

Page 62: The same applies to the same expression on this page.

Also, please note more gruesomeness at the bottom of this page.

Page 70: Gruesomeness as the vampire attacks Neville's throat.

Page 74B: Please eliminate the expression, "My God".

Page 77: Gruesomeness as the dog is attacked.

Page 81: Please eliminate "damn it".

Page 84: The retching in this scene could prove troublesome.

Page 100: Within the framework of this type of story, we could not approve the indication of an illicit relationship between Neville and Ruth. Such an indication is quite clear on this page and should be avoided.

Should you care to submit revisions overcoming any of the above-mentioned difficulties, we will offer further consideration. However, in any event, you understand, of course that our final judgment will be based on the finished picture.

Cordially yours,  
(sgd.)  
GEOFFREY M. SHURLOCK

## **"THE NIGHT CREATURES": THE SCRIPT**

**Screenplay by**

**Richard Matheson**

**Based upon his novel *I Am Legend*.**

FADE IN: HUDSON TOWN. DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

EXT.

We move into the soundless desertion of Hudson Town, Canada. A cheerful if somewhat weather-beaten sign welcomes us to "the fastest growing community in northern Canada!" Another nearby sign abjures us to "Live And Let Live! *Drive Carefully*" albeit there are no indications of traffic; no pedestrians crossing, no cars in sight save for those occasional vehicles parked along the curb, tyres flatted, bodies filmed with grime, chrome gone to rust.

Now we see something in the distant b.g.—something which will appear in the b.g. of every shot yet to be seen of this dead, silent city—a dark and greasy pall of smoke which roils slowly into the overcast sky.

We move on; past the still, unoccupied houses, past broken store windows, littered sidewalks; past a fire station from whose yawning doorway half a fire engine protrudes—as if, in the midst of a hurried call to duty, those who manned the engine had, suddenly, perished.

Now we pass a field, on it standing a great revival tent, canvas torn and flapping idly in the wind. Around it, banners and posters exhort us to "Repent" and "Prepare Yourself!" for "THE END IS COME!" And, now, we are given an explanation for these barren sights: a sign which declares in giant letters—**ALL PLAGUE VICTIMS MUST BE PUT IN THE FIRE!**

Suddenly, awfully, we see motionless bodies crumpled in the street, on the sidewalks.

Now we are on the street where Robert Neville lives. We move along it until we come upon his house.

It is a small building, its windows boarded over, fastened to its front door a cracked and, partially missing mirror. A wire fence borders the front yard, its gate locked shut, electric wires leading to it from the garage which is attached to the house.

C.S. DOOR.

Now, abruptly, the front door opens and ROBERT NEVILLE appears, reflected distortedly in the cracked mirror. He moves along the porch checking the boarded over windows. He carries a hammer in one hand, nails in the pocket of his jacket. His face is taut, stripped of emotion.

SIDE OF HOUSE.

NEVILLE walks along the side of the house, checking the boarded over windows. One of them is loose and quickly, brutally, he drives in a couple of nails to bolster it. The hammer blows ring out sharply in the silence. Finished, NEVILLE glances tensely at his watch, then looks up at the sky. He starts for the front door.

INT. HOUSE.

As NEVILLE enters, an alarm clock starts ringing. It makes NEVILLE twitch. NEVILLE enters, crosses to the clock and shuts off the alarm tensely.

Near the door, there is a switch on the wall labeled FENCE. NEVILLE goes to it.

INSERT SWITCH

As his hand shuts it there is a humming of electricity.

NEVILLE

He picks up an obviously home-made rod like apparatus which leans against the wall; exits with it.

EXT. HOUSE.

NEVILLE goes to the fence and touches two bare wires (on the apparatus) to the fence. A bulb on the testing apparatus lights up. He lowers it, looks around.

L.S.

We see him standing in his front yard, looking up and down the silent street.

MIX:

INT. FREEZER. KATHY'S ROOM.

At first it is dark. Then we hear the metallic sound of the catch being released. Abruptly, the overhead lid is raised. Above us stands the rock-faced NEVILLE. He pulls out boxes of frozen food.

KATHY'S ROOM

We can see that it is being used as a larder, filled almost to the ceiling with stacks of boxes and cans. NEVILLE shuts the freezer and walking to the stacks quickly, drags off a big tin of biscuits. As he does, we see, on the wall behind, several nursery rhyme characters on the wallpaper. NEVILLE stares tensely at them a

moment, then turns, exits, flicking off the light. We hear his departing footsteps.

**INT. KITCHEN**

There is an electric stove, dishwasher, garbage disposal, mixer, refrigerator—all dust-filmed and spotted. The table is the worst in appearance, scarred with cigarette burns, slovenly unclean.

NEVILLE enters, dumps the food on the table, looks at his watch. He glances up at the wall clock. It reads 5.35.

NEVILLE starts to pour himself a drink from a whiskey bottle on the table. As he does, outside, BEN CORTMAN'S voice shouts.

CORTMAN'S VOICE:

Neville!

He jars down the bottle abruptly, turns for a chart on the wall nearby. A pencil on a string hangs from it. This he grabs.

**INSERT CHART**

It is in two columns, one headed DATE, the other TIME. His hand writes *Sept. 10* in the first column, *5.35* in the second.

NEVILLE picks up the bottle again. As he does, a heavy stone hits the house.

Suddenly, something breaks in NEVILLE. With a berserk cry, he flings the bottle violently across the room where it shatters on the wall.

CORTMAN'S VOICE:

Come out, Neville!

**INSERT CHART:**

NEVILLE gets a deranged look on his face, lunges for the livingroom.

**INT. LIVINGROOM**

It is a room that looks shabby and uncared for despite the presence of new appliances like fan, air-conditioners, phonograph—tape-record, complete bar.

NEVILLE lurches over to a sideboard and jerks up a pistol lying on it. He half-runs to the shuttered window, knocks out the bolt and flings it open. He throws a switch labeled LAMP.

**EXT. STREET**

The street lamp in front of the house goes on revealing the prowling cluster of vampires in front of NEVILLE'S house. We get a good look at them, their clothes unkempt and torn, their hair uncombed, their skin pale and grimy, their lips dark, their teeth yellowed, bared; their dark eyes glittering.

NEVILLE starts firing the gun and several go thudding back onto the sidewalk, the street. One lunges ferociously against the fence and is thrown back in a shower of sparks. The women gesture invitingly to NEVILLE.

We see BEN CORTMAN, a far cry from the man we shall, later, see.

CORTMAN:

Neville!

He is hit by a bullet, flails back. Then starts to his feet.

INT. HOUSE

NEVILLE slams the shutter which, partially, opens by itself. He flings the pistol away in disgust and forces himself to calm down.

NEVILLE:  
(Quietly)  
What's the use...

He pulls up the lid and switches on the tape recorder, then crosses to the bar to pour a drink while the recorder warms up.

NEVILLE:  
(to himself)  
Why don't they leave me alone?  
Do they think they can *all* have me?  
Are they so *stupid* they think that!  
Why do they keep coming every night?  
After eighteen months why don't  
they give up and try someplace else?

He starts as a stone lands on the roof, rattles off. Out on the street, a vampire yells—CORTMAN shouts.

CORTMAN:  
Neville!

NEVILLE:  
(almost dementedly)  
Leave me alone, leave me alone,  
LEAVE ME ALONE!  
(catching himself)  
Easy. *Easy.*  
(he swallows)

C.S. RECORDER

The indicator light begins to glow. NEVILLE comes into shot and picks up the microphone. He deliberates a moment, then speaks.

NEVILLE:  
I know there's no one left but me but I—  
set this down anyway; my—*history*  
(bitterly)  
Maybe, someday, someone will listen to it.  
Probably not. It doesn't matter.  
(pause; he braces himself)  
When did it start?  
It seems a century ago and yet it hasn't  
even been three years.  
(pause)  
It was Kathy's birthday party.

SHOT CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD. C.S. KATHY. DAY

KATHY:  
When am I going to open my presents, momma?

VIRGINIA'S VOICE:  
As soon as Uncle Ben arrives.  
Go play with your friends now.

With an impatient sound, Kathy runs off. Camera draws around. We see that there is a lawn table with an umbrella shaft through its middle, the umbrella shading the table.

Sitting in lawn chairs are VIRGINIA NEVILLE and ROBERT NEVILLE. In the b.g. the children play.

The lawn is thickly green and well cared for, the yard bordered with flowering bushes. The house in the b.g. is not boarded up. Its windows glint brightly, all freshly curtained. And the NEVILLE we see is a different man, eons younger and happier.

NEVILLE follows his daughter's movements with adoring eyes.

NEVILLE:

Five years old.

(he shakes his head)

Seems like only yesterday  
you were lugging her around

(he turns to Virginia)

About time we had another one, isn't it?

VIRGINIA:

(looking at him impishly)

Can't do it by myself, you know.

They look affectionately at each other as KATHY and one of her little girl friends come running up.

KATHY:

Momma, when is Uncle *Ben* coming?

EXT. BACKYARD.

NEVILLE grins, shaking his head.

VIRGINIA:

Soon, Kathy, *soon*.

KATHY:

(exasperatedly)

But *when* soon?

VIRGINIA:

*Uncle Ben will be here any minute now.*

She breaks off as the children start squealing excitedly over by the alley. KATHY and her friend whirl.

VIRGINIA:

*There*

KATHY:

(Ecstatic)

Uncle *Ben*!

The two girls rush off. NEVILLE and his wife watch them go.

NEVILLE:

(amused)

What has that man got?

VIRGINIA:

Little girl appeal.

NEVILLE:

(wryly)

*And presents.*

ALLEY

BEN CORTMAN comes up the alley towards the excited children, his arms loaded so high with presents that we cannot see his face, the children are frantic with excitement, jumping up and down clapping their hands.

EXT. BACKYARD. C.S. KATHY. DAY.

CORTMAN:

(a la Santa Claus)

Ho, ho, ho! Here comes the present man!  
Where is everybody? I can't *see* anybody!  
I have so many presents I can't see a thing!  
Ho, ho—*whoops!*

As he reaches the yard he quite obviously, trips himself and goes flying onto the grass, the packages tumbling in a dozen directions. This delights the children who rush at him, jumping on him, milling about him, only as he straightens up and starts playing horsie for them do we see his laughing face and realize it is the same BEN CORTMAN we saw earlier in the film—the vampire who shouted at NEVILLE to come out of his house.

DISSOLVE TO:

BACKYARD. DAY.

The children are sitting around a table eating ice cream and cake and chattering away. A mound of presents surrounds KATHY. She is examining them.

THREE SHOT

The children in the b.g. In the f.g. are NEVILLE, VIRGINIA and BEN CORTMAN, sitting around the white lawn table, eating ice cream. CORTMAN takes out a newspaper and puts it on the table in front of NEVILLE.

CORTMAN:

See this?

BEN points at the paper and NEVILLE glances at it.

INSERT

We see the newspaper's front page. The camera moves in on one of the articles for it: ASIAN PLAGUE SPREADING.

THREE SHOT

CORTMAN:

It's getting bad.

VIRGINIA:

(just paying attention now)  
What are you talking about, Ben?

CORTMAN:

This plague in Asia.  
Eastern Europe's getting some of it too.  
Wouldn't be surprised if—

NEVILLE:

Ben Cortman—the happiness man.

CORTMAN:

(protesting)  
This isn't funny, Bob.

NEVILLE:

(wryly)  
*I know* it isn't funny.  
*Be* funny—This is a party.  
Fall down for us like you did for the kids.

CORTMAN:

(oblivious)

This thing could reach our country in two months.  
It says so right here in the paper.

Neville groans slightly.

**VIRGINIA:**  
(to Ben)  
It's that serious?

**CORTMAN:**  
(nodding)  
That serious.

**VIRGINIA:**  
Can't they stop it?

**CORTMAN:**  
No, it's running out of control.  
For one thing there are these dust storms  
that carry the germ:

**BACKYARD. DAY.**

**CORTMAN:**  
Then all these new kinds of insects are—

**NEVILLE:**  
(whimsically)  
Mr. Cortman.

As BEN stops.

**NEVILLE:**  
Mr. Cortman.  
Your ice cream is melting.

**VIRGINIA:**  
Honey, maybe we should ask Doctor Ross  
about it. I never even dreamed—

**NEVILLE:**  
(for Virginia's sake)  
All right, sweetie, we'll ask. Now—  
(slapping the paper into Ben's lap)  
Put this grisly thing back in your pocket.  
(as they look at him)  
Children: we are at a birthday party,  
eat your ice cream. Rejoice.

**VIRGINIA** smiles laboredly. They eat in silence for a moment,  
**VIRGINIA** looking over worriedly at **KATHY**. Then **CORTMAN**  
clucks.

**CORTMAN:**  
Two months, the paper says.  
In two months it can cover  
the whole western hemisphere.

**NEVILLE:**  
(still trying to keep the gloom from spreading)  
Eat your damned ice cream.

But **BEN'S** grim prophecy has taken the edge off pleasure. **VIR-**  
**GINIA** keeps staring at **KATHY** worriedly. **BEN** looks grave,  
and we now see that **NEVILLE**, too, is worried.

**DISSOLVE:**

**NEVILLE'S VOICE:**  
(on dissolve)  
Ben was right.  
In two months, two short months.

INT. KATHY'S ROOM. DAY.

KATHY lies in her bed, eyes closed breathing with effort. A tight-faced VIRGINIA NEVILLE, not looking too well herself is sitting beside the bed. She reaches over and pats at the perspiration on her daughter's face while, out in the hall we hear NEVILLE speaking on telephone.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

But she just *lies* there, Doctor Ross.  
Day after day. Then stays awake  
all night and cries. Isn't there—

HALL. NEVILLE

NEVILLE:

(breaks off and listens)

I realize that—but there must be  
*something*—

(listens)

All right. All right.

You will come over when you can though?

(nods, listening)

Yes. All right Doctor Ross.

Make it as soon as you can, will you?

She's all we—

(he swallows, listening tensely)

Yes—goodbye.

He hangs up the receiver and stands there a moment, looking lost, without means, then he goes to the doorway of KATHY'S room. Inside, VIRGINIA looks up.

NEVILLE:

(forcing a smile)

He—said he'll come over later.

VIRGINIA:

There's no way of—  
getting her to sleep at night?

He says nothing.

VIRGINIA:

(after a moment)

What are we going to *do*, Bob?

INT. KATHY'S ROOM. DAY.

NEVILLE goes to her and puts his arm around her shoulders. She clutches at his hand desperately.

VIRGINIA:

(almost whispering)

If anything happens to her...

NEVILLE:

Shhh—shhhh—shhh.

Nothing's going to.

She'll get over it.

VIRGINIA:

(horrified)

That fire.

I keep thinking of that hideous fire.

NEVILLE:  
Honey, *don't*.

Outside the house, a car horn blares. VIRGINIA holds his hand more tightly.

NEVILLE:  
I have to get to work.

She nods once.

NEVILLE:  
Virginia, don't worry.  
She'll get over it.

VIRGINIA:  
(looking at Kathy)  
Yes.

He leans over and kisses her temple and her cheek.

NEVILLE:  
Are *you* all right, honey?

She nods weakly.

NEVILLE:  
Phone me if anything happens.  
(pause)  
Hear?

VIRGINIA:  
I will.

He stares down at her a moment longer, then, patting her shoulder, he starts for the doorway.

INT. CORTMAN'S CAR

BEN pushes down on the horn again as he looks toward NEVILLE'S house after a second, NEVILLE comes out pulling on a top coat. He comes to the car quickly, gets in.

NEVILLE:  
(subdued)  
Sorry, Ben.

BEN nods, puts the car into gear.

P.S. CAR

As it turns and starts for the main street. The neighbourhood looks almost deserted.

INT. CAR.

CORTMAN:  
How's the girl?

NEVILLE:  
I don't know, Ben.

CORTMAN grunts, drives in silence a few moments as NEVILLE stares out the window. The car is turned right onto the main street.

CORTMAN:  
(seeing something)  
*Oh, God.*

NEVILLE looks over to BEN'S side of the car.

As the car passes the curb, we see a large covered truck parked at the curb, its gate down. Two men in masks are putting a body into the truck.

CORTMAN:  
(tensely)  
Another one for the fire.

NEVILLE turns his head away, unable even to speak.

CORTMAN:  
(after a moment)  
Have you heard?

NEVILLE grunts.

CORTMAN:  
About the vampires?  
NEVILLE looks over him as if he doubts he has heard right.

NEVILLE:  
The what?

CORTMAN:  
A lot of people are starting to believe it, Bob.

NEVILLE:  
(not understanding)  
What are you talking about?

CORTMAN:  
*Vampires.*

NEVILLE:  
(turning away)  
Ben, come on.

CORTMAN:  
(challenging)  
Why are they burning everyone?

NEVILLE:  
Ben, you *know* why—

CORTMAN:  
Sure, sure, I know—  
to prevent the germs from spreading.  
That's what the doctors tell us.

NEVILLE turns away again.

CORTMAN:  
Well, there's talk.  
Talk about people that *weren't* burned—  
and *came back*. And *had to have a stake*  
*driven through their heart before*—

NEVILLE:  
(pleading)  
Ben, will you please stop?

CORTMAN:  
(overlapping)  
Bob. No germs ever did *that*.

Why do the infected people sleep all day  
and stay awake all night? Answer me that.

NEVILLE:

Ben, the germ's been seen?  
A thousand doctors have seen it in their microscopes!

CORTMAN:

No germ ever made people come back  
from the dead! No germ ever killed like this!  
Hundreds of people thrown in the fire  
every day! Women! Children!

He breaks off as NEVILLE looks at him with an almost de-  
ranged anguish.

CORTMAN:

(realizing what he's said)  
I'm sorry, Bob. I—I didn't mean—  
(as Neville turns away)  
She'll be all right, boy.  
She'll be running around again soon.  
She will, you'll see.

Then they drive on in pained, deadly silence.

DISSOLVE:

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

(on dissolve)  
A month went by.

EXT. STREET. LATE AFTERNOON

In the distance we see the smoke of the plague fire burning,  
twisting slowly into the sky.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

A month of death; of plague victims  
thrown in the fire. A month of dread for  
VIRGINIA and me as we watched our  
KATHY taken from us—step by step.

BEN CORTMAN'S car drives into scene.

INT. CAR.

CORTMAN turns the car around a corner onto the street they  
live in. Abruptly, he pulls the car over to the curb and brakes it.  
NEVILLE jolts in his seat, looks up.

NEVILLE:

What's the matter?

CORTMAN stares out the windshield with unblinking eyes.  
NEVILLE follows his gaze, stiffens.

L.S. TRUCK

The disposal truck is parked in front of NEVILLE'S house. We  
see it through the windshield of CORTMAN'S car.

TWO SHOT. NEVILLE AND CORTMAN.

NEVILLE:

(Refusing to believe)

No.

CORTMAN still stares out the windshield in absolute silence—NEVILLE looks at him.

NEVILLE:  
What are you—?

He breaks off as CORTMAN seems to shrink back against the seat in terror. Abruptly, NEVILLE shoves open the door. Camera holds on CORTMAN'S stiff expression.

TRACKING SHOT—NEVILLE

He is out of the car and running up the street, his face a mask of dread.

L.S. TRUCK

We, with NEVILLE, run toward it, seeing the sign on the raised tail gate a duplicate of the larger sign we saw at the opening of the film. It reads: ALL PLAGUE VICTIMS MUST BE PUT IN THE FIRE!

NEVILLE

He rushes through the open gateway, up the path, onto the porch and shoves open the door.

INT. HOUSE

NEVILLE stands, frozen, in the doorway as the door crashes against the wall. He looks into the livingroom.

M.S. VIRGINIA AND TWO SOLDIERS.

Both soldiers, in their masks, look like creatures from another world. One of them stands holding VIRGINIA'S arm—she looks close to collapse, her facial expression wooden, almost dumb.

INT. HOUSE

The second soldier is bent over the sofa. He turns sharply as NEVILLE bursts in.

C.S. NEVILLE

His gaze jumps to the object on the sofa.

C.S. SOFA

The object is in a sack, the draw string pulled up tightly. A strand of KATHY'S hair protrudes from the closed-up neck.

P.S. LIVINGROOM.

NEVILLE starts across the room.

NEVILLE:  
(voice thickened with horror)  
What are you doing?

VIRGINIA holds out one pale hand toward him.

VIRGINIA:  
Bob...

She starts to fall and the SOLDIER holds her up. NEVILLE grabs her and she collapses against him, clutching at him without strength. NEVILLE tries to comfort her but he is beyond comfort himself. All he can do is look down at the sack on the sofa.

NEVILLE:  
(mechanically)  
Why didn't you call me?

VIRGINIA:  
(barely able to sob out the words)  
I couldn't.

One of the SOLDIERS picks up KATHY.

NEVILLE:  
Leave her alone!

He lowers his shaking wife onto the free end of the sofa and turns to the SOLDIERS. The first one steps back, his hand settling on the butt of his pistol.

FIRST SOLDIER:  
(hollowly)  
You know the law, mister.

SECOND SOLDIER:  
(more kindly)  
We're only following orders, mister.

NEVILLE:  
(shaken)  
I know, I know but—  
don't take her.

SECOND SOLDIER:  
Mister, it's the law.  
We've *got* to.

NEVILLE:  
Look, look—I'll—I'll take her myself.  
(as they look at him)  
I swear it! I know the law,  
I know she has to be—  
(catching his breath)  
I'll take her there. I swear it. I'll take her.

FIRST SOLDIER:  
(to his comrade)  
We're not supposed to—

SECOND SOLDIER:  
(lifeless)  
Leave her.

FIRST SOLDIER:  
But what about—!

SECOND SOLDIER:  
(interrupting)  
Leave her!  
(pause, defeatedly)  
What the hell's the difference?  
(to Neville)  
It's your risk, mister.  
You *better* bring her.

NEVILLE:  
(huskily)  
I will.

SECOND SOLDIER:  
(to his comrade)  
Come on.

FIRST SOLDIER:  
What about the sack?

SECOND SOLDIER:  
(tensely)  
Leave it, leave it.

As they go out the front door, BEN CORTMAN, who is standing there, shrinks back against the house, glancing at them, then back into the livingroom.

NEVILLE AND VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA falls upon the stillness of her daughter's body, whimpering softly.

VIRGINIA:  
My baby, my *baby*  
Oh, God, my *baby*...

NEVILLE is lost in a bewilderment of shock, staring down at her, one shaking hand pressed to his lips. He notices BEN at the door and looks over at him.

NEVILLE:  
Ben?

CORTMAN stares at him in silent, breathless dread.

NEVILLE:  
Will you—take me there?

C.S. CORTMAN

As he looks in mindless horror at NEVILLE.

EXT. STREET. CAR. NIGHT.

It moves through the silent streets of Hudson Town.

INT. CAR.

CORTMAN is driving, his body pressed as close to the door as possible—NEVILLE sits on the other end of the seat, the sack in his arms, his cheek pressed against KATHY'S covered head.

CORTMAN:  
(sick with worry)  
You should have let them take her.

NEVILLE grunts. He has not heard.

CORTMAN:  
(starting to take a deep breath)  
You'll infect yourself.  
Why should—?

Abruptly, he turns down the window and breathes deeply of the rushing night air.

CORTMAN:  
It's not *safe*.

NEVILLE looks out through the windshield.

NEVILLE:  
(frightened)  
Are we there?

CORTMAN clenches his teeth, seeing that NEVILLE is not aware of what is being said to him. He looks out at the road ahead.

CORTMAN:  
Almost.

NEVILLE presses his cheek tighter to KATHY'S head, his arms clasping her to himself. In the flashes of street light on his face we see that his cheeks are wet with tears.

EXT. FIELD. THE FIRE

It is a hellish scene. Almost the entire field has been excavated. In the resultant pit a huge fire burns, its coals the ashy residue of a thousand plague victims. The smoke coils up thickly, greasily, blacker than the night; a billowing, sooty pall through the haze of which figures appear and disappear—soldiers in masks running to the edge of the pit singly or in pairs, hobbling beneath the weight of sacked bodies, dropping them into the pit where they roll and slither down the steep incline, into the crackling mass of flames.

EXT. STREET

BEN CORTMAN'S car pulls up to the curb and stops. In the b.g. is the fire and the Dantean sight of dark figures moving about against a background of fire and smoke.

INT. CAR.

NEVILLE stares straight ahead as if he does not want to see that they have arrived.

CORTMAN:  
Bob.

NEVILLE sits woodenly.

CORTMAN:  
(tensely)  
*We're here.*

NEVILLE turns and looks at the fire, the infernal glow of which glints on his face.

Drawing in a shuddering breath, he gets a good grip on the sacked up body of his daughter. Then he sits without motion again.

CORTMAN:  
(frightenedly angry)  
*Well?*

Almost robotlike, NEVILLE pushes open the door and gets out.

EXT. STREET

NEVILLE lifts the body of his girl out of the car and looks at the fire.

L.S. THE FIRE.

C.S. NEVILLE.

Horror beginning to show in his eyes. Now he walks onto the sidewalk. He stops a moment, staring at the fire, then moves toward it.

There is a rope barrier to keep anyone from getting close to the pit. NEVILLE bumps into it without seeing it and looks down.

INSERT—SIGN

It reads: NO ONE ALLOWED BEYOND THIS POINT!

NEVILLE

He stands there holding his daughter, looking like a man caught in some inexplicable nightmare which he, somehow feels he must at any moment, wake from.

Now, suddenly, terribly, a masked guignol figure lunges from the dark mist and, without a word, snatches the body of KATHY from NEVILLE'S arms. NEVILLE cries out hollowly at the shock. For a moment he stands there, trembling without control. Then suddenly, he screams.

NEVILLE:  
KATHY!

He lurches against the rope blindly and falls over it. Pushing up, he starts to run after the man who disappeared with KATHY.

NEVILLE:  
(near berserk now)  
*Kathy!*

TWO SOLDIERS come rushing out of the hideous smoke fog and grab him. He fights them savagely, mindlessly, his shoes gouging at the earth as they drag him back— abruptly one of them hits NEVILLE on the jaw. NEVILLE'S legs go limp, the SOLDIERS hold him up. One of them jerks a flask from a back pocket.

SOLDIER WITH FLASK:  
Here. Here.

He almost pours it down NEVILLE'S throat. NEVILLE coughs violently, tears starting in his eyes. Now, in the b.g. CORTMAN appears at the rope barrier staring at NEVILLE.

SOLDIER WITH FLASK:  
(to CORTMAN)  
This your friend?

CORTMAN only stares

SOLDIER WITH FLASK:  
(furious)  
Well, *is* it?.....

CORTMAN manages a nod. The SOLDIERS lead NEVILLE to where CORTMAN stands.

SOLDIER WITH FLASK:  
Get him out of here  
(As Cortman hesitates)  
Come on, man!

CORTMAN grabs NEVILLE'S arm. The SOLDIERS start away.

SOLDIER WITH FLASK:  
(hopelessly)  
I can't take much more of this.

CORTMAN walks NEVILLE back toward the car slowly.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. STREET. NEVILLE'S HOUSE. DAY.

A dark coupe pulls up in front of NEVILLE'S house and DOCTOR ROSS gets out. He walks around the car.

M.S. DOCTOR ROSS.

As he starts to open the front gate we hear CORTMAN'S voice.

CORTMAN'S VOICE:  
(urgently)  
Doctor Ross.

DOCTOR ROSS, exhausted, pale, looks over. CORTMAN comes up to him, a CORTMAN from whom all pleasant disposition has fled.

DR. ROSS:  
Mr. Cortman.

CORTMAN:  
Tell me what to do.

DR. ROSS:  
Do?

CORTMAN:  
To protect myself.  
I don't want to be infected like the others.

DR. ROSS:  
Mr. Cortman, there's no—

CORTMAN:  
(desperately)  
Is it true that garlic keeps vampires away?  
If I hang garlic on my windows will they stay away?

DR. ROSS:  
(overlapping)  
Mr. Cortman, you're only  
making things worse for yourself.

CORTMAN:  
(oblivious)  
Look—

He pulls up the cross around his neck.

CORTMAN:  
I keep this around my neck.  
That'll frighten them away won't it?  
(as the doctor stares at him pityingly)  
Won't it?

DR. ROSS:  
Mr. Cortman, you're only hurting yourself by—

CORTMAN:  
(recoiling)  
You're like *all* of them!  
So smart. So damn smart.  
(repressing a sob)  
Well, you'll die.  
You'll die.

All you—*men of science*—declaring to the last that  
there's no such thing as a vampire!  
No such thing!  
(he laughs dementedly)  
Oh, God, you'll see.  
You'll see.  
(turns)

ROSS watches him go, then, with a weary sigh, pushes open the gate.

INT. BEDROOM. C.S. VIRGINIA

She lies in bed, eyes closed, breathing harshly as KATHY did in an earlier scene. Now a hand reaches into frame, the doctor raises one of VIRGINIA'S eye lids. The eye is blank, staring.

M.S. DR. ROSS AND NEVILLE

ROSS straightens up wearily, looks at NEVILLE.

DR. ROSS:  
I won't lie to you, Bob.  
(pause)  
I think you already know.

NEVILLE stares at him a moment, then turns to the window and looks out blindly. Suddenly, a sob breaks in his chest.

INT. BEDROOM. C.S. VIRGINIA

M.S. DR. ROSS & NEVILLE

NEVILLE:  
Why doesn't somebody *stop* it?

DR. ROSS:  
They've done what they can.

NEVILLE:  
(whirling)  
If it's a germ why can't they kill it?

DR. ROSS:  
It's going too fast, Bob.

NEVILLE:  
(turning away again)  
Maybe Ben is right.  
Maybe it *is* vampires.  
DR. ROSS:  
(warningly)  
Bob—

NEVILLE'S shoulders sag.

NEVILLE:  
Why not?  
What *difference* would it make?  
(turning, he looks at Ross)  
You've got it yourself haven't you?

DR. ROSS:  
I'll be all right.

NEVILLE:  
(bitterly)  
Yes, we'll all be all right.

DISSOLVE:

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

NEVILLE sits slumped over in a chair, the lamp beside him lit. O.s. there is a rustling sound. NEVILLE'S head twitches up, he looks around; sees VIRGINIA standing in the hallway, wearing a pale dressing gown. He gets to his feet worriedly.

NEVILLE:  
Honey—

He goes to her and puts his arms around her. She lays her cheek on his shoulder.

NEVILLE:  
You shouldn't be up.

VIRGINIA:  
I'm not going to pamper myself.  
I want to make you some supper.  
I bet you haven't even eaten.  
He kisses her cheek.

NEVILLE:  
I'm not hungry.  
Just let me hold you.

She slides her arms around him convulsively and he closes his eyes.

NEVILLE:  
Oh, sweetheart.

VIRGINIA:  
(faintly)  
Bob. I love you so.

NEVILLE draws back after a moment and forces a smile. They walk over to the sofa, arms around each other and sit down. VIRGINIA presses against him and he puts his arms around her.

VIRGINIA:  
Bob, when—this is over

NEVILLE:  
(frightened)  
Over?

VIRGINIA:  
I mean when I'm better.

NEVILLE:  
Yes.

VIRGINIA:  
I want to have that baby.

His arms tighten around her convulsively.

VIRGINIA:  
You remember how we talked about it on Kathy's—  
She cannot finish—NEVILLE kisses her temple.

NEVILLE:  
We'll have a baby.  
We'll have a dozen babies.

She manages a weak smile.

VIRGINIA:  
(wryly)  
I don't think I could manage that.

NEVILLE:  
(playing along)  
Sure you can, you're a big girl.

VIRGINIA smiles faintly. Then, abruptly, she slides her arms around NEVILLE and holds on as tight as she can.

VIRGINIA:  
(terrified)  
We will have them, won't we, Bob?

NEVILLE:  
 (comforting)  
 Yes, honey — we'll have them.  
 (pause)  
 Just rest now  
 (he strokes her hair)  
 It's going to be all right.  
 It's going to be all right.

The expression on his face belies this.

MIX.

INT. LIVINGROOM. MORNING.

Light filters through the windows. We see NEVILLE and VIRGINIA on the sofa. Both their eyes are shut. Now NEVILLE wakes groggily, looks around. He looks at his watch.

NEVILLE:  
 (softly)  
 Oh, honey, you should be in bed.  
 (starts to pick her up)  
 Come on, now. Lets—

Something about the limpness of her makes him, suddenly freeze.

NEVILLE:  
 Virginia?  
 He reaches out a trembling hand and shakes her by the shoulder.

NEVILLE:  
 Honey?  
 (pause)  
 Wake up.

(a horrible second, then it breaks in him)  
*Honey, wake up!*

DISSOLVE:

EXT. HOUSE.

NEVILLE appears and, like a somnambulist moves down the path to the gate, opens it. He starts down the street toward BEN CORTMAN'S house.

EXT. CORTMAN'S HOUSE.

We see CORTMAN'S car parked by the curb. Walking up the path, NEVILLE goes onto the porch and rings the doorbell. Inside the house, chimes play "Happy Days are Here Again". NEVILLE stands waiting. He pushes the bell again, again the chimes play grotesquely out of place opening bars of the song. Silence. NEVILLE knocks on the door.

NEVILLE:  
 Ben!

He presses in the doorbell and the chimes start again.

INT. LIVING ROOM— C.S. CHIMES

As they play, over and over, "Happy Days are Here Again" the Camera pans away from it, across the modestly furnished livingroom, obviously the livingroom of a bachelor— pipe stand, slippers, messy unconcern, poor furniture arrangement etc. The chimes continue to play. The camera moves into the hall where, abruptly, we come upon a heavily breathing BEN CORTMAN

pressed against the wall. He looks, now, not too much unlike the hideous night creature he is to become.

O.S. we hear NEVILLE'S fist striking the door again, his hollow shout.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

Ben!

Tensely, CORTMAN moves into the livingroom, approaches the door.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

Ben!

CORTMAN:

(harshly)

What do you want?

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

Ben, I—need your car.

CORTMAN:

No! Get out of here!

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

(weakly)

Ben. Virginia's—

CORTMAN:

(more terrified yet)

I said get out of here!

He is silent a moment. Then NEVILLE speaks again. He is no longer begging.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:  
Give me the keys, Ben.

CORTMAN:

I said no!

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

(coldly)

Give me the keys.

Or I'll come in and get them.

CORTMAN shrinks back, horrified. He whines with indecisive fright; then suddenly, rushes to the mantel and grabs the keys. He runs to the window, opens it and flings them out.

CORTMAN:

Now, get out of here!

He slams down the window and locks it. Outside, we see NEVILLE pick up the keys and move down the path to the car. The camera moves to CORTMAN. He is pressed against the wall. O.s. the car engine starts.

CORTMAN:

(muttering)

Stay away from me.

(he shudders)

*Stay away from me.*

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE.

NEVILLE pulls the car into the driveway in front of his house and gets out. He starts for the house.

C.S.

In the f.g. we see VIRGINIA NEVILLE'S white hand hanging down from the sofa. In the b.g. is the door. NEVILLE comes in and stands there a moment. Then he walks out of scene, heading for the bedroom.

He returns with a blanket and carefully, gently, covers VIRGINIA. He hesitates a moment, then leans over.

NEVILLE:  
(whispering)  
Come on, baby.

EXT. HOUSE

He comes out, carrying VIRGINIA'S body. For a moment, he stops, looks up and down the block. Then hurriedly, he carries her to the car.

INT. CAR.

NEVILLE opens the back door and puts VIRGINIA'S body on the floor of the car. He slams the door shut and the camera watches as he goes to the garage and pulls up the door.

INT. GARAGE.

The door is pulled up and NEVILLE enters. He moves to where a shovel leans against the wall and grabs it. He carries this outside and re-shuts the garage door. As he turns, he starts with shock.

L.S.

Across the street, a young man comes out of his house and starts toward NEVILLE.

NEVILLE

He pretends not to see the young man. He tosses the shovel onto the back seat, then gets in front and starts the engine. He starts to back the car into the street.

P.S.

The YOUNG MAN raises his arm.

YOUNG MAN:  
Wait!

He starts to run but has barely the strength to do it.

NEVILLE

He brakes the car and sits there staring straight ahead as the YOUNG MAN stumbles up to the window.

YOUNG MAN:  
Could you...let me bring my  
—my mother too?

NEVILLE:  
I—I ...  
(stiffening himself)  
I'm not going to the...

The YOUNG MAN looks at him blankly.

YOUNG MAN:  
But your wife...

NEVILLE:  
*I'm not going to the fire.*

He puts the car into reverse.

YOUNG MAN:  
But you have your—  
(as the car moves backward)  
*Please.*

NEVILLE:  
I'm not *going* there!

YOUNG MAN:  
(suddenly furious)  
But it's the law!

NEVILLE speeds the car away. The YOUNG MAN runs in the street after it.

YOUNG MAN:  
(screaming)  
I'll tell the police!  
You're breaking the law!

He is too weak to run and has to stop.

YOUNG MAN:  
(sobbing)

It's the law.  
Don't you know it's the law?

DISSOLVE:

EXT. CEMETARY

A man is digging a grave hastily, his face wet with perspiration. On the ground lies a body in a sack. Now there is a sound o.s. and the man, dropping his shovel, snatches a pistol from his pocket.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Showing a minister and two soldiers approaching the man.

MINISTER:  
My son, don't!

MAN:  
Then stay away from me.  
I warn you.

MINISTER:  
(to advancing soldiers)  
Wait.

He advances on the man.

MAN:  
Don't. I mean it.  
(extending the pistol)  
*Don't come any closer.*

The MINISTER stops.

MINISTER:  
(looking at the sack)  
Your wife?

MAN:  
She's going to be buried in holy ground.  
I swore to her she'd be buried in holy ground.

MINISTER:  
My son, don't you think everyone wants to be  
buried in holy ground? But they can't be. We  
must obey the law—or this plague will destroy us.  
I know how you feel, my son. I lost my wife  
too. Don't you think I wanted her to rest in  
hallowed ground?

As he talks, the camera pans over to where NEVILLE is hiding  
behind some bushes, watching.

NEVILLE stares at them a moment longer, then turns. He moves  
quietly through the undergrowth.

EXT. CLEARING.

VIRGINIA'S body lies motionless on the unkempt grass.  
NEVILLE appears now, looking around, his grabs the shovel and  
quickly, desperately, begins to dig.

MIX:

EXT. CLEARING. LATER.

The grave is dug. A sweating NEVILLE puts down the shovel.  
After a moment he lowers VIRGINIA into the grave. He kneels

beside the grave, looking in at her, wordless, tears running down  
his cheeks. Then he starts putting the dirt over her with his hands,  
gently pressing it around her.

MIX:

EXT. CLEARING. LATER.

NEVILLE finishes disguising the grave so that it looks as it did  
before he began to dig.

He finishes, straightens up. For a moment he stands there.  
Then he turns and leaves. The camera holds on the grave. Wind  
rustles the grass that lies across it.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The street light glimmers down palely on the sidewalk and part  
of the fenced front lawn. There is a light at the bedroom window.

INT. BEDROOM—NEVILLE

He lies motionless on the bed, eyes closed. One of the bedside  
lamps is on, its light very dim. A half empty bottle and a glass sit  
on the table. A radio on the table plays music.

As it ends, an announcer speaks.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE:

Due to a shortage of manpower, station KOAH  
is leaving the air temporarily. We hope to resume

operation in a few days. Keep tuned to 1130 on your dials. Thank you.

There is silence, a little static. NEVILLE turns his head and looks over at the radio. Reaching out slowly, he turns the dialing knob. There is no sound on any of the stations, just static. NEVILLE switches off the radio, falls back on the pillow.

Outside there is only heavy silence. Then faintly, in the distance we hear a click of heels moving slowly, very slowly. NEVILLE at first pays no attention, then his eyes open. The footsteps come closer and closer and a curious look impinges on NEVILLE'S face. Abruptly, the footsteps stop. We hear the grating creak of the gate as it is pushed open.

He lies there tensely a moment, then pushes up and steps to the front window. He parts the blinds and looks out.

EXT. FRONT YARD.

From his eyeline we see the front yard in the pale light of the street lamp.

The gate is just swinging shut with a metallic click. The lethargic footsteps have passed the edge of the house.

INT. BEDROOM.

NEVILLE drops the blinds together and turns. He moves to the door and into the hall, still a little dizzy.

INT. LIVINGROOM

There are no lights on in the livingroom. In the faint illumination from the bedroom lamp, NEVILLE moves across the hall and into the livingroom. He stops, looks toward the windows which open on the front porch. The camera pans over and we see a vague, shadowy outline pass the windows outside; we hear the slow red click of the heels.

The camera draws back as NEVILLE moves soundlessly into frame. He looks at the front door fixedly.

Abruptly, the knob turns—slowly very carefully. Again it turns

NEVILLE:  
(tightly)  
Who's there?

There is no answer. The door knob turns again, again.

NEVILLE:  
(breathing heavily)  
Who's *there*?

Slowly, guardedly, he moves toward the door; so slowly we can hardly note his movement. The only sound is that of the knob turning. NEVILLE seems to catch his breath. He is by the door now and, suddenly, he throws the catch on the lock and wrenches open the door.

C.S. NEVILLE

He recoils against the wall with a strangled cry of horror.

C.S. VIRGINIA NEVILLE

She stands before him on the porch, dressing gown, slippers and skin all streaked with the dirt she has clawed through. Her eyes glitter at NEVILLE, her lips stir back from parted teeth.

VIRGINIA:  
(mechanically)  
Ro-bert.

She reaches out for him as she walks into camera, blotting out the scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETARY. DAWN

It is quiet there except for the wind in the trees, the rustle of the grass and the bushes.

NEVILLE moves among the gravestones carrying VIRGINIA'S body. The camera pans as he starts towards a large crypt. He is, also carrying a crowbar.

INT. CRYPT.

The gate is pushed open, grating with rust. NEVILLE enters and puts VIRGINIA down. He uses the crowbar to pry up the edge of the heavy marble slab across the casket. Then, he takes from his pocket, a mallet and a stake and puts them down. He looks at VIRGINIA a moment.

EXT. CRYPT.

There is a moment of silence. Then we hear the awful sound of his starting to drive the stake into her heart. As the mallet blows ring out on the crypt we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOUSE NIGHT.

There are lights in the livingroom.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:  
Now I was alone  
(pause)  
And the first of them came.

INT. KITCHEN. NEVILLE

As he is standing at the stove cooking, there is a sharp rapping at the livingroom window. He starts frightenedly, goes into the livingroom after hesitating.

INT. LIVINGROOM

As he enters, he looks toward the front window, recoils.

C.S. VAMPIRE MAN.

He stands at the window, glaring in. He starts to beat at the windows with his fists.

NEVILLE

As he stares at the vampire.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:  
I knew then that Virginia's return  
had been no accident.  
(pause)  
*There would be others.*

MIX:

EXT. HOUSE. NEVILLE. DAY.

He is nailing up "necklace" of garlic so that they hang in front of the windows.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

At first, remembering what I'd heard and read about vampires, I hung garlic at the windows.

Inside, the alarm clock starts ringing. NEVILLE looks round anxiously, hurries indoors.

MIX:

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

NEVILLE stands at the bar making a drink. Suddenly a stone crashes through the window in a spray of glass splinters. NEVILLE rushes to the window, looks out.

L.S. VAMPIRES.

There are two of them on the lawn. We see them in the light of the street lamp. One of them throws another stone. It crashes through the window we are behind.

EXT. HOUSE. NEVILLE. DAY.

We see him putting up board shutters.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

So I covered up the windows.

M.S. FRONT YARD.

He is wiring the fence.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

And to make sure they kept their distance—

INSERT SWITCH.

As his hand throws it.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

—I electrified the fence.

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

There are six vampires outside on the sidewalk.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

It was well I did—because, every night, there were more of them.

EXT. HOUSE. DAY.

The street is empty.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

Not in the daytime—they never came when it was light.

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

There are ten of them now, men and women both; white faced, prowling, looking ceaselessly for a way to get into NEVILLE'S

house; some of them sitting down on their haunches, eyes glittering at the house, teeth slowly grating together; back and forth, back and forth.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

That was when I realized that Ben Cortman  
had been right all along.  
They were vampires—

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

There are fourteen of them, among them BEN CORTMAN.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

And he was one of them.

CORTMAN:

(fiercely)  
Come out, Neville!

DISSOLVE:

E.T. GARAGE. DAY.

There is a station wagon parked in the driveway. In the garage we hear metallic sounds.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

By now the city was dead.  
I had to depend entirely on myself.  
I got myself a station wagon.

INT. GARAGE. NEVILLE.

He is finishing up work on a generator. The garage is filled with necessities—spools of wire, electric bulbs and fuses, solder, spare engine parts, seeds, all arranged more or less neatly.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

I installed a generator to light my house.

INT. KATHY'S ROOM. NEVILLE.

The furniture is gone. Instead, there is the freezer and the cans and boxes. NEVILLE is putting cases on top of each other.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

I converted Kathy's room into a larder.

INT. BEDROOM. NEVILLE.

One half of the room has been converted into a shop. A long bench covers almost an entire wall, on its top a hand saw, a bench lathe, an emery wheel and a vise. On the walls are racks of tools, on the floor bins and barrels of wood, nails, screws. NEVILLE is working at the lathe. We do not see what he is doing.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

My bedroom into a shop.

INT. LIVINGROOM

It is stacked with cartons that tell what they hold—phonograph—tape recorder, air conditioner, bar, fan, motion picture projector, garbage disposal, etc.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

The house became a different place

—filled with new possessions  
to make my life easier.

NEVILLE comes into the room carrying an armful of VIRGINIA'S clothes. KATHY'S clothes and toys.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:  
Stripped of all its past belongings  
—to keep me from remembering.

He goes into the camera blotting out the scene.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM. NEVILLE. MORNING.

He lies asleep.

O.s. There is a jangling. The camera pans to the alarm clock. It reads 5.30. His hand drops into scene and shuts off the alarm.

EXT. PORCH. L.S. LIVINGROOM WINDOWS.

The shutter door is opened and NEVILLE looks out.

STREET. VAMPIRES.

As they slink off, looking upward at the graying sky, CORTMAN looks back.

CORTMAN:  
Neville!

They all move off now. The camera shows us two bodies left behind.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:  
There were always two or three of them  
that *didn't* leave; usually women. There  
was no loyalty among them. Their *need*  
was their only motivation.

MIX:

INT. KITCHEN. NEVILLE

He is dressed, shaven. He finishes a cup of coffee, checks his chart. He compares his watch with the electric one the wall and then he goes into the livingroom.

INT. LIVINGROOM.

He takes a pistol belt off the sideboard and buckles it on. He checks the pistol.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:  
Whenever I left the house I took a loaded  
pistol with me. It was not for the vampires;  
bullets had little effect on them. It was for  
me—in case I ever got caught outside after sundown.

NEVILLE puts the pistol into the holster, turns for the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM.

NEVILLE enters; taking a sack off a wall hook. He carries this to a barrel and puts stakes into it. He uses all there are, looks disgusted. He walks over to the lathe between whose ends a

semi-sharpened length of dowel extends. Taking it off he breaks off the end and sharpens the dowel to a point on the emery wheel. He tosses this into the sack, throws in a mallet, turns.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

Next came the stakes - my one hope of eventually eliminating that unholy legion which slept by day - and, by night, assaulted my house.

(pause)

There were never enough stakes.

MIX:

EXT. GARAGE

NEVILLE backs out the station wagon quickly and stops it. He jumps out, wearing a jacket and gloves.

He drags the body of the dead vampire woman to the station wagon and throws her in. He turns for the other.

INT. STATION WAGON.

As NEVILLE shoves in the body of the other dead vampire woman he slams up the gate, goes around the car and gets in. He starts the engine, backs out into the street fast, starts for the main street.

EXT. MAIN STREET & GAS STATION.

The station wagon moves along quickly on the silent, deserted street. NEVILLE pulls it into a silent, deserted gas station and siphons gas from a drum into the gas tank.

MIX:

EXT. FIRE.

It burns on albeit not as heavily as it did in the flashback scene.

NEVILLE pulls up to the curb and brakes. He pulls on a mask, then pushes out of the car. He opens the back and pulls out the body of the woman; carries her onto the curb and across the field, as he passes the torn down rope barrier, his shoe presses its dirty print on the sign we saw earlier, the one that reads: NO ONE ALLOWED BEYOND THIS POINT!

M.S. SMOKE.

Out of the mist of smoke NEVILLE appears carrying the vampire woman. Now we hear the crackle of flames. NEVILLE walks to the edge of the pit.

INT. PIT.

Camera shooting up past the roaring flames up above, on the edge of the pit, stands NEVILLE holding the body of the woman—which he, now, tosses in. It falls toward us, disappears into the flaming pyre. NEVILLE stands there, looking down.

MIX:

EXT. STREET. STATION WAGON.

As it drives away from the fire.

INT. WAGON. NEVILLE.

He pulls off the mask and gloves and getting a flask from the glove compartment, drinks deeply.

DISSOLVE:

INT. STORE. DAY.

It is completely deserted. O.s. we hear a clanking of cans. The camera pans across the empty stillness of the store until we see NEVILLE pushing a cart up one of the aisles, tossing cans into it. He reaches a stairway, looks at it. Then, he starts up the steps.  
INT. LANDING.

We see NEVILLE come up the stairs and onto the landing. He starts down the hallway, reaches a door. He opens it.

INT. APARTMENT.

NEVILLE enters and, after looking around, walks to a bedroom door, opens it.

INT. BEDROOM.

The shades are down. The camera pans around until we come upon a woman. In the dimness we see her on a bed, breathing slightly. NEVILLE comes over. He takes a stake from his bag, leans over, his face tightening.

C.S. NEVILLE'S FACE.

As he drives the stake, teeth clenched, face pale.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

(tortured)

What else could I do? If I didn't kill them, sooner or later, they'd find my house and try to kill *me*.

(pause)

That's what I told myself—  
but it didn't make it easier.

DISSOLVE:

INT. LIVINGROOM. C.S. SACK. NIGHT.

We see the sack that the stakes were in. It lies empty on the floor, the mallet beside it.

NEVILLE'S VOICE;

(singing drunkenly)

*Ohhh—I'm a little vampire,  
Just a little vampire,  
Just a little vampire,  
Yes, sirEE.*

As he goes on singing the camera pans over the room. There is broken glass on the floor, an overturned chair; a propped up, crudely scrawled sign which reads: *CELEBRATION PARTY! 100TH STAKE USED TODAY! GUEST—OF—HONOR: ROBERT NEVILLE 100—COUNT 'EM—100.*

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

(still singing)

*I'm not bad, I'm as nice as I can be!  
Oh! Just a little vampire, yes, siree!*

The camera has reached him now and we see that he is sitting against the wall, a lamp shade on his head, his clothes disarranged.

NEVILLE:  
 (finished singing)  
 Pore vampires. Pore little cusses—  
 pussy footin' round my house, so thirsty,  
 so all forlorn.  
 (drinks; starts a drunken speech)  
 And I ask you, ladies and gentlemen:  
 Why this prejudice against vampires?  
 (mock sympathy)  
 Why have they no means of support?  
 No measures for proper education?  
 Why have they not the voting franchise?  
 I ask you.  
 (belches; answers himself archly)  
 Sure, sure; but would you let  
 your sister marry one?

He picks up a book beside him and looks at it. It is a copy of *Dracula*.

NEVILLE:  
 (reading with a German accent you could cut with an axe)  
 Te *strength* uf de fempire is dot no vun frill belief in him!  
 (rolling his R's)  
 Ja, Ja, Ja, dats right!  
 Dat's *right!*

INT. LIVINGROOM. NEVILLE

NEVILLE:  
 (really rolling it, twisting his head with it)  
 Rrrrrrr-*ight!*  
 (to himself)  
 You're getting blotto father  
 (answering)  
 So what?

He hurls the book away.

NEVILLE:  
 (slurred)  
 Begone! Van Helsing and Mina and Jonathon  
 and *blood-eyed* Count and all!

He snickers—outside BEN CORTMAN shouts.

CORTMAN'S VOICE:  
 Come out, Neville!

NEVILLE:  
 (answering drolly, hands raised)  
 Be right out, Benny. *Right* out!  
 Soon's I get my tuxedo on  
 (leans back head; sings again)  
*Ohh...Garlic on the windows,*  
*Garlic on the doors*  
 (as if quoting a truism)  
 A garlic a day keeps the vampires away.

He hiccups, coughs.

NEVILLE:  
 (looking around)

Well—*here* we are kiddies, sitting like  
a bug in a rug—*snugly*—surrounded by  
a battalion of blood suckers  
(holds up drink toastingly to windows)  
Here's blood in your eye!

He drinks, looks down at the glass broodingly.

NEVILLE:  
(suddenly hating)  
Bastards. I'll kill  
every mother's *son* of you—!

INT. LIVINGROOM. NEVILLE

There is a slight sound as the glass is broken in his spasmodic grip. NEVILLE looks down.

NEVILLE:  
(mock alarm)  
Oh, oh. You're breaking the crockery.  
I'm going to have to ask you to leave this hotel.

He draws up his hand. It is bleeding from the slice the broken glass has made in his palm.

NEVILLE:  
(pushing up)  
Calling Doctor Neville,  
*Calling* Doctor Neville—  
Doctor Neville wanted in surgery.

Still leaning against the wall, he looks at his bleeding hand. He stands up slowly.

NEVILLE

Wouldn't they like to get some o' this now?  
Wouldn't they though?

He waves his hand toward the front door.

NEVILLE:  
Hey, fellas! *Lookee!*  
(fury envelopes him)  
Kill every mother's son o' ya.  
Every dirty—

He slumps into the debris of his party. He groans dizzily, then slips forward onto his face.

NEVILLE:  
(pathetically)  
Virginia? *Honey?*

Camera draws up, showing him on the littered floor. His hands clutch at the rug.

NEVILLE:  
(agonized)  
Oh, God, how long?  
How *long?*

DISSOLVE:

INT. LIVINGROOM. WINDOWS. MORNING.

Through the spaces between the boards, early morning light filters greyly. The camera draws back until we come upon

NEVILLE crumpled there. Now his eyes open. He sits up, wincing at the pain in his head. As he touches it with his cut hand he gasps. He looks at the slashed, blood-caked hand.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

I had to stop this brainless drinking.

It could be fatal—I knew that.

One drunken mistake—one error,  
one forgetful moment—and I'd be dead.

INT. BATHROOM.

At first we are looking at the mirror. Then NEVILLE'S head jolts up into scene, dripping water. He stares at himself bleakly.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

But still I drank—trying in vain to forget,  
at night, the hideous things I had to do by day.

He starts drying his face.

INT. LIVINGROOM.

NEVILLE comes in, hand bandaged, hair combed. He goes to the bar and starts to pour a drink. Then he looks into the glass. Abruptly he throws it aside and goes to the sofa, sinks down. He sits there restlessly, drawing in fitful bursts of air. Suddenly, he lurches up and goes to the door.

EXT. PORCH.

He flings open the door and great chunks of the cracked mirror fall to the hall floor. He kicks at them, then steps across the porch

and onto the lawn. He draws in great lungfuls of the morning air. There are two bodies on the lawn, one woman, one man. Suddenly, unable to bear standing there, he fumbles in his pocket and jerks out his keys. Going to the front door, he shuts it and locks it, turns away.

EXT. GARAGE.

It is open, empty. O.s. we hear the roar of the station wagon engine. The camera pans around and we see it bulleting up toward the main street.

MIX:

EXT. CEMETARY. DAY

The grass is high, unkempt. In the trees, birds sing.

Now, outside the cemetery, NEVILLE'S car stops. He gets out and enters.

NEVILLE

As he walks through the high grass, his heavy shoes pressing it down.

CRYPT.

NEVILLE comes into scene, approaching the silence of the crypt.

INT. CRYPT.

NEVILLE pushes open the gate, enters. He sees something that enrages him.

VAMPIRE MAN

In a corner of the crypt, body stretched out on the stone floor, is a vampire man. NEVILLE comes over furiously and drags him away by the feet. The man's white face twitches as he is dragged, his lank, black hair slides along the stone floor in dark threads.

NEVILLE leaves the man outside and turns, breathing hard. Then he walks over to the enclosed casket and stands beside it, palms resting on the marble slab. He closes his eyes. After a moment, a sob breaks in his throat.

NEVILLE:

Virginia.

Take me where you are.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. CRYPT. LATER.

The sun is out now. Camera pans to gate. NEVILLE comes out and closes the gate carefully. As he turns, he sees the vampire man on the ground and, in sudden amazement, leans over him.

VAMPIRE MAN

He is partially eaten away as if dead for days.

NEVILLE

As he examines the man

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

The man was dead; *really* dead.

Something had destroyed him—something brutally effective.

There had been no stake, no garlic, and yet—

Suddenly, he looks up at the sky.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

Of course! The *light!*

LOW ANGLE SHOT. SUN

We see it up through the trees.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

*That was why they stayed inside by day.*

The rays of the sun could destroy them.

NEVILLE

Still looking up. Now he glances down at the man.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

But wait. This man was one of those who'd returned after death. Would the light also destroy those who, although infected, were *still alive?*

He starts up.

VAMPIRE MAN

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

I had to know!

EXT. STREET.

It is a quiet residential section. NEVILLE'S car comes racing around the corner and pulling over to the curb, is braked. NEVILLE jumps out and races up the path of a house. He tries to open the front door but it is locked. With an impatient snarl, he jumps off the porch and runs to the next house. The door is open. He enters.

INT. HOUSE.

The staircase is in the f.g. In the b.g. we see the front door. NEVILLE enters and rushes across the room eagerly. He starts up the stairs, two steps at a time.

SECOND FLOOR

He reaches the top of the stairs and enters a bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM.

The blinds are drawn. NEVILLE comes across the room and we see that there is a woman in the bed. NEVILLE jerks aside the covers and feels for the woman's heartbeat. Satisfied, he grabs her by an arm and pulls her off the bed. She grunts as her body hits the floor and makes tiny sounds in her throat as he drags her from the room.

STAIRCASE

He drags her down the stairs and across the livingroom. As he does she begins to move. Her hands close over his wrists and her body begins to twist on the rug. Her eyes are closed but she

gasps and mutters and tries to writhe out of his grip. He tears loose and pulls her by the hair.

EXT. HOUSE.

He drags her off the porch and out onto the lawn where he drops her. He winces at the strangled sound of horror she makes.

WOMAN

She lays twisting helplessly on the dead grass, hands opening and closing, lips drawn back from her teeth.

She seems to die, her hands uncurling like pale blossoms, the twisting and writhing ceased. NEVILLE, looking ill, bends over and feels for her heartbeat.

NEVILLE'S VOICE;

It was true—she was dead. Already,  
her flesh was growing cold.

(pause)

I would never need stakes again.

MIX:

INT. CAR. DAY.

He drives along, thinking.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

Then, as I was driving home, the thought  
occurred: How did I know she was really dead?  
How *could* I know until night had fallen?

NEVILLE looks impatient. Then he gets an idea.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

Unless I took her home with me.

He looks at his watch.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

Was there time?

Yes, it was only three o'clock.

EXT. STREET.

NEVILLE makes a fast U turn and starts back.

MIX:

EXT. STREET.

We see the woman still lying on the lawn. NEVILLE'S car appears and pulls over to the curb.

NEVILLE.

He gets out of the car and walks to the back of the wagon. He lowers the tail gate, then walks over to the woman. He drags her to the car and puts her in. He closes the tail gate and starts back to the front seat.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

I'd have to get some rope to tie her with in case she wasn't really dead. I'd pick it up at the hardware store. There was time.

He looks at his watch again.

INSERT WATCH

It reads three o'clock.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

Yes, it was only thr—

Stopped.

Lunging into his car, NEVILLE slams it into gear and races away.

L.S. MAIN STREET.

In the distance we see the smoke of the fire, the darkening of the sky.

Now the faint sound of NEVILLE'S car is heard. He comes bulleting at us, coming closer, closer.

It roars past us, going at top speed.

INT. CAR

NEVILLE sits rigidly at the wheel looking at the road ahead. Occasionally he glances round as if to see if the vampires are out. Intercut between spots of him at the wheel and the speeding car. Sweat breaks out on NEVILLE'S forehead, his hands grip the steering wheel frozenly, his stricken eyes search the street ahead. The car goes around corners, tyres shrieking, it flashes along the street. Now, we hear a faint shout, and glancing back with NEVILLE, we see a man come running out of one of the houses,

waving at NEVILLE. Cut to NEVILLE'S terrified reaction. Now the car turns the final corner and NEVILLE, seeing something ahead, jams on the brakes.

EXT. STREET. STATION WAGON.

It grates to a shuddering, back sliding halt.

INT. CAR.

NEVILLE stares out in horror.

EXT. STREET.

Camera shooting through windshield. Ahead, blocking the way, a ragged line of vampires, almost a dozen, stand in the street. They all are turning their heads, as they see NEVILLE. Howls of triumph billows up from them. They break into a run towards him.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

NEVILLE shudders, muttering to himself indistinctly. He looks around gasping. Up the corner, several men and women are coming at him.

Abruptly, NEVILLE makes his decision. He throws the car in gear and starts it up, heading straight for the line of vampires. They rush at him, he at them.

Suddenly, his car is bowling them over, knocking them down and aside. Their screams are horrible. Their white faces go flashing by.

Now they are behind and pursuing him. Impulsively, he starts braking and slows the car down to thirty, to twenty, to fifteen miles per hour.

He looks back.

REVERSE SHOT.

The vampires run in pursuit, their grayish-white faces coming closer, their dark eyes fastened to the car, to him. Suddenly to the right o.s.

BEN CORTMAN'S VOICE:

*Neville!*

The camera jerks over in time to see BEN CORTMAN rush the last two paces to the car and reach in for NEVILLE. The startled NEVILLE jams his foot down on the gas pedal and the car stalls.

NEVILLE reaches for the key but BEN CORTMAN'S clawing hand deflects him.

NEVILLE shoves the cold white hand aside.

CORTMAN:

*Neville!*

Again CORTMAN claws at him. Again NEVILLE pushes aside the hand. He twists the key. Behind, we hear the vampires screaming excitedly as they come closer to the station wagon. Now the motor starts. CORTMAN'S nails rake across NEVILLE'S chest. The pain makes NEVILLE hiss in sudden pain. His hand jerks into a rigid fist which he drives into CORTMAN'S slaving face. CORTMAN goes flailing back as the

gears catch and the station wagon jolts forward picking up speed. There is a thumping noise in back. NEVILLE, with the camera, looks back.

Hanging on the rear is a vampire man, his ashen face glaring in through the back window.

EXT. STREET.

NEVILLE jerks the car over toward the curb and swerves sharply. Vampire holds on. Again NEVILLE heads the station wagon for the curb, and, at the last second, swerves it. This time the man is shaken loose. We see him running headlong and uncontrollably across a lawn. He smashes violently into the side of a house.

INT. STATION WAGON.

NEVILLE turns right at the corner. Behind, we see the vampires in pursuit. The corner shuts away the sight of them.

EXT. STREET.

NEVILLE turns sights again and speeds up the block.

END OF STREET.

The station wagon comes speeding up to the corner, turns right again. The camera pans and we see the car gun up the short block and turn right still again.

EXT. HOUSE

The garage door is still up as NEVILLE left it. The area seems clear of vampires though. At the corner, we see NEVILLE'S station wagon turn with a screech of tyres, speed up to the curb. He brakes it and shoves open the door, rushes around the car. He heads for the garage, grabs the handle to pull it down.

BEN CORTMAN:  
*Neville!*

CORTMAN comes lunging out of the shadows of the garage. The impact of his body almost knocks NEVILLE onto the driveway cement. The two men stagger toward the curb, CORTMAN'S hands clamped around NEVILLE'S neck, his white-fanged mouth darting at NEVILLE'S throat.

Abruptly, NEVILLE drives his right fist into CORTMAN'S throat. Up the corner, the first of the pursuing vampires appears, screaming. Breaking free with a violent movement, NEVILLE grabs CORTMAN by his long, greasy hair and sends him hurtling down the driveway to ram into the side of the station wagon.

NEVILLE scales the fence and jumps onto the porch. He grabs the door knob but the door is locked. He reaches into his pocket for the keys, then suddenly realizes he left them in the station wagon! He whirls in that direction.

INT. STATION WAGON.  
INSERT, KEYS.

As they dangle from their dashboard slot.

L.S.

We see NEVILLE come rushing off the porch, heading for the car. He jumps the fence one handedly —

EXT. SIDEWALK.

CORTMAN lunges at him with a snarl and NEVILLE drives his knee into the white face. CORTMAN goes thudding back onto the sidewalk. Pulling open the door, NEVILLE lunges into the car and jerks the keys from their slot. As he starts back out of the car, the first of the other vampires leaps at him. NEVILLE twists himself back onto the car seat and lunging vampire trips over his outstretched legs, sprawls heavily onto the sidewalk. NEVILLE jumps out, scales the fence again and rushes for the house.

PORCH

NEVILLE leaps onto it and fumbles for the right key. Another vampire man comes leaping at him. The impact of his body slams NEVILLE against the house. The man's mouth goes for NEVILLE'S throat.

NEVILLE drives his knee into the man's groin, then leaning his weight against the house, he raises his foot high and shoves the doubled over man into a vampire woman rushing across the lawn. They both go sprawling. The man who had fallen over NEVILLE'S legs comes rushing at him now.

NEVILLE dives for the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM.

The door is unlocked, shoved open and NEVILLE leaps inside. As he slams it shut, an arm shoots through the opening. NEVILLE presses on the door with all his strength, we hear the bones snapping, hear the agonized scream of the vampire.

NEVILLE then releases the pressure, shoves out the arm and slams shut the door. He bolts it, chains it, sticks a bar across it. Then, leaning against the door, he slides down to a sitting position, gasping, blood dribbling down his cheek. Outside, the vampires howl and pummel at the door, breaking the mirror, shouting his name in a paroxysm of fury. Stones thump against the walls, sticks hit against it.

Catching his breath, NEVILLE pushes up now and throws the switch that electrifies the fence. He listens but hears nothing. He walks over to the lamp and switches it on. Nothing happens. He does it again.

NEVILLE:  
(overwhelmed)  
*You bastards.*

Suddenly, outside, there is a tremendous crash. NEVILLE turns, rushes to the small peephole, pulls open the door.

EXT. STREET.

From NEVILLE'S point of view we see the station wagon lying on its side. The vampires are smashing in the windows with sticks and stones. They tear open the hood and beat at the engine with frenzied club blows. They drag out the woman's body.

C.S. NEVILLE

As fury mounts in him visibly, pouring through him like hot acid. Suddenly it explodes.

NEVILLE:  
*Enough!*

He rushes to the sideboard and jerks out the pistol from its holster. He opens the drawer.

INSERT DRAWER.

Another pistol lies in the drawer.

NEVILLE'S hand jerks it out.

NEVILLE

Racing across the room, he knocks up the bar and it clatters down onto the floor. Feverishly, he unbolts the door, unlocks it. Outside the vampires howl.

NEVILLE:  
Here I come, you *bastards!*

He jerks open the door and shoots the first man he sees. The man goes spinning back off the porch as NEVILLE lunges out. The vampires at the station wagon see him and start for him. Two women start across the lawn for him, their dresses torn and filthy, their white arms spread to enfold him. Their bodies jerk back under the crashing impact of the bullets. The first shot man is already getting up, however. More men attack NEVILLE, he keeps firing but they grab him. Then he shoots one man in the face. The man staggers back, blood spouting from between the fingers of the hands he has clapped across his features. Suddenly, NEVILLE is forgotten as the vampire men and women lurch at their wounded fellow. As NEVILLE watches, sickened, they start tearing at the wounded man like animals. NEVILLE turns and stumbles back into the house in revulsion.

He closes the door and locks it. He drops the guns and stands against the wall, clubbing slowly and weakly at the plaster.

FADE OUT:

EXT. HOUSE. VAMPIRES. MORNING.

We see the battered car lying on its side, the gate torn off, bodies on the lawn, the garage door open, a trickle of gasoline running from it. The vampires are moving away. CORTMAN comes out of the garage carrying a box of odds and ends which he empties on the driveway. Then he moves off.

PORCH

NEVILLE opens the door a crack and looks out. He glances in all directions, then hurries out and down the path to the garage. The lawn is strewn with junk. NEVILLE'S face scratch is dried.

GARAGE DOOR

NEVILLE stops and looks into the garage, aghast.

INT. GARAGE.

We see the debris of broken bulbs, fuses, wiring, plugs, solder, spare motor parts, even seeds — all lying in pools of spilled gasoline. The washing machine is battered. Wires are pulled loose from the generator.

NEVILLE comes to the generator quickly and examines it. Suddenly, he smiles, begins re-wiring.

NEVILLE:  
(muttering)  
Thank God they're not electricians.

The generator goes on—

C.S. NEVILLE

As he stands, he hears a crash o.s.—as of something knocked over. He looks startled, rises to investigate the strange sound. He approaches the door in a state of fright.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

If they were out in the daytime now...

EXT. GARAGE.

He comes out, looks around nervously, seeing nothing. We do not see anything, only the beaten car, the bodies on the lawn, the debris. The camera pans across the scene. Then a dog comes out from behind the car.

C.S. NEVILLE

As he reacts with an involuntary cry.

M.S. DOG.

The dog looks around sharply.

C.S. NEVILLE

NEVILLE:

(hardly able to speak for the joy he feels)

*Oh...*

C.S. DOG.

It starts running across the street, ropelike tail between its legs.

M.S. NEVILLE

He lurches forward with a dull cry pursuing the dog.

NEVILLE

(panic-stricken)

Hey! Don't run away!

ANOTHER ANGLE

NEVILLE runs into the street after the hobbling dog. His voice rings on the silent street.

NEVILLE:

(desperately)

Hey! Come back here!

(pause)

Come back here, boy!

C.S. DOG.

As it scrambles down the sidewalk on the other side of the street. NEVILLE runs into scene, pursuing.

NEVILLE:

Come here boy, I won't hurt you!

ANOTHER ANGLE.

Now the dog darts in between two houses.

NEVILLE:

(shrilly)

Don't run away!

He runs into the alley after it.

EXT. BACKYARD

NEVILLE comes pounding up the alley, stops, looks around with anguished eyes. Then he runs to the fence, the camera drawing ahead of him. He looks over, looks in all directions, little pitiful sounds of crushing disappointment in his throat.

NEVILLE:  
(almost crying)  
Boy! Where are ya, boy?  
*I won't hurt you.*

MIX.

INT. KITCHEN. INSERT. DAY.

We see a bowl of hamburger meat. Now a hand pours canned milk into an empty bowl next to the meat bowl.

INT. LIVING ROOM.

Carrying the two bowls, NEVILLE walks across the straightened up livingroom, onto the door. He puts down the bowls and looks around.

NEVILLE:  
(calling)  
Here, boy! Come 'ere!

He goes inside the yard and closes the repaired gate. He looks up and down the street. Then he goes to the porch and sits down on it, watches.

MIX:

INT. KITCHEN. C.S. CLOCK. NIGHT.

It reads six o'clock.

The camera pans down as an unhappy NEVILLE comes in, carrying the two full bowls which he puts in the refrigerator. He stands there miserably. Outside a stone hits the house. CORTMAN shouts.

CORTMAN'S VOICE:  
Neville!

NEVILLE:  
(dully)  
Oh, shut up!

DISSOLVE:

EXT. HOUSE. DAY.

NEVILLE comes out carrying the bowls. There are, for a change no bodies on the sidewalk. NEVILLE comes out to the sidewalk, puts the bowls down. He looks around with sad, defeated eyes, then goes and sits down on the porch again, waits.

MIX:

INT. LIVINGROOM

The door is ajar in the b.g. In the f.g. sits NEVILLE with a drink in his hand. It is very silent.

Now, he stiffens as he hears the clink of the bowl. Putting down the drink with feverish haste, he runs to the door.

EXT. STREET.

The dog is eating the hamburger. It looks up frightenedly, edges away.

M.S. NEVILLE.

As he starts out, he, visibly, holds himself back. He closes his eyes momentarily, takes a deep breath.

NEVILLE:  
Take your time, boy.  
Take your time.  
(pause)  
Plenty of time.

C.S. DOG.

Seeing that NEVILLE is not approaching, it edges back to the food and starts eating.

C.S. NEVILLE.

He stands there, an affectionate smile on his face as he watches the dog eat.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. STREET. DAY.

A new station wagon drives along the street.

INT. STATION WAGON. NEVILLE.

NEVILLE:  
(talking to an unseen auditor on his right)  
Nice car, isn't it?  
(wryly)  
I hope I can keep up the payments.

The camera pans over toward where the dog is sitting on the seat beside him.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:  
I'd hate to have it repossessed.

Camera holds on dog.

What do you think, Friday?

MIX:

C.S. LIBRARY DOOR. DAY.

The lettering on the door reads: HUDSON CITY PUBLIC LIBRARY and the hours it was open when people were still alive to read books. There is a film of grime on the door, streaked here and there as if by past rain.

L.S.

NEVILLE'S car is driven up to the curb, braked. NEVILLE gets out. He sees a sign that reads *NO PARKING HERE AT ANY TIME*. He looks wryly at it. o.s., the dog barks. NEVILLE looks

back at it, grins.

NEVILLE:

You know dogs aren't allowed in libraries.

(pause)

You stay in the car I don't want to lose you.

He walks to the door of the library, takes the mallet from his belt.

INT. LIBRARY.

It is very dim inside, very still. Through the grime-filmed glass doors we see NEVILLE breaking the glass, then reaching in and unlocking the door. He comes in and stops, looks around.

He spots what he is looking for.

C.S. DOORWAY.

The sign over the door reads PHILOSOPHY ROOM. The camera draws back as NEVILLE'S footsteps are heard approaching. They enter the Philosophy Room.

INT. PHILOSOPHY ROOM.

NEVILLE stops, looks around. Then with a grunt, he starts along the rows of shelves.

PAN SHOT.

O.S. we hear NEVILLE'S footsteps. We see the titles of the books on each section, books on religion, on philosophy. Finally NEVILLE reaches what he wants and the footsteps stop.

NEVILLE

He pulls books off the shelf and starts stacking them on a table. We see the titles. They are books on the supernatural. Among others we see THE VAMPIRE by Montague Summers.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

The dog had given me back not only the will to live  
but the will to conquer the situation I was in.

To go on investigating it—to find out *why*.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY. CROSS.

We see it lying on a table. The camera pans over to the other objects on the table, a mirror and a bowl of garlic bulbs.

NEVILLE'S VOICE;

My first step was to test the effect of  
those traditional weapons against vampires:  
the cross—the mirror and garlic—

The camera looks up now and, across the table, bound to a chair, we see a young vampire woman, head lolling in her day time coma. She is the one who, in an earlier scene, started to take off her dress to lure NEVILLE out. She is a hideous looking creature in the lamp light; hair straggly and lank, face grimy, white beneath the streaks of grime; dress filthy and torn.

NEVILLE

He looks at his watch. O.s. we hear a growling. NEVILLE looks over.

C.S. KITCHEN DOOR.

We hear the dog growling behind it.

NEVILLE.

NEVILLE:  
Easy does it, Friday.

He looks back at the woman.

VAMPIRE WOMAN

She sits, bound to the chair, still comatose. Then, after several moments, there is a twitch to her cheek, to her lips. Her body stirs in the binding ropes. Her head moves slightly, there is a faint rumbling in her throat like the faltering attempts at speech of an idiot. She begins to gasp, to writhe.

Abruptly, her eyes open. They stare out terribly at us.

TWO SHOT

As he watches

NEVILLE:  
(wryly)  
Good evening.  
Welcome to *Chez Neville*.

The woman's face is seized by demoniac fury. Her body strains against the bonds.

NEVILLE picks up the mirror.

C.S. NEVILLE.

He looks into the mirror. On its surface we see the woman reflected.

NEVILLE:  
(to woman)  
Hmm. You're not supposed to cast a reflection in a mirror. What's the matter with you? No respect for tradition?

NEVILLE goes over to the woman and holds the mirror up to her. She stares at it blankly.

He gets an interested expression, lowers the mirror.

NEVILLE:  
(to woman)  
So that's it. You *can* see, can't you?  
But your brain is gone.  
*You don't recognize yourself.*

He puts down the mirror, picks up the garlic now, crushes it and holds it near the woman. She draws back.

NEVILLE:  
What *is* it about garlic?

He experiments with the garlic a few more moments. then, putting it down, he picks up the cross, walks over to the woman and shows it to her. Her reaction is violent. It is as if she wants to tear loose from the chair. She is in obvious agony.

NEVILLE:  
Why are you afraid of it?

Her eyes fix on his face and make him shudder. Her tongue licks across her lips, a guttural rumbling fills her throat.

NEVILLE:

The *cross!*

Why are you afraid of it?

He raises it before her eyes and she reacts in fear and fury again. She avoids the sight of the cross.

NEVILLE:

*Look at it!*

He grabs her shoulder and she jerks her head around, bites him. He pulls back his hand, cursing. Then he turns, puts down the cross and goes to the bar. He starts pouring whiskey over the cut, hissing with pain. Suddenly, there is a terrible snarl and the woman lunges into frame—rush knocks him against the table where he strikes his head. He is barely conscious as she lurches onto him, trying to tear at his throat.

C.S. KITCHEN DOOR.

Friday is scratching furiously at the door, trying to get out of the kitchen.

NEVILLE AND WOMAN.

NEVILLE'S hand struggles to reach the cross which has been knocked to the floor. He cannot quite reach it as he struggles with the maniac woman who tears at him with her long nails, her mouth open, fangs ready to sink into his neck.

Finally, as she tears at his throat, he grabs the cross and holds it up before her. She recoils and we see the trickle of blood from NEVILLE'S throat.

Groggily, NEVILLE backs the woman to the door, opens it and shoves her out. He relocks the door and leans against it weakly. O.s. the dog is barking.

INT. BEDROOM. NEVILLE. DAY.

NEVILLE is opening a wooden box on his workbench. The dog watches.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

I had learned very little from my first experiment. So I began to search for the main cause of the vampire—the germ I'd heard so much about—and never seen.

He takes a microscope from the box and sets it down on the bench.

C.S. NEVILLE. DAY.

As he looks into the microscope, adjusting it. It has a single eye-piece.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

The first microscope I got was worthless. I wasted three days trying to operate it.

He blinks exaggeratedly from the strain of keeping one eye closed. He tries again and the mike wobbles. Finally, he knocks it over, with an angry motion. Friday gets frightened and runs out of the room. NEVILLE grins at it.

MIX:

INT. BEDROOM. NEVILLE. NIGHT.

He has another microscope, more ornate, larger.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:  
The next one was better.  
After a few days of steady attention,  
I'd learned how to make it work.

INT. HOUSE. NEVILLE AND WOMAN. DAY.

He is bent over her, doing something with her arm. Then he straightens up with a syringe of blood.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:  
I began taking specimens of blood to  
look at on the microscope.

INT. BEDROOM. NEVILLE. DAY.

He is working on slides. The dog watches.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:  
That was the hardest part.  
First of all, I kept getting dust  
on all the slides I made.

MICROSCOPE SHOT.

We see what look like boulders.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:  
(wryly)  
It didn't look like dust in the microscope.

NEVILLE.

He puts a slide on the microscope, a drop of oil on it, then racks down the lens to it.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:  
Then, when I finally got slides free of dust—

MICROSCOPE SHOT

The slide shows a great crack.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:  
I broke them.

He pulls the slide out and throws it away angrily.

MIX:

INT. BEDROOM. NEVILLE. NIGHT.

At microscope. He breaks another.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:  
*And* broke them.

MIX:

INT. BEDROOM. NEVILLE. NIGHT.

He does it again.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:  
*And* broke them.

He knocks over the microscope, presses his hands over his eyes, teeth gritted. The dog presses close to him and NEVILLE smiles down tiredly at it, scratches its ear.

MIX:

INT. BEDROOM. NEVILLE. DAY.

He works on a slide, puts it in the microscope, puts on the drop of oil, racks down the lens.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

Then, at long last, after months of failure...

He looks into the microscope, adjusts it. He reacts, looks intently into the double eye-pieces.

MICROSCOPIC SHOT

We see the germs fluttering on the slide.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

(mutedly)

*There it was*—the cause of the vampire.

The germ that had hidden behind veils of superstition.

for a thousand years and more. Looking at it,

I thought about the ancient fall of Athens. Historians

wrote of bubonic plague but I wondered if it hadn't been

*this* germ that had caused the plague. And what of the Black

Plague, that hideous blight that swept across Europe in the

Middle Ages, leaving, in its wake, a toll of three-fourths of

the population.

(pause)

Had it been caused by this germ?

C.S. NEVILLE

He jerks up his head as a jangling alarm bell rings o.s. He looks across the room.

BEDSIDE TABLE.

An alarm clock on it reads six-five. Its alarm is ringing stridently.

INT. LIVINGROOM.

NEVILLE comes in with the dog and goes over to the switch. He throws it, picks up the testing apparatus and goes outside.

NEVILLE:

(to dog)

Stay there.

He closes the door but it bounces open a bit. The dog moves for it.

EXT. HOUSE. NEVILLE.

He finishes testing the fence and goes back into the house. As he closes the door and we hear it bolted, the dog comes out from behind a bush. It jumps up onto the porch and goes to the door. It whines softly.

INT. KITCHEN

NEVILLE enters and goes to the refrigerator. He takes out a bowl of meat.

NEVILLE:

Come on, boy! Chow down!

EXT. PORCH. DOG.

It scratches at the door, whining.

CORTMAN'S VOICE:

*Come.*

The dog whirls, its hackles rising, a low, liquid growling in its throat.

CORTMAN AND VAMPIRES.

CORTMAN is by the fence, gesturing to the dog. Other vampires are collecting.

CORTMAN:

*Come.*

INT. KITCHEN.

NEVILLE calls again.

NEVILLE:

Friday!

Come on, you lazy mutt!

EXT. HOUSE. DOG.

As it growls, trembling.

ES. CORTMAN AND VAMPIRES

CORTMAN gestures invitingly, eyes gleaming.

CORTMAN:

Come. Come.

He touches the humming fence with a finger and jerks it back amid sparks, snarling angrily. He gestures to the dog again.

CORTMAN:

Come.

DOG

It growls, backed into a corner of the porch.

INT. LIVINGROOM.

NEVILLE comes in quickly from the kitchen.

NEVILLE:

Friday!

He starts out of the room and the camera pans over to the door. As we hear NEVILLE'S o.s. calls to the dog, we, also, hear the growling of the dog on the porch.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

Friday, where *are* you?

NEVILLE

He comes rushing back into the room. Suddenly, he jolts to a stop. Outside, the dog barks once. NEVILLE looks horrified.

NEVILLE:  
Oh, my God, the *fence!*

He rushes to the switch and throws it off.

EXT. HOUSE. CORTMAN AND VAMPIRES.

CORTMAN is the first to notice that the fence stops humming. He looks at it, then, abruptly, vaults over it and rushes for the dog.

PORCH

As CORTMAN runs into scene, the dog rushes out of the corner it is in and dodges CORTMAN. Now the door is pulled open and NEVILLE appears. He gasps at the sight: CORTMAN lunging at the dog.

NEVILLE:  
Friday!

He starts forward instinctively but, now, several other vampire men and women are clambering over the fence. One of them leaps at NEVILLE who hurls him aside. Another grabs him but he fights loose, knocks the man backward. Then, seeing that the odds are too great, he stumbles backward to the doorway, having to fight off several vampires en route.

NEVILLE:  
(desperately)  
*Here, Friday! Here!*

INT. HOUSE.

He shoves a woman back outside and calls to the dog again.

NEVILLE:  
FRIDAY!

Then he is forced to slam the door and bolt it. The vampires pummel at it.

Suddenly, there is a hideous screeching yelp, with a sobbing gasp, NEVILLE lunges for the shutter and opens it. He stares out, face blanked, immobile.

L.S. CORTMAN

From NEVILLE'S eye line.

CORTMAN holds up the limp dog by its neck as if it is a trophy.

NEVILLE.

Camera holds on his horror-stricken face as we

RIPPLE DISSOLVE:

INT. LIVINGROOM. C.S. TAPE RECORDER. DAY.

NEVILLE is sitting, talking into the recorder.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:  
(defeatedly)  
Why do I keep on living? What point is there?

For a while there was hope. With Friday to share my life  
there was some meaning to existence.

Camera pans to where NEVILLE sits in a chair, listening.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:

Now even that hope is gone.

Friday is dead.

(pause; brokenly)

*I may as well be dead too...*

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET. DAY.

NEVILLE shuffles along like an old man, holding the blanket covered body of the dog whose paws we see hanging down. NEVILLE also carries a shovel.

EXT. FIELD.

NEVILLE crosses the street and enters the field. He puts down the dog and starts digging.

C.S. NEVILLE.

He digs, his face a mask of hopelessness. Then, as he digs, he looks up, freezes. He looks as if he believes he must be losing his mind.

L.S. WOMAN

We cannot tell what she looks like she is so far away. All we can see is that she wears a white dress and is walking across the long-grassed field toward us.

C.S. NEVILLE

He looks thunderstruck. The shovel falls from his hands.

NEVILLE:  
(unbelieving)  
In the daytime?  
*The daytime?*

M.S. WOMAN

She is closer now. We can almost see her face. She moves slowly, directionless, staring down at the ground.

NEVILLE

All the emotions in him move on his face—joy conditioned by fear; shock, surprise, nervous dread that this may be an hallucination. He holds himself back, represses his arm from raising, holds back a shout. His lips tremble, his face twitches with the need to call her, yet, at the same time, the fear of being disappointed. Suddenly, however, he cannot hold it back any longer. His arm shoots up, he calls.

NEVILLE:  
Hi! Hi, there!

L.S. WOMAN AND NEVILLE

In the b.g. the woman stops in her tracks, her head jerking up.

C.S. NEVILLE

He cannot say more. He stands there breathing harshly, a half smile faltering on his lips.

M.S. WOMAN

Suddenly, she twists around and starts running back the way she came.

NEVILLE

For a moment he stands uncertainly shocked anew. Then he lunges forward.

NEVILLE:  
Wait! I won't hurt you!

Ahead, the woman trips and falls into the long grass. Her face turns and we see the twisted fright on it.

NEVILLE

He rushes past camera.

NEVILLE:  
I won't *hurt* you!

BOTH

With a desperate lunge, the woman regains her footing and runs on. There is no sound now as we intercut between their running forms—no sound save that of her shoes and his boots thrashing through the heavy grass. He starts jumping over the grass to avoid

its height. We hear the grass whipping against the white skirt of her dress.

NEVILLE:  
Stop!

Now he is almost up to her. She runs still faster, her hair billowing behind her. Now he gets so close we, following him, can hear her tortured breathing. She puts on another burst of speed. But he does the same and his right hand grabs at her shoulder.

With a gasping scream, the young woman twists away, losing her balance and stumbling. She falls on her side in the long grass. NEVILLE jumps forward to help her but she scuffles back, her skirt hitching up over her knees. She shoves herself up with a breathless whimper so that she is half sitting. NEVILLE extends his hand.

NEVILLE:  
Here.

With a slight cry, she slaps it aside and struggles to her feet. He catches her by the arm and her free hand lashes out, raking jagged nails across his forehead and temple. With a grunt, NEVILLE jerks back, startled. The woman whirls and starts running again.

NEVILLE jumps forward and grabs her by the shoulder.

NEVILLE:  
(distraught)  
What are you afraid of?

Before he can finish, her hand drives stingingly across his mouth.

He struggles with her, their feet scrabbling and slipping on the earth, crackling down the thick grass.

NEVILLE:  
Will you *stop*!

She claws out at him but he catches her wrist in a powerful grip. She drives her right shoe against his shin.

NEVILLE:  
Damn it!

With a snarl of rage, he drives his right palm across her face. She staggers back with a cry. Then, sobbing, she sinks to her knees, holding her arms over her head as if to ward off further blows.

NEVILLE stands there gasping, looking down at her cringing form.

NEVILLE:  
Get up. I'm not going to hurt you.

She does nothing. NEVILLE looks down at her confusedly.

NEVILLE:  
I said I'm not going to hurt you.

He takes a step toward her but she shrinks back.

NEVILLE:  
What are you afraid of?

He extends his hand.

NEVILLE:  
Here. Stand up.

She gets up slowly without his help. NEVILLE stares at her, not knowing what to say.

NEVILLE:  
Who are you?

She doesn't answer. Her eyes stay on his face, her lips trembling.

NEVILLE:  
*Well?*

She flinches at his voice.

RUTH:  
Ruth.

BOTH

NEVILLE shudders, then slowly, almost trancelike, he reaches out his hand and puts it on her shoulder. She trembles at his touch.

NEVILLE:  
(swallows; whispers)  
Ruth.

L.S.

The two of them stand facing each other in the great, silent field.

DISSOLVE:

INSERT CLOCK. LATE AFTERNOON.

It reads four-sixteen.

INT. KITCHEN. NEVILLE

He is cutting up garlic bulbs, stringing the tiny cloves together. Now he stands, starts out of the kitchen.

BEDROOM. DOORWAY

We see NEVILLE coming across the livingroom, moving into the hall, the doorway, then stopping. He stares o.s.

REVERSE SHOT

We see the woman lying on the bed.

NEVILLE comes into the room and stands beside the bed, staring down at her, a mixture of longing and suspicion on his face. The woman stirs. After a moment's hesitation, NEVILLE bends over and puts his hand on her shoulder.

NEVILLE:  
Wake up.

He notices the chain around her neck and draws out a cross from her dress, stares at it. Her eyes flutter open and look at him in dread.

RUTH:  
(faintly)  
What are you doing?

Straightening up, NEVILLE drops the cross. They look at each other a moment.

NEVILLE:  
Where are you from?  
(as she stares at him)  
I asked you where you're from.

RUTH:  
(not understanding)  
Hudson Town.

NEVILLE:  
(obviously not believing her)  
Oh?  
(pause)  
Did you live alone?

RUTH:  
I was—married.

NEVILLE:  
Where's your husband?

RUTH:  
...dead.

NEVILLE:  
(suspiciously)  
*How long have you been wandering around?*

RUTH:

(whispering)

I don't know. About a week.

NEVILLE takes in a slow breath of air, looking at her without emotion.

NEVILLE:

(curtly)

Wait here.

He turns, leaves. She watches him go with a blank face.

INT. KITCHEN

NEVILLE comes in quickly, goes to the sink. There he grabs some of the garlic cloves, puts them in a bowl. He crushes the cloves to a pulp, his face twisted at the stench. Then he walks out of the room.

INT. BEDROOM.

RUTH looks up at the sound of NEVILLE'S returning footsteps. Then NEVILLE enters and shoves the bowl almost into her face. She recoils gagging.

RUTH

What are you doing?!

NEVILLE:

(pushing it close to her face again)

Why do you turn away.

RUTH

Please...

NEVILLE:

(furious)

Why do you turn away!?

RUTH:

(trying to avoid it)

Don't! You're making me sick.

He pushes it still closer. With a gagging sound, she backs across the bed, pressing herself against the wall.

RUTH:

(agonized)

Stop it! *Please!*

NEVILLE stands there, a forbidding look on his face.

NEVILLE:

(flatly)

*You're one of them.*

She pushes off the bed suddenly and runs out of the room. NEVILLE turns and watches her run into the bathroom, slam the door. We hear the sound of her convulsive retching. NEVILLE sighs heavily, puts the dish down on the bedside table. He sinks down on the bed, sits there staring bleakly at the floor. His fist thuds against the mattress once, twice.

MIX:

INT. HALLWAY

The bathroom door opens and RUTH appears, looking very ill. She looks into the bedroom.

TWO SHOT

She looks in at NEVILLE who returns the look. Then she walks out of scene.

NEVILLE gets up wearily and walks out of the room.

INT. LIVINGROOM.

As he enters the room he sees RUTH sitting on the sofa, looking very pale and weak. She looks up at him.

RUTH:  
(bitterly)  
Are you satisfied?

NEVILLE:  
Never mind that.  
You're on trial, not me.

They look at each other for a long moment and NEVILLE seems to relent a little bit. Looking uncertain, he sits down in a chair across from her.

NEVILLE:  
Listen to me. I have every reason to suspect you of being infected. Especially now that you've reacted that way to garlic  
(as she says nothing).  
Any system infected with the germ becomes allergic to garlic fumes.  
(as she says nothing)  
Haven't you anything to say?

She holds up the cross.

RUTH:  
What about this?

NEVILLE:  
You're still alive. Only the undead are afraid of the cross.

RUTH:  
Why am I awake in the day time then?

NEVILLE:  
I don't know.  
(pause)  
I've driven through the town hundreds of times.  
Why haven't I seen you?

RUTH:  
Hudson City isn't that small.

NEVILLE:  
(not believing obviously)  
I'd like to believe you.

RUTH:  
Would you?

She bends over as another spasm of illness hits her stomach. NEVILLE looks at her, fighting against the human tendency to believe and sympathize.

Now RUTH looks up with hard eyes.

RUTH:

I've had a weak stomach all my life.

I lost two children to the plague.

I saw my husband killed.

*Torn to pieces right in front of my eyes.*

For the past week I've been wandering all over—hiding at night—not eating more than scraps of food. Sick with fear, unable to sleep for more than a couple of hours at a time. Then I hear someone shout at me. You chase me over a field, hit me, drag me to your house. Then when I get sick because you shove a plate of reeking garlic in my face, you tell me I'm infected! What do you *expect*?!

He sits, silent a moment. Then:

NEVILLE:

Would you—let me take a blood test to—?

She starts up suddenly, heads for the door.

NEVILLE:

(startled)

What are you doing?

She doesn't answer. She fumbles awkwardly with the lock, NEVILLE stands, looking pained and embarrassed.

NEVILLE:

You can't go out there. The street will be full of them in a little while.

RUTH:

(disconsolate)

I'm not staying here!

What's the difference if they kill me?

Going to her, he grabs her.

RUTH:

Leave me alone! I didn't ask to come here!

You dragged me here! Why don't you leave me alone?

He holds her firmly.

NEVILLE:

You can't go out.

He leads her to the sofa again, sits her. He goes to the bar and pours her a tumbler full of whiskey. He hands it to her.

NEVILLE:

Drink it. It'll calm you down.

RUTH:

(angrily)

So you can shove more garlic in my face?

He shakes his head. She drinks, coughs.

RUTH:

(after a pause)

Why do you want me to stay?

He hesitates before speaking.

NEVILLE:

Even if you are infected, I can't  
let you go out there. You don't know  
what they'd do to you.

She closes her eyes, sighs.

RUTH:  
I don't care.

DISSOLVE:

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

NEVILLE and RUTH are sitting at the table eating.

NEVILLE:

I don't understand it. Almost three years now  
and there are some infected people still alive.  
What keeps them going? The germ used to kill  
in a matter of *months*.

RUTH:

My husband and I used to see them sometimes.  
We were afraid to go near them though.

NEVILLE:

Didn't you know they'd come back after they died?

RUTH:

No.

NEVILLE:

Didn't you wonder about the people who  
attacked your house at night?

RUTH:

We thought they were— feverish, I guess.  
It never entered our minds that they were— dead.

(pause)

It's hard to believe something like that.

NEVILLE:  
I suppose.

They eat silently a moment, NEVILLE glancing at her worriedly;  
suspicious yet not wanting to be suspicious.

RUTH:

Tell me more about them.

NEVILLE gets up rather obviously and goes to the stove. He lifts  
the coffee pot off its burner and carries it over.

NEVILLE:

(pouring coffee into her cup)  
How do you feel now?

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

RUTH:

(politely)  
Better, thank you.

He pours coffee into his own cup, then returns the pot to the  
stove.

RUTH:

You still don't trust me, do you?

He starts a little at the stove, then comes back.

NEVILLE:  
It's not that.

RUTH:  
(as he sits)  
Of course it is.  
(she sighs)  
Oh, very well.

If you have to check my blood, check it.

He looks at her suspiciously a moment as if he thinks this might be a trick. Then he nods.

NEVILLE:  
Good.  
(as her gaze falls)  
If you *are* infected— which I doubt—  
I'll do everything I can for you.

RUTH:  
(looking up)  
And if you can't?

They look at each other intently.

NEVILLE:  
Let's wait and see.

He picks up his cup, takes a sip of coffee, then, abruptly, puts it down.

NEVILLE:  
Shall we do it now?

RUTH:  
Please - in the morning.  
I still feel a little ill.

NEVILLE:  
(suspicious again)  
Oh, all right. In the morning.

MIX:

INT. LIVINGROOM. NIGHT.

We are looking at the phonograph. It is playing Schubert's Fourth Symphony.

RUTH & NEVILLE

They are on the sofa, drinking wine.

RUTH:  
I never thought I'd be listening to music again.  
Drinking wine.

She looks around the room.

RUTH:  
You've certainly done a wonderful job on your house.

NEVILLE:  
What about yours? How did you protect it?

RUTH:

We had it boarded up like this. And we used crosses —

NEVILLE:

(breaking in)

They don't always work.

RUTH:

(blankly)

They don't — ?

NEVILLE:

Why should a Jew fear the cross?

Why should a vampire who had *been* a Jew fear it?

(as she stares at him)

As far as I know, the existence of vampires was first acknowledged in Europe—a continent predominantly catholic. Naturally, the cross would become the symbol of defense against vampires. Now the entire world is involved. There are vampires who had been Hindus, Mohammedans, Buddhists, even atheists.

(pause)

Why should they fear the cross?

RUTH:

You didn't let me finish.

We used garlic too.

NEVILLE:

I see.

She looks at him gravely.

RUTH:

You don't believe a word I said, do you?

NEVILLE:

(lying)

I'm just curious how you —

RUTH:

(grimly amused, she breaks in)

You've been alone too long.

(pause)

You've lost the talent for deceit.

NEVILLE looks irritated. He, visibly, fights it off.

RUTH:

Tell me more about the germ.

He hesitates and she smiles ruefully, shaking her head.

INT. LIVINGROOM. NIGHT.

RUTH:

(cont'd)

Tell me about yourself then.

I won't pry at your hard-won secrets.

He looks irritated again, as if he senses that she is, somehow, making fun of him.

NEVILLE:

(lighting a cigarette)

Nothing to tell.

She smiles at him.

RUTH:

You scared the life out of me this afternoon,  
you know. You and your—bristly beard.

And those wild eyes.

(pause)

What do you look like under all those whiskers?

NEVILLE:

(stiffly)

Nothing. Just an ordinary face.

RUTH:

How old are you?

He hesitates, looking like a stubborn child. RUTH turns her head.

RUTH:

(quietly)

You don't have to talk to me if you don't want to.

I won't bother you. I'll go tomorrow.

NEVILLE:

(awkwardly)

Ruth, I—

RUTH:

I don't want to spoil your life.

You don't have to feel any obligation to me  
just because—we're the only ones left.

INT. LIVINGROOM. NIGHT.

He looks guilt-ridden. He tamps out his cigarette, his expression bleak and tense.

NEVILLE:

(not looking at her)

I'm sorry. I—I *have* been alone a long time.

(as she says nothing)

If you'd like to talk, I'll be glad to—  
tell you anything I can.

RUTH:

(after hesitating)

I would like to know about the germ.

I lost my two girls because of it.

NEVILLE:

Well, in the first place, it kills its victims by  
feeding on their blood cells. Then, after death—  
I still don't know *how*—the germ *re-activates* the body;  
and you have a vampire.

(pause)

The vampire provides the germ with blood;  
the germ provides the vampire with energy to get more blood.

RUTH:

Why are we immune?

NEVILLE:

I don't know about you. As for me, while I was  
stationed in Panama during the war, I was bitten  
by a vampire bat, and—though I can't prove it—I think

the bat had previously attacked a real vampire and acquired the germ. By the time the germ passed into my system it was "second-han" so to speak. It made me terribly sick of course but - it didn't kill me. As a result my body built up an immunity.

RUTH:  
I see.

NEVILLE:  
Of course the main problem with this germ is how to destroy it. I found out that light kills it. Also that, putting a stake in the vampire's body kills the germ. But *why* I don't know. I can only guess.

RUTH:  
What *is* your guess?

NEVILLE:  
I think the germ is what's called a facultative saprophyte — that is, it can live with air — or without it — *but with a difference*. Inside the vampire's body — *without air* — it co-operates with the vampire's system.

(pause)

*But* — when *air* enters the vampire's body, the germ no longer co-operates. It turns into a parasite. *It, literally, eats the vampire.*

RUTH:  
Then the stake —

NEVILLE:  
— *Lets air* in. Of course. Lets it in and *keeps the flesh* open so the body seal can't work.

RUTH:  
Body seal?

NEVILLE:  
That's what I call it. It's why you can't shoot them. Bullet holes are sealed up almost instantly — so no air gets in.  
(shrugs)

I haven't proved any of this, of course.

RUTH:  
(swallowing)  
What about the infected ones?  
The ones who are still alive?

NEVILLE:  
I think the same things apply to them. Although I don't usually bother with a stake. The light is just as good to —

As she turns away, sickened.

NEVILLE:  
(not knowing)  
What's the matter?

RUTH:  
N-nothing. Nothing.

NEVILLE:  
One gets used to these things.  
(pause)  
One has to.  
(as she shudders)

You can't abide by parliamentary procedure in the jungle, Ruth. Believe me, it's the only thing I can do. Would it be better to let them die of the disease and return—in a far more terrible way?

RUTH:

But you said a lot of them are—are still living. How do you know they're not going to *stay* alive?

NEVILLE:

Because I know the germ, I know how it multiplies. No matter how long their systems fight it, in the end the germ will win.

(pause)

If I didn't kill them, sooner or later they'd die and come after me. I have no choice.

(after a long pause; wonderingly)

Do you—actually think I'm *wrong*?

She doesn't answer.

NEVILLE:

Ruth?

RUTH:

It's not for me to say?

DISSOLVE:

INT. LIVINGROOM. NIGHT.

We see the clock; it is 3.15 a.m. Camera pans to NEVILLE. He lies in the darkness, sleeping restlessly on the sofa—in the throes of a nightmare. He moans, mutters to himself, sounds as though he is in pain. It gets worse and worse until, abruptly, he sits up.

NEVILLE:

Virginia!

Groggy with sleep, he looks around the room. Suddenly, he sees something and stares at it.

RUTH

Standing over by the door is the figure of a woman. We cannot see that it is RUTH.

NEVILLE

NEVILLE:

(shaken)

Virginia?

NEVILLE stands up tremblingly and moves across the room, a dazed look on his face. NEVILLE reaches the dark figure of RUTH, reaches out. She shrinks back.

RUTH:

It's Ruth.

NEVILLE stands there as if without comprehension.

RUTH:

(frightened)

Ruth.

NEVILLE shakes his head suddenly, rubs his fingers across his eyes.

NEVILLE:

(weakly)

Oh.

(pause)

Oh. I—

(he swallows)

What are you doing?

RUTH:

(nervously)

Nothing.

I—couldn't sleep.

He grunts, then stumbles over to the lamp, switches it on. As he turns back, he sees that she is dressed.

NEVILLE:

Why are you dressed?

RUTH:

I was—just looking out.

NEVILLE:

Why are you dressed?

(as she doesn't answer)

Were you going to leave?

RUTH:

No, of course not.

He stares at her incredulously.

RUTH:

How *could* I with them out there?

He stares at her a moment, then turns and moves unsteadily to the bar, pours himself a tumbler full of whiskey and swallows it hastily. He leans against the bar, eyes closed.

RUTH:

Was that her name?

NEVILLE:

(controlling himself)

It's all right. Go to bed.

RUTH:

I'm sorry. I—didn't mean—

NEVILLE:

(after a moment)

I thought you were—*her*.

I woke up and I thought—it's her.

He pours another drink and swallows it with a gulp. He sets down the glass.

NEVILLE:

She came back you see. I—*buried* her but she came back.

She looked like—like you did standing at the door.

(pause)

I tried to keep her with me. I tried but she wasn't the same any more. All she wanted was—

He forces down a sob in his throat.

NEVILLE:

I put her away again. I still couldn't throw her in the fire though. So I had to do the same thing to her I've done to the others.

*A stake. My own wife.*

(he shudders; whispers)

My own wife.

(long pause)

Almost three years ago I did that.

And I still remember it, it's still with me.

What can you do?

(hitting the bar)

What can you *do*?

No matter how you try you can't forget or—  
or adjust or *even* get away from it.

(he runs shaking fingers through his hair)

I knew what you feel. I know.

I didn't trust you at first.

I didn't. I was safe, secure in my little

shell of existence. *Now*—

(swallows)

—in a second, it's all gone.

Adjustment, security, peace.

All gone.

RUTH:

(brokenly)

Robert.

(pause; she moves closer to him)

Why were we punished like this?

NEVILLE:

I don't know. There's no answer,  
no reason. It just *is*.

He turns slowly and looks at her. Something flickers between them. Then, gently, without hesitation, he draws her close.

RUTH:

*Robert.*

Her hands rub at his back while he holds her firmly, his eyes pressed shut against her hair.

Now they kiss, their lips holding for a long time, their arms holding each other with desperate longing.

Then his hand strokes roughly at her hair.

NEVILLE:

I'm sorry, Ruth.

RUTH:

Sorry?

NEVILLE:

For being so cruel to you.

For not trusting you.

She presses against him convulsively, a sob trembling in her.

RUTH:

Oh, Robert, it's so unfair. So *unfair*.

Why are we still alive? Why aren't we all dead?

It would be better if we were all dead.

NEVILLE:

Shhh—shhh. It'll be all right.

She clings to him.

NEVILLE:

It will. It will.

RUTH:  
How *can* it be?

NEVILLE:  
It *will*.

They kiss. It is, at first, a gentle kiss but, in a few seconds, it has become one of hungry passion. They cling to each other as we:

DISSOLVE:

EXT. HOUSE. MORNING.

The vampires are gone. There are a couple of bodies lying in the street.

INT. BEDROOM. C.S. RUTH

As she lies asleep. She wears only a slip.

Now a hand comes down into shot and touches her cheek gently.

NEVILLE'S VOICE:  
(softly)  
Ruth.

She opens her eyes and stares blankly a moment, then smiles. The camera draws back as NEVILLE, sitting on the bed, bends over her. Her arms slide around him. They kiss warmly. NEVILLE is dressed.

RUTH:  
Good morning

NEVILLE:  
Morning

RUTH:  
How long have you been up?

NEVILLE:  
Just a little while.  
I wanted to set up the microscope so we can—

She stiffens in his arms.

NEVILLE:  
No, no, don't be afraid.  
We won't find anything.

She looks at him, fearfully.

NEVILLE:  
(trembling)  
I won't hurt you Ruth.  
I promise you.  
(drawing her up)  
Come.

As she stands, NEVILLE opens the shutter. RUTH looks very frightened. He puts his arms around her.

NEVILLE:  
It's all right. All *right*.  
You're not infected. You couldn't be.

He sits her on a stool as he gets a needle from a sterilized container. As he comes back to her, he kisses her cheek.

NEVILLE:  
It's all right. We're just checking.

She closes her eyes as he jabs in the needle. He presses out the blood on a slide then puts a little cotton against the finger.

NEVILLE:  
There. Hold the cotton against it.

He sets up the blood on the slide.

NEVILLE:  
(anxiously as he works)  
Don't be afraid.

RUTH:  
What will you do if I'm infected?

NEVILLE:  
(cutting in)  
You're not, it's impossible, believe me.  
(pause)  
You—  
(he breaks off, setting the slide on the microscope)

RUTH:  
What if I *am*, Robert?

NEVILLE:  
Then we'll cure you. It's not so—

RUTH:  
(interrupting)  
How?

NEVILLE:  
A—*vaccine*. I was just about to—

He starts to bend over the microscope, RUTH slides off her stool.

RUTH:  
Robert, don't look!

C.S. NEVILLE

As he adjusts the microscope, looks.

INSERT. MICROSCOPE SHOT.

We see the germ on the slide.

NEVILLE AND RUTH

He raises his eyes. His face is blank, taut.

She backs away from him.

NEVILLE:  
(contemptuous, cold)  
But I have looked.  
Haven't I?

Suddenly, she whirls and runs from the room. NEVILLE rushes after her.

INT. LIVINGROOM.

RUTH rushes past camera. NEVILLE comes in fast, stops dead in his tracks.

RUTH

She is holding his pistol, pointing it at him. During the following scene, NEVILLE keeps advancing on her.

RUTH:  
(miserable)  
*I told you not to look!*

TWO SHOT

NEVILLE:  
(angry with disappointment)  
You lied to me.

He starts for her, then stops as she extends the pistol.

RUTH:  
Alright, I *was* sent here to spy on you!

NEVILLE:  
(angrily)  
*Sent!*

RUTH:  
Yes, sent! I'm not the only one who can  
function in the daytime now!  
We're a new society—!

Before she finishes, he lunges at her suddenly. Desperate, she smashes the gun across his head. He falls to the floor, his clutching hands slowly moving down her legs, her ankles, then going limp.

DISSOLVE:

INT. LIVINGROOM. DAY.

NEVILLE regains consciousness and struggles to his feet. The front door is half open. He goes to the door and opens it. He stands there a moment, looking out bitterly. Then, leaving the door ajar, he walks to the bar and picking up a bottle, walks over to the sofa, sits down. He starts drinking from the bottle.

DISSOLVE:

INT. LIVINGROOM. INSERT CLOCK. DAY.

It reads six o'clock.

C.S. NEVILLE

He lies on the sofa, sleeping drunkenly, the empty bottle on a nearby table.

C.S. DOOR.

It is still ajar.

SWITCH

The switch that electrifies the fence is not on.

EXT. HOUSE.

We see no one. All we see is that darkness is beginning to fall.

INT. HOUSE. NEVILLE

He sleeps on, oblivious.

EXT. HOUSE.

The vampires begin to appear, moving toward the house in the gloom of twilight.

INT. HOUSE. DOOR.

Again we are reminded that the door is half open.

NEVILLE

He mutters, stirs in his sleep.

EXT. HOUSE.

The first ones reach the fence. They do not touch it. Then we see BEN CORTMAN touching it experimentally. A smile raises his lips. Abruptly, he vaults over, the others following.

NEVILLE

He stirs restlessly in his sleep. O.s. we hear footsteps on the porch.

DOOR

Abruptly, the door crashes open and CORTMAN stands there, the others behind him.

NEVILLE

He jolts awake, staring.

DOORWAY

CORTMAN lunges at the camera.

NEVILLE

He reacts and, a second after he throw himself to the side, CORTMAN thrashes across the sofa.

NEVILLE jumps dizzily to his feet. A second man dives at him. NEVILLE grabs the table lamp and smashes it across the man's face, knocking him back against a woman. NEVILLE jumps toward the sideboard where he keeps his pistols. He cannot get there as another vampire man flings himself across his back. NEVILLE throws him aside and thrashes, off balance, against the jamb of the hall doorway. Another man throws himself at NEVILLE. NEVILLE smashes him to the floor. Another woman he hurls aside by her hair. He lunges for the hallway.

INT. BEDROOM.

NEVILLE plunges in, flicking on the light. He races across to the lathe and grabs a lathing chisel off the bench. As he whirls, the door slams shut.

CORTMAN

He stands leaning against the door, looking at NEVILLE horribly. Outside in the hall, the vampires scream and pummel at the door. It starts to open but CORTMAN shoves it shut and locks it, his eyes never leaving NEVILLE'S face.

CORTMAN:  
(gloatingly)  
Neville.

**NEVILLE AND CORTMAN**

CORTMAN moves in stalkingly. NEVILLE waits, eyes hard, unblinking. The heavy man gets closer, closer. NEVILLE stands motionless, arms at his side, hand gripping the long sharp chisel.

Now, o.s. there is a sound of cars, of guns firing, of screams. NEVILLE looks toward the door instinctively. CORTMAN leaps.

The heavy man bears him against the bench trying to bite at his throat. They struggle violently, teeth clenched, breath hissing. The camera moves in on their faces close to each other. Then, suddenly, as NEVILLE makes a savage movement, CORTMAN grunts, his face goes blank. Slowly, his body relaxes. Then it slides to the floor. NEVILLE stands there, his shirt front bloody, looking down.

**C.S. CORTMAN**

CORTMAN lies dead, the lathing chisel buried in his chest. He is already, beginning to decompose.

Now the o.s. door is being broken in. NEVILLE stands there, dazed, helpless. Abruptly, the door crashes in.

L.S.

Men in black enter carrying blood-tipped pikes and guns. They move at NEVILLE slowly.

NEVILLE

He stands there in a state of shock, waiting to be killed. He grips at the bench and steels himself.

RUTH'S VOICE:  
(softly)  
Are you alright?

He nods weakly.

RUTH:  
We couldn't get here any sooner.

NEVILLE:  
(faintly; looking at men)  
Why don't they kill me?

RUTH:  
We're not here to kill you, Robert.

He looks at her dazedly.

RUTH:  
You never let me finish this morning.  
You assumed that because we were  
infected, we'd want to kill you.

NEVILLE:  
Don't you?

RUTH:  
I won't lie to you, Robert.  
Most of my people do. But you're  
too valuable to kill. You immunity to the  
germ is worth more to us that—

INT. BEDROOM.

NEVILLE starts to collapse and, at RUTH'S head gesture, one of the men in black supports NEVILLE on one side. RUTH supports him on the other.

RUTH:  
Just a little way, Robert.

NEVILLE:  
(fearfully)  
Where are we going?

RUTH:  
To our headquarters.

NEVILLE:  
(terrified suddenly)  
*But I can't leave my house.*

RUTH:  
(firmly)  
Come along, Robert.

He tries to struggle but he is too dizzy and weak. He looks around the room as they lead him out.

NEVILLE:  
(plaintively)  
Someone has to bury my friend.

RUTH:  
(gently)  
Everything will be taken care of, Robert.

INT. LIVINGROOM.

There are bodies of dead vampires lying about. Furniture is wrecked, walls pocked with bullet holes. Everything is in chaotic condition as NEVILLE is led in. He looks around the room with bleak only half understanding eyes.

NEVILLE:  
My house...

He is led, stumbling, across the shambles of the room.

EXT. HOUSE.

NEVILLE is helped out, still dazed, still not completely aware. He looks back as they lead him toward the cars.

NEVILLE:  
(a sorrowful whisper)  
*My house...*

L.S.

## VISIONS DEFERRED

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We see the street littered with dead bodies. NEVILLE is helped into one of the cars. The rest get in, the car doors slam shut, the engines start. The cars move off toward the main street, headlights splaying ahead. The camera booms upward, showing us more and more of the silent street, the houses, the still bodies lying about. We keep moving upward slowly as we

FADE OUT:

*THE END*

## THE SON ALSO APPRISES

---

BY RICHARD CHRISTIAN MATHESON

---

BLOOD.

Endless, red avenues of it, roaring in blackness.

The body's ancient aqueducts splash its sleepless current; spreading life.

Sometimes death.

Like the famished death which the infected in *I Am Legend* chaperone each night. Like the death which their sunset predation and thirst bring to Robert Neville. As the novel's crucified hero, his life hemorrhages before us. Rampant pain and loss pool around his existence; dark, inescapable. He is bleeding, somewhere deep; unseen. And the undead envoys who vulture and loiter septically outside his house each night want not only the red liquid inside him. They want the aching psyche which floats like a failing raft.

Blood.

Protected in our body vaults; royalty behind a walled city. Like Neville, barricaded within his battered house. He is blood; the wet voltage which runs within the book. Safe in his house, as blood in a body. His unrelenting flow is the kinetic stream which