly and skuzzy Savage Skulls look behind them and see the oncoming Hookers. Itching for a fight, they tug chains and baseball bats out of their saddlebags.

One of the Skulls thrashes a chain at Abraham Hooker, who catches and loops it around his fist, hauling the rival biker clean out of his saddle. The Bike flips and the Savage Skull is dragged beside Hookers' speeding chopper. With incredible strength, Abraham lifts the kicking and screaming man with one arm, bites his neck and discards his drained body on the highway blacktop and broken white lines in his wake.

JERRY LEE HOOKER stands up on the seat of his bike, carefully balancing by the handlebars. He leaps off it onto the backseat of one of The Savage Skulls, landing in the saddle behind him. He sinks his teeth into the creep's neck, drinking his blood, reaching forwards to grab and steer the handlebars of the spastically dying man.

The vampires are having a real good time.

An obese Skull lifts a sawed off shotgun out of his saddlebag and levels it on Evangeline and Luke in the chopper beside him. She licks her succulent lips and unzips her leather jacket, flashing her ripe pale naked breasts. The biker stares, slack-mouthed. Luke kicks the shotgun down and it goes off in the skull's lap, emasculating him. Evangeline slashes a serrated knife across the space between the bikes and cut the Skull's throat. She and Luke suck down the gouting blood that sprays from his severed jugular.

Up ahead, the headlights of an oncoming five-ton truck. The mortally wounded obese Skull screams helplessly as he motorcycle crashes head on into it and blows to burning smithereens. The dueling motorcycle gangs swerve around the explosion and head on hell for leather.

The motorcycles side slam and skid violently.

The Hookers and the Savage Skulls gang members punch and kick and beat on one another with chains and bats.

A rumble at 85 MPH.

They take the fight to the field on the side of the Interstate.

A few of them are run off the road.

The Hookers charge after The Savage Skulls on the choppers, chasing them through the field and running them down.

Suddenly, one of the Skulls leaps up from the ground and swings a baseball bat, hitting Evangeline in the chest and knocking she and Luke clean off the bike. They hit the dirt hard.

Wielding the bat, the Skull comes at the two fallen youths.

Luke rises to his feet, pumped with bloodlust and adrenaline fury. Wearing a grisly grin, he lets the Biker break the bat over his head, leaving him unfazed. "You can't hurt me," he grins, relishing his astonishing newfound vampire strength. "NOTHING can't hurt me." The startled Skull pulls out a switchblade and stabs Luke in the chest again and again, to no avail. The kid relieves him of it and puts both hands against the side of the Biker's head, squeezing like a vise until his skull crushes like an aluminum can. Then he drinks his fill. Luke tosses the corpse away with vampire vitality, mouth full of blood, turning to face to Evangeline who kneels on the ground.

She rises to her feet, passionately kissing his gore-smeared mouth as they hungrily share the feed in a lustful lip lock. Luke feels Evangeline's raw bosom as she caresses his muscular shoulders, while they kiss bloody-mouthed.

"I LIKE IT!" He roars, throwing his head back to the moon.

The battle continues out in the field, lit by the fires of the burning motorcycle wrecks. Soon all The Savage Skull motorcycle gang members are drained and dead, littering the grass. Evangeline orders her family to toss the bodies on burning choppers, to hide their evidence of the vampire kills.

The Hookers and Luke mount up on their mean machines and roar back onto the road.

Later that night, a familiar RV drives past on the same Interstate.

Inside the motor home, Jeddah Van Sickle observes the flashing flares of police cars and dying fires of the motorcycles in the passing field.

He grins evilly and lights a cigarette. "We're close boys. I smell 'em."

The Hookers pull their bikes into the quiet train yard. They drive up into the open cattle car and park.

Luke excuses himself from the others to relieve himself. Jumping down and walking around the other side of the train, he unzips and takes a piss.

"Luke Colton?"

The kid looks up.

Glanton stands in the shadows a few feet away, holding a .357 Magnum in a two-hand grip. His face is cautious but friendly.

"Who wants to know?" Luke warily eyeballs the bounty hunter, not blinking.

"Your aunt hired me to find you and bring you back."

With a relieved grin, Luke smiles at the bounty hunter and zips up. "Where is she?"

Glanton mistakenly lowers his gun.

In a startling burst of violence, Luke falls on Glanton, twisting his gun arm behind his back and breaking it in a series of loud pops. The young vampire tears the bounty hunter's throat out, silencing his scream, gulping down his blood and killing him dead.

"LUKE!"

The kid whirls.

Sarah stands there, staring in utter horror at her nephew whose face is jammed in the butchered neck of the bounty hunter. Luke looks up, features bathed in blood. "Oh no, what did they do to you?" she whispers.

His eyes widen in alarm as he spots her. "Aunt Sarah."

Sarah faces Luke, tentatively approaching him. "It's okay, Luke. I can bring you back, make you right again. I'll give you a transfusion, like Grandpa did for your Dad and Ma. Just gotta give you a transfusion that's all."

The young vampire stares steely-eyed at her. "I don't want no transfusion. I don't want to turn back. I LOVE this."

Confusion and desperation mar his aunt's face. "You don't know what you're saying."

"I love you, Aunt Sarah, but I found where I belong. My whole life I never fit in anywhere. Till now."

Sarah's determined eyes turn harsh. She is wearing the homemade flamethrower in the backpack harness, the nozzle gripped tightly in her hands. "You're coming back with me, Luke, like it or not."

"I'm with them now."

"I made a promise to your parents. You're coming back."

"No I AIN'T!"

She grabs his arm.

He hits her. Hard.

Sarah goes flying through the air like she was catapulted.

She hits the side of the train and slides to the tracks, stunned.

"Who the fuck is that?"

Sarah blinks her eyes open to see the 6 silhouettes of the vampire Hooker clan standing beside Luke, starkly backlit by brute moonlight. Evangeline glares fiercely down at the woman, demanding answers.

"She's my aunt," Luke says, worried. "Don't hurt her."

"You took my brother. Now you took my nephew," snarls Sarah who stares fearlessly at the vampires in seething hatred. "You're not taking anything ever again. I'm here to kill all of you."

"Why did you have to say that?" Luke ruefully tells Sarah.

"What's that contraption?" Evangeline eyes the Sarah's propane tank backpack.

"It's your ass, bitch."

Sarah triggers the flamethrower, releasing a five-foot gushing stream of napalm-like fire from the nozzle onto Evangeline. The young vampire goes up like a torch, screaming in horrible agony. Blazing, she staggers back as the startled others throw blankets on her, extinguishing the flames. Evangeline covers her face, her hair cindered to bald patches. When her hands come away from her face, her skin is charred and

roasted on the bones, fearsomely disfigured. Her eyes burn like white marbles in the blackened flesh.

"I. Fucking. Hate. That SHIT!" Evangeline bellows.

The Hookers attack.

Sarah leaps to her feet, turning the flamethrower on the vampires and unleashing a fire hose gust of liquid flame on them. The wall of fire hits the Hookers in an incinerating conflagration. Abraham Hooker explodes in a gruesome eruption of flesh and bone that rains everywhere. The other vampires recoil from the fire and smoke, fleeing into the recesses of the train yard.

When she shuts off the flamethrower, the vampires are gone.

She searches the area for them. "Come on, you BASTARDS!" Sarah taunts, clutching her weapon.

Silence, darkness and the looming empty train cars answer her.

Alert and ready for an ambush, Sarah hunts the shadowy yard for the vampires but finds nothing.

Then she hears the deep rumble of a locomotive and heavy clatter of train wheels.

Sarah is too late.

A train is pulling out.

She can't make it.

The vampires are aboard.

In the open door of the cattle car compartment, the lone figure of Luke stands. "GO HOME AUNT SARAH!" He yells back at her as his small form recedes on the departing train. "I LOVE YOU BUT I'M WITH THEM NOW! THIS IS WHO I AM! I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU BUT I WILL! I SEE YOU AGAIN I'LL KILL YOU! DON'T MAKE ME KILL YOU! YOU LEAVE US BE I'LL LEAVE YOU BE! GOODBYE AUNT SARAH!" The 5 remaining vampires are ghostly shapes in the darkened hold of the cattle car as the train turns a bend and is gone in the distance.

Left behind, the despondent Sarah Colton stands alone amidst the vacant empty train cars in the deserted night yard.

Defeated, Sarah returns to Glanton's corpse, carrying the body to where her car is parked nearby. She gently opens the backdoor and carefully places the dead bounty hunter in the backseat.

WHAM!

Blackness.

She wakes up inside the Van Sickles' RV motor home, face to face with 5 menacing feral white trash hoodlums in leather jackets. Jeddah Van Sickle blows cigarette smoke in her face. "Wake up, baby, and tell me where they went."

Rubbing the bump on her head, Sarah suspiciously eyes the Van Sickle clan, unsure of who they are.

"Who?"

"Them folks you toasted with that rig of yers." He indicates the flamethrower they have relieved her of sitting on the floor.

Sarah eyes the group hard. "Friends of yours?"

"Not hardly. What's yer beef with them?"

"They killed my brother and his wife and took my nephew."

The head Van Sickle smiles in ugly realization. "Yer a Colton, aincha?"

Sarah's eyes blacken with sudden suspicion. "How did you know that?"

The vicious and evil Jeddah relishes his moment. He puts his face close to hers and expels fetid cigarette smoke. "Because yer fucking brother and his bitch killed muh brother. I done the same for them, took their seed, made him one of us and made sure they died knowin' it. Jeddah Van Sickle. Pleased to make yer acquaintance."

"Motherfucker it was you!" With a roar of fury, Sarah kicks Jeddah in the groin. He grimaces, punching her in the jaw and knocking her senseless.

"I'll be obliged to deal with you like any Colton, but first yer gonna tell us where them Hookers went." Jeddah shakes her. "Where did they go?"

"Answer him, bitch!" Mabel Van Sickle smacks Sarah.

She spits blood. "They're on a train."

"What train?"

"It left here a little while ago."

"Which direction?"

"That way."

"Show us. SHOW US!"

Swinging behind the steering wheel, Jeddah throws the motor home into gear and tears out of the train yard in a squeal of tires.

The RV speeds onto the highway, and surges up the road.

Dawn is breaking.

In the distance, the train snakes down the tracks running parallel to the interstate. The motor home gains on it.

Inside the hurtling RV, Jeddah roars orders to his clan. "Gear up! We're gonna get on that train and jump the Hookers while they're sleeping! Ain't never gonna know what hit 'em! Get yer gear on!" The vampires start putting on their protective outwear, goggles, gloves and facemasks.

Through the windshield, the long freight train rattles across the winding tracks over the sparse and spare Kansas terrain. Jeddah steps on the gas and speeds off the road, riding up alongside the tracks, showering dust and dirt and keeping pace with the train at 70 M.P.H.

"WHERE ARE THEY?!" rages Jeddah, pulling Sarah's hair.

"In there," she painfully points through the window at the cattle car.

Jeddah twists her head towards his. "If yer lyin' I'll kill ya worse'n dead."

"Let me go with you," Sarah says, her mind working behind her eyes. "I'll take you to them."

The leader of the vampires steers and nods. "Good idea."

Sarah smiles tightly. "You bet it is."

The RV hurtles alongside the speeding train.

The sun explodes over the horizon.

Day.

The door to the motor home is kicked open. The Van Sickles disembark their vehicle covered in protective blankets, gloves, goggles and masks. Leaping off of the RV onto the side of the hurtling freight train, they climb hand over hand up the ladders onto the roof of the cars. They carry axes, sledgehammers and machetes.

Jeddah heaves Sarah out of the motor home onto the coupling between two train cars. He is the last one to jump off the RV. Both ascend a ladder to the roof of the boxcar

The driverless abandoned motor home crashes and burns on the side of the road, fiery wreck receding back down the tracks.

The vampires stalk across the roof of the freight train, leaping from car to car, led by the fierce leader, Jeddah.

Sarah hurries along with the vampires, biding her time, waiting for the right moment to make her move.

The sun rises in the sky, releasing a wall of bright daylight over the locomotive on the tracks of the barren landscape below.

The cattle car containing the sleeping Hookers is dead ahead.

The Van Sickles strike.

Swinging down the side of the compartment, they heave open the door to the cargo hold releasing a massive column of sunlight that piledrives through the open loading door onto the six unsuspecting figures resting in the darkness within.

Fire and smoke erupt from the Hookers' bodies and clothes and their screams fill the air. Elvis Hooker takes the brunt of the massive sunlight blast and instantly incinerates. One by one, through the door and through the roof hatch, the Van Sickles descend on the Hookers with their weapons.

A tremendous final battle ensues.

Luke leaps to his feet, ready for action.

Evangeline, her face blackened but her beautiful features healing and returning, roars for her family to get into their protective gear. They scramble for their ponchos and goggles and gloves as the Van Sickles set up on them. The two families of vampires battle it out in a railway rumble.

A huge wall of sunlight fills the car and the air is diffused with the smoke of burning flesh.

Evangeline grabs one of the motorcycles and kicks starts it. Holding the handlebars, she aims it at some of the marauders and revs the turbo engine, letting the bike go. The chopper riproars across the train car and impacts Lucky and Elvis Van Sickle against the wall. The machine explodes in billowing clouds of fire and flaming debris.

The cattle compartment suddenly becomes a blazing inferno. Figures and silhouettes move chaotically in the impenetrable smoke.

Sarah lands on the floor of the cargo hold, grabbing a sledgehammer.

She sees a familiar teenage shape in the smoke dead ahead watching her.

Luke.

Their gaze meet for a second but a rolling cloud of fire forces them both back.

Both groups of vampires flee the raging fires of the burning train car, scattering like a box of rats.

Climbing outside onto the sides of the speeding freight train, the survivors battle it on another on the ladders and coupling between the cars. The Van Sickle and Hooker vampires grapple and struggling to pull their enemies protective gear off and expose their skin to the bright daylight. One by one, each of the vampires immolate in combustive fulgurations of fire.

One of the vampires is tossed under the wheels of the train. His pulped body bursts into firecrackers flashes of flame as the sunlight hits it.

Sarah climbs to the roof of a boxcar.

"I told you I saw you again I'd kill you."

She turns. Luke faces her.

They both stand framed against the rising sun on top of the train, wreathed in the smoke of the burning cattle car like a western showdown.

"Have at it," Sarah says to her nephew, as they face off on top of the train. Wielding the sledgehammer, Sarah connects it against Luke's stomach, buckling him over. She swings the heavy weapon again, bringing it up under his jaw and knocking him clean off his feet. Luke gets up, his facemask bloody, his goggles cracked. He spits a tooth and advances on her. "Good one."

She swings the sledgehammer again but this time he grabs it and twists it out of her grip, tossing the weapon off the train. Luke punches Sarah in the face again and again, hammering her back. She loses her balance and topples off the roof of the boxcar. Catching the ledge with one hand, she hangs from the side of the speeding train, about to fall to her death under the wheels.

She loses her grip and drops.

Luke's hand grabs hers, hauling back up, holding her off the roof of the train. "Join us." Luke grins. "It's a fuckin' kick." Under his facemask, he bears his teeth, ready to bite her neck. "We're family. Family should be CLOSE!"

Just as he is about to sink in his teeth, she desperately rips his facemask off. Luke's head explodes into flame and smoke, and he falls back into the space between the couplings of two cars, shrieking.

His aunt rushes over to see where he went.

A hand grabs her from behind, heaving her onto her back on the roof of the train.

Jeddah Van Sickle is framed in epic silhouette against the sun, "I best believe we got us a little unfinished business, bitch."

Sarah scrambles to her feet. Jeddah pursues the unarmed woman across the roof of the freight train. She leaps unsteadily from one car to the other, staggering for balance. The vampire moves with unnatural ease, relentlessly following her.

The train locomotive hurtles onto a suspension bridge that spans a several hundred foot deep chasm. A river wends far below.

Climbing out of the raging inferno of the cattle car, Evangeline crawls hand over hand along ledge of the cars towards the rear of the train. Peering above, she sees Van Sickle up ahead a few cars down, his back to her.

Jeddah stalks after Sarah, step by step over the roof of the caboose of the train. "Reckon yer runnin' out of train, little lady."

Sarah looks behind her to see it is a just a few feet to the edge of the last car. Extinction awaits below on the speeding rails or the plunge to oblivion in the gorge.

She stops to face her nemesis, raising her fists as he closes in on her. "Let's go, you ugly sack of shit." Her eyes are steel.

A shadow suddenly falls over them.

"Van Sickle!" Luke has reared up behind Jeddah, who whirls around in surprise to see the young vampire leap though the air and seize him by the throat. He plunges with him off the roof of the train, plummeting headlong over the edge of the tall train bridge.

Evangeline grabs for Luke and catches him but goes with them.

All three drop from the train off the bridge into the chasm.

Legs kicking, limbs intertwined, they are locked in a death embrace. Luke and Van Sickle rip and tear the protective clothes from one another in mortal

hand-to-hand combat as they plummet. Evangeline clings to Luke. The three vampires burst into flames as the sun strikes their exposed flesh. They drop like a burning comet down into the gorge far below, fire and trails of smoke erupting from their bodies on the way down.

Sarah runs to the edge of the caboose, watching them immolate and fall.

The three vampires hit the water.

Smoke wafts from the huge splash in the river.

Sarah remains on the train, now alone.

She sits down, sad and spent, her small figure shrinking in the distance on top of the receding freight train.

Months later.

Dusk back in Oklahoma at the Colton farm.

The lone figure of Sarah is a small speck on the desolate landscape beneath the mighty expanse of sunset sky.

She finishes the day's chores and goes inside the empty house.

Inside the kitchen, Sarah washes her face and hands in the sink.

She looks out the window at the bleak badlands.

Her face is hard to read.

She makes a pot of coffee.

Sets the table for one.

Walks out onto the porch. Surveys the quiet area.

With a sigh, the woman ventures out into the field to admire the dwindling dusk on the dimming horizon.

Sarah props her foot up against the fence.

The battered propane tank flamethrower rests idly the post.

The woman watches the last sliver of sunset extinguish from the vast twilight sky.

Her hair wafts in a sudden breeze.

Sarah looks over her shoulder, towards camera, a peaceful acceptance in her eyes.

A sort of smile is on her lips.

"I knew you'd come," she whispers.

The sound of her flamethrower igniting...

The End