

BLOOD RIGHT

written by
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EXT. COLORADO PLAINS - NIGHT

A blood red moon rises over the Rockies.

A lone rider gallops past us.

EXT. PAUPER'S CEMETERY - NIGHT

That rider reaches a worn picket fence atop a barren hill.

He dismounts and swings open a CREAKING gate.

His spurs CLINK on the ground as he searches the crooked gravestones, finally finding the one he wants.

There's no name on the stone, just a year. 1869. The dirt before it is freshly shoveled.

The rider falls to his knees and removes his hat. Wisps of gray mark his hair. He wears a priests' collar and a black oilskin duster as worn as he is.

This is THE FATHER (30s).

The wind WHISTLES. A distant coyote HOWLS.

A GRASPING HAND bursts out of the grave.

The Father watches, focused.

An arm follows the hand. Then a head. The creature's eyes are jet black. Saliva-soaked fangs line its drooling mouth.

Still the Father waits, patiently. He's done this before.

The Vampire's chest emerges from the grave.

The Father's hand darts under his coat--

-- then snaps forward, driving a stake into the Vampire's chest. It collapses, WHIMPERING, dying a second time.

The Father rises and looks to the two adjacent graves.

They look dug up. At the bottom of each lies an EMPTY COFFIN, its lid broken outwards.

EXT. BINDER, COLORADO - NIGHT

Binder, Colorado, is a sleepy one horse mining town. TINNY PIANO and DRUNKEN RUCKUS emanate from its lone saloon.

The Father rides into town with his eye on the saloon, but something further down the street catches his eye.

An APACHE, beaten bloody and unconscious, hangs tied to a post. A painted sign above him reads "RED NIGGURS BEWAR".

The Father examines the Apache. He's breathing... and he's got a MASSIVE SCAR across the whole of his throat.

From his coat, the Father draws a bottle marked with a crucifix. He drips water onto the Apache.

The water BEADS off.

The Father cuts the Apache down, lays him on the ground, and covers him with a nearby horse blanket.

Then he turns his attention to the saloon.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Piano music. Whiskey. Poker. Spitting. Cussing. Whores.

As a poker player's eyes drift to the door, his face sinks.

The whole bar QUIETS.

The patrons turn. Everyone's eyes narrow.

The Father stands just inside the swinging doors.

THE FATHER
Some here tonight require
absolution.

Something about this stranger says he could kill everyone in the room with neither a blink nor a care.

The Piano Player folds his music and flees out a back door.

The bartender runs next. Every soul in the saloon follows.

Except for THREE MEN, quietly sipping drinks at the bar.

One of these three opens a fresh whiskey bottle and tops them all off. The men clink glasses, then look to the Father in the wall-length mirror behind the bar...

... in which only the Father casts a reflection.

The men turn. Their eyes darken. They CHARGE the Father --

-- who whips a STAKE through the air, impaling one Vampire through the heart, sending him crashing into a table, dead.

THE TWO REMAINING VAMPIRES make for the sides of the saloon.

The Father pulls a ROPE from under his coat, swings it like a lasso, and drops it around his feet. It's lined with GARLIC.

The Vampires charge but the garlic stops them cold.

The Father draws a COLT REVOLVER and FIRES, striking the first beast's shoulder. Smoke rises from the wound.

The First Vampire leaps BEHIND THE BAR as --

-- the Second Vampire flips a table into the Father, knocking him out of the garlic loop. His Colt CLATTERS to the floor.

The Father rises, but quickly ducks back down as a BOTTLE flies at his head.

Behind the bar, the First Vampire lobbs more bottles at the Father, forcing him to hide behind a table--

-- where spots his Colt lying on the floor nearby.

The First Vampire stuffs cloth into a liquor bottle, ignites it with the gaslight, and hurls it at the Father.

The bottle SMASHES, spitting flame across the saloon.

The Second Vampire leaps from the shadows, charging the Father.

The Father dives from his cover, grabs his Colt, spins and FIRES POINT BLANK into the beast's head, which EXPLODES.

Flames spread across the saloon.

The First Vampire leaps from the bar onto the Father, PLUNGING HIS FANGS into his throat.

The fire's spreading quickly, leaping from the floor to the tables, turning the saloon into an inferno.

The Father's eyes flutter, he's losing consciousness, when --

-- THWACK! A METAL SPIKE strikes the Vampire's back. The Vampire turns as a second spike pierces his chest.

The Apache leaps through the flames, twirling a HATCHET, and severs the vampire's head with one swipe.

EXT. BINDER, COLORADO - NIGHT

The Apache carries the Father out of the flaming saloon.

Down the street stands a gathering mob of TOWNSFOLK. One of them points at the Apache.

The Apache turns to run the other way, but this way--

-- he sees a CAVALRY on the horizon, approaching town.

The Apache looks back to the mob, then back once again to the cavalry. He's going to have to pick one, he thinks...

... but then he sees the Father's horse.

INT. PROSPECTOR SALOON

The horse BURSTS THROUGH the flaming saloon's doors, the Apache in the saddle and the Father laid down behind him.

Through the INFERNO they gallop --

EXT. FIELDS - NIGHT

-- FLYING out the saloon's back door and riding off into the prairie night, never looking back.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PROSPECTOR SALOON - NIGHT

The townsfolk have formed a fire brigade, passing buckets of water towards the saloon.

The CAVALRY reaches town: dozens of soldiers clad in CONFEDERATE GREY leading a train of SUPPLY WAGONS.

Their leader calls the cavalry to a halt. This is COLONEL JEFFERSON T. HAYES (30s). Pure, proud Georgian gentility.

HAYES

Where may I find the executive of
this municipality?

A rugged, older man, the MAYOR (60s), steps forward.

MAYOR

I'm mayor here, if that's you're
meaning.

HAYES

Capital. I am Colonel Jefferson T. Hayes. My men and I expect to rendezvous with comrades here this evening. I trust strangers are noticed in these parts?

The townsfolk look to one another, commiserating.

MAYOR

Three fellers I never seen before turned up at the saloon tonight. They wasn't soldiers, though.

FIRST TOWNSMAN

We had that uppity redskin, too. Now he's gone. I's wager this fire was his doin'.

SECOND TOWNSMAN

This wasn't that injun. This was a... a preacher.

Hayes's eyebrow rises at 'preacher'.

HAYES

A preacher, you say? Intriguing. Though no comrade of ours.

MAYOR

Well, if you're fixin' to wait around for your friends, Colonel, you and your men are welcome to stay the night. We could round up some food for you.

HAYES

Of course you could.

MAYOR

Colonel, my apologies though, I have to ask... do you still ride for the south? The war's over going on four years now.

HAYES

Dear sir, some wars end...

Hayes takes off his hat, obscuring his face for a moment. When the hat passes, Hayes' eyes have DARKENED.

HAYES

... some don't.

The ENTIRE CAVALRY reveal themselves to be VAMPIRES.

They descend on the helpless townsfolk, whose SCREAMS mix with distant COYOTE HOWLS to shatter the night's silence.

BLACKOUT

WOMAN'S VOICE

Look, James.

EXT. PRAIRIE - MORNING

The Father's eyes OPEN. He's younger and clean-shaven, and he lies in a field of purple clover under a glorious sun.

A WOMAN stands nearby, back to us, looking into the distance.

WOMAN'S VOICE

It's perfection.

The Father moves next to her, following her gaze...

... to a TRAIN OF CONESTOGA WAGONS heading west, toward the majestic Rockies. The colors and light pop like a Bierstadt painting. She's right; it *is* perfection.

The Woman, her back still to us, lays her head on the Father's shoulder. He puts his arm around her.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Why will I never see it?

The Father looks to her.

Half the woman's face has been torn away. Her one eye is jet black. She roars, baring FANGS, and LUNGES for him.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The Father gasps as his EYES open from the dream. He pants, regaining his breath, and takes in his surroundings.

He's in a small limestone cave. Firelight flickers nearby.

SCRAAAAPE. The Father looks for the sound and finds...

... the Apache, sitting by the fire, sharpening wood.

The Father spots his GUN BELT lying a few feet away.

SCRAAAAPE.

The Father springs for his guns and draws on the Apache...

... who opens his hand, revealing the Father's bullets.

The Father lowers his gun.

The Apache pulls back his hair, revealing the huge throat scar the Father noticed earlier. Then he nods to the Father.

The Father hesitates... then pulls down his collar.

Fresh bites stand near dozens of OLDER, SIMILAR SCARS.

The Apache smiles and hands the Father back his bullets.

EXT. BINDER, COLORADO - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Hayes sits atop a supply wagon, watching his soldiers drink hungrily from the wounded and dead. The horizon behind him glows purplish pink.

HAYES

Major O'Neill!

MAJOR O'NEILL (30s), Hayes's right hand vamp, approaches.

HAYES

Might any recruits have survived?

MAJOR O'NEILL

No, sir. The men were too hungry.

HAYES

This displeases me. Our endeavor
requires soldiers, not rations.

(a ROOSTER CROWS)

Bed them down, Major.

O'Neill takes out a BUGLE and blows REVEILLE.

The vampires form ranks RANKS and follow O'Neill into the town's buildings, dragging SCREAMING townsfolk with them.

Hayes begins to follow, but stops. He hears a GROAN.

The saloon's PIANO PLAYER, one of the many victims littering the ground, has sat up with a dazed look in his eyes.

HAYES

Capital!

The Piano Player rises and wanders about, as if drugged.

HAYES

Disorienting at first, I know.
You've much to learn. But let's not
rush matters.

He puts his arm around the Piano Player and guides him
towards a building. The Piano Player's focus SHARPENS, like a
dog acquiring a scent.

HAYES

First, we dine.

They slip inside the building as dawn breaks.

EXT. RIVER - DAWN

A deer emerges from the morning mist, dips its head to drink.
The Apache bursts from the river and grabs the deer's throat.

INT. CAVE

Deerskin hangs stretched on a wooden frame. Venison sizzles
over a fire. The Apache sharpens deer bone into a blade.

The Father cleans his Colt and checks his gun belt. Two sets
of bullets hang there: some LEAD, some GLASS-TIPPED.

The Apache touches his new blade to his skin. He winces, then
smiles. He's sharpened it well.

The Father pours water from his crucifix-marked bottle into a
GLASS TIPPED BULLET, then CRIMPS it onto a cartridge.

He straps on his gun belt, and practices a quick draw.

The Apache ties a deerskin loincloth around himself and tucks
his blade into its belt. He practices his own quick draws,
handling the blade in various grips.

The Father notices. He performs an especially fast draw,
twirls the gun around his finger, then holsters it.

The Apache gets the message. He draws his blade, twirls it
around his fingers, and sheathes it.

Then the Apache moves in front of the Father, hands at his
side, eyebrow cocked. The challenge is clear.

The Father nods back. Challenge accepted.

One beat passes. Two. The Father draws--

-- but before his Colt clears its holster, the Apache's knife is at the Father's throat.

The Apache smirks and leaves the cave.

The Father pulls a case from his saddlebags and opens it, revealing a huge Colt 1848 Percussion Army Revolver. Fifty caliber. Practically a miniature cannon.

EXT. CAVE - MORNING

The Apache cocks his arm and throws his knife, scoring a direct hit on a small tree.

Another throw. Another hit. Another throw --

-- KA-BLAM! The tree EXPLODES into splinters.

The Apache dives to the ground, then looks up.

There's the Father, holding the huge, smoking revolver. It's his turn to smirk and walk away.

EXT. CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

The Father spreads a large, folded paper over the ground.

It's a HAND-DRAWN MAP, weathered and stained. It's quite detailed in the east, but sparsely so in the west.

A line across the map marks the Father's journeys. Along the line, he's marked town names and notes. *Dodgeport, pack of ten. Wolf's Rock, Overrun.*

The Father takes charcoal, extends the line west, and makes more notes. *Binder. Four killed.*

The Apache sits next to him. The Father instinctively hides his map, but the Apache pays no mind to that.

Rather, he offers the Father a canteen fashioned of deerskin.

The Father sniffs the canteen. His eyes light up at its scent. He looks to the Apache, who nods to the DEER CARCASS.

The Father drinks slowly at first, but soon gulps, DEER BLOOD dripping from his mouth.

As he does so, the Apache unfolds his own drawn map, charting *his* course. It's quite detailed in the west.

Part of the Apache's map is blank save for a symbol: THREE INVERTED Vs, two small ones interlaced around a larger one.

THE FATHER
(pointing to this symbol)
Heard they were just a myth.

The Apache glares witheringly: *no myth*.

The Father watches the Apache add detail to his own map.

The Apache dots the end of the line charting his journey. He points to the dot, then the Father, then himself.

THE FATHER
The town?

The Apache nods, then points to several OTHER LINES on his map. He brings two fingers to his neck, mimicking a bite.

THE FATHER
More biters.

Again, the Apache nods, then points back to the map.

All those dotted lines aim to converge on Binder, Colorado.

THE FATHER
Wonder what's so interesting about
that town to packs of biters.
(a beat)
You wondering, too?

The Apache raises his knife and smiles.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY

A RIDER gallops through a notch in the granite cliffs:
STOKELY (40s), his ebony skin coated with trail dust.

He stops at the sight of a signpost: "BINDER - 5 MILES".

EXT. WAGON TRAIL - DAY

Stokely rides towards a CONESTOGA WAGON TRAIN that trails to the horizon. Another scout, MALACHAI (20s), ride to his side.

MALACHAI
Stokely. Stokely!
(softer now)
Have you talked to her today?

STOKELY
Christ, Malachai.

MALACHAI
I... just want to know if he's
better.

STOKELY
Not sure you should be asking. Not
sure any of us should.

Stokely trots towards the lead wagon. It's driven by SAM
CAVANAUGH (40s), a giant ginger of a working man.

STOKELY
Sam! I found a signpost...

MRS. CAVANAUGH (40s), a severe woman, climbs from the wagon
and sits next to her husband. She glares daggers at Stokely.

STOKELY
Uh... Mister Cavanaugh. There's a
town. If the weather holds, we can
make it by dusk.

CAVANAUGH
(toasting with a canteen)
Then here's to the weather holding.
Scout on, Mister Stokely.

Stokely rides off. Mrs. Cavanaugh doesn't even glance at him.
She just rests her head on her husband's shoulder.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
A town. A market. Real beds.

STOKELY
Likely just a few mining shacks.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
I'll settle for a blacksmith and a
hot meal, God willing.
(a beat)
The nigger doesn't have any of our
money, does he?

CAVANAUGH
Stifle it, Martha.

Stokely rides past wagons until he finds one driven SARAH
(20s). She's exhausted, and her mind is elsewhere.

STOKELY
Miss Sarah! How is he this morning?

SARAH

Worse.

STOKELY

We're gonna reach a town by
nightfall. You tell him now, Sarah,
OK? A real town!

Sarah barely nods in response. Stokely starts to leave.

SARAH

Mister Stokely. Forgive me, I'm...
I'm simply... nightfall. Thank you.

MRS. CAVANAUGH (O.S.)

Stokely! The sun's moving, why
ain't you!

CAVANAUGH (O.S.)

Stifle it, Martha!

STOKELY

They'll have a doctor, Sarah, I
just know they will.

Stokely gallops off. Sarah turns and peers...

INSIDE THE WAGON

... where a MAN lies still on his back, breathing heavily.

EXT. BINDER - DAY

The Father and the Apache ride past the burnt out saloon.

The Apache looks to his arm: the Father's gripping it tight.

THE FATHER

Stop.

The Apache does so. The Father nods up ahead...

... to two supply wagons sitting in the street.

THE FATHER

I know this pack.

INT. FIRST SUPPLY WAGON - MOMENTS LATER

The flap WHOOSHES aside, revealing BOXES, each stenciled
C.S.A. QUARTERMASTER. And each is full of Confederate grays.

EXT. BINDER - CONTINUOUS

The Apache emerges, wearing a Confederate tunic.

The Father looks solemnly to the second supply wagon.

INT. SECOND SUPPLY WAGON - MOMENTS LATER

DOZENS OF BODIES hang bound to the wagon's frame, each one's neck REPEATEDLY SCARRED.

The Father cuts one free. It slides to the floor, BABBLING, a body whose mind died ages ago. He draws a stake.

EXT. BINDER - DAY

The THUNK of a stake piercing flesh, over and over. Blood drips to the dirt through the wagon's floor.

The Father LEAPS down from the wagon, covered in blood.

THE FATHER
It's them for certain.

The Apache nods to the end of the street...

... where a CHURCH stands.

INT. CHURCH - AFTERNOON

The Apache and the Father lay their weapons along the pews.

The Father straps on his Colts.

The Apache hangs stakes from his waist, then wraps his hatchet's strap tight around his wrist.

They stash extra weapons near the church door.

EXT. BINDER - AFTERNOON

Weapons ready, the Father and the Apache move out to hunt.

INT. VARIOUS BUILDINGS - AFTERNOON

The Father bursts into a DRY GOODS STORE, guns drawn. But he finds only sacks and boxes.

The Apache slips into the BLACKSMITH'S SHOP, hatchet ready... only to find a forge and a few dozen horseshoes.

The Father searches a MINING SHACK. Nothing here but picks, sieves, and dynamite, of which the Father grabs a few sticks.

In the JAIL, the Apache finds only BLOOD-CAKED cells.

EXT. BINDER - DUSK

The Father exits one building, the Apache another.

The Apache points to the SETTING SUN.

The Father nods and motions for the Apache to keep searching.

INT. LIVERY STABLE - DUSK

The Apache checks hay bales and stalls, finding nothing. He turns to go, when CRASH! The floor vanishes beneath him.

His fingers catch the trap door's edge. Hanging over DARKNESS, he tries to pull himself up but...

CRACK. The wood he's gripping is splintering. CRRRRRACK.

A rope and pulley hang nearby. The Apache extends his leg through the dangling rope.

CRRACK! The wood gives way. The rope tightens around the Apache's leg... but then SNAPS. He falls into the darkness.

EXT. BINDER - DUSK

The Father hears NOISES coming from the church.

INT. BINDER'S CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

The Father enters...

... to find TWO DOZEN KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN searching his and the Apache's equipment.

Klansmen reach for guns but the Father outdraws them all, leveling his Colt at the man with the most ornate robes.

KLAN LEADER

Hold fire!

His men obey. Eyes narrow. A STANDOFF.

KLAN LEADER
This don't need to turn ugly,
father.

 THE FATHER
Turn?

 KLAN LEADER
We got word of a red nigger in
town. We only come for him.

 THE FATHER
I'll take my chances with him.

In runs a YOUNG KLANSMAN, KENNETH (19), hoodless.

 KENNETH
Mister McCord! Mister--

Kenneth freezes at the scene.

 KLAN LEADER
Put your hood on, Kenneth, for
Christ's sakes!

 KENNETH
 (yanking his hood on)
But Mister McCord...

 KLAN LEADER
Grand Cyclops, Kenneth, no fucking
names! How many fucking--

 KENNETH
I'm sorry, Grand Cyclops McCord--

 KLAN LEADER
Kenneth!

 KENNETH
Someone's down in the tunnels!

INT. TUNNEL

The Apache lies in a heap, coming to.

He stands, getting his bearings.

He's in a tunnel hewn from bedrock. The only light streams
through the trap door twenty feet above.

A few feet away, the tunnel forks into two paths.

The Apache grabs a handful of dirt and lets it fall through his fingers.

The dirt floats to the LEFT... there's a slight BREEZE coming from the tunnel on the RIGHT.

INT. BINDER'S CHURCH - DUSK

Young Kenneth stammers on.

KENNETH

Two doors been broken, there's tracks all over--

KLAN LEADER

(to the others)

McKinley, take Forrest and two others down into the tunnels through the livery. O'Brien--

KENNETH

You said no names--

KLAN LEADER

Shut up, Kenneth! O'Brien, head for the warehouse. And someone watch--

The Klan Leader points to the Father... who is gone.

KLAN LEADER

Where the fuck did he--

The Klan Leader falls silent as he realizes he hears something... a SIZZLING.

It's DYNAMITE, resting on the burning votive candles.

KA-BOOM! The blast SHATTERS the church's wall, splintering pews, and blowing Klansmen across the room.

Flames spit across Klan robes, igniting them. Guns fire accidentally, blowing apart hoods.

Now more SHOTS ring out, but at the Klansmen, not from them. Klansmen fall in flaming heaps.

The Klan Leader starts firing blindly into corners...

... as the Father drops from the rafters.

EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

BLAM. The Klan Leader's hooded head FLIES OUT the door.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Young Kenneth lies among the chaos, spitting blood. The Father stands over him.

THE FATHER
Tunnels, you say.

EXT. RIDGE - DUSK

Stokely sees the town of Binder, maybe a mile away. He motions behind him...

... to the wagon train. Cavanaugh calls to the settlers.

CAVANAUGH
We've found haven for the night!

The settlers CHEER.

INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM

The Apache emerges from the tunnel into this room full of forgotten mining equipment: picks, axes, spiked candlesticks.

A flickering CANDLE sits on a table. The Apache lifts it... and looks down the dozens of tunnels branching off this room.

He stands, at a loss. *Where now?* And then he hears...

... a low MOAN from one of the tunnels..

INT. CAVE

The Apache finds himself in an empty cave. There's not a soul to be found here...

... but he hears another MOAN, this one behind him.

He turns to find... no one. But he hears yet another MOAN.

The answer finally dawns on him. The Apache looks up...

... to find a TOWNSWOMAN chained above him.

The 'cave' is an vertical mining vein with WOODEN PLATFORMS lining its sides. These platforms are infested with SLEEPING VAMPIRES and CHAINED TOWNSFOLK.

INT. BINDER'S CHURCH - DUSK

Kenneth lifts up a rug in the vestry, revealing a TRAP DOOR.

As the Father opens it, Kenneth quietly draws a derringer...

... but not quietly enough. The Father draws. BLAM.

Bye, Kenneth.

The Father slips through the trap door.

Through the church's shattered wall, the sun sets.

INT. CAVE

All those sleeping vampires begin to wake.

The Apache raises his hatchet, working out his next move.

But now the vampires start to rise.

The Apache turns to run... but a vampire leaps down, blocking his escape.

THUNK! That vampire SCREAMS, SPASMS, and dies...

... revealing the Father behind him, bloody stake in hand.

Now the Father levels his massive 50 caliber Colt at one of the wooden platforms. KA-BLAM! The platform COLLAPSES, taking many others with it.

Vampires LEAP to the ground as the Father and Apache flee--

INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- only to find Hayes's soldiers blocking every exit.

The vampires ATTACK, but the Father and the Apache are ready. GUNS blaze, STAKES whip, the hatchet FLIES, vampires FALL.

But there are so many of them. Soon the Father is out of ammo, and the Apache out of stakes.

So they snatch up the PICKS, SPIKED CANDLESTICKS, and RUSTY SAWS around the room, and on the bloody fight rages.

EXT. BINDER - NIGHT

Cavanaugh and his wagon train reach the Binder's edge.

CAVANAUGH
Hello! Is anyone awake?

INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Vampires stop fighting as Cavanaugh's VOICE ECHOES down.

CAVANAUGH (O.S.)
(distant)
Anyone at all! Hello!

EXT. BINDER - CONTINUOUS

The wagons sit.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
I told you not to trust that--

CAVANAUGH
Stifle it, Martha! Stokely, ride on
into town. Find someone, please.

Stokely nods and rides into town.

Malachai rides up to Sarah, who's straining to see what's
going on at the head of the train.

SARAH
Why have we stopped? Have they
found a doctor in town?

MALACHAI
Sarah, I'm sure-

A sound from within Sarah's wagon. A SPASM ROCKS the sick
man. Sarah stands on her driver's bench.

SARAH
Have we found...

INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Now it's SARAH'S VOICE echoing down...

SARAH (O.S.)
(distant)
.... a doctor?! Please!

The vampires part as HAYES enters the room.

HAYES
 Father! Why is it we always
 encounter one another in the most
 inhospitable locales!?

The Father raises a pick, but the vampires close ranks around Hayes. The Apache blocks the Father's advance: *not now*.

HAYES
 I take this noble savage for your
 latest compadre. May he fare better
 than his predecessors. To your
 health, sirs!

Hayes lights a stick of dynamite and tosses it into the room.

The Father and Apache dive for cover behind a flipped table as the vampires flee.

KA-BOOM! The dynamite explodes. The room begins caving.

The Father and the Apache dive into one OPEN TUNNEL just as its opening collapses.

EXT. BINDER - NIGHT

Sarah whips her horses. Her wagon veers out of line and pulls to the front of the train, alongside Cavanaugh.

SARAH
 Michael is getting worse. Is
 Stokely looking for a doctor?

CAVANAUGH
 Stokely is scouting the town, it's
 just so quiet...

SARAH
 Dammit, Michael needs help--

MRS. CAVANAUGH
 You watch your fucking tongue,
 miss!

CAVANAUGH
 Martha, stifle it! Sarah, he's
 scouting for anything--

Sarah's heard enough. She whips her horses again, driving past Cavanaugh and into town.

SARAH
Is there a doctor in this town!? My
husband is sick!

CAVANAUGH
Sarah! We don't know if it's safe!

But the other wagons see Sarah heading into town and follow.

CAVANAUGH
Wait! Wait!

It's too late. The wagons enter Binder.

INT. BINDER'S CHURCH - NIGHT

Stokely stares aghast at the sea of dead Klansmen.

SARAH (O.S.)
Mister Stokely! Mister Stokely!

EXT. BINDER - CONTINUOUS

Stokely runs out of the church and sees Sarah's approaching wagon. He leaps up to her driver's seat.

STOKELY
Miss Sarah! Go back! Something's--

Stokely freezes: something's happening behind Sarah's wagon.

HAYES'S VAMPIRES are emerging from the town's various buildings, filling the streets.

Sarah hears a guttural GROAN from inside her wagon.

INT. SARAH'S WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Michael has risen.

SARAH
Michael?

MICHAEL
It's me, sweet angel.

Michael steps towards Sarah... EYES DARKENED, FANGS BARED.

MICHAEL
Don't be afraid.

He leaps for Sarah. Stokely steps between them. Michael sinks his teeth into Stokely's throat.

Sarah SCREAMS as Michael drops Stokely and DRIVES HIS FANGS into her.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The Father and Apache emerge through the trap door and into the church vestry. They hear Sarah's SCREAMS.

INT. SARAH'S WAGON

As Michael drinks from Sarah's throat--

-- the Father bursts into the wagon, Colts drawn. KA-BLAM!

Michael pitches back, shoulder SMOKING. Sarah screams as the Father STAKES Michael. BLOOD sprays across her face.

SARAH
Sweet angel sweet angel... my husb-

The Father COVERS her mouth as Michael falls. Dead.

THE FATHER
He wasn't. Not any more.

EXT. BINDER - NIGHT

The Father leads Sarah into the street.

SARAH
There were more of those things--

There the Apache stands among a sea of STAKED VAMPIRES. She stares at the bloody scene, mouth agape. Then she remembers.

SARAH
God in heaven, the wagon train!

EXT. BINDER - NIGHT

Settlers knock door to door looking for someone, anyone...

More of Hayes's men slip of the alleyways, encircling them.

The settlers look around, seeing themselves surrounded. Fearful CHATTER breaks out, interrupted by--

MRS. CAVANAUGH
What in the name of the lord Jesus
Christ is happening here!

CAVANAUGH
Martha--

MRS. CAVANAUGH
Sam Cavanaugh, if you tell me to
stifle it I will drive that
horsewhip up your Irish ass!

Hayes steps to the fore of his men.

HAYES
Madam! It delights me to find
myself in converse with so eloquent
a specimen of pioneer spirit.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
Fuck you and your pleasantries!
What's going on in this town?

The vampires laugh, especially the PIANO PLAYER, now clad in
Confederate gray.

HAYES
My dear woman, merely... time's
thievish progress to eternity.

Hayes' FANGS appear. His men follow suit.

PANIC overtakes the settlers as the vampires ATTACK, ripping
victims apart before they can get back to their Conestogas.

Cavanaugh draws a RIFLE from under his seat and fires wildly.

Into the street run the Father, the Apache, and Sarah, coming
into full view of the carnage.

SARAH
Oh my God, no!

Hayes turns to Sarah's voice, and smiles broadly.

The Father looks past Hayes to the mining warehouse, CASES OF
DYNAMITE visible through its door. He aims and FIRES.

KA-BOOM! The WAREHOUSE EXPLODES, shockwaves knocking Vampires
and Settlers to the ground.

The Father and Apache leap into the fray, staking vampires as
they rise. The Father turns to the remaining settlers.

THE FATHER
Who leads this train?

CAVANAUGH
I do!

THE FATHER
Turn east and ride!

MRS. CAVANAUGH
Who the fuck are you to order--

THE FATHER
(to Cavanaugh)
Sir, either silence this shrieking
Harpy or pray for death!

Cavanaugh whips his horses and pulls away from the fray.

CAVANAUGH
Move out!

Sarah leaps into an empty wagon and follows him.

Malachai chases on horseback.

The surviving settlers try to follow, but the vampires recover and attack the last of the fleeing wagons, shredding the settlers within to pieces.

The Father finds HAYES amid the chaos, levels his COLT at him and fires, but one of Hayes's men leaps up, taking the shot for his commander.

The Apache draws his hatchet and starts towards the Vampires, but stops...

... up in the mountains, behind the smoking warehouse, the Apache sees a HUGE GROUP OF MEN descending into town.

The Apache grabs the Father and points out this new group.

The Father looks back to Hayes... then HOLSTERS his Colt.

The Apache cuts two horses free from a nearby wagon. He and the Father leap atop the and RIDE after the settlers.

MAJOR O'NEILL
Shall we pursue, Colonel?

HAYES
No, Major. They are not for today.

Hayes looks to the GROUP descending from the mountains.

HAYES

We've an appointment to keep.

EXT. FIELDS - NIGHT

The Apache and the Father ford a brook, distancing themselves from the town... then hear CLICKS.

They look up into a dozen rifle barrels.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

Cavanaugh's wagon sits in tall grass under a sea of stars.

Malachai feeds a FIRE.

The Father and the Apache sit near that fire.

And all of the surviving settlers sit across from the Father and the Apache, holding Winchesters, fear in their eyes.

Sarah sits far from the group, eyes lost in the distance.

CAVANAUGH

Father? Sir? First let me say...
um... on behalf of us all, thank...

MRS. CAVANAUGH

Shut up, Sam. Father, you listen clear. I'm loud and abrasive and I goddamn know it but you bury five children in the Pennsylvania frost and see what it does to you. Now just who in fuck all are you?

THE FATHER

Naught but a preacher, ma'am.

MRS. CAVANAUGH

A preacher who travels with company such as this?

THE FATHER

I converted him from the savage.
This is... Squanto.

The Apache glares at the Father, but NODS, playing along.

Mrs. Cavanaugh points to the Father's bandaged neck.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
Are such wounds common in
converting the red heathen?

THE FATHER
The lord works in mysterious ways.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
That's one word for it. That pack
of monstrosities descends on us,
then you two turn up moments later,
posing as our salvation--

SARAH
It was no posturing.
(all turn to her)
These men, this preacher and...
Squanto. They saved me.

MALACHAI
And Michael?

SARAH
They tried, but he... he was gone.

Around the campfire, grips on rifles relax.

THE FATHER
Suppose we're done here.

CAVANAUGH
Father. In the morning we're
pushing on. But those... things...
(a beat)
When we set out we were prepared
for the climate, for bandits, but
not... what I'm asking is, Father,
Squanto, will you ride with us?

The settlers turn to the Father.

THE FATHER
I once rode west for a better life.
I found this one instead. You want
no part of what I ride for now.
Come morning, I move on alone.

The Father walks away from the fire. From the Apache.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
We lost a terrible number tonight,
you unfeeling bastard. At least
give us holy words for the dead.

THE FATHER
May we all be so lucky.

EXT. BINDER - NIGHT

Confederate Vampires drag SCREAMING SETTLERS into the wagons.

MAJOR O'NEILL
Colonel! A new recruit!

O'Neill drags the blood-soaked Stokely to Hayes.

Hayes examines Stokely's vacant eyes and punctured throat, feels the strength of his arms and back. Hayes nods.

O'Neill grabs a SETTLER WOMAN and holds her before Stokely.

SETTLER WOMAN
Mister Stokely, help me!

STOKELY
Jane...

Stokely's eyes have found her neck, her pulsing veins.

SETTLER WOMAN
Mister Stokely, please! PLEASE!

Stokely's eyes go jet black as he bites Jane's throat.
O'Neill's BUGLE drowns out the woman's screams.

The Soldiers fall into formation as the group from the mountain finally reaches town. They're a wild mix of FUR TRAPPERS, MOUNTAIN MEN, and GOLD PANNERS. Their faces are drawn and desperate. To a man, they're starving.

HAYES
A capital evening to you, one and all! It delights me to see how far my invitation has spread!

A MOUNTAIN MAN (40s), formidable while hungry, steps forward.

MOUNTAIN MAN
You Hayes?

HAYES
In the flesh.

MOUNTAIN MAN
Who in the hell you think you are?

RUMBLES OF ASSENT from the new arrivals. To Hayes's shock, this seems to be the group's general attitude toward him.

HAYES

You've quarrel with me, sir?

MOUNTAIN MAN

For two hundred years, me and mine survived in that marshland. Until your bastard soldiers found us!

Hayes shows his fangs.

HAYES

Finding kin is trivial.

The Mountain Man responds by baring his fangs.

MOUNTAIN MAN

Teeth don't make for kin. We had steady prey until your tin soldiers come round, scared off the world!

MORE ASSENT from the arrivals. Murmurs of "They done the same to us!" "Wrecked our hunting grounds, too!" Rows of fangs become visible. These are all vampires.

HAYES

Tell me. Before my men... intervened in your affairs, when did you last feed?

MOUNTAIN MAN

We got by.

HAYES

Off what, pray tell? Misguided settlers? Expansionist ranchers? The scraps that the unbitten world does not care to shield from you?

MOUNTAIN MAN

There's no shame in how we live.

HAYES

Yet my invitation enticed you.

MOUNTAIN MAN

I only came to turn you down in person.

HAYES

Oh, is that all.

MOUNTAIN MAN

And to return your messenger.

The Mountain Man pulls something from his sack and drops it at Hayes's feet: the HEAD of a vampire in a confederate cap.

The group CHEERS as the Mountain Man attacks Hayes.

But Hayes feints and dodges the attack with ease. The Mountain Man didn't expect Hayes's agility and speed.

Neither did the group, who all watch with surprise--

-- as Hayes unleashes a furious attack, draws his cavalry saber, and SKEWERS the Mountain Man to a nearby wall.

O'Neill and the rest of Hayes's cavalry beam with pride.

Hayes sinks his fangs into the man, draining him, leaving only a desiccated corpse. Then he spins and to face the group, hot blood still dripping down his chin.

HAYES

A waste of power, of greatness, of potential! As are you all! Naught but vermin, pushed to the side by an arrogant world. So now, I offer a choice. Go back. Live as you have. Hungry. Hiding. Or join me...

Hayes takes a paper from his pocket and holds it high.

HAYES

... as the world opens to us in ways we never dared dream!

It's a large, typeset poster "WANTED! 3,000 LABORERS ON THE 12TH DIVISION OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD".

INT. WAGON - NIGHT

Sarah tosses and twists on her bedroll, sweating bullets.

EXT. FIELDS - NIGHT

She stumbles from the wagon and vomits into the grass.

THE FATHER (O.S.)

Stomach off?

He stands silhouetted against the moon, watching her. She doesn't answer. He tosses her something. A DEAD RABBIT.

She chokes back bile... but then her eyes narrow. She bares fangs, sinks them into the rabbit, and sucks it dry. Then she drops the carcass, horrified at herself.

SARAH

God... God no, I'm turning into--

THE FATHER

You're bit. Not turned. Not yet.

The Father approaches, holding a STAKE behind his back.

THE FATHER

But one night soon you'll pass by someone. A friend. A stranger. Won't matter. All you'll see is the veins their neck. All you'll hear is their heart. Control yourself in that moment, you'll stay as you are. Give in...

SARAH

You know this for fact?

The Father reveals his neck scars. She nods.

SARAH

I won't turn. I'll die first.

He nods, then walks past her, his business here done.

SARAH

You can't leave us out here.

Either he doesn't hear or doesn't care. On he walks.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The Apache huddles over his map, adding detail by firelight.

His eyes drift to the empty part of his map marked only by three inverted "V"s.

He looks to the fire. As the light dances in his eyes...

... he sees the image of a BURNING APACHE VILLAGE in the flames. He hears HORRID SHRIEKS mix with the flame's crackle.

Now something else appears in the image, obscuring the village: a CHIEF wearing a MASSIVE WAR HEADDRESS. Three inverted "V"s emblazoned in war paint on his broad chest.

The Apache closes his eyes and calms his rapid breath.

When he opens them again, his fire is once again just a fire
But now there's someone standing behind it.

THE FATHER
Which way will you ride?

The Apache holds up his map and points to the south.

THE FATHER
West for me, then.

The Father leaves. The Apache tucks his map into his satchel
and lays down to sleep.

In the shadows, Sarah watches this exchange.

EXT. BINDER - NIGHT

Hayes's men distribute confederate grays to the new arrivals,
laughing as the recruits struggle with the clothing.

MAJOR O'NEILL
Eighty seven recruits, sir.

HAYES
Capital! Though our invitation
should have indicated we were a
cavalry. We must find horses.

EXT. FIELDS - DAWN

The Father lies, sleeping, as a shadow spreads over him. He
opens his eyes and smiles.

THE FATHER
I thought you dead.

It's the same woman he dreamt of earlier, but now her face is
intact, and her smile could melt ice.

She kneels next to him.

Her fingers wrap around his throat. SQUEEZING.

He realizes what's happening but can't stop it. Her fingers
tighten. Her eyes go DARK. Her lips bare her FANGS.

EXT. FIELDS - DAWN

The Apache kneels over the sleeping Father, choking him.

The Father's eyes go wide as the Apache LIFTS him up.

THE FATHER
(gasping, choking)
Wh... what...

That Apache motions to his very empty satchel.

THE FATHER
I... didn't...

SARAH (O.S.)
They're lovely maps.

The Apache drops the Father and turns to see Sarah.

SARAH
Lots of care and detail. I'd wager
you'd both be lost without them.

THE FATHER
Sarah...

SARAH
Oh, I'm worth a name now?
(a beat)
I've ridden six months with these
people. They're all I have. And
we're headed into a hell no one
knows but you. You get your maps
back when we get through it.

EXT. WAGON TRAIN - DAWN

Cavanaugh emerges from his wagon, and his face SINKS.

Only TWO WAGONS remain in the field. He looks to the rising
sun and sees the rest of the train heading back east.

CAVANAUGH
Cowards! Gutless cowards!

Mrs. Cavanaugh emerges and follows her husband's eyes to the
wagons. Malachai rises from his bedroll and joins them.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
Sam, Sam! Calm yourself--

CAVANAUGH
We're going to make it, you hear!

THE FATHER (O.S.)
There go the smart ones.

The Father, the Apache, and Sarah ride up.

CAVANAUGH
Father? Squanto? You're staying?

SARAH
Seems to be the case.

THE FATHER
Now. Where exactly are we going?

Cavanaugh smiles, taking a piece of paper from his pocket.

CAVANAUGH
We're starting over.

It's a large, typeset poster: "WANTED! 3,000 LABORERS ON THE 12TH DIVISION OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD".

EXT. FOOTHILLS - DAY

An abandoned, sun-bleached wagon sits in the hills.

THE FATHER (O.S.)
Can't pay much.

Cavanaugh pries a hinge off the abandoned wagon and carries it back to his own, where the Father sits.

CAVANAUGH
Two dollars a day for whites, one for Chinese. They can't keep workers, though. Keep sneaking off to pan for gold.

Cavanaugh yanks a broken hinge off of his wagon and begins to fasten the scavenged hinge in its place.

THE FATHER
All this for two dollars a day.

CAVANAUGH
Ain't about the money. Pennsylvania held nothing for us but memories. Not the ones that make you stay.

Cavanaugh holds a slat of wood against the wagon frame.

CAVANAUGH
A little help, Father?

The Father hesitates, but hops down and holds the wood in place as Cavanaugh starts a nail into it.

CAVANAUGH

This railroad is the next great
step for this country. Opens up the
whole of the west.

As he hammers, Cavanaugh's HEARTBEAT grows audible to the
Father. The Father grows transfixed by Cavanaugh's neck.

CAVANAUGH

New towns will...(THUMP) businesses
growing... (THUMP)... a fortune
to... (THUMP)

The Father's eyes flutter. He loses his grip on the slat. It
slides against Cavanaugh's arm--

-- but Malachai leaps to Cavanaugh's side and grabs the slat.

The Father's eyes clear, and he hurries away.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

The Apache sits some distance from the wagon, his eyes
scanning the mountainous horizon.

The Father sits next to him, breath still rapid.

THE FATHER

Haven't ridden with others in... in
a time.

The Apache hands him the deerskin canteen. The Father makes
sure no one is watching, and drinks deep.

EXT. FOOTHILLS - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Cavanaugh mixes dough next to a fire. Sarah approaches.

SARAH

I'll sort bacon for supper.

MRS. CAVANAUGH

You'll do no such thing.

SARAH

I suspect the men tire of bread.

MRS. CAVANAUGH

I suspect you tire of it. But unless the true Christ makes himself known by multiplying my bacon, you'll leave it. Else we'll run out in a week's time.

SARAH

I'll fetch the saleratus, then.

MRS. CAVANAUGH

I'll fetch it when I need it.

SARAH

(a beat)

Is there something you'd like to say to me?

MRS. CAVANAUGH

Much.

A STAREDOWN. Sarah breaks it and walks away, fire-eyed.

EXT. PRAIRIE - CONTINUOUS

The Father and Apache hear FOOTSTEPS. They turn, hands to weapons, but only find...

MALACHAI

No need for arms! I only come with a question.

THE FATHER

Not now, boy.

MALACHAI

My name's Malachai, sir.

THE FATHER

All right. Not now, Malachai.

MALACHAI

Father, I-

Sarah surprises them all by storming past. She senses their eyes on her and SNAPS back to face them.

SARAH

Have any of you something to say to me?

MALACHAI

No, ma'am! Miss! I mean Sarah, Miss Sarah.

(to the Father)

It can wait.

Malachai scurries away. Sarah resumes her original route borne of aimless frustration. The Father turns to the Apache.

THE FATHER

We could draw new maps.

The Apache shakes his head.

THE FATHER

How can you be both silent and right all the time?

EXT. PRAIRIE - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah realizes she's walking just to be moving. She stops.

THE FATHER (O.S.)

Heading somewhere?

SARAH

You make a habit of these appearances, you know.

He moves to stand beside her, looking over the prairie.

SARAH

This is my fault. All of it. Sam told me to wait, I didn't, everyone followed and now they're dead or... and they hate me. Or she does. Though she hates everyone. But now she hates me worse.

(a beat)

Do you feel inclined to say anything about any of this?

THE FATHER

You're right.

SARAH

What?

THE FATHER

People died. You're at fault. She probably hates you for it.

SARAH

A man of the cloth should know when
a person requires comfort over
truth.

THE FATHER

What good's the first without the
second?

GUNSHOTS ring out nearby, bringing the conversation to halt.

EXT. US ARMY ENCAMPMENT - DAY

A CHEYENNE INDIAN runs across a field, hands tied behind his
back. SHOTS crack the air. Bullets strike him DEAD.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Line three, forward!

A line of BLUE-CLAD SOLDIERS falls back as another steps
forward, rifles at the ready. A Sergeant nods --

-- and a Corporal kicks another BOUND CHEYENNE from a pen.

CORPORAL

Make the horizon, you're free! Go!

The man RUNS. SHOTS ring out, missing him. He sprints for the
horizon. But one last SHOT rings out, striking him HEAD.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Excellent shot, Private!

A SCOUT rides past target practice towards a set of TENTS.

Outside the largest tent sits an OFFICER, his face lathered
as a YOUNG SOLDIER shaves him.

SCOUT

Colonel, you'll want to see this.

The Officer waves aside his barber and places a hat with a
Lieutenant Colonel's insignia atop his blonde locks. This is
JOHN ASHFORD CUTLER (30s). Vanity oozes from every pore

Cutler peers--

THROUGH HIS SCOUT'S BINOCULARS

-- at a group, crossing the prairie towards the encampment.
It's a few settlers, a preacher... and an Apache.

EXT. FIELDS - DAY

MOUNTED SOLDIERS, led by Cutler, cross the fields, stopping just in front of the Father, the Apache, and the settlers.

CUTLER

You're quite a motley group, if you don't mind my saying.

CAVANAUGH

(stepping forward)

Don't mind it cause it's the truth sir. My name's Cavanaugh. I'm leader of this group. And I served in the Army of the Potomac during the war. Irish brigade.

CUTLER

One of Sherman's boys! My friends, we are the Seventh Cavalry. I'm Lieutenant Colonel John Ashford Cutler.

CAVANAUGH

Right pleased to meet you, Colonel.

CUTLER

I must say I've seen many settlers crossing these lands but never a party quite as... diverse as yours. I'm sure you've encountered many unique dangers along your way.

CAVANAUGH

Certainly could say so, sir.

Fresh GUNSHOTS, as target practice continues behind Cutler.

CUTLER

Have any of those dangers come in the form of Indian raiding parties?

CAVANAUGH

No, sir, can't say they have.

CUTLER

There's one such party terrorizing these parts. Utes. Vicious bastards. Struck an Army encampment last night. Left this.

Cutler holds up a PENDANT. We've seen its shape before. THREE INVERTED "V"s.

SURPRISE flashes across the Apache's face. Cutler notices.

CUTLER
I've been tasked with capturing the
savages. If you've seen anything...

CAVANAUGH
Wish I could help, Colonel, but--

Cutler's eyes drill into the Apache.

CUTLER
If any of you have seen anything.

A silent tension ensues, broken by...

THE FATHER
Best not wait on him to answer.

CUTLER
What's your name, Father?

THE FATHER
You named it.

CUTLER
And his?

CAVANAUGH
That's Squanto, sir.

The Father winces. Cutler cocks an eyebrow.

CUTLER
Mister Cavanaugh. These are
treacherous lands. If you wish to
ride under my protection, I can
arrange that. All I ask in exchange
is a chance to discuss matters
with... Squanto. Think on it.

EXT. FOOTHILLS - DUSK

The group eats around a campfire. Mrs. Cavanaugh glares at her husband until he speaks.

CAVANAUGH
Um, Father... tell true. These Utes
Colonel Cutler spoke of. Do you
know of them?

The Father shakes his head.

CAVANAUGH
Squanto? Do you?

The Apache just eats, never acknowledging the question.

The Father stands. Looks to the Apache. COCKS HIS HEAD, asking the Apache to follow.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
Where are you off to?

THE FATHER
Always wise to scout for dangers
before bedding down.

He and the Apache walk off over the hill.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
Scouting for dangers. Try looking
in a fucking mirror.

SARAH
I need a moment's privacy.

BEHIND THE WAGON

Sarah hikes up her skirt, where she has tied THE FATHER'S AND APACHE'S MAPS around her thighs. She opens the Apache's map.

BACK AT THE FIRE

Sarah returns to the group.

SARAH
Squanto knows something of these
Utes the Colonel is hunting.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
And how do you know this?

EXT. PRAIRIE - DUSK

The Father peers through a small telescope...
... at the Army Encampment's stable of horses.

EXT. FOOTHILLS - DUSK

Cavanaugh stares at Sarah. Utter shock.

CAVANAUGH
You took their maps? As they slept?

MRS. CAVANAUGH
You've put us in a terrible spot,
girl!

SARAH
And what were we in?

MALACHAI
Sam, we've got to make a decision.
As the men of the group.

Mrs. Cavanaugh snorts derisively at that, but he presses on.

MALACHAI
Maybe we don't need the Father and
Squanto. Colonel Cutler promised
protection if--

MRS. CAVANAUGH
Merciful Christ in heaven. You made
blind men see, but not this boy.

MALACHAI
The Colonel just wants to talk.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
I know what he said and I know what
he meant.

MALACHAI
He gave his word.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
When a man like that gives you
something, you can be damned sure
he knows how he's getting it back.

CAVANAUGH
Cutler gave us till morning.

The Father returns.

THE FATHER
We trust Cutler and we'll never see
morning.

EXT. FIELDS - DUSK

Now Cavanaugh's peering through the scope at Cutler's stable.

CAVANAUGH
What am I looking at, Father?

THE FATHER

Thirty horses where earlier today
there were seventy. Cutler's out
with a party right now, probably
encircling us.

MALACHAI

Or hunting the Utes.

THE FATHER

That a bet you're comfortable with?

Cavanaugh and Sarah exchange worried glances.

MRS. CAVANAUGH

And why exactly should we trust
you, Father? We know why you're
riding with us.

The Father glances to Sarah. *Do they?* Sarah looks away.

CAVANAUGH

I have to agree with Malachai on
this one. Colonel Cutler gave his
word. We'll sleep on the question
of what to do come morning.

The Father sees they've made up their minds. He sighs,
resigning himself.

EXT. FOOTHILLS - NIGHT

The wagon sits in the moonlight, quiet as the grave.

Around the campfire lie bedrolls. Cavanaugh snores in his,
until Mrs. Cavanaugh swats him.

Malachai lies blissfully unconscious.

And Sarah lies awake, watching the moon...

... until something nearby CRACKS. Sarah sits up...

... as THREE SOLDIERS storm the camp.

Sarah SCREAMS, waking the others.

The soldiers, led by Cutler's Sergeant Major, raise weapons.

SERGEANT MAJOR

Don't do anything rash, we just
want the red nigger.

Two soldiers flip the Apache's bedroll--
 -- to find it stuffed with CLOTHING and ROCKS.
 CRACK! CRACK! Two shots ring out. Two soldiers fall.
 The Sergeant Major turns towards the shots--
 -- WHACK! The Apache's hatchet catches him in the face.
 The Cavanaughs, Sarah, and Malachai leap to their feet...
 ... as the Apache and the Father enter the fire's light.

THE FATHER
 We slept on it. Time to go.

EXT. US ARMY ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Cutler and three of his men emerge from his tent.

CUTLER
 It doesn't matter who fired,
 something's gone awry! Sound the
 call! Two platoons with scouts!

The BUGLER sounds a call. But the camp stays SILENT.

The soldiers cast confused glances as a second BUGLE CALL
 rings out. Still no movement. No sound. Nothing.

Cutler freezes. Around the encampment, he sees...

... HAYES'S ARMY on HORSEBACK, surrounding the bivouac. It's
 now TWICE the size of the army that rode into Binder.

HAYES
 It keeps me up at night, I swear,
 wondering how my Confederacy fell
 to fools of your ilk.

CUTLER
 Who in hellfire are you?

HAYES
 You may call me, 'Sir'.

CUTLER
 I'll be dead before I call a reb
 'Sir'.

HAYES
 Agreed.

The Vampires attack Cutler and his men. Hayes takes a personal shine to Cutler, pinning him down and sinking his fangs into his throat.

But as he does, the pendant in the shape of three inverted "V"s falls from Cutler's pocket. And when Hayes sees that--

HAYES

Stop!

Hayes's men obey as he grabs the pendant, fascination washing over his face. Major O'Neill kneels next to him.

MAJOR O'NEILL

They're... just a myth.

HAYES

Myths are like any lie, Major. They spring from kernels of truth.

Hayes places his knee on Cutler's bleeding throat.

HAYES

Understand. You will answer me. All you may decide is the extent to which you suffer first.

(holds up the pendant)

Where did you find this?

EXT. DEEPER INTO THE FOOTHILLS - NIGHT

Cavanaugh's wagon crawls towards the mountains. The Father, the Apache, and Malachai ride alongside.

MALACHAI

Father...

THE FATHER

Don't mention it.

MALACHAI

I want to apologize for--

THE FATHER

You're mentioning it.

CAVANAUGH (O.S.)

Father! Behind us!

In the distance, there's an army. Following FAST.

CAVANAUGH

Cutler?

THE FATHER
Not in gray.
(he thinks)
Grab what we need from the wagon.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
Leave the wagon? We won't survive
the week!

THE FATHER
We must first survive the hour.

The Apache cuts the horses free of the wagon.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

The Father, the Apache, the Cavanaughs, Sarah, and Malachai
ride towards a NARROW PASS between two imposing peaks.

Behind them rides Hayes's cavalry of the night, GAINING.

The Father, the Apache and the settlers ride into the pass.

EXT. GUN BATTERY - NIGHT

THROUGH A TELESCOPE, someone high in the mountains watches
the group's approach.

It's a UNION SOLDIER. He turns to two comrades sipping from
tin mugs near a large canvas-draped object.

GUN BATTERY SOLDIER 1
Did Cutler signal a passage
tonight?

His comrades shake their heads. The soldier looks back
through the scope -- and sees the APACHE among the group.

GUN BATTERY SOLDIER 1
There's a red with them!

The soldiers pull the canvas off of a MASSIVE GATLING GUN.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - CONTINUOUS

The Father spurs his horse on. Everyone follows his lead.
They're almost at the pass...

... RAT-A-TAT-A-TAT! Bullets rain down from the mountain,
kicking up rock and dust.

The Father looks for the source of the fire, but RAT-A-TAT-A-TAT! More bullets pound the dirt. The group dismounts their panicking horses and huddle for cover behind a massive rock.

EXT. APPROACHING THE MOUNTAIN PASS - CONTINUOUS

Hayes's army enters the pass.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - CONTINUOUS

Cavanaugh peeks around the rock. BULLETS drive him back.

THE FATHER
Cavanaugh. When I say, look again.

CAVANAUGH
And get shot at again?!

THE FATHER
Exactly. Now.

Cavanaugh peers out from behind one side of the rock as the Father peers from the other. SHOTS drive Cavanaugh back --

--- as the Father spots FLASHES OF LIGHT up on a ledge.

The Father sprints from behind the rock, leaps atop his horse, and spurs it on as bullets KICK UP DIRT around him.

He draws his Colts as he reaches a tree-lined PATH up the mountain.

EXT. GUN BATTERY - CONTINUOUS

Now the Union Soldiers see a gray-clad army enter the pass.

GUN BATTERY SOLDIER 1
What the ever loving fuck... Rebs?

EXT. MOUNTAIN BASE - CONTINUOUS

RAT-A-TAT! Dirt explodes in front of Hayes. The shots SPOOK the Vampire Army's horses.

The Apache sees Hayes's army on their heels. He waves for the settlers to run for their horses. He follows them --

-- sprinting hard for their mounts. They saddle up and ride hard for the end of the pass, the Apache last in line.

Hayes spots his prey, fleeing again into the night.

HAYES

Ride!

RAT-A-TAT! Bullets crush dirt, sending Hayes's horse into panic, throwing him as his men ride around him in pursuit.

EXT. GUN BATTERY - CONTINUOUS

The Gun Battery soldiers rain fire on the pass--

-- as the Father rides up. Three SHOTS silence the battery.

The Father dismounts, grabs the Gatling gun, SWINGS it --

-- lining up Hayes in its sights.

One of the battery soldiers, bleeding but very much alive, raises his rifle.

CLICK. The Father hears the hammer cock and MOVES. BANG!

The shot ricochets off the Gatling. The soldier CHARGES.

EXT. MOUNTAIN BASE - CONTINUOUS

The Apache and the settlers ride hard for the pass's end.

Hayes's army rides harder, gaining ground.

EXT. GUN BATTERY - CONTINUOUS

The soldier pins the Father against the Gatling Gun, choking him with his rifle's barrel.

The pressure SPINS the gun, aiming it up the mountain.

GASPING for air, the Father sees the soldier's arm press against the gun barrel. He reaches out, spins the gun crank.

BULLETS pummel rock, and the suddenly HOT barrel SINGES the soldier's arm. He SCREAMS OUT, staggering back in pain--

-- as his feet tangle in the ammunition chain. He falls off the precipice, SCREAMING, and pulling the chain with him --

--- which trips the Father, who falls against big gun's hand crank. RAT-A-TAT! Bullets pound the mountainside--

-- touching off an avalanche.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - CONTINUOUS

Malachai and Sarah clear the narrow pass, their horses' haunches BRUSHING ROCK it's so tight. The Cavanaughs follow.

But the Apache has fallen behind. Hayes's lead riders are almost upon him.

EXT. GUN BATTERY - CONTINUOUS

The Father sees the mountain above collapsing. He mounts up and spurs his horse back towards the path --

-- but the ledge COLLAPSES, sending him, his, horse, and the Gatling Gun tumbling down the mountainside.

EXT. INTERCUTTING - MOUNTAIN PASS & MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT

The Apache spurs his mount.

Hayes's soldiers close in as rocks PELT the ground.

The Father, barely keeping himself atop his horse, half gallops and half slides down the slope --

-- as the Gatling Gun does the same, BEARING DOWN on them.

Hayes's riders KICK their steeds, trying to close those precious yards between them and their prey.

The Gatling Gun hits an outcropping, flips up in the air --

-- FLIES OVER TOP of the Father --

-- falling towards the Apache --

-- who just clears the end of the pass as big gun CRASHES BEHIND HIM, CRUSHING Hayes's lead riders, SEALING THE PASS.

The Father guides his horse down the steep embankment --

EXT. FIELDS - CONTINUOUS

-- leaping over the crashed Gatling Gun to freedom, galloping after the Apache and the settlers.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - NIGHT

Hayes reaches the chaotic mess of the wrecked Gatling Gun.

HAYES

We need a new route through! Bring me the maps!

MAJOR O'NEILL

Ballantine has the maps, Colonel!

HAYES

Ballantine! Ballantine!!!

(no response)

Where in blazes is Ballantine!

All eyes turn...

... to two legs sticking out from beneath the Gatling Gun.

HAYES

This would appear to be the definition of unfortunate.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

The Father, the Apache, Sarah, Malachai, and the Cavanaughs ride along a rocky riverbank under a canopy of pine trees.

Every RUSTLE of wind, every moving branch, draws the Apache's full attention. He's miles beyond unsettled.

CAVANAUGH

(watching the Apache)

He's starting to spook me.

MRS. CAVANAUGH

Starting, the man says.

The uneven shore upsets the horses' footing.

CAVANAUGH

These rocks are too much for the horses. We need to ford.

MALACHAI

Might be best to wait till morning.

Something in the trees MOVES. The Apache turns like a shot, hatchet up, steeled for Satan himself.

MALACHAI

Or now. We could ford now.

The Father rides up the Apache.

THE FATHER

What is it?

SARAH

That symbol. From Cutler's pendant.

(all eyes turn to her)

A region on Squanto's map is marked the same. I believe... we're there.

The Apache nods.

MALACHAI

What's it mean, that symbol?

THE FATHER

It means this is no time for fool questions. We ford here.

The Father dismounts, finds a large branch, and prods the water with it, testing the river's depth.

Sarah dismounts, finds her own branch, and prods the water alongside the Father. They work in silence for a few moments.

SARAH

Thank you.

THE FATHER

For?

SARAH

Mistrusting Cutler. Saving us.

THE FATHER

Saved myself. You just followed.

Her branch CRACKS as she SWATS him with it.

SARAH

Now you listen and you listen with care. I'm scared. And you can hide behind those hard eyes as long as you want, but you're scared, too. So you deal with your fear however you like but you will not, may not be rude. Not to me. Not for offering you thanks. Or kindness. Because that's how I deal with it. Kindness reminds me there's more inside me than fear.

She resumes prodding the water.

THE FATHER
You're welcome.

She hurls the branch into the river.

SARAH
Great merciful God no, you cretin!
You need to earn my thanks back.

She heads back to her horse. He watches her go. Shocked.
Impressed.

EXT. RIVERBANK - MINUTES LATER

The group fords the river and rides on.

As the wind blows, a pleasant CHIMING breaks the silence.

SARAH
What's that sound? It's almost...

MALACHAI
Soothing.

More WIND leads to more CHIMES. The Father looks up... and stops cold. Everyone's eyes follow his.

CAVANAUGH
Merciful heavens.

Human skeletons hang in the trees, as far as the eye can see, 'chiming' are the wind knocks their bones together.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - NIGHT

Vampire soldiers drag the Gatling Gun away.

EXT. FIELDS - NIGHT

Hayes clears the pass and beholds the vast expanse beyond.

HAYES
"As we passed on, it seemed those scenes of visionary enchantment would never have an end."
(a beat)
I've no knowledge of this place, Major. Bring me the one they called Stokely. We require a scout.

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Their horses hitched, the Cavanaughs drink from the river.

THE FATHER
Just a few minutes.

Mrs. Cavanaugh dries her face, looking into the trees.

CAVANAUGH
No bones here, Martha.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
I see 'em. Till my dying day I'll
see 'em.

EXT. RIVERBANK - FURTHER UPSTREAM - NIGHT

The Father WINCES as he undoes his neck bandage. The wound
pulses an angry red.

SARAH (O.S.)
That's infected.

He turns to find her behind him.

SARAH
My husband was a doctor. I often
helped him. Do you have a knife?

The Father pauses, the unsheathes his blade.

SARAH
I've seen worse, but it'll only
fester closed.

She gently opens and washes his wound, then cuts off a
portion of her clothing to redress it.

SARAH
I'm sorry for what I said.

THE FATHER
I'm... sorry for your husband. I
haven't said so.

SARAH
Thank you.
(a beat)
Michael was his name. But I never
called him that. Sweet angel, that
was our little... playful... it was
ours each for each other.
(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

He went to gather firewood one night. I asked him not to, I... I felt... I don't know what I felt. Nothing to be done about it now.

THE FATHER

Never is.

The two look at their watery reflections.

THE FATHER

Four years.

SARAH

I'm sorry?

THE FATHER

Since I rode with another.

SARAH

A group?

THE FATHER

A wife.

SARAH

Oh. I see. What happened?

THE FATHER

Does it matter?

SARAH

Almost certainly.

(no answer is coming)

All right. Another question, then.
What does this mean?

She draws the three inverted Vs in the mud.

THE FATHER

A legend among the bittens. A tribe of Utes that feeds on other tribes. Led by a giant, they say. A monster, turned before time began.

SARAH

The stuff of legend, indeed.

THE FATHER

And we appear to be on their land.

SARAH

So... what do we do?

THE FATHER

Leave.

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

The group ride on under the full moon. The Apache's tension is now everyone's.

MRS. CAVANAUGH

What's the time?

THE FATHER

Night.

MRS. CAVANAUGH

Picked an excellent time to spawn a sense of humor, Father. Perhaps you might make use of that collar. Speak to the Almighty. Pray for shelter. Provisions. Another wagon.

THE FATHER

Lord, please deliver shelter, provisions, and another wagon.

MRS. CAVANAUGH

You call that a prayer?

THE FATHER

(a beat)

Amen.

Sarah, Cavanaugh and Malachai add their own tentative 'Amens', drawing Mrs. Cavanaugh's withering glare.

MRS. CAVANAUGH

Grand, now he's learned sarcasm.
(she freezes, shocked)
What in the...

A PRAIRIE SCHOONER WAGON sits by the river, abandoned.

The Apache looks to the Father, impressed, and pats his shoulder.

Everyone dismounts, staring in disbelief, none more shocked than the Father.

Cavanaugh lifts one of the wagon's ropes. It falls to dust.

The Father finds the remains of a campfire near the wagon. He reaches out to touch it but pulls back his hand. It's hot.

Malachai opens the wagon's flap and stumbles back.

MALACHAI
Christ almighty!

Sarah rushes to look into the wagon. She, too, staggers back.

The wagon's interior is crimson with caked blood. Two
WITHERED CORPSES lie on its floor, a man and woman.

Meanwhile, the Apache stands at the wagon's side, staring at
a symbol painted there in blood. The three inverted V's.

In his mind, the Apache hears CRACKLING flames...

EXT. APACHE VILLAGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A celebration around a bonfire. Women and children DANCE.
Tribesmen CHANT and SING, keeping rhythm with tambourines.

The Apache, YEARS YOUNGER, sits among the tribesmen. A
dancing woman smiles at him, a smile he returns.

The music and dancing reaches a fever pitch, when...

APACHE WOMAN
Ko! Ko!

Everything stops. All heads turn to the woods.

A FOREST FIRE rages, dreadfully close to the village.

Several braves, the Apache among them, rush into the woods
with AXES and start hacking down trees in the fire's path.

But as he works among his tribesmen, the Apache sees --

-- another tribe, Utes, screaming a HAUNTING WAR CRY as they
pour into the unprotected village. WAR PAINT adorns this
tribe's naked chests: the three inverted Vs.

The Apache leads his tribesmen at full sprint back into the
village, their own war cries topping the Utes'.

But the Utes already stand among the bloody, throatless
bodies of women, children, and elderly.

The tribes battle fiercely but man after man falls as the
Utes RIP OPEN throat after throat with their teeth.

The fire reaches the village, and quickly spreads.

Our Apache fights valiantly, until an Ute buries his fangs into his neck.

The Apache reaches for something, anything, to fight with. His hand finds a shattered axe handle.

He DRIVES IT THROUGH the Ute's chest. As the Ute falls, his fangs tear at the Apache's throat, leaving a terrible gash.

As the Apache tries to stand, he turns towards the inferno --

-- and sees the UTE CHIEF, seven feet tall, an IMMENSE WAR BONNET of bear skull and crow feathers atop his head.

The Utes bring their chief a woman. The APACHE'S WOMAN.

The Apache tries to scream, but no sound comes.

He can only watch the Chief SINKS HIS FANGS into his mate.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

The Father lays a hand on the Apache's shoulder, shocking him back to the present.

Sarah stares at the corpses in the wagon, transfixed by their scarred necks.

Her eyes narrow. Her breaths grow short and rapid.

MALACHAI

Miss Sarah? Are you...

She touches the female corpse's leg. Her EYES DARKEN.

THE FATHER

Sarah!

His voice jolts the darkness from her eyes. She steps back.

SARAH

I'm all right. I don't... I'm fine.

For a moment, all is still.

And then the woman's 'corpse' SITS UP AND GRABS SARAH.

Sarah SCREAMS, as do the Cavanaughs and Malachai.

The Father and the Apache move in, stakes out.

The bloody woman's face contorts...

BLOODY WOMAN
Phillipe... Phillipe...

Something in the woods RUSTLES.

THE BOY (O.S.)
Maman?

A BOY (8) emerges from the forest carrying firewood and a dead rabbit. The rabbit's blood drips from his lips.

The Boy sees the group, and they him.

Now the Boy's eyes land on the Apache. He drops everything and flees as if he'd seen the devil.

EXT. PINE FOREST - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Boy sprints but the Father tackles him, pins him, and pulls the holy water from his coat in one move.

A drip on the Boy's arm BOILS immediately.

THE BOY
Ne me tuez pas!

The Father draws a stake.

SARAH (O.S.)
No!

Sarah's hand blocks the stake. It gashes her, and her blood splatters across the Boy.

The Boy's eyes go black. He ATTACKS Sarah, but--

-- the Father twirls his rope of garlic and drops it over the Boy, encircling him.

The Boy's hissing abates, and he reverts from bloodthirsty beast to scared child. The Father moves in with his stake.

SARAH
He's a boy!

THE FATHER
Wrong. He could be older than all
of us put together.

The Father raises the stake.

SARAH
How old?

THE FATHER
What does it--

SARAH
Answer me! How old might he be!?

THE FATHER
Look at those people, he's been
here decades.

SARAH
He's survived that long among those
Utes and you're going to kill him
before finding out how?

The Father goes quiet. She's absolutely right.

Now the Apache approaches the Boy, who recoils in terror.

THE BOY
Gardez-le loin de moi!

In the dirt, the Apache draws the three inverted Vs. He
motions to the drawing, then himself, shaking his head 'No'.

The Boy trembles, but nods. He understands.

The Apache touches the SCARS on the Boy's neck, then touches
the symbol again, raising an eyebrow. Again the Boy nods.

THE BOY
Oui, ils l'ont fait.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
'They did this,' he says.

Sarah looks at Mrs. Cavanaugh, surprised.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
(mildly offended)
Pennsylvania and Canada, look on a
goddamn map.

Another RUSTLE in the woods. The Apache doesn't even turn, he
just grabs the Boy and dives as --

-- an arrow SLICES THE AIR, striking a tree.

An UTE VAMPIRE charges from the woods, face and body painted
for war, the telltale symbol on his chest.

BANG! The Father's Colt BLASTS the Ute's arm --

-- as the Apache's hatchet severs the Ute's head.

The Ute's body falls. The Apache DRIVES HIS HATCHET into the Ute's chest again and again until he regains his composure.

The Boy runs up to the Apache, looks into his eyes... and SMILES. Then he spits on the dead Ute for good measure.

THE BOY
D'autres viendront.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
More will come.

THE FATHER
Ask him...
(points to the symbol)
... we're on their hunting grounds?

Mrs. Cavanaugh translates. The Boy nods.

THE FATHER
Where do those grounds end?

EXT. ROCKY CLEARING - PRE-DAWN

The Boy rides with the Apache, leading the group out of the forest and into this clearing.

THE FATHER
We rest here for the day.

MALACHAI
The whole day? We can make better
time by light--

The Father nods to the Boy's arm, SMOKING in the growing daylight.

The Boy scurries under the shadow of a large rock as the rest hitch the horses. Malachai moves to Cavanaugh.

MALACHAI
(privately)
Sam. This is madness. The Father is
right this time. That boy's no boy.

Cavanaugh looks at the Boy, who seems so very small in this massive rock's shadow.

CAVANAUGH
(privately)
You may be right. We may be putting
too much faith in a monster.

Sarah goes to the Boy.

SARAH
Are you all right?

He pulls away from her, but Mrs. Cavanaugh sits next to him.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
Qu'est-ce que votre mère ferait?

THE BOY
Chantez.

Her demeanor shifts as she talks, softening. Maternalizing. Cavanaugh moves to speak to his wife, but before he can...

MRS. CAVANAUGH
(sings to the boy)
*Au clair de la lune, Mon ami
Pierrot, Prête-moi ta plume...*

The Boy drifts to sleep as Mrs. Cavanaugh sings. Cavanaugh leans back. He can't take this moment from her.

Sarah begins to fall asleep to the lullaby, too. The Father watches her. How she watches the Boy.

Behind him, the sun crests the horizon...

EXT. PINE FOREST - DAWN

Sunlight strikes the decapitated Ute.

His body COMBUSTS...

... leaving only ash and fragments of glistening glass.

MATCH CUT

EXT. ROCKY OUTCROPPING - DAY

The glass-tipped bullets on the sleeping Father's gun belt.

He stirs, rolls over, and sees...

... Sarah, asleep. Her dress has hiked up, exposing the maps.

The Father moves to her. Reaches towards the maps...

... pulls her dress back down, then goes back to sleep.

Day timelapses to night.

EXT. PINE FOREST - NIGHT

Hayes kneels over the lone Ute's ashes and touches the glistening glass. Smoke rises from his finger.

HAYES

Father, Father, dear Father. We
must stop meeting like this.

O'Neill approaches. He's found the Ute's bow, the three inverted Vs carved into the limbs.

MAJOR O'NEILL

Not a myth anymore. Eh, Colonel?

A new emotion crosses Hayes's face: fear.

HOOFBEATS approach as Stokely rides up to Hayes.

STOKELY

It's just as you thought, Colonel.

Stokely hands Hayes a large map. Hayes and Stokely examine the map together.

STOKELY

I found that symbol marked on trees
as far west as here, north as here,
east as here.

Hayes can't believe what this map is telling him.

HAYES

Major.

(Major O'Neil approaches)

Take as many men as you need. Ride
west. South. North. And recruit.
Use whatever means you find
necessary, promise whatever you
must, threaten whatever you're
capable of. But imagine the
greatest number of soldiers we
could possibly need... and bring me
twice that.

MAJOR O'NEILL

Colonel? What's wrong.

HAYES

Wrong? Nothing's wrong.

(beat)

But everything has changed.

EXT. PINE FOREST - NIGHT

The group walks their horses through dense forest. The Boy, at the front of the line, begins to run.

THE BOY
Nous sommes proches!

MRS. CAVANAUGH
He says we're close...

The group tries to keep up.

The Boy slips and slides down a hillside. Twigs SNAP, leaves RUSTLE, rocks ROLL, and the boy lets out a SCREAM.

The sounds ECHO throughout the woods.

MALACHAI
If anyone heard that...

MRS. CAVANAUGH
Or heard you. Hush, child!

All is SILENT for a moment. Maybe they got away with it? The Apache helps the boy up the hillside. And then --

TWO UTES charge from the forest, bows drawn. They fire.

The Father knocks Sarah clear as both arrows WHIZ past. BLAM! BLAM! The Father's shots wing both Utes, who flee.

The Apache chases, but these Utes are fast.

The Father squeezes off one more SHOT but hits a tree.

The Utes VANISH into the forest.

THE FATHER
We're out of time. Mount up.

CAVANAUGH
Stop! This smells of a trap!

SARAH
What?

MRS. CAVANAUGH
Sam, what are you...

CAVANAUGH
Maybe he's a boy, but he's one of them! He gave up our position!

A distant UTE WAR CHANT fills the woods, backed by DRUMS. A sound the Apache remembers all too well.

THE FATHER
We've cast our lot.
(to the Boy)
Where to from here?

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The group emerges from the woods onto a field of open ground.

THE BOY
Traversez ce champs, nous serons
libres!

MRS. CAVANAUGH
He says if we cross this field,
we'll be free of them.

CAVANAUGH
An open field!? We'd be helpless!

THE FATHER
We trust the boy or stay and fight.

Sarah rides forward, next to the boy. The Apache joins her.
So does Mrs. Cavanaugh.

The DRUMS AND CHANTS draw closer.

The Father joins the boy.

Cavanaugh and Malachai look to one other. Then join the boy.

The group gallops across the field.

But halfway across the field, the boy leaps off the Apache's
horse and runs for the forest. He's gone.

Utes emerge from the forest, CHANTING and hungry for blood.

CAVANAUGH
A trap! God damned bloodsucking
child! He rode us into a trap!

THE FATHER
Then we'd best not sit in it.

The Father spurs his horse and takes off across the field.
The group FOLLOWS him.

So do the Utes, and they're gaining fast.

The Father turns and draws. If he's going to die, it's going
be with guns blazing.

But the Utes do the unexpected... they suddenly STOP.

The Father stares, confused. Mrs. Cavanaugh LAUGHS.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
Our asses have been saved by a
weed, Father! A weed!

Now the Father understands. They've ridden into a part of the field overrun with WHITE FLOWERS. The Utes have stopped at the edge of those flowers.

THE FATHER
Garlic.

At the edge of the forest, the Boy reappears and waves.

The Father waves back. Then he and the settlers ride off...

... leaving the unsated Ute to SEETHE and CHANT at the night.

EXT. GROVE OF TREES - MORNING

The sun hangs high in the sky.

The Cavanaughs, Malachai, and the Apache sleep under a tree.

The Father lies near them, staring at the sky, sleep eluding him. He rolls over.

There's Sarah, staring back at him.

THE FATHER
You need sleep.

SARAH
Many people need many things.
(a beat)
Thank you again.

THE FATHER
You're welcome.

SARAH
You don't know why I thanked you.

THE FATHER
I was told just to say you're
welcome.

She LAUGHS in spite of herself. He notices her hand, bleeding through her bandage. He undoes the bloody wrap, cuts a fresh one from her dress, and redresses the wound.

THE FATHER
She died.

SARAH
Who?

THE FATHER
My wife.

SARAH
You certainly take your time to
answer a question.

THE FATHER
We were riding west out of
Baltimore. Part of a train not
unlike yours. One night we circled
up outside Murfreesboro. Large pack
hit us while we slept. Bit me.
Tried to bite her, but she...
fought. She fought hard. Too hard.

SARAH
I'm sorry.

THE FATHER
Nothing to be done about it.

SARAH
Never is.

EXT. GROVE - LATE MORNING

Cavanaugh is up an apple tree, shaking branches, as the
others gather falling fruit.

Malachai moves towards the Father.

MALACHAI
Father, there's still something I'd
very much like to ask of you-

MRS. CAVANAUGH
Malachai. There look to be more
apples in that tree.

MALACHAI
Which tree?

MRS. CAVANAUGH
The very, very far one.

Malachai SIGHS, nods, and heads for the distant tree. The Father nods his thanks to Mrs. Cavanaugh. She nods back.

Cavanaugh descends the tree and sits against the trunk, exhausted. His wife brings him an apple.

CAVANAUGH

We'll find a town. Find provisions.
And then ride east. Home.

MRS. CAVANAUGH

Sam, no.

CAVANAUGH

I won't anymore, Martha. I doomed
us the minute I dragged you--

MRS. CAVANAUGH

Dragged me. As if you could.
Goddammit, there's more for me here
than back east. Than anywhere.

CAVANAUGH

Still. We don't know where we go
from here.

SARAH

Any miracles left, Father?

THE FATHER

Lord, please send a miracle. Amen.

Everyone, even Mrs. Cavanaugh, mutters an Amen.

MALACHAI (O.S.)

(in the far apple tree)
Mister Cavanaugh!

CAVANAUGH

What is it, Malachai?

MALACHAI

There! Can't you hear it?!

Now they can... the THUMPS and BOOMS of distant explosions.

EXT. TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

KA-BOOM! Smoke clears to reveal the massive scale of activity that is building the TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD.

A platform car drops two miles of metal ties. TEAMS OF IRISHMEN run the ties forward as straighteners lay them and CHINESE WORKERS shove them in place.

SPIKERS come forward and spike the ties, as LEVELERS AND FILLERS shovel dirt beneath them. Then the process repeats with RHYTHMIC PRECISION.

EXT. FIELDS NEAR RAILROAD SITE - MORNING

The Father, the Apache, Sarah, Malachai and the Cavanaughs crest a hill and see the RAILROAD WORK SITE. The Apache pats the Father's shoulder again, giving another impressed look.

CAVANAUGH
Doesn't seem real.
(to the Father and Apache)
Don't know what to say...

MRS. CAVANAUGH
I do. You're a pair of cold bastards but we'd be dead ten times over without you. So thank you.

EXT. RAILROAD WORK SITE - MORNING

An OVERSEER leads Cavanaugh and Malachai towards FOREMAN GARRITY (40s). He's wiry but dangerous, with angry eyes, and he's in the middle of berating an Irish Worker.

GARRITY
Faster, you worthless fuck-alls!

IRISH WORKER
But there's sixty feet of granite we have to break!

GARRITY
Give me miles, not excuses!

CHINESE WORKERS line rocks with dynamite, chirping in their native tongue. They light fuses and run.

KA-BOOM! Gravel flies into the air, settling upon Garrity.

GARRITY
Goddamn chinks, how about some fucking warning!

OVERSEER
(catches Garrity's eye)
Foreman! These fellers want jobs!

GARRITY
They got two hands? Each?

EXT. RAILROAD TOWN - MORNING

Sarah stands in the streets of this work-in-progress clapboard town, uncomfortable around so many people.

Mrs. Cavanaugh emerges from a building.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
Can you sew good and fast?

SARAH
Very, on both points.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
Then he's got work for us both.

Mrs. Cavanaugh looks over the town.

MRS. CAVANAUGH
Thank the lord. We're home.

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE TOWN - MORNING

Sarah rides up to the Father and the Apache. A beat passes between the three. *The end of our road.*

She hands the Apache his map, then offers the Father his. He looks from to her, then to the town.

THE FATHER
You won't belong here.

SARAH
Is there somewhere I would?

The Father nods, conceding that point, and takes his map.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

Sarah's in mid-converse with the BOARDING HOUSE OWNER (50s).

BOARDING HOUSE OWNER
Dollar a week, miss.

Through the window, she sees the Father hitching his horse.

EXT. RAILROAD TOWN - DAY

Sarah approaches the Father, confused. But as he looks about the town, taking it in, lost in thought, it dawns on her...

SARAH

If I won't belong here, will you?

THE FATHER

Maybe it's time I tried belonging.

SARAH

Then here's as good a place as any.

As she turns to head back into the boarding house...

SARAH

There's a festival in the square tonight. Remember festivals?

His brow knits. Does he?

EXT. RAILROAD WORK SITE - SUNSET

Cavanaugh and Malachai run rails with the Irish.

OVERSEER

Water break!

As the workers slurp from a water jug, a HORN blares.

A STEAM LOCOMOTIVE arrives on the laid rails. Three ARMED MEN hop off, escorting a fourth: large, well-dressed, blueprints in hand. This is MANCHESTER (40s).

MALACHAI

The hell is that?

CAVANAUGH

He's in charge, I'll tell you that.

MANCHESTER

Foreman Garrity!

Garrity scurries over, a child called on by a teacher.

MANCHESTER

Only two miles today? Explain.

FOREMAN GARRITY

We hit granite, Mister Manchester. Sixty feet. Blasting slowed us. Also, sir...

(MORE)

FOREMAN GARRITY (CONT'D)
(privately)
Lost thirty chinks last night.

MANCHESTER
The same way?

FOREMAN GARRITY
Yes. That symbol and everything.
The men are talking.

MANCHESTER
(hands Garrity blueprints)
Then tomorrow, work them till they
can't speak.

INT. RAILROAD OFFICE CAR - NIGHT

Manchester's opulent traveling office looks like a library reading room had been dropped into a railroad car.

He sits in a lush chair at his desk, a TELEGRAM in hand...

SOUTHWEST CAMP WIPED OUT - 100 WORKERS DEAD - SAME SYMBOL

He crumples the telegram and finishes his snifter of brandy. He goes to his sideboard, but finds the decanter empty.

HAYES (O.S.)
I prefer brandywine cooled.

Manchester spins, shocked to find Hayes sitting in the corner, cloaked in shadow, sipping BRANDY.

HAYES
A fuller taste, cooled. I so
treasure my tastes.

MANCHESTER
Who in the hell are you?

Hayes steps out of the shadows.

HAYES
Nothing less than your savior,
Mister Manchester.

Manchester returns to his desk, one eye on Hayes. He tries to subtly reach under the desk...

HAYES
Dreadfully sorry, are you looking
for this?

Hayes tosses a revolver onto the desk, its barrel twisted.

MANCHESTER

I'm no stranger to killing men in
your uniform. Gun or no gun.

Hayes leans in. Shows his fangs.

HAYES

You've been beaten to that goal.

MANCHESTER

My God.

HAYES

If you insist.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - SUNDOWN

A RAUCOUS FESTIVAL. A BAND plays. Men and women line dance.
Children play. Meat and cakes roast.

Mrs. Cavanaugh LAUGHS among the women of the town, then sees--
-- Malachai and Cavanaugh walking in from the fields.

MRS. CAVANAUGH

Sam? Malachai? You should be at the
workers' camp, you'll be--

CAVANAUGH

(embraces her)

Don't fret your head, no one saw us
slip away. Needed to see how you
were getting on.

Malachai's eyes land on Sarah. She's listening to the music,
but keeping her distance from the crowd. A wallflower.

The Father brings her a plate of FOOD.

SARAH

No, thank you, I...

Then the food's scent hits her like a hammer. Raw meat.

THE FATHER

Nipped it before they cooked it.

She bites it tentatively. Her eyes light up and she devours
the meat. The Father watches, concern shading his face.

INT. RAILROAD OFFICE CAR - NIGHT

Hayes examines the photos awards adorning Manchester's car.

HAYES

This railroad of yours, Mister Manchester. Quite the ambitious undertaking. Though I suppose I should expect as much from a captain of industry...

Two pictures show a uniformed Manchester. One in the Union Army, the other in the Indian Wars, lynching a Navajo.

HAYES

... a hero of battles both official and, shall we say, less so.

MANCHESTER

Colonel, you speak a great deal while saying very little.

HAYES

Rumors are spreading across the countryside, sir, that you can hardly keep your workers. Idle chatterers claim they keep sneaking away to pan for gold. However...

Hayes tosses the pendant he took from Cutler onto Manchester's desk. The THREE INVERTED Vs.

HAYES

... you and I both know what's been happening to them.

The sight of the symbol knocks the air out of Manchester. Hayes pours them both a drink.

MANCHESTER

(examines the pendant)

We keep finding this symbol near the workers' camps.

HAYES

And how do you find the workers?

MANCHESTER

In pieces. What does it mean?

HAYES

It means, sir, that you have made an enemy. One that is neither human nor satiable. And you, sir...

Hayes lays his own map next to Manchester's project map.

HAYES

... plan to build a railroad
through their hunting grounds.

MANCHESTER

All is lost.

HAYES

Do you recall your Kautilya?

MANCHESTER

The enemy of my enemy is my friend.

HAYES

We both have interest in seeing
your railroad completed, sir. But
my interest is rendered moot unless
this mutual opponent of ours can be
removed from the picture. You can
help me do precisely that, perhaps
in exchange for... protections.

MANCHESTER

Have we entered a negotiation?

HAYES

Only if you possess leverage of
which I am unaware. Otherwise, we
should term this phase of our
discussion, 'my demands'.

MANCHESTER

Very well. What arrangement did you
have in mind?

Hayes smiles, baring his fangs.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - SUNDOWN

With a look, Sarah asks the Father to dance.

He shakes his head. Sarah shrugs and moves towards the dance.
A townswoman notices her and brings her into the festivities.

MALACHAI (O.S.)

Father?

The Father turns to find Malachai.

MALACHAI

I don't mean to pester.

THE FATHER

And yet.

MALACHAI

I need you to hear my confession.

THE FATHER

Ain't that kind of preacher, son.

MALACHAI

I've mortal sin on my soul. I've
coveted my neighbor's wife.

THE FATHER

There's worse a man can do.

MALACHAI

This man... he's dead.

THE FATHER

So he won't complain.

MALACHAI

But I wished him so, Father. I
wished Sarah's Michael dead.

Now he's got the Father's attention.

MALACHAI

And when Sarah said you hadn't
saved him, I felt... Father, I'm
scared. Is it right to feel joy for
a Christian's death? It can't be--

THE FATHER

Go to her.

MALACHAI

Now? But--

THE FATHER

When the Lord presenteth... a
garden, it is only right that... we
should sow.

Malachai looks to the dancing, smiling Sarah. Then he looks
to the Father, for confirmation. The Father nods.

Sarah sees Malachai approaching. She smiles, takes his hand.

They dance and LAUGH. Among all this joy, Sarah's like a
child who's found a favorite toy. She hears the music, the...

... HEARTBEATS.

Suddenly she can hear NOTHING BUT HEARTBEATS. So many, so loud, so many hearts, SO MANY HEARTS, SO MANY HEARTS...

Sarah doubles over, breaking out in a cold sweat. Eyes turn to her, and she feels every one of them. She flees into--

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

-- where she WRETCHES. A raccoon scurries from the trash. She grabs the animal and drains it.

MALACHAI (O.S.)
Miss Sarah?

She drops the raccoon and wipes her lips, unsure what he's seen.

MALACHAI
My God... Miss Sarah, are you-

He steps closer. She can't take her eyes off his neck.

SARAH
I'm sick, Malachai, don't, I'm--

He touches her head. His HEARTBEAT reverberates through her.

MALACHAI SARAH
You're so cold. Cold. So very cold.

She strokes his hand. His veins throb against her touch.

Sarah... MALACHAI

She turns, hiding the drool dripping from her teeth. He puts his hand on her shoulder. His heart PULSES.

Sarah closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, and pulls away.

SARAH
I'm sorry, Malachai. I'm... what
would God think? What... what would
the Father say?

MALACHAI
It was he told me to approach you.

She looks up, shocked. That's a punch to her stomach.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

She exits the alley to find the Father right there. He's been listening. She stares at him, rage and tears welling up.

SARAH

Did I pass my test?

(a terrible pause)

Did. I. Pass?

THE FATHER

This time.

Sarah slaps him. Hard. Then she runs back to the town square.

The dancing has resumed. She watches, wanting more than anything join in. But the tears flow and she runs away.

The Father considers going after her, but instead his eyes drift from the town to the mountains beyond.

EXT. RAILROAD WORK SITE - DAWN

The workers stand assembled before Manchester's office car while Garrity does a head count.

FOREMAN GARRITY

All accounted for, sir!

MANCHESTER

No losses in the night?

FOREMAN GARRITY

Not a one!

MANCHESTER

Let's work like it, then.

The work resumes at its RHYTHMIC PACE. Manchester watches, pleased, then reenters his office car.

INT. RAILROAD OFFICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Manchester sits at his desk and unbuttons his shirt collar...
... revealing two fresh bites.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - DAWN

Sarah hangs laundry.

The Father watches her from across the street, concealing himself in an alley, looking like he's about to approach her.

EXT. RAILROAD TOWN - DAWN

The Father rides out of town, the DIN of the railroad crews ECHOING across the fields.

He reaches the top of a nearby hill, and takes one look back at town. Civilization, order. Where he doesn't belong.

His eye goes from the town to the MOUNTAINS beyond.

One big mountain. Two smaller mountains on either side, jutting into the sky.

His brow knits. *Something about it is familiar. But what? Why does it look so...*

The Father's eyes WIDEN.

EXT. FIELDS - MORNING

The Father rides like hell is on his heels. In the distance, he sees billowing smoke, as though from a bonfire.

EXT. CLEARING - MORNING

That smoke does indeed stem from a bonfire. The Apache's busy tossing dead vampires' clothing onto it.

The Father rides up at full gallop and dismounts.

The Apache approaches him, eyes confused, but the Father wastes no time. He grabs a stake and draws the familiar symbol, the three inverted "V"s, in the dirt.

Those "V"s FADE...

EXT. RAILROAD TOWN - MORNING

... into THE MOUNTAINS behind the Railroad Town. The three mountains, relative to one another, are the SAME RELATIVE SIZE AND POSITION as the symbol of the three inverted Vs.

Focused rage lights the Apache's eyes as he stares at the mountains.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE ROOM - MORNING

Sarah closes the door to her room.

THE FATHER (O.S.)

Pack.

She SCREAMS as she turns to find him hiding in the corner.

Then her hear fades, replaced fully with righteous rage.

SARAH

What?

THE FATHER

You'll die if you stay.

SARAH

Then I'll die.

THE FATHER

You'll die bloody.

SARAH

Then that's how I'll die.

THE FATHER

I won't watch it.

SARAH

Don't. Just go. Just run! That's all you do! Run and kill and run farther, until you run out of road and then what will you do!

He reaches for her, ready to take her by force if necessary.

She bares her FANGS.

SARAH

I'll do it. I'll do it and give you no choice.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - MORNING

The Father finds the Apache, atop his horse, waiting.

THE FATHER

She's stubborn. Reminds me of...

The Father allows that thought to trail off.

Then he mounts his horse. The Father and the Apache leave this town forever.

EXT. RAILROAD WORK SITE - MORNING

The rhythmic rail work pounds on.

INT. RAILROAD OFFICE CAR - MORNING

Garrity stands before Manchester.

GARRITY

Sir, these new plans can't be right.

Garrity hands Manchester the plans... which show the railroad passing through the nearby mountains.

MANCHESTER

They look correct to me.

GARRITY

But sir, hollowing out this bitch mountain... it'll take days.

MANCHESTER

And you're wasting one.

EXT. FIELDS - DAY

The Father and the Apache gallop across the prairie...

... but the Apache stops and doubles back. He saw something.

The Father follows him back a few dozen feet.

Wagon ruts in the dirt. Fresh ones. Big ones.

EXT. CAVERN ENTRANCE - DAY

The wagon tracks lead to Hayes's supply wagons. They're sitting, concealed, outside o a large cavern.

Stakes, knives, and guns out, the Father and the Apache enter the cavern...

INT. CAVERN - DAY

... and find themselves overlooking a MASSIVE ARMY clad in Confederate Gray, sleeping across this gigantic cavern's floor. Hayes's army has grown by SCORES.

THE FATHER

What's he building an army for?

The Apache kneels and draws the three inverted "V"s in dirt. A horrible realization darkens the Father's face...

THE FATHER

The railroad.

A shadow cross the Apache's face.

The Father turns to see TWO CONFEDERATE VAMPIRES, guards, fangs bared, coming for blood.

The Apache stakes the first Vampire, but --

The second Vamp is on the Father before he can fire.

Across the cavern, sleeping vampires stir.

The Father grabs the Vampire, turns to the Apache --

THE FATHER

Run!

He hurls himself off the ledge, tumbling into the cavern, dragging the Vampire with him, staking him as they slide.

The stirring vampires wake.

The Apache realizes this battle is lost. He flees.

The Father's head strikes a rock. He tries to hold on as Vampires swarm him, but his vision fades...

BLACKOUT

And when the Father's eyes flutter open....

EXT. POND - NIGHT

He's on his back, that's all the Father can tell. Dried blood cakes his face. He tries to move, but... BUMP. KNOCK. BUMP.

His entire body, knees to neck, lies in half of a hollowed log, floating on a stagnant pond.

Hayes's vampires lay the log's other half over top of him, encasing him. They then nail the halves together.

Next they smear honey over his exposed FACE, HANDS, FEET.

Hayes appears over him.

HAYES

Honey. In Persian times, it would also have been stuffed down your gullet, forcing your digestion to the liquid, hastening death. My method allocates time...

A mosquito bites the Father's face. Hayes holds it in place until it bursts.

HAYES

... to consider alternatives.

THE FATHER

Recall my first words to you?

HAYES

It was devilish hard to hear you at the time, what with your wife's screaming... so distracting.

THE FATHER

I swore I'd hunt you so long as there was breath in my lungs.

Hayes, smiling, shoves the log out onto the fetid pond.

HAYES

Think on it, Father. I can always use a man of your proficiencies.

Mosquitoes and horseflies swarm the Father, biting his honeyed skin. He thrashes. Some insects fly away. Most don't.

HAYES

You've got days... and days... and days... to ponder it.

Hayes and his men leave. The BUZZING around the Father grows.

The Father pounds his knees against the log. SLAM. SLAM. His face is a mask of insects. He spits some away. They return.

He unleashes everything he has against the top half of the log. SLAM SLAM SLAM!

The halves don't even budge. The Father collapses. Lies there as the insects GATHER.

EXT. RAILROAD WORK SITE - MORNING

The work crews HAMMER, BLAST, and lay track.

GARRITY
Good work, you fucks!

A boulder EXPLODES into dust. Chinese workers scramble to clear the debris.

One worker drifts near a large boulder. Hands reach out from behind that boulder, grab the worker, and drag him behind it.

A moment passes before the Apache, wearing the worker's robes and conical hat, slips out and joins the crew.

EXT. POND - DAY

The Father lays still, dying under a shroud of insects.

Through his living mask, he stares at the bright, blue sky.

But a voice echoes in his mind...

SARAH (V.O.)
Until you run out of road...

His eyes flutter.

SARAH (V.O.)
Until you run out of road and then
what will you do!

... and then, so soft you can barely hear it...

THUMP. The Father begins striking his knees against the log again, but not fiercely this time. Measured. Steady.

THUMP. THUMP.

HOURS PASS

The sun stands high in the sky, late afternoon. THUMP. THUMP.

HOURS PASS

The insects still swarm the Father's face. THUMP. THUMP.

DUSK

THUMP. THUMP. CRACK.

A fissure appears between the logs. The nails loosen.

THUMP. THUMP. CRACK. CRACK. CRACK!

SLAM. The Father's pounding grows intense. SLAM. A horsefly climbs into the Father's mouth. He chokes it down.

CRACK! The log FALLS APART.

The Father tips the log, falls into the water, and swims to shore. He rises in the moonlight. Spent. Scarred. Angry.

EXT. RAILROAD WORK SITE - DUSK

The work crews lay track towards the mountain.

The Apache, helping lay dynamite now, sees something etched into a nearby rock... the symbol. The three inverted "V"s.

He sees it again on another rock, one further towards the mountain. There it is again, on another rock... and again...

The symbols mark a PATH.

Garrity rides up.

GARRITY

Clear this whole pass! Orders are
to work all night if we have to!

Behind Garrity, a conical hat and robes blow away as a shadow disappears into the mountains.

EXT. RAILROAD WORK SITE - ELSEWHERE - DUSK

Cavanaugh drinks from a jug, pours water on his head.

THE FATHER (O.S.)

Sam.

Cavanaugh freezes. Making sure no one sees, he follows the voice behind a debris pile where he finds the Father.

THE FATHER

Take your wife and run.

CAVANAUGH

But Father--

A distant EXPLOSION.

THE FATHER

Every blast brings you closer to a hell that not even I know.

CAVANAUGH

Come with us.

THE FATHER

Can't. I fear... I'll be needed.

CAVANAUGH

You do the Lord's work, Father.

THE FATHER

Someone had better. He ain't.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Mrs. Cavanaugh hurriedly packs.

MRS. CAVANAUGH

God dammit, Sam! We were settling!
Just as we'd planned-

CAVANAUGH

You didn't see him, Martha! His eyes! He was scared! He was!

Sarah appears at their door.

SARAH

Who was scared?

CAVANAUGH

Sarah, go pack.

SARAH

What happened?! Who was--

CAVANAUGH

The Father found me at the work site, Sarah, hell in his eyes.

SARAH

He came back? And we're running?

CAVANAUGH

His eyes, Sarah! You didn't see--

MRS. CAVANAUGH

Sarah. What must you do?

CAVANAUGH
Goddammit, Martha--

MRS. CAVANAUGH
Sam Cavanaugh! Don't you of all
people scold a woman for following
a man when it makes no damn sense!
(a beat)
Sarah. What must you do?

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

Sarah mounts her horse and rides towards the railroad.

EXT. RAILROAD WORK SITE - NIGHT

The Apache crawls along a ledge, finding a birds-eye view of the work site.

Overseers plant torches ahead of the hammering work crews.

Another explosion sends debris flying. The Chinese lay more dynamite. The Irish lay more track.

Another explosion. As the smoke clears, the Apache can see...

A CAVE, with the three inverted Vs carved over its mouth.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The Apache slips inside the cave. He takes a few steps

He draws a stake...

And begins tapping on the cave's stone floor, hammering out the BEAT OF THE UTE'S WAR DRUMS.

EXT. RAILROAD WORK SITE - NIGHT

Garrity and the workers crowd around the revealed cave.

A DISTANT BUGLE sounds, followed by HOOFBEATS.

The work crews search for the sound, and finally see...

... a massive cavalry on the horizon, led by Hayes.

Behind him, O'Neill bugles a CONFEDERATE MARCH.

And behind him ride at least A THOUSAND VAMPIRE CAVALRY.

Hayes raises his sword. The march becomes a charge.

INT. CAVE

The Apache keeps hammering out the Ute war beat.

From deep in the cave, someone Hammers IT BACK in response.

More drums join the beat. And more. The War Beat echoes throughout the cave, growing DEAFENING.

EXT. RAILROAD WORK SITE

The railroad workers run for the hills as Hayes's army overruns the work site.

Hayes himself rides to the mouth of the Ute's cave.

HAYES
Smoke the savages out.

Hayes's soldiers grab the work crews' torches, and head for the cave...

... as the UTE WAR CRY echoes from the mountains above.

It's only one plaintive voice singing the call at first.

But then HUNDREDS OF VOICES in the darkness ECHO IT BACK, from the mountains and the ground behind Hayes's cavalry.

The fleeing workers stop, their escape blocked by ANOTHER ARMY emerging from the darkness.

It's the VAMPIRE UTES, mounted and on foot, in numbers equal to Hayes's cavalry.

Up in the mountains stands the GIANT UTE CHIEF, all seven feet of him, in his skull and feather war bonnet. His, the lone voice, SINGS the war cry again. His army ANSWERS.

Hayes, his cavalry, the workers, stand hopelessly surrounded.

HAYES
(seething)
Charge.

MAJOR O'NEILL
No! No, sir, they're--

Hayes drives his fist through O'Neill's throat, grabs the fallen bugle, and CALLS THE CHARGE HIMSELF.

The Utes also CHARGE, trampling rail workers as they do.

Garritty tries shooting his way past the Utes, but one drives a spear through his open, screaming mouth.

Ute Horsemen surround fleeing Irish and Chinese workers. The workers grab pickaxes, prepared to fight side by side.

As the Utes LAUGH and close in, a stick of dynamite lands beneath their horses.

KABOOM! The explosion blows half of the horsemen apart.

Stakes fly, skewering more.

And GUNSHOTS knock down the rest.

Out of the dynamite smoke rides the Father.

THE FATHER

Run like the hell you've unearthed!

The workers needn't be told twice. They scatter into the night as--

-- the Utes and the cavalry collide at full speed. GUNS fire. SPEARS skewer. SWORDS sever. FANGS pierce.

Two Utes PULL DOWN Hayes's horse, but Hayes rips the Utes apart as though they were paper dolls.

Stokely charges the Ute Chief, who snaps him like a twig.

The Apache emerges from the cave. Two of Hayes's soldiers men charge him. The Apache beheads them both, but he doesn't see--

-- an Ute Vampire rising right behind him, set to strike --

-- as the Father appears and stakes the Ute in the back.

The Father and Apache nod to one another, then look down upon the battle. So much blood has been sprayed, it's impossible to tell sides apart. But in the middle of it all --

-- Hayes wades through his attackers, moving towards --

-- the Ute Chief, destroying those who oppose him with ease.

The Father draws his Colts.

The Apache draws his hatchet.

And into the fray they sprint.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Sarah gallops towards the mountain, passing fleeing workers.

EXT. RAILROAD WORK SITE - NIGHT

The primal, savage battle of rages.

Hayes rips off an Ute Warrior's head.

The Ute Chief drains the Piano Player of blood.

Hayes and the Ute Chief find themselves face to face.

But the Father spins Hayes and drives a stake towards his heart. Hayes blocks it as --

-- as the Apache slashes at the Ute Chief, grazing him.

Here we are. The Father and Hayes. The Apache and the Chief.

Four sets of eyes narrow. Four warriors attack. Both fights rage within the larger battle, each growing animalistic.

The Apache unleashes a series of blows upon the Ute Chief, cracking his War Bonnet, sending them both falling into --

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The Apache and the Ute Chief grapple and claw one another as they slide further and further into the cave.

EXT. RAILROAD WORK SITE - NIGHT

The Father kicks Hayes, sending him stumbling into stacks of railroad ties.

Hayes lifts one of the ties like a toothpick and swings it at the Father, who only narrowly dodges the blow.

INT. UTE VAMPIRE VILLAGE - NIGHT

The Apache and Ute Chief slide all they down the cave into --

-- a torchlit village ,hidden from the world.

Still their fight rages. The Apache knocks the Ute Chief through a row of teepees, cracking their poles in half.

The Ute Chief gathers himself and attacks the Apache, who --

-- grabs a shattered teepee pole and DRIVES IT THROUGH the Chief, pinning him to the ground.

The Apache twists the pole as the Ute Chief collapses. Dead.

As the Apache falls to the ground, spent...

... SHADOWS dance across him.

From various teepees stream the WOMEN OF THE VILLAGE, as numerous as the men. They approach the Apache, FANGS bared.

EXT. RAILROAD WORK SITE - NIGHT

Hayes swings the rail tie again and again. The Father evades the first of the swings, but the last connects--

-- sending him flying twenty feet through the air.

The Father tries to stand but SCREAMS out in pain: a shattered wooden shovel has pierced his shoulder.

HAYES

We would not die in that man's
company that fears his fellowship
to die with us. Shakespeare.

THE FATHER

He couldn't shut up, either.

The Father sweeps Hayes's leg--

-- and throws himself atop Hayes, driving the shattered handle sticking out of his shoulder THROUGH HAYES'S CHEST.

Hayes twists, spasm... and LAUGHS.

HAYES

Oh dearest Father... you missed.
You missed!

Hayes SINKS HIS FANGS into the Father's neck.

INT. UTE VAMPIRE VILLAGE

The Apache tries to rise as the women approach, but he can't. He's exhausted, his body and soul spent on vengeance.

A VOICE calls out. The women STOP. That voice steps forward.

It's the APACHE'S WOMAN, as beautiful as the day she died.

EXT. RAILROAD WORK SITE - NIGHT

The Father tries in vain to shove Hayes away.

HAYES

You've but one way out of this,
Father! Bite! BITE!

The Father grabs a pickaxe and tries to use it to pry Hayes off, but the axe's handle begins to splinter.

HAYES

Your destiny lies with me! Do not
fear it!

The axe handle CRACKS in two.

HAYES

Do not fear your mantle! Your
power! Your--

The sound of HOOFBEATS drowns out Hayes.

It's Sarah, galloping at them. She leaps from her horse --
-- and SINKS HER FANGS INTO HAYES'S THROAT.

THE FATHER

No!

Sarah rips Hayes's throat apart, draining him.

Spasms ripple through Sarah. She pulls the Father free of
Hayes's corpse as her eyes go BLACK.

SARAH

Do not fear your blood right.

THE FATHER

What have you done?

SARAH

What you couldn't.

Sarah falls to her knees, eyes suddenly CLEAR.

SARAH

Kill me! While you can! While I'll
let you--

The Father tries to stand but his exhausted legs fail him.
Sarah's eyes flit back and forth between DARK and CLEAR.

SARAH
 It's taking over, I won't live this
 way, I said I won't live this way!

Sarah's eyes go as black as obsidian.

The Father grabs a stake from the ground and charges her.

Sarah knocks him away with ease, her strength incredible.

The Father attacks again but it's useless. Sarah kicks him into the stack of railroad ties, and TWISTS the wooden handle still embedded in his shoulder.

He CRIES OUT in pain.

She twists harder, pleasure in her blackened doll's eyes.

He grits his teeth and somehow, through agony, says--

THE FATHER
 My sweet angel.

At that, Sarah SHUDDERS. Her eyes go CLEAR.

He pulls her against him, against the sharpened wood sticking out of his shoulder, driving it THROUGH HER HEART.

She GASPS. Then she pulls him near, holding him close as the light in her eyes begin to dim.

SARAH
 Thank you.
 (a beat)
 My God. Your name. I don't... I
 don't even...

The words die with her.

EXT. RAILROAD OFFICE CAR - NIGHT

Manchester watches the waning battle through binoculars, seeing nothing but Vampires lying dead and dying.

He turns... and walks right into the Father.

EXT. RAILROAD WORK SITE - PRE-DAWN

SLAM. The Father drives a RAILROAD SPIKE home.

Manchester lays spreadeagle over the tracks, CRUCIFIED by the spikes the Father has driven through him.

The Father holds his throat over Manchester's mouth.
Manchester's FANGS grow.

THE FATHER

Do it!

Manchester BITES him. The Father shoves him away, then drips holy water onto him. Immediately it boils off.

The Father leaves the thrashing, wailing Manchester and walks into the heart of the battlefield, a sea of dead vampires.

He looks to the russet glow of coming dawn... and sees TWO PEOPLE on horseback in the mountains above him.

It's the Apache and his woman. The Apache raises his hand.

The Father returns the gesture.

The Apache and his woman disappear into a cavern.

As the sun crests the horizon, the bodies littering the battlefield burst into flames at the sunlight's touch.

Manchester SCREAMS as he, too, combusts.

The battlefield glows red as embers fade to windblown ash.

And then it's over. The Father stands alone.

EXT. PROMONTORY POINT - SUNSET

A crowd in their Sunday best. Newspaper reporters. Telegraph operators. Railroad workers. The Cavanaughs. They watch...

... a hammer drive home a GOLDEN SPIKE to uproarious CHEERS. Telegraphs CLATTER. Magnesium camera flashes explode.

Cavanaugh looks to the horizon... and sees a figure on horseback, watching the ceremony from a distance.

EXT. LEDGE - SUNSET

Cavanaugh finds the Father looking over Promontory Point.

THE FATHER

Find any answers here?

CAVANAUGH

Only new questions. We're heading further west.

THE FATHER
You'll hit an ocean.

CAVANAUGH
I'll hold out hope till I do.

They shake hands. Cavanaugh starts to leave, but stops.

CAVANAUGH
You can still save her, you know.

THE FATHER
How?

CAVANAUGH
Save yourself. Save what she saw in
you. Don't be one of them.

THE FATHER
I'm not.

CAVANAUGH
Prove it.

Cavanaugh leaves the Father in his solitude.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

The Boy sits outside his wagon, weeping over his parents' withered, finally expired corpses.

A shadow overtakes him. The Boy looks up...

... to find the Father, extending a hand.

EXT. COLORADO PLAINS - NIGHT

A blood red moon rises over the Rockies.

Two riders gallop past us.

The Father and the Boy ride off into the rising moon.

THE END