

Imposters or (Blood Drinker)

By

Andrew Huggins

Andrew Huggins  
Rational Productions

[ahuggins0128@gmail.com](mailto:ahuggins0128@gmail.com)

FADE IN

INT. GARAGE - DAY

TITLE SEQUENCE plays as we see tight shots of a MAN setting up a camera. Jump cuts of a lens focusing in and out, a tripod being raised, studio lights clicking on.

CHARLIE MOORE, 20s, disheveled. The lights beat down on him as sweat glistens from his face. He wears round rimmed glasses and an old t-shirt with jeans. His intensity is piercing.

As he presses record on the camera, it tilts up to reveal a MAN and a WOMAN, sitting in front of a black back drop. As we see them from the camera's perspective, the footage transitions to a computer screen where it is being edited.

INT. - BRITT'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

BRITT ALEXANDER, 20s, sits at a desk, editing the footage. THAD LITTLE, 20s, watches over her shoulder.

THAD

Maybe trim the tilt so we just have  
a static shot of them. Simplify it  
a bit.

Britt precisely clicks a few times. We see the footage being manipulated on the screen. Thad watches intently.

BRITT

How's that?

The footage plays on the screen without the tilt. RACK FOCUS to Thad.

THAD

Perfect.

SUPER: IMPOSTERS

SUPER: A FEW DAYS EARLIER

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Charlie, wearing a vest with the name of the store on it, pushes a line of shopping carts through the parking lot.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Bright fluorescent lighting beams from the ceiling. The inside of the store represents the many broken dreams of its EMPLOYEES.

Charlie walks to the tobacco counter. BETTY, 50s, is counting cigarette packs. Her eye catches Charlie as he walks past.

BETTY

Hey, hon. You doin' alright?

Charlie stops at the counter with a half smile.

CHARLIE

Doin' well. Best I can be. How are you?

BETTY

Same as always. Thanks for askin'. Hey, how're your photos comin'?

CHARLIE

Good. Still learning, so it's a process.

BETTY

Well you just keep workin' hard, baby. It'll come to you.

CHARLIE

I will.

BETTY

I've gone and lost my count. Lemme get back to it.

CHARLIE

Have a good one.

BETTY

You too, dear.

Betty smiles at Charlie as he walks away.

INT. BACK OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie takes off his vest and name tag and stores them in his locker. As he shuts the locker we cut to...

INT. CHARLIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

...Charlie opens a cabinet. He grabs some instant noodles and tosses them in a pot of boiling water.

INT. CHARLIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Law and Order plays on the T.V. while Charlie eats. A sad routine. As he watches, he slurps up a noodle and we cut to...

INT. BRITT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

...Britt, phone to her ear, paces the living room as she listens to a VOICE on the other end.

VOICE

I don't know, it's not what they wanted.

BRITT

How is it not what they wanted? I did exactly what they asked me to do!

VOICE

Look, you gotta re cut it. They want more reaction shots of the family during the service.

BRITT

There aren't any more in the footage that they gave me!

VOICE

I'm just telling you what they told me. You're the editor. Work your magic.

BRITT

Magic? Magic would be me pulling more coverage out of thin air. It's impossible!

VOICE

Just promise me you'll give it another pass.

BRITT

I don't see what I could possibly do any different.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE

Please?

BRITT

Fine. But I'm telling you. The footage just isn't there.

VOICE

Just send me what you've got in three days.

BRITT

Fine.

Britt hangs up the phone.

INT. BRITT'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Britt sits in front of the computer, head in her hands. She looks up and makes a few clicks. Bland footage of a wedding appears in her editing software. She creates a new sequence and starts scrubbing through the clips.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A small film crew is bustling around the graves. Grips setting up C-stands, audio technicians checking levels, actors rehearsing with each other.

Thad stands at the back of the pack, soaking it all in. A stern looking guy, 20s, marches over to Thad.

DEREK

What's the ETA on the fake blood?

THAD

(startled)

Uh, um, not sure yet.

DEREK

We're almost set for this scene and the sun's moving. Gotta have it in the next ten minutes.

THAD

Absolutely. I'll check.

Thad dials his cell phone while Derek watches. The phone rings a couple of times.

(CONTINUED)

THAD (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

Hey Elizabeth. How long till you--oh okay. Okay. Well we kind of need you guys--Okay that's fine. Okay we'll see you when you get here. Thanks. Bye.

DEREK

So?

THAD

They're running a little late.

DEREK

That's not good enough, Chad.

THAD

It's Thad.

DEREK

Look, I've put way too much of my own money into making this short as good as it can possibly be. I'm not wasting this entire day of shooting because there's no fake blood. We HAVE to have that fake blood, man.

THAD

They should be here soon.

DEREK

You're a producer, man! Produce!

THAD

I'm sorry, Derek. Their car broke down. They're trying to get a ride here right now.

Derek scoffs and turns to walk away.

DEREK

(walking away)

Make it happen!

Thad, defeated, dials his phone again.

EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Chad walks up the stairs and unlocks his door. He walks inside.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The living room is covered in movie posters. There are stacks of DVDs lined up all around the TV.

Charlie tosses his keys, sits down on the couch, and opens up his laptop.

He scrolls through some pictures. They're decently lit and composed, but not great. They're watermarked, "Charlie Moore Photography."

He opens up "Craigslist" and begins perusing the "tv/film/video" section. He clicks on a couple of generically titled headings.

After a few dead ends, he clicks to the next page. He lands on a heading titled, "Feature Film Crew Call!" He excitedly clicks on the link.

It reads: "Seeking crew members for low budget feature film starting production in one month. These are paid positions. We are in need of a cinematographer, editor, producer, and many other crew members for this film. Excellent script and director attached! Email bloodrinkerfilm@fourthsliceproductions.com with resumes and demo reels."

Charlie's eyes perk.

INT. - BRITT'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Britt sits back from her computer and takes a deep breath. She grabs her phone and pulls up her text messages. She selects "Martin" and types, "Not really anything else I can do. Sorry."

She clicks on the toolbar and searches, "Paid editing jobs, local."

The same Craigslist ad appears and she clicks it. She takes a few moments to read it then opens her email. She types, "bloodrinker@fourthsliceproductions.com" into the email heading.

INT. THAD'S CAR - NIGHT

Thad drives alone in the darkness.

INT. THAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

With a look of frustration, Thad slumps onto his bed and opens his computer. We see his face as he clicks for a few moments. We swing around to the computer screen. He's reading the same Craigslist article.

He contemplates for a moment then opens up his email.

INT. THAD'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Thad wakes up, groggy. He flashes a look of remembrance and opens up his computer. He looks at his email. There is a new message from bloodrinker@fourthsliceproductions.com.

"Hi Thad,

We were pleased to hear of your interest in our film, "Blood Drinker." Please give us a call to discuss things further. 864-555-2343.

Thad excitedly grabs his cell and dials the pnumber. After a couple of rings a GRUFF VOICE answers.

GRUFF VOICE

Yea?

THAD

Um, yes. Hello. My name is Thad Little. I received an email asking me to call you about the Blood Drinker film.

GRUFF VOICE

It's just Blood Drinker.

THAD

What?

GRUFF VOICE

No, "the." Just Blood Drinker.

THAD

Oh. Yes. Sorry. Blood Drinker.

(CONTINUED)

GRUFF VOICE

You the editor or the cinematographer?

THAD

Actually, I'm a producer.

GRUFF VOICE

Ah, the producer. Yea, yea, I just read your resume. Tell me about these short films you worked on.

THAD

Yes, I've produced quite a few short films.

GRUFF VOICE

What were their budgets like?

THAD

Well, they didn't really have a lot of money.

GRUFF VOICE

Did you get paid?

THAD

Sometimes.

GRUFF VOICE

Sounds like a raw deal to me.

THAD

Well, it's been some good experience.

GRUFF VOICE

Yea, it says here that you've worked on like twenty-five short films as an executive producer.

THAD

(hesitant, trying to make it sound real)

Yes, yes. I've executive produced a number of award winning films.

GRUFF VOICE

Hm. You wanna come in and have a talk with us about Blood Drinker?

(CONTINUED)

THAD  
(impressed with his ability to  
lie, excited)  
Absolutely! That would be great.

GRUFF VOICE  
I'll email you the address with the  
time. It'll be sometime tomorrow.

THAD  
Excellent. Looking foward to it.

The other line clicks dead. Thad looks pleased with himself.

INT. - GROCERY STORE BACKROOM - DAY

Charlie sits alone while eating a home made sandwich. He  
pulls out his phone and dials.

CHARLIE  
Hey, Evan. What are you and Valerie  
doing tonight?

EVAN  
(through the phone)  
Nothing, probably just watching a  
movie or something. Why?

CHARLIE  
Could you do me a huge favor?

EVAN  
Whatsup?

CHARLIE  
I'm doing a quick video project and  
need a couple of subjects. Could  
you and Valerie do that for me?

EVAN  
Sure, I guess.

CHARLIE  
Thanks, man. I really appreciate it.  
Can you guys come over around  
seven?

EVAN  
Yea, that's cool.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE  
Great. See you then.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie walks in and goes straight to his room.

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He pulls out his camera equipment from his closet and takes it to his garage.

Same sequence of shots from the beginning. He meticulously prepares the scene.

A knock on the door. Charlie opens it.

EVAN  
Hey.

VALERIE  
Hey.

CHARLIE  
Hey guys. Thank you for coming.  
Come on out to the garage.

As the three of them enter the garage we get a good look at what Charlie has done. There are two chairs set up in front of a black backdrop. The lighting is intense, dynamic.

CHARLIE  
Just pick a chair and sit down.  
Good, let me just make a couple of changes.

They sit down across from each other. Charlie begins to slightly adjust the lights.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Okay, looks good.

EVAN  
What's this about, Charlie?

CHARLIE  
Oh, it's just a personal project.

VALERIE  
Well what do you want us to do?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Just talk to each other. It doesn't matter what you say, there's no audio. Just say anything you like.

Charlie positions himself behind the camera, frames up his subjects, and presses record.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And, action!

INT. BRITT'S CAR - DAY

BRITT

(on the phone)

I did everything I can do with it. If they want more, they can hire another editor. I'm on my way to another job interview as we speak. I don't need this shit.

She hangs up and tosses the phone on the passenger seat.

EXT. SLEEZY MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Britt pulls in and walks toward the front lobby.

INT. FRONT LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

A lone CLERK sits behind the counter. As he sees Britt approaching he hastily puts out a joint.

CLERK

(coughing)

How can I help you?

BRITT

Can you tell me where room 126 is?

CLERK

(still recovering)

Yea, yea. It's around the back to the left.

BRITT

Are you okay?

CLERK

I'm cool. Yea, I'm good.

Britt stares at the clerk for a beat then heads outside and around back.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM 126 - CONTINUOUS

She walks up to room 126 and knocks. No answer. She knocks again, louder. This time she hears something from inside. She moves to the window and looks through a crack in the drapes. There are TWO PEOPLE going at it, hard.

Britt draws back with disgust. She takes a step to leave, then hesitates. She moves back toward the door and bangs really hard this time.

BRITT

Hey! Hello!

The sounds of "passionate love making" cease.

GRUFF VOICE

Oh! Just a sec! Hold on! We're comin'!

After a few moments the door opens, revealing RICK HOLMES, a portly, long haired man on the worse side of 50. He's attempting to put a robe on.

RICK

What can I do for ya?

BRITT

My name's Britt Alexander. We talked about the editing position you need filled?

RICK

Ah, for Blood Drinker. Yea, yea, come on in.

Britt steps into the dark motel room. It's like walking into a completely different world. Cigarette butts litter the tables and stench the air. Various drafts of the Blood Drinker screenplay are all over the beds and chairs. Rick attempts to straighten up the place.

MYRA HOLMES comes staggering out of the bathroom. As she opens her mouth the words stumble out like drunken missiles.

MYRA

And who might this be, darlin'?

(CONTINUED)

RICK  
This here's our potential editor.

Myra takes in Britt like a cougar on the prowl.

MYRA  
My, my. She's a pretty one, Rick!

RICK  
Easy, Myra.

Britt is out of her element.

RICK (CONT'D)  
(to Britt)  
Come on dear, have a seat.

Rick pulls a chair out from the wall and motions for Britt to sit. She does, slowly.

RICK (CONT'D)  
So. Ah, shit. Myra, hand me a copy  
of draft fifteen, would ya?

Myra hurries, in her own way, to the other side of the room. She rummages through what seems like thousands of pages of paper.

MYRA  
Aha! Found it.

She hands the copy over to Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Alright. Now we're set. What did  
you say your name was again?

BRITT  
Britt.

RICK  
Britt. Okay. Well okay Britt.  
Here's the deal.

Rick coughs up a lung.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Sorry, sorry. So here's the deal.  
My wife and I have been working to  
get this film made for quite some  
time. We've been filmmakers for  
over thirty years and have made  
some well received shorts and  
documentaries.

(CONTINUED)

Britt's eyes light up a bit.

RICK (CONT'D)

But everything has been leading to this. Blood Drinker. It's been the most difficult challenge of our careers. Producers come and go, funding gets set in place then disappears, multiple crews have left us, you name it. Problem after problem. It's our own little "Lost in la Mancha." So. We're putting most of our own bank account into this and setting our goals high. This is where you come in. We need an experienced editor to slap this together once we've shot it. You ever cut horror flicks before?

BRITT

(trying to sound honest)

Oh. Horror? Yea, of course. Quite a few.

RICK

Good. I watched your reel too. Didn't see anything too scary, but I guess most of ya'll cut that stuff out to look more professional. Anyway, what kind of horror exactly?

BRITT

Um. What kind?

RICK

Yea. Slasher, suspense, torture porn...what genre specifically?

BRITT

(trying harder to sound honest)

Well. Pretty much all of those.

Rick studies her carefully for a few moments, reading her.

RICK

Excellent!

A knock at the door. Rick looks at Myra. She goes to the door and opens it, revealing Thad.

(CONTINUED)

THAD

Hello! I'm here for Blood Drinker?

MYRA

Come in, sweetie. I'm Myra. That's my husband, Rick.

Rick waves at Thad. He redirects his attention to Britt.

RICK

Look, let's talk more later over the phone. We'll be in contact soon about the position. Thanks for coming by.

Britt stands up to leave. She offers a quick wave to Thad who smiles back. As she leaves the room we hear...

RICK (CONT'D)

Hey! Chad, is it?

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Charlie sits hunched over his computer. Files are stacked up on the screen, transferring. He begins to write an article with the heading, "Editor needed for demo reel."

INT. BRITT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Britt sits on the couch. Her phone rings.

BRITT

Hello?

RICK

Is this Britt?

BRITT

Yes, this is she.

RICK

This is Rick, from fourth slice productions.

BRITT

Yes, hello.

RICK

You got the gig. If you're in, you'll be editing Blood Drinker.

(CONTINUED)

BRITT

Oh my God! Yes! Thank you!

RICK

Alright, we'll be in contact with the details.

BRITT

Thank you, thank you!

RICK

Oh, and one more thing. We just hired our executive producer, Chad. Thad. You two should meet and talk. I'll email you his info.

BRITT

Okay, sounds good. Thank you!

The phone clicks dead on the other end.

INT. BRITT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A knock on the door. Britt answers.

THAD

Hi. I'm Thad, the producer.

BRITT

Of course. Nice to meet you.

THAD

You as well.

BRITT

Come back to my office, I'm just working on a little something.

THAD

(politely)

Sure.

INT. BRITT'S HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Britt sits down at the computer while Thad watches over her shoulder.

BRITT

It's just a demo reel edit for a client. Nothing serious.

She scrubs through some of the footage. It's Charlie's.

(CONTINUED)

THAD

Nice. Do you edit full time?

BRITT

I don't know if you'd consider it "full time." Most of it's soul crushing corporate stuff, but I've edited a bunch of horror films as well.

As she scrubs through the footage again, we see the dramatically lit setup from Charlie's garage. There are scenic sequences sprinkled throughout as well. The sun rising, rack focus moves between tree branches and leaves, water spilling through a creek bed.

BRITT (CONT'D)

There are some pretty dramatic shots in here.

THAD

Hm. Mind if I offer some suggestions.

BRITT

Not at all.

THAD

Maybe trim the tilt so we just have a static shot of them. Simplify it a bit.

Britt precisely clicks a few times. We see the footage being manipulated on the screen. Thad watches intently.

BRITT

How's that?

The footage plays on the screen without the tilt. RACK FOCUS to Thad.

THAD

Perfect.

BRITT

Hm. That does flow a little better. Do you edit?

THAD

No, not really. I'm a producer at heart.

(CONTINUED)

BRITT

Speaking of. We should probably talk about Blood Drinker.

Thad takes a seat and crosses his legs.

THAD

Yes. I'm very excited about this project. I'll be working mostly during production, but you and I will be working together some as well during post.

BRITT

Cool. So have you gotten to read the script?

THAD

Well, there appear to be many different drafts of the script. Rick didn't seem to want me to read the most current draft just yet.

BRITT

Hm. Doesn't that scare you as a producer?

THAD

Yes and no. I'm officially hired, so I am a part of the crew. And being a producer, I should be able to read the script. But, I respect the filmmaker's process.

BRITT

Have they said anything to you about production meetings or anything?

THAD

No, not yet. We're still early on in the process though. Hey, if you don't mind, can I have another look at that reel?

BRITT

By all means.

Britt plays the footage from her computer. The footage transitions to being played on Charlie's laptop.

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charlie watches his newly edited demo reel.

CHARLIE

Amazing! This is perfect!

He pulls up his email and attaches the demo reel file to an email addressed to fourth slice productions.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 126 - NIGHT

The room looks a little cleaner than before. There are people scattered around the room, making conversation. A surly, rag tag bunch. We pan the room revealing Britt and Thad sorted amongst the group.

Rick and Myra talk to each other in the corner. After a few moments, Rick turns to the rest of the group.

RICK

Alright, alright! Welcome!

The conversation amongst the group gradually ceases. All eyes fix on Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)

Let me be the first to officially welcome you to our humble little production, Blood Drinker. I've spoken to each of you individually but wanted for you all to meet each other in person.

The group looks on with great anticipation. We get the sense that each of these individuals have a lot at stake here.

RICK (CONT'D)

Myra and I have talked about each of you and feel that you all have something excellent to contribute. Down the line from our PAs...

Rick gestures toward the left side of the room where a group of FOUR YOUNG PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS stand together.

RICK (CONT'D)

...to our grip and lighting team...

Rick nods towards a couple of WELL BUILT GUYS.

(CONTINUED)

RICK (CONT'D)  
....to our sound technicians...

He motions toward a couple of SCRAGGLY LOOKING MEN.

RICK (CONT'D)  
...to our editor...

He smiles at Britt. She smiles back.

RICK (CONT'D)  
...to our producing team...

He gestures toward Thad. Thad looks around him as if there should be more producers. He realizes "team" refers to only him. He confusedly grins back at Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)  
...and our newly aquired, immensely  
talented cinematographer, Charlie  
Moore!

We see Charlie in the room for the first time. He sits in the far right corner, alone. He can barely hide his excitement at the mention of his name.

Right after Rick announces Charlie, Britt attempts to locate him in the corner. She shoots him a glance of recognition.

RICK (CONT'D)  
And of course, there's me. Your  
humble leader on this wonderful  
journey. Your fearless director.

One of the production assistants, AMY, speaks up.

AMY  
When do we get to read the script?

Rick chuckles. His laugh is beyond creepy. It's down right scary.

RICK  
In due time, my dear. I know you  
are all anxious to see what's on  
the page, but filmmaking is  
primarily about *trust*. We're an  
army. And you must trust your  
general.

Amy looks confused but refrains from saying any more.

RICK (CONT'D)

I'm hoping that you all will get to know each other this evening, as we'll be starting production as soon as possible. Also, Myra and I will be putting you up in this motel during production. Now, let's talk scheduling.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM 126 - LATER

The group is gathering to leave. Britt stands up and walks over to Charlie.

BRITT

Hey, you're Charlie Moore?

CHARLIE

Hey. Yea. That's me.

BRITT

I think I edited your demo reel. I'm Britt. Britt Alexander.

CHARLIE

Oh! Yes! Yea, you did.

BRITT

Didn't you like, *just* shoot that stuff?

CHARLIE

Well, I've worked on many projects. That was some of my more recent work in the reel, yes.

BRITT

Gotcha. Well the footage looked great. I enjoyed editing it.

CHARLIE

Thanks, yea those were some tough shoots, but they were worth it.

BRITT

Yea, I'm assuming your reel helped you get this gig?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Yea, they really liked it. Enough to hire me, I guess. How'd you get the gig?

BRITT

Oh. Well I've worked in horror quite a bit. All genres really. So I was just kind of a good fit for the job.

CHARLIE

Cool. Well, I'm gonna get going. Nice to meet you, and I look forward to seeing what you do with my footage.

Charlie smiles and steps out of the room. Thad walks over to Britt.

THAD

Hey.

BRITT

Oh, hey there "producing team."

THAD

(chuckling)

Yea, yea. Not sure how one guy can be a team, but whatever.

BRITT

You excited to get working?

THAD

Very. Can't wait to put my skills to use on this. I think we're gonna make something really great.

BRITT

Yea, Rick seems like he knows what he wants. As far as I can tell anyway. Although, even though I'm not a part of production, it would be nice to see a script.

THAD

You're telling me. I'm not quite sure how to prepare at this point. I guess I'll just help Rick with whatever he needs until he's ready to share it.

(CONTINUED)

BRITT

Well, good luck with everything.  
I'm gonna see if it's okay for me  
to visit the set while you guys  
shoot, so I may see you around once  
production starts.

THAD

Sounds good. Here's to Blood  
Drinker!

Britt smiles and steps out. Thad stands with his hands in  
his pockets looking lost.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - MORNING

SUPER: BLOOD DRINKER - DAY 1

Close on Rick's face. He's smoking a cheap gas station  
cigarillo.

RICK

And...CUT! Beautiful!

We move away from Rick to reveal a bustling cast and crew  
throughout the alley way. Equipment from every department,  
PAs holding water and coffee, a legitimate film set. An  
ACTOR and ACTRESS stand in waiting in the middle of the  
alley. He's in a tuxedo, she's in a white dress.

Charlie sits atop a dolly, controlling the camera. He's  
practicing his pans as Rick walks up behind him.

RICK (CONT'D)

Chuck! How's it lookin'?

Charlie turns and greets Rick with a smile.

CHARLIE

So far, so good.

RICK

Remember, on, "Don't, I'm  
pregnant!" you rack from Sarah to  
Heath, then tilt down to reveal her  
stomach.

CHARLIE

Got it.

Rick claps his hands and walks back to his director's chair.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
(muttering to himself)  
Rack, then tilt. Hold on the  
stomach.

RICK  
Alright everybody! We're goin'  
again! Places!

Thad steps from behind us.

THAD  
(as if he's mimicking someone  
he's seen on TV)  
Here we go! Goin' again! Let's do  
it people! Alright now!

EXT. CRAFT SERVICE TABLE - DAY

The crew line up to eat. Thad and Charlie stand next to each other in line, grabbing food as they talk.

CHARLIE  
Hey, what's your name again?

THAD  
It's Thad. You're Charlie, right?

CHARLIE  
Yup. So, you're our lone producer,  
huh?

THAD  
That's me.

CHARLIE  
Seems like we would have more  
producers on this, y'know?

THAD  
(slightly defensive)  
Do you think we need more?

CHARLIE  
Well, no, no I don't mean having  
just you isn't enough. I mean,  
well, it wouldn't hurt to have  
someone to help you. We're pretty  
short handed as it is. And I know  
producing is hard work.

(CONTINUED)

THAD

Yes, yes it is. I would know. But I think I can handle it. I think Rick's happy so far.

CHARLIE

Really, cause I couldn't quite make out if he was or not?

THAD

Well, he hasn't said otherwise, so I assume he is.

CHARLIE

Right.

Rick walks by, stuffing a twinkie into his mouth.

RICK

Thad, I need everyone done in the next ten minutes. Gotta a big setup planned for the next scene. Just make sure everybody's ready.

THAD

Will do, Rick!

Thad's eyes follow Rick as he walks off.

CHARLIE

He didn't mention anything about a big setup to me. Do you know what we're shooting next?

THAD

Ah. Hm. It's a very pivotal scene. Hard to explain. Excuse me.

Thad awkwardly trots off after Rick.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The crew is assembled into a side room off of the foyer. Thad walks in.

THAD

Where's Rick?

A sound tech motions toward the next room.

Thad walks hurriedly through to the old, somewhat delapidated living room. He finds Rick, fingers squared like a viewfinder, flowing throughout the room.

(CONTINUED)

THAD (CONT'D)  
Hey. Rick.

RICK  
Just a moment.

Thad backs up and lets Rick play his game. Rick continues searching around the room through his fingers.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Got it. Right here.

He turns to face Thad.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Tell the crew we're shooting the next scene in here. The special effects make up group should be here soon too. When they get here, tell 'em to start working on Heath. We need a lot of blood.

THAD  
Actually, Rick. I was gonna ask you. Do you think I could take a look at the script for this scene?

Rick walks past Thad into the foyer. Thad tries to keep up.

RICK  
Just get everything set. I'll take care of the rest.

THAD  
But, I could help a bit more if I knew exactly what we were shooting, don't you think?

RICK  
And you will. Once we start shooting.

THAD  
Rick, I'm not the only one asking. The crew wants to know what they're making.

RICK  
I'll tell you as I've told them.

Rick turns and faces Thad. His eyes grow big.

(CONTINUED)

RICK (CONT'D)

We're making the greatest horror film of all time. Now trust me. You trust me, don't you?

Thad looks unsure.

THAD

Uh. Yes, of course. Of course.

Rick slaps Thad on the shoulder.

RICK

Good! Now let's get the make up crew in here while I start blocking the actors.

Rick walks out of the house leaving Thad. Thad glances into the room where the crew is assembled. One of the guys is picking his nose. Another is playing with his own fingers.

THAD

(to crew members)

Alright folks! Let's make a movie!

INT. OLD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The same two actors from the scene before are in position. Charlie's wielding a shoulder rig waiting on Rick's command. Thad stands perched behind Rick, trying to look confident.

RICK

Okay. We're gonna shoot the dialogue at the beginning of the scene, then pause for special effects. Once we get the blood out here we've only got a couple shots at this for continuity. Heath, you ready?

Heath is a good looking guy, mid 30s. Sarah is an average looking woman with gigantic breasts. Same age.

HEATH

Good to go.

RICK

Okay. Settle in. And...action.

HEATH

(to Sarah)

I told you. There's something inside of me. I don't know what it

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HEATH (cont'd)

is. But it's longing to get out. I  
can feel it! I can feel it!

RICK

Cut! Great. We need the blood!

THREE GIRLS, 20s, rush into the room. Two of them start prepping the blood for the scene. The other, ALLISON, looks at Thad and makes her way over to him.

ALLISON

Hey, have we met?

Thad locks eyes with her and immediately looks uncomfortable.

THAD

No, I don't think so.

ALLISON

Yea, I think we have. You were on  
that crappy zombie short we shot  
with Derek, weren't you?

Rick's gaze shifts from his actors over to Thad and Allison.

THAD

No, I haven't worked on anything  
like that.

Allison studies Thad for a few beats.

ALLISON

Yea, you were definitely there. You  
even called me because our car  
broke down, remember?

THAD

(unnecessarily loud)

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING  
ABOUT.

The whole room looks over at them. Rick strides over.

RICK

Everything okay over here?

THAD

Yes, yes. Everything's fine. I was  
just telling, what was your name?

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

Allison.

THAD

Allison, here, that we need to hurry with the blood. Time is money.

Thad looks around the room.

THAD (CONT'D)

Time is money, people! Time is money!

Allison stares at Thad, speechless.

RICK

Alrighty, well let's shoot some blood!

Allison walks over to help the other two girls finish up.

Charlie gets in position.

RICK (CONT'D)

Here we go, guys. And...action blood!

INT. CHARLIE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie lays on one of the two beds, watching TV. The door opens. The two grips, BEN and LYLE, and one of the production assistants, TERRY, come inside with suitcases and gear.

CHARLIE

(skeptical)

Hey guys.

BEN

'Sup.

CHARLIE

Can I help you?

LYLE

Nah, I think we got it all.

They unload their gear and start making themselves at home.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Which one of you is my roommate?

TERRY

We're all staying in here.

CHARLIE

All of you? Like all three of you?

TERRY

That's what Rick said. Four to a room.

Charlie is visibly dismayed. Terry begins to put his stuff near Charlie's bed.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Looks like I'm with you, bedmate!

INT. MOTEL ROOM 126 - LATER

Charlie knocks on the door. Myra answers.

MYRA

Hello. Come in.

Charlie attempts a grin.

CHARLIE

Where's Rick?

MYRA

He stepped out for a few minutes. Anything I can help you with?

CHARLIE

I just wanted to ask him about our living arrangements. There are three other people in my room.

MYRA

Is that a problem?

CHARLIE

Well, it's kinda cramped.

MYRA

Honey, we had to cut costs a bit. I'm sorry. It's just the way it is.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Speaking of. Do you mind if I ask where the funding is coming from? Private investors, an outsourced production company?

MYRA

(hesitant)

Don't you worry about that. Everything is taken care of.

CHARLIE

Don't get me wrong. I'm grateful for the gig. But as the DP, I'd like to know.

MYRA

Well, over the years as we've tried to get Blood Drinker made, funding has come and gone.

CHARLIE

So what about now? How are we doing all of this?

MYRA

Promise me you won't go telling any of the cast or crew.

CHARLIE

I promise.

MYRA

Well, it's our own personal account. We're funding it ourselves.

CHARLIE

(surprised)

Wait, so there's no official production company behind this?

MYRA

No, dear.

CHARLIE

Wow. So, you and Rick are funding the entire thing out of pocket?

MYRA

Yes. But don't worry, it's all covered. We have enough to finish the film this time.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

This time?

MYRA

Oh. Well. Yes. You see, we've shot some of the film in the past. But it just never panned out for us. I've really said too much already, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Well, this is definitely new information.

MYRA

I promise dear, we've got everything lined up this time. You just keep doing your job, and by the end of this, you'll be famous. Just wait and see.

CHARLIE

I trust you guys. I do. I just wish I'd known some of this before we started.

MYRA

C'mon now, don't you worry. You should talk with Rick about what you're shooting tomorrow. I'm sure he wants to go over some things with you.

CHARLIE

Actually, that leads me to my other question.

MYRA

Yes?

CHARLIE

We've already started shooting, but I've yet to read a script. On all the other projects I've shot I've usually read a full script at this point.

MYRA

Rick keeps his writing very close to him. He's not the best about sharing what's in his head until he can see it in action. I'm sure he'll share it with you. Just be patient.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

(unsure)

Okay. (beat) So, four to a room,  
huh?

MYRA

If you'd like to room with someone  
else I'm sure Rick wouldn't mind.

CHARLIE

No, no, it's fine. Thanks Myra.

Myra smiles as Charlie gets up and leaves.

EXT. FIELD - EARLY MORNING

SUPER: BLOOD DRINKER - DAY 2

The crew wait in their respective groups. Thad stands away  
from the others. Charlie appears behind him.

CHARLIE

Hey man.

THAD

Hey whatsup?

CHARLIE

Eager to lens some good work today.  
How're you holding up after the  
first day?

THAD

I'm good. I think everything went  
smoothly enough.

CHARLIE

No complaints?

THAD

Could use a little more private  
space in my room.

CHARLIE

(chuckling)

Yea, I know what you mean. I have  
to sleep next to one of the grips  
and he smells awful.

Thad smirks.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I talked to Myra about the script last night.

THAD

Oh yea?

CHARLIE

Yea. She says Rick kind of has his own process and doesn't like to reveal to much until he can see it play out in production.

THAD

Hm.

CHARLIE

Yea. My thoughts exactly.

THAD

So he hasn't told you what we're shooting today either, I take it?

CHARLIE

Nope. Call sheet just said be here before sunrise. (beat) Y'know I have a lot riding on this.

THAD

Yea, me too.

CHARLIE

I quit my job. I've pretty much got all my eggs in the Blood Drinker basket.

THAD

I thought you shot for a living.

CHARLIE

(backpeddling)

Well, I do. I mean there are always gigs, y'know. It's just, I really hope this one works out.

THAD

Yea, me too.

Rick walks up behind them.

RICK

Alright boys! Let's shoot the sunrise!

(CONTINUED)

Thad and Charlie file in behind Rick as he's walking.

RICK (CONT'D)

Chuck, I'm gonna need you to shoot a timelapse as the sun comes up behind the trees. Keep it simple, no moves. Just static shot of the sun.

CHARLIE

Right. Got it.

THAD

What do you need from me, Rick?

RICK

Thad, get the extras in order when they start to arrive. Our next setup has some, "elaborate" elements, and we'll need them ready to go.

Charlie walks off toward his camera gear. Thad stops walking and pulls out his call sheet. Rick takes off toward Heath and Sarah who wait in the same wardrobe as before, only covered in fake blood.

Charlie stops by his equipment. He pulls out his cellphone. He looks over his shoulder to make sure no one is watching.

He pulls up the web browser and types, "How to shoot a timelapse" in the search bar.

CHARLIE

(to himself)

C'mon, c'mon.

Lyle walks up behind him.

LYLE

How can I help?

Charlie spins around.

CHARLIE

(startled)

Hey! Uh, yea, whatsup?

LYLE

Rick said we're shooting a time lapse of the sun rising, and there's really not much the grips are doing for it. So, what can I do to help?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Oh. Okay. Yea, just grab my tripod  
and meet me over by Rick.

LYLE

Will do.

Lyle takes off with the tripod bag. Charlie looks back at his phone and starts to scroll hurriedly through the pages on his web browser.

CUT TO:

The crew are in their places. Rick stands behind Charlie, checking his framing. We see through the display screen on the camera that the shot is a little off balance so that the trees are at a strange angle.

RICK

Good, good. Beautiful, Chuck.

Charlie smiles to himself and continues rolling.

RICK

Sun's up. Should have enough to  
work with there. Go ahead and cut  
it.

Rick turns around, scanning the crew.

RICK (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Thad!

Thad is right next to him, grimacing.

THAD

Yes?

RICK

Oh, sorry. Didn't see you there.  
Are the extras ready.

THAD

All set.

RICK

Let's get 'em out there in the  
field.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE FIELD - LATER

The EXTRAS, covered in fake blood, are sprinkled throughout the middle of the field.

RICK  
 Okay people! On my cues, you're going to explode. One by one, you'll fall down as I cue you.

The extras appear confused. One of them speaks up.

EXTRA #1  
 Uh, how do we do that?

RICK  
 Don't worry, kid. It's mostly done in post. We'll make you look pretty, just do as I say.

EXTRA #1  
 Okay?

RICK  
 Roll sound!

One of the scraggly guys, MIKE, is operating the boom. He calls out...

MIKE  
 Sound speak!

The other sound technician, DAVE, sits next to him with a mixer. He looks up and whisper yells to Mike...

DAVE  
 ...Speed!

Mike turns to Dave but also moves the boom mic in the direction he's turning.

MIKE  
 What?

DAVE  
 Sound speed! Not speak!

MIKE  
 Oh.

Mike readjusts himself.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Sound speed!

RICK  
Chuck!

Charlie turns back to Rick.

CHARLIE  
Yes?

RICK  
That means roll.

CHARLIE  
Oh, yea, got it! Rolling!

RICK  
Settle in everybody! And...action  
back ground!

The extras start running in random directions through the field. Charlie is wildly panning and tilting, trying to keep up.

RICK  
And...BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

With every cue, an extra flails into the air and throws them self onto the ground.

RICK (CONT'D)  
And...action Heath and Sarah!

All of a sudden, Heath and Sarah run out into the field, pretending that bodies are exploding all around them.

RICK (CONT'D)  
And...cue raining blood!

Out of nowhere one of the special effects girls appears with a water hose. She presses the trigger and fake blood begins to spray all over the field.

CLOSE ON Rick's face. He couldn't look more pleased.

INT. ROADSIDE - MORNING

SUPER: BLOOD DRINKER - DAY 14

The crew are setting up their equipment. They look beaten, disheveled. The grind of the film is visibly taking its toll.

(CONTINUED)

We follow Britt walking toward the group from the distance. CLOSE ON her face as she takes in the filmmaking process around her. She finds Rick, Charlie, and Thad talking amongst themselves.

BRITT

Hey guys!

Charlie and Thad greet her with a smile. Rick turns and opens his arms for a hug.

RICK

There she is!

Britt embraces the hug with slight hesitancy.

BRITT

So, how are things going?

RICK

Excellent. These weathered ship mates are doing a fine job and we're right on schedule.

Thad flashes a look of confusion.

THAD

(whispering to Charlie)

Are we?

BRITT

Great! Glad to hear it. So what are you shooting today?

RICK

In this scene our protagonists pick up the formidable hitch hiker, "Scar" who is much more than meets the eye. He has a dark past with a desire for blood.

BRITT

(hesitant)

Oh...okay. Sounds, interesting.

THAD

Speaking of. We should really get back to it, Rick. We've only got the vehicle for another two hours.

RICK

Right. Right. But first, Britt's here to pick up some footage. It

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICK (cont'd)  
should all be on the hard drive I  
gave you, Thad.

THAD  
Yea, I got it. C'mon with me Britt.  
I'll get it for you.

Thad and Britt walk off. Rick turns to Charlie.

RICK  
Chuck! How you holding up?

CHARLIE  
I'm doing well. I think we've got  
some really great stuff so far.

RICK  
Me too. Me too. Well, for this  
setup you'll be shooting from the  
back up the pickup as we film the  
car. Then we'll go hand held for  
Scar's coverage and switch to  
sticks for Heath and Sarah's stuff.  
Sound good?

CHARLIE  
Uh, yea! For sure.

RICK  
Great.

Rick walks off leaving a confused and overwhelmed Charlie.

EXT. BEHIND THE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Thad and Britt arrive behind an old, white van. Thad opens  
up the back doors and reaches for a bag. He pulls out the  
hard drive.

THAD  
This is it. Everything we've shot  
so far.

BRITT  
This isn't the only copy, right?  
You guys have the files backed up  
somewhere?

THAD  
Rick said he backed everything up.  
Although, I haven't seen it myself.  
Just be careful with that drive.

(CONTINUED)

Britt looks skeptically at the hard drive. She looks back up at Thad.

BRITT

So, production has been moving along smoothly?

THAD

Yea, it's been okay for the most part. I mean, I've had to pull a few tricks out of the ol' producer's handbook, but I feel like we've got enough done.

BRITT

Well I'm excited to look at the footage. Hopefully I can go ahead and start cutting together a couple of scenes.

THAD

Yea, that would be great. Get ahead of ourselves a bit.

BRITT

This is so crazy to see the whole crew in motion like this.

THAD

Have you never visited the set before on the other films you've edited?

BRITT

Oh, yea of course. Lots of times. It's just...always a rush to see everything come together.

THAD

We've been working really hard. I think it'll really show in the footage. Give me a call if you need anything and be sure to keep me in the loop on your progress.

BRITT

Definitely. Thanks.

THAD

Alright, I'm gonna get back to set. Gotta keep this thing moving.

(CONTINUED)

BRITT

Okay, we'll talk soon.

Thad smiles and walks back toward the set. We follow him as he walks up behind Charlie who's trying his best to find a comfortable seating position in the pickup.

EXT. ROADSIDE (PICKUP TRUCK) - CONTINUOUS

THAD

You good?

Charlie turns toward Chad. As he turns, he drops the tripod and camera. He scrambles to pick it up and sets it upright again.

CHARLIE

Yup. Good to go. Just getting the right setup here.

Rick is working with the actors in the distance. He makes a frame with his fingers and begins running in a semi circle around them. This seems contrary to what Rick told them they were about to shoot.

INT. BRITT'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Sounds of a computer booting up. CLOSE ON the hard drive as Britt plugs it in. We look at Britt as she waits with anticipation.

She clicks on the hard drive revealing a mass of individual files. Nothing is labeled properly.

BRITT

(exasperated)

How is none of this organized? What is all of this?

She continues scrolling through the files. She inputs them into her editing software and starts scrubbing through some clips. We never get a clear glimpse of what the footage actually looks like.

INT. THAD'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A knock on the door. Thad opens it, revealing Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Hey man.

THAD

Come on in.

They sit together at a table in the corner of the room.

CHARLIE

Where are the other guys?

THAD

Oh, I dunno. They're gone most nights. They party pretty hard.

CHARLIE

Well it's nice to see you taking things more seriously than they are.

THAD

I have to. My job isn't easy. Gotta keep everybody in line. So whatsup?

CHARLIE

I just wanted to talk to you about the film. I talked to Myra the other night. She had some interesting things to say.

THAD

Like?

CHARLIE

Well for one, neither of us has seen a script yet. We're the two most important people on the crew other than Rick. And, I understand the whole keeping things close to the vest thing. But it's getting kind of ridiculous. You've produced a bunch of films. What's your take on it?

THAD

Well, I respect every filmmaker's process. But you're right. We're halfway through production and we don't even know what we're shooting or how it's going to end.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

I mean from what I've gathered, Heath's character is in love with Sarah's character but something is keeping them apart. Something to do with that giant alien inside Heath?

THAD

(trying to legitimize the plot)

Yes. The Argon that's eating away at Heath's soul is preventing him from living the life that he's destined for. Which is why he must defeat his inner demons to win over Sarah.

CHARLIE

Oh. Doesn't that seem a little crazy to you?

THAD

I think it goes deeper than we know. I guess we'll find out.

CHARLIE

What was that stuff we shot today? With the hitch hiker?

THAD

Ah yes. Scar. His presence plays a large role in Heath proving to Sarah that he's still a man. When he chopped up Scar with the axe from the trunk he showed Sarah that there are traces of humanity left in him.

Charlie looks lost.

CHARLIE

Okay. Well I guess I just need to focus on shooting. It's been a grueling two weeks but we're halfway there.

THAD

You mentioned something Myra said?

CHARLIE

Oh, yea. No, it's nothing. Nothing to worry about.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

SUPER: Blood Drinker - Day 22

The crew is set and right in the middle of shooting a scene. Heath and Sarah are posted behind a wall. One of the grips pushes Charlie on the dolly on the other side of them.

RICK

Cut!

The crew rest at ease. All eyes on Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)

That's not the right timing. We need to push past the wall as they look around to the other side.

CHARLIE

I thought you wanted me going at that speed?

RICK

The speed is fine. Timing's off.

CHARLIE

Well maybe Nate can just push slower.

Rick is frazzled.

RICK

It's just not working. Not the way I see it happening.

CHARLIE

(mustering courage)

Maybe if we saw a script we would know what you're looking for.

Rick stands quiet, looking at the floor.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'm just saying, Rick. We're three weeks in and no one here has read a single line from the script except the actors.

Heath steps up toward the conversation.

HEATH

And we're only given what we're doing that particular day of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HEATH (cont'd)  
shooting. We're always out of  
context. As an actor--

CHARLIE  
(motioning to Heath)  
--Exactly. Even you guys barely  
know what we're doing.

Rick begins to pace back and forth.

RICK  
I've explained myself to you,  
Charlie. Every director has his own  
process. I don't question your  
cinematography.

CHARLIE  
But you're the *director*. We're all  
here because of you.

Rick stops pacing and take a few moments to gather himself.

RICK  
That's a fifteen everyone. We'll be  
back in at 3:30.

He walks away from the set toward the other side of the  
building.

Charlie looks to Thad who is eating a snack. He quickly  
finishes chewing.

THAD  
(finishing his food)  
Okay everybody! You heard him!  
Fifteen!

Charlie hops off of the dolly. The rest of the crew  
disperses until we're left looking at the lonely sight of  
what was just a film set only moments ago.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM 126 - NIGHT

Charlie walks up to the door and knocks.

CHARLIE  
Rick? Can we talk?

No answer. Charlie knocks again.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Hey, Rick! I'm sorry about earlier.  
I just wanna talk.

Still no answer. Charlie pushes on the door and it props open. He peers around the room.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Rick. Hey man. You in here?

He walks around the room carefully. He checks the bathroom. Empty.

As he turns to leave, he sees a script laying on an end table. He walks over to it. It reads, "Blood Drinker" at the top. Charlie's eyes drift farther down revealing, "draft fifteen" at the bottom. He picks it up and begins reading.

We see Charlie from behind as he slowly flips through the pages. He gradually begins to flip faster. We get close to him as he turns over the last page.

RICK  
Charlie. What's going on?

Charlie spins around revealing Rick garbed in bright colored workout gear. He looks ridiculous, softening the moment.

CHARLIE  
(holding up the script)  
What the hell is this?

RICK  
I can explain, Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Can you explain what we've all been doing the last few weeks? Because based on this, I'd say we've all just been wasting our time!

RICK  
Charlie, I promise. It might not be in the page, but I've got it all right here.

Rick motions toward his head.

CHARLIE  
Rick! It's not even finished! Do you expect me to say, "Oh, well Rick's got it all figured out, so it doesn't matter that the movie doesn't even have an ending!"

(CONTINUED)

Rick looks to the ground, defeated.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I thought you'd been working on  
this thing for decades!

Charlie sits down on one of the beds. Dread comes washing over him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Oh God. I quit my job for this. I  
gave up the only thing I had to  
come work for you, Rick. What am I  
gonna do?

RICK  
Charlie. Just trust me. Finish the  
movie with me.

CHARLIE  
(incredulously)  
Do you even really know how it  
ends, Rick?

RICK  
It's true that I've been working on  
this film for a very long time. And  
yes, it's true that I've had some  
things get in the way of the  
writing process. But I promise you  
Charlie, I have an ending.

Charlie falls silent.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Just finish the movie with me.  
Please just do that for me. We're  
gonna make magic together, Charlie.  
This is going to be one of the  
greatest indie horror flicks out  
there. Who knows what it could lead  
to?

Charlie rubs his hands over his face.

CHARLIE  
I have to tell the crew. I have to.

RICK  
Let me take care of that.

CHARLIE  
I don't trust you.

RICK  
C'mon, Chuck. Please.

CHARLIE  
I at least have to tell Thad. He  
needs to know what kind of mess  
he's in.

RICK  
I guess I can't really stop you  
from telling anyone. But if you do  
they might walk.

CHARLIE  
And they'd have every right to!

RICK  
I know. But we're almost there.  
We're so close. It's gonna be a  
great film, Charlie.

Charlie gets up to leave.

CHARLIE  
Rick, I thought better of you.

He walks out of the room leaving a sad vision of a defeated  
looking Rick.

INT. THAD'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

No sound. Montage of Charlie talking to Thad. By Thad's  
reaction, we know that Charlie is telling him about the  
script.

INT. THAD'S MOTEL ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Thad is getting ready to leave. His phone rings. He looks at  
the screen then answers.

THAD  
Hey Britt.

BRITT  
Hey, I just wanted to check in and  
see how things are going on set.

(CONTINUED)

THAD

Things could be better. How's editing?

BRITT

Editing is...interesting.

THAD

That good or bad?

BRITT

Well, I've got a lot of footage here. So I haven't gone through everything yet. But what I have seen...doesn't look good.

THAD

Like visually?

BRITT

Visually, it's pretty rough. But more importantly, I'm watching through some of the scenes and, they just don't make very much sense.

THAD

Hmm. Maybe they just require multiple viewings.

BRITT

Yea, maybe. I just wanted to give you a heads up on what I'm seeing here. I've tried to watch everything in sequence and it's actually pretty confusing. When you finally got to read the script, what did you think?

THAD

Well, I actually never did read the script. No one has.

Silence for a couple beats on the other end of the phone.

BRITT

You guys are almost done shooting. What do you mean no one has read the script?

THAD

Charlie finally got to look at it. But it wasn't finished.

(CONTINUED)

BRITT

The script wasn't finished!?

THAD

Yea, it's not done. Apparently Rick insists that he's got an ending in mind but hasn't written it yet.

BRITT

He's had years to write an ending!

THAD

I know. Look, I gotta get to set. We'll talk more about this later. Just keep going through the footage and see what you can make of it. Next week you'll have the rest of the footage and we'll need to start cutting things together. We'll talk soon.

BRITT

Okay. Good luck with the rest of the shoot.

THAD

Thanks. See ya.

Thad hangs up the phone and leaves the room.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

SUPER: Blood Drinker - Day 23

Thad arrives on set. Rick is already there. He walks up to Thad.

RICK

Thad, I really need you to rally the troops today. We're almost there. Just a few more days of shooting and we'll be wrapped and ready for post.

THAD

Charlie told me, Rick.

Rick looks concerned.

RICK

Oh. I see. I'll tell you what I told him then. Everything is under

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICK (cont'd)  
control. I've got it all worked  
out. You just have to trust me.

THAD  
That's asking a lot of your  
executive producer who was never  
given a copy of the script to read  
and who now knows that's because  
it's not even finished.

RICK  
It is finished. I promise. I've got  
an ending that's going to make us  
famous.

THAD  
How am I supposed to believe that,  
Rick?

RICK  
You just have to trust me. We're  
almost there. C'mon, hang in there  
with me.

Thad nods.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Now let's get everybody ready to  
shoot.

THAD  
Alright folks! Day twenty-three!  
Just a few more days left! Let's  
get it people!

The rest of the crew is not amused.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY - LATER

The crew is set up in the same spot they were the day  
before. Charlie is perched on the dolly and Rick stands  
behind him.

RICK  
Action!

The dolly begins to move past Heath and Sarah. As the camera  
reaches them, they look around the corner and deliver their  
lines.

(CONTINUED)

HEATH

I think we're safe here.

SARAH

What makes you think that?

HEATH

We lost the beast when we entered this corridor. I don't think he'll be able to find us back here.

SARAH

I'm scared.

Heath embraces Sarah.

HEATH

You never have to be scared with me, my love.

RICK

Cut!

Rick walks up to Charlie.

RICK

Perfect, Chuck. Nice job.

Charlie displays a half smile. Thad walks up to Charlie as Rick leaves.

THAD

Look, just a few more days of this and we're done.

CHARLIE

I know.

THAD

And, Britt called me this morning. Said the footage looks great.

CHARLIE

(surprised)

Really?

THAD

Yup. So hang in there. We're almost done. Then we get to relax and let the editing process finish this thing.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

I'm good.

THAD

Good.

Rick walks over to them.

RICK

Everything okay boys?

THAD

Yup.

CHARLIE

Good to go.

RICK

Okay everyone, moving on!

EXT. TOWN - MORNING/AFTERNOON/NIGHT

We see the sun setting and rising over a small town. We cut between old landmarks and signs showing a small town atmosphere.

EXT. SLEEZY HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The motel rests against the moon.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 126 - NIGHT

The entire crew is gathered. Rick and Myra stand at the end of the room.

RICK

I wanted you all here tonight so that I can say a few words. I know it's been an intense month for you guys. You've worked your asses off and I truly thank you for that.

We scan the room and get a good look at the crew as Rick is talking. They're weathered, beaten.

RICK (CONT'D)

Tomorrow is our last day of production. We've managed to stay right on schedule with the help of all of you, and especially Thad.

(CONTINUED)

Thad nods slightly in Rick's direction.

RICK

I know some of my methods throughout this process have been, "unconventional." But you've hung in there with me. And we're nearly done.

Rick turns to Myra who lovingly grasps his shoulder.

RICK (CONT'D)

Myra and I have been trying to make this piece for a very long time. I'd also like to thank her for her unconditional support.

Rick turns back to the crew.

RICK (CONT'D)

Now. Many of you are wondering about the ending. I've kept things pretty close to the vest regarding that portion of the script, but I assure you, we'll be going out with a bang. I've saved the best for last, as it were. So, everyone rest up tonight. We've got a heavy day tomorrow. Who's excited to finish Blood Drinker!?

The crew half heartedly smile and begin to disperse. Charlie and Thad walk out behind the rest of them.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

SUPER: Blood Drinker - Last Day Of Filming

We glide through the halls of an old hospital. It's empty and unnerving.

As we round a corner to an open hallway we settle in on the crew. They're setting up with as much vigor as they can muster.

Heath walks past one of the PAs, IAN.

IAN

You gonna tell us how this thing ends?

(CONTINUED)

HEATH  
(still walking)  
I would if I knew.

Heath continues walking over to Rick and Sarah. They begin to talk.

We move over to Charlie. He walks up to Thad.

CHARLIE  
Well, this is it.

Thad nods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
You ready to see if what we've been doing is worth a damn?

THAD  
I think it's going to be fine.

CHARLIE  
Fine? After all this? Fine?

THAD  
I trust Rick. I know he's put us through a lot, but I trust him.

Charlie shakes his head with disbelief.

CHARLIE  
Okay. I hope you're right.

Rick walks over.

RICK  
Alright boys. This is it. Charlie, we're gonna start down the hallway on the shoulder rig then move into the room. Stay tight on the back of Sarah until she gets inside. Then find a stance that allows you to see her and the bed. From there I need you to frame up her and Heath for the rest of the coverage.

Charlie nods with zero excitement and starts to walk off.

RICK (CONT'D)  
(grabbing Charlie's shoulder)  
Chuck.

Charlie turns back.

RICK (CONT'D)

I need you focused and ready for this.

CHARLIE

I'm good, Rick. I got it.

Charlie walks off. Rick turns to Thad.

RICK

Have make up on standby by for when we start shooting inside the room. We only have until five o'clock today to get this done. This is the finale. I need this to go right.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The grips stand by their lights. The audio technicians are in place. Thad stands by Rick while Charlie balances the weight of the camera on the shoulder rig.

RICK

Okay, here we go people.

THAD

Quiet everyone!

RICK

Action.

The scene kicks into motion. Sarah runs down the hallway, Charlie following close behind. Rick tries to keep up with them.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sarah flies through the doorway. Heath lays in the bed. Charlie tries to find a good place to frame up both of them.

SARAH

No! No! It can't be!

She kneels down next to the bed. Heath turns to her. He's dying.

HEATH

Come here, my love.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

What is it?

HEATH

I've always loved you. You know that, right?

SARAH

Of course.

HEATH

I've been fighting this demon for so long. And I just can't fight any more.

SARAH

No, don't say that. We'll beat this together. Just like we have everything else.

Heath begins to breathe sharp, gasped breaths.

HEATH

I...can't...fight it...any...more.

Our perspective switches to a computer screen. The camera slowly moves out, revealing more and more of the screen.

A giant, poorly rendered BEAST protrudes from Heath's body, covering the screen in blood. The blood turns to text that reads, "BLOOD DRINKER." The camera continues to move back, showing...

INT. BRITT'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

...Britt and Rick watching the footage on her computer.

BRITT

(unamused)

So, whatdya think?

RICK

Britt, it's brilliant. You said you had worked in horror before, but this. This is magic. What did you do with the blood drinker? It looks so real.

Britt scrolls the footage and freezes on the beast. It looks terrible.

(CONTINUED)

BRITT

I just, used the images you gave me  
and created the monster.

RICK

Blood drinker.

BRITT

What?

RICK

It's a blood drinker.

Rick's eyes are fixed on the screen. He's transfixed.

BRITT

Right.

Rick snaps out of it.

RICK

Thank you so much for editing the  
end first. I just couldn't wait any  
longer to see it complete. Just  
don't tell any of the others about  
it. I want them to be surprised  
when we premiere this thing.

BRITT

Premiere?

RICK

Well, I'm getting ahead of myself.  
(beat) I have some old connections  
in the biz and am working on  
setting up a big premiere. Invite  
some potential investors. Throw a  
swanky party. The whole nine yards.

BRITT

(with a lack of confidence)

Uh, wow. That's great.

RICK

I'll let you get back to it. Just  
get done whatever you can this week  
then we'll talk. Can't wait to see  
more of your work, Britt.

INT. THAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Thad is on the phone talking as if he's being interviewed.

THAD

Yea, I just wrapped this feature, so things are going pretty well. I think we really hit gold with this project. It's probably gonna start off as an underground success then move to the mainstream. Might not have a lot of free time in the coming months. Just trying to stay grounded right now, y'know?

There is a long pause. An ELDERY WOMAN'S VOICE cracks through the other line.

ELDERLY WOMAN'S VOICE

That sounds great, dear. I hope you have great success with your special movie.

THAD

Yea, I think we will. Anyway, I gotta go. Bye Mom.

Thad hangs up the phone. He pulls open his resume on his computer. It's filled with fake films. He types "Blood Drinker - Executive Producer" at the top of the page.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Charlie sits on the couch, alone. The TV illuminates his face. We hear the sounds of the film playing as we stay close on his face for many beats.

INT. BRITT'S HOME OFFICE - MORNING

Timelapse showing Britt behind her computer working intently. Light spills in and out of the room, but she never moves.

As we get closer to her, time slows down. We're at normal speed as we see her clicking through some footage.

She sits back and presses play. We see the following MONTAGE play out on her screen.

BEGIN MONTAGE

EXT. ALLEY WAY - MORNING

The alley way scene plays with audio.

SARAH

Don't! I'm pregnant!

The camera sloppily changes focus from Sarah to Heath. It then wildly tilt/pans to Sarah's stomach where it never finds a proper point of focus.

INT. BRITT'S HOME OFFICE - MORNING

The footage flashes through scene after scene. It slows and settles in on the footage from the old house.

INT. OLD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

HEATH

I told you. There's something  
inside of me. I don't know what it  
is. But it's longing to get out. I  
can feel it! I can feel it!

Blood spews from Heath's mouth all over Sarah. We're left with an image of Sarah crying out, covered in blood.

INT. BRITT'S HOME OFFICE - MORNING

The footage speeds up again. It slows as we see the footage from the field.

EXT. FIELD - MORNING

The extras run aimlessly through the field. One of them explodes, sending a cheaply rendered fire and blood effect toward the screen. The rest of them explode within seconds of each other.

INT. BRITT'S HOME OFFICE - MORNING

The footage begins to flash forward again. We slow and settle in on the roadside.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

We see incredibly shaky footage from behind the car as it drives down the road. The car pulls over to pick up a strange looking man.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The strange man sits in the back seat, silent. He suddenly lurches forward and attacks Heath. Struggling to keep the car on the road, Heath drives into a ditch.

The man's hands are around Heath's neck, out of focus. Heath fights him off.

HEATH

Sarah! Get out of the car!

The man and Heath bolt out of the car creating a standoff. Heath marches toward the trunk, opens it, and pulls out an axe. He begins swinging at the man. The camera is so shaky it's hard to tell what's really going on.

All of a sudden, blood spews from the man's neck, covering Heath. Heath stands victorious.

INT. BRITT'S HOME OFFICE - MORNING

The footage speeds up again. It slows at the footage of the abandoned building.

HEATH

I think we're safe here.

SARAH

What makes you think that?

HEATH

We lost the beast when we entered this corridor. I don't think he'll be able to find us back here.

SARAH

I'm scared.

Heath embraces Sarah.

(CONTINUED)

HEATH

You never have to be scared with  
me, my love.

The beast appears at the end of the corridor.

HEATH (CONT'D)

Run!

Heath grabs Sarah's hand and pulls her with him out of  
frame, leaving a long shot of the beast.

INT. BRITT'S HOME OFFICE - MORNING

The footage speeds up again and stops at the hospital scene.  
As it plays at normal speed, the camera moves back, and we  
see Britt get up and walk out of the room. She looks  
discouraged and embarrassed.

The camera moves back toward the screen. As it settles in...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

HEATH

I've been fighting this demon for  
so long. And I just can't fight any  
more.

SARAH

No, don't say that. We'll beat this  
together. Just like we have  
everything else.

Heath begins to breathe sharp, gasped breaths.

HEATH

I...can't...fight it...any...more.

CUT TO BLACK

END MONTAGE

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

A poorly rolled out red carpet runs from the sidewalk to the  
doors of the theater. Some of the crew are walking around  
talking to each other. We see Britt, wearing a nice dress,  
walk up and stop at the red carpet

(CONTINUED)

She stands there for a few beats, taking it all in. She looks unsure, lacking confidence.

THAD

Hello there.

Thad appears behind her. Britt turns to face him.

BRITT

Oh, hey.

THAD

So, what do you think?

BRITT

It's...something.

THAD

Yea, I helped Rick book the venue. I think we're gonna have some good press come out at this location. We sold a lot of tickets.

BRITT

Really?

THAD

If all goes well, a lot of independent investors and distributors will know about us by tomorrow. This screening is more for the cast and crew, but I'm sure we'll get some good press tonight as well.

BRITT

That's great.

THAD

I'm gonna go inside for a bit. We're doing cast and crew photos by the banner in a bit. Make sure you're there for that.

A flamboyant Blood Drinker banner stands to the side of the red carpet. The logo looks cheaply designed and incredibly over the top.

BRITT

See ya.

Charlie walks up behind Britt.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

What'd he have to say?

BRITT

Hey Charlie. Oh, he's just excited about the premiere. Thinks we may have a shot at getting distributed or something.

CHARLIE

You've seen the final cut. What do you think?

BRITT

Uh...um. I guess we'll have to wait and see after tonight.

CHARLIE

(sarcastically)

You sound really confident in our chances.

BRITT

When Rick and I worked on the final cut, he was thrilled. I know it's what Rick wanted.

CHARLIE

What Rick wants isn't really my concern anymore. Did Thad tell you about what happened?

BRITT

He mentioned there were some trust issues with Rick but that everything got worked out.

CHARLIE

Hah. Yea. Trust issues. Britt, none of us saw the script the entire time we were shooting.

BRITT

Thad didn't mention that.

CHARLIE

That's because Thad lives in a dream world where nothing is ever a real problem. We had major issues on set. I honestly don't even want to see Rick tonight.

(CONTINUED)

BRITT

Can I be honest with you?

CHARLIE

Of course.

BRITT

I know I told you guys that I'd edited horror films before and that I knew what I was doing. But. I mainly edit weddings and events.

CHARLIE

Yea, I knew you did that on the side.

BRITT

No, like, that's pretty much all I do. I'd never edited a feature before. I'd never really edited an actual film before.

CHARLIE

Wait, really?

BRITT

Yea. And since we're talking about this, I feel like there's something you might want to tell me.

CHARLIE

Like what?

BRITT

Charlie, I edited this film. I saw all of your footage.

Charlie looks uneasy.

CHARLIE

Yea?

BRITT

I know you'd never shot anything like this before.

CHARLIE

Well, no, not a feature. But I've shot plenty of short films.

BRITT

Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

(agitated)

Look, I did my part. Don't accuse me of lying about my experience just because you did.

BRITT

We can be honest with each other. It's over. We're at the premiere.

CHARLIE

(settling down)

Okay, look. Maybe I was a little under qualified for this. But I fulfilled my duties.

BRITT

Well so did I, but that doesn't mean we lived up to what we told Rick we were at the beginning.

CHARLIE

Hey, if any one should be called out it should be Thad. I don't think that guy's ever produced anything worthwhile in his life.

BRITT

He probably made himself look better than he actually was. But we're no better than him.

CHARLIE

Look, let's just enjoy the premiere. Who knows, maybe we'll get picked up by someone. Isn't that what you wanted all along? To work on a feature that gets seen by millions of people?

Britt is silent.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Looks like Rick is here. Let's just enjoy tonight.

A limousine pulls up to the carpet. Rick and Myra step out wearing their finest clothes. Thad is there to greet them.

They slowly walk down the red carpet. There is one lone photographer taking pictures of them as they walk.

(CONTINUED)

The entire scene is missing something. There's no press, one photographer, and a cheap looking banner. This is not what Britt, Thad, or Charlie envisioned the premiere would be like when they signed on to do the film.

Rick and Myra pose by the banner. Thad jumps in a couple of the photos with them.

Charlie poses by the banner, attempting a smile.

Britt poses by the banner. She displays a flat facial expression with little emotion.

More people begin to arrive. There still aren't many attendees, but it's better than before.

A TIME LAPSE shows everyone filing into the theater. The outside of the theater is empty now. We hold on this for a few moments, signifying the emptiness that the cast and crew felt after finishing the film.

A MAN steps out of the theater and lights up a cigarette. He finishes and goes back inside. Moments later, the crowd begins to flood outside. They gather in groups, talking.

As the time lapse slows to normal speed, we settle in on Rick and Myra. A REPORTER is asking questions.

REPORTER

Rick, our website has been following the production of your film for quite some time. You had great difficulty in getting Blood Drinker finished. Now that you've finally seen it on the big screen, what are your thoughts?

RICK

I couldn't be more proud of our cast and crew. I dedicate this film to everyone that helped make it happen. It's what I always wanted.

REPORTER

Hm. I'm not sure we were watching the same film. You're saying that Blood Drinker came out exactly as you envisioned?

RICK

Well, maybe not *exactly* as I initially saw it, but yes, very close. My cast and crew were

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICK (cont'd)  
wonderful and I wouldn't have the finished product look or sound any different.

REPORTER  
Rick, most of the shots were simply out of focus. The sound was spotty at best. And the performances appeared to lack any kind of rehearsal or depth. Almost as if the actors didn't see the script until moments before filming began. What is your response to this?

RICK  
That's all I'm going to say. You can write whatever you want. I'm going to celebrate one of the greatest underground horror hits in recent memory.

Rick and Myra walk off. We move in on a couple of MOVIEGOERS walking out of the theater.

MOVIEGOER #1  
Did my eyes deceive me, or did we just witness a complete catastrophe.

MOVIEGOER #2  
That ending. I just...that ending.

We move over to Thad, Charlie, and Britt as they walk out of the theater.

CHARLIE  
So, do you think there are actually potential investors here?

BRITT  
Do you think it matters? Were you watching the same movie as me?

THAD  
I'm going to go talk to the press.

BRITT  
And what exactly are you going to say?

Thad walks off.

(CONTINUED)

BRITT

Charlie, please tell me you saw  
what I saw in there.

CHARLIE

(defeated)

Look, it wasn't perfect.

BRITT

It was a complete disaster!

CHARLIE

You said yourself that you've never  
really worked in horror. How would  
you know?

BRITT

Anyone would know! That was a  
colossal failure!

The reporter walks up to Britt and Charlie.

REPORTER

Hello. Were either of you involved  
in the making of Blood Drinker?

Charlie and Britt look at each other, waiting for the other  
to say something. Thad walks up and breaks the silence.

THAD

I was the executive producer on the  
film.

REPORTER

Oh, great! So what are your  
thoughts on the project now that  
you've seen it all come together?

THAD

I think it's the next underground  
horror sensation. You see, we  
really approached this film with--

Thad's voice trails off as we settle in on a two shot of  
Charlie and Britt. They watch Thad carry on about the film.  
It's slowly sinking in that Blood Drinker is not what they  
thought it was.

FADE TO BLACK

SUPER: TEN YEARS LATER

INT. STUDIO - DAY

A DOCUMENTARY CREW is setting up equipment. Same precision as Charlie before. Jump cuts of a lens focusing in and out, a tripod being raised, studio lights clicking on. A lavalier mic being clipped onto a shirt.

We cut to a wide angle of the studio, revealing an older looking Thad, sitting in a chair.

The DIRECTOR walks up to Thad.

DIRECTOR

Okay, Thad. We're just gonna ask you a few questions about the film. Take as much time as you need with your answers.

An ASSISTANT CAMERA MAN shoves a slate in front of Thad's face.

ASSISTANT CAMERA MAN

Blood Drunk, Thad Little interview take one!

CLOSE ON Thad for a few beats.

DIRECTOR

Okay. You ready, Thad?

Thad nods.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Rick and Myra Holmes have become huge names over the past few years. Blood Drinker is widely regarded as the worst film of its kind for many reasons. It's become something of a fascination among B movie fans around the globe. What is your initial reaction when you hear this?

CLOSE ON Thad.

THAD

Well, you know, it's just nice to be recognized. Although the masses

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THAD (cont'd)  
have reacted in a different way  
than I originally envisioned,  
executive producing a film that's  
garnered so much attention is  
something to be proud of, really.  
Actually, I was basically the First  
AD on the project as well.

DIRECTOR  
So, regardless of the nature of  
people's opinions, you're just  
content that they have opinions  
about Blodd Drinker at all?

CLOSE ON Thad. A couple beats. As he opens his mouth to  
answer...

INT. BRITT'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

...An older Britt sits behind her computer. She scrubs  
through some footage. As she slows down we see that it's  
footage of a wedding.

She makes a few clicks then watches playback. Her phone  
rings.

BRITT  
Hello?

VOICE THROUGH THE PHONE  
You almost done?

BRITT  
Yes, I should be finished by  
tonight. I'll have this cut  
uploaded by the morning.

VOICE THROUGH THE PHONE  
Good. Just shoot me an email when  
its done so I can watch it. I'll  
give you any feedback I have  
tomorrow.

BRITT  
Okay, sounds good.

VOICE THROUGH THE PHONE  
Oh, and I got a call today about a  
memorial service. It's being shot  
next week then they'll need an  
editor. You interested?

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON Britt. A couple beats.

BRITT

Yea, sure. Just let me know the details.

VOICE THROUGH THE PHONE

Great. Talk soon.

BRITT

Bye.

Britt hangs up the phone. She returns to clicking through her edit. We move backward away from her until...

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

...Various movie posters as seen before on the walls of Charlie's apartment. After seeing a few, we settle in on a Blood Drinker poster.

An older Charlie enters the room. He wears a work uniform for an electronics store.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - DAY

Charlie drives for a few moments. We stay on a profile view of his face.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

Charlie walks to the back and clocks in. He snaps his name tag on.

Various shots of Charlie straightening items and talking to customers.

He walks by the movies section of the store. He looks over and does a double take. He curiously walks up to a large container labeled, "Discount Bin."

He shuffles through the titles, looking for something. He lands on a DVD copy of Blood Drinker.

The top reads, "Voted Best Worst Movie. The hilarious cult hit, Blood Drinker!"

He flips it over.

His eyes settle on his name on the back cover. "Director of Photography - Charlie Moore."

(CONTINUED)

He mournfully stares at his name for a few beats. He tosses the DVD back into the bin.

CLOSE ON the bin as Charlie walks away, out of focus.

FADE OUT