

FADE IN:

EXT. LAFAYETTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Two figures sit in a black sedan, watching Lafayette's house from slightly up the block. They are silent, and veiled in shadow.

Lafayette's lit silhouette dances inside behind the curtains. The faint sound of Donna Summers' "Last Dance" can be heard.

The front door opens and Lafayette saunters over to his car, dressed flamboyantly in clothes too pretty for a thug and too rough for a night at a big city club.

Humming to himself, Lafayette gets into his car, starts the engine and slowly drives off.

The two figures wait until Lafayette's car turns a corner, and get out of the car.

BARNEY, who was sitting in the driver's seat, is haggard despite his expensive preppy clothes, and obviously a junkie. He looks to be in his mid-twenties.

To say he's overdue for a hit is an understatement, as he's scratching himself all over.

DAVID, his friend, is also nicely dressed, and less haggard than Barney. He eyes Lafayette's house with a hunger bordering on desperation. He also looks to be in his mid-twenties.

DAVID

You sure this is the place?

BARNEY

I told you bro, my girl says this guy's stuff is the shit. And he never runs dry.

DAVID

I dunno man. He ain't got no dogs or nothing. Who the fuck ever heard of a dealer who didn't at least have a couple of rottweilers in his yard?

BARNEY

Just 'cause he's got the best V don't mean he's smart. Come on.

(CONTINUED)

Sticking to the shadows, they sneak over to the front door.

Barney keeps watch as David kicks in the door. The neighborhood is dead, and doesn't exactly look like the kind of place where people call the cops.

INT. LAFAYETTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside the house, they work quickly. Flashlights in hand, they check the fridge first -- the obvious place to hide V. No luck.

Growling with frustration, Barney gets sloppy, pulling out cupboards and knocking over shit on the counters and shelves.

BARNEY

I swear if that bitch lied about
the V I'm going to stomp her
fucking face--

David grabs him by the arm, trying to stop him.

DAVID

Calm your shit man! Fucking cool
it!

Barney shakes David's arm off, scowling.

BARNEY

Get your hand--

DAVID

He wouldn't keep that shit in his
fridge 'less he was a total retard.
We got plenty of time, ain't nobody
gonna come -- so long as you don't
make so much fucking noise.

Barney calms down slightly.

BARNEY

Right...right.

They start going through everything, more methodically now.

They don't notice when Lafayette comes up behind them, silent and angry with a baseball bat in hand.

Swinging, he hits David in the back. With a cry, David falls to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

LAFAYETTE

Motherfuckers you think I didn't see your asses waiting for me to leave?

With a hiss, Barney draws a knife and lunges at Lafayette.

Lafayette side steps him, and brings the bat down on his arm.

With a cry, Barney drops the knife, and stumbles back, clutching his arm. The knife slides across the floor, a few paces back from Lafayette -- who notes this.

LAFAYETTE

You think you can just come and clean me out? Fucking junkie pieces of--

There's a click, and Lafayette looks over to find that David has a gun pointed at him. He's breathing heavily, wild eyed.

DAVID

I don't think you gonna finish that sentence. I think you gonna apologize.

Lafayette eyes the gun, trembling.

LAFAYETTE

Whoa, just whoa now. Let's talk about this. I'm putting down my bat.

Lafayette puts down the bat, slowly backing up.

DAVID

Yeah, you do that. And that's far enough. Don't take another fucking step.

Lafayette stops, still eying the gun, struggling to keep his composure. The knife is still about a pace behind him -- just out of reach. Barney is circling around them, eying Lafayette with vindictive pleasure.

BARNEY

Man, just look at this place you got here. This a fucking drug house or a San Francisco apartment? Leopard print? Fucking glass dicks -- what kind of queer faggot ass dealer you supposed to be?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

You don't even got no dogs.

LAFAYETTE

What you want? Pills? Blow? I got it all man, just tell me what you want and I'll hook it up.

BARNEY

Where the fuck is the V, man?

Lafayette points.

LAFAYETTE

It's behind that panel, next to the stove.

Barney eagerly runs over to the panel and tears it off the wall, revealing a padlocked mini-fridge. He grabs it, snarling as he struggles with the lock. He looks over at Lafayette, wild eyed.

BARNEY

Ah fuck, the combination! What the fuck is the combination!

LAFAYETTE

I'll tell you, I swear, I'll tell you. Put the gun down, I won't do nothing, just let me go and I'll tell you. Ain't nobody needs to get hurt, you can have everything I got and that can be that. Just put the gun down man.

David is silent for a beat, a slow smile creeping across his face.

DAVID

Get on your knees.

LAFAYETTE

What?

DAVID

I said get on your fucking knees!

Lafayette complies, looking terrified.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hey, there's a command you know pretty well.

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY

(to David)

What gives man, let him give us the fucking combo! I'm fucking dying here man!

DAVID

(to Barney)

Just hold on a second, bro.

LAFAYETTE

Come on brother, just take the stuff and go. Come on...

DAVID

You know what I'm thinking? I'm thinking maybe I don't want it anymore. I'm thinking maybe I'd rather put a bullet in your head for that shit with the bat. And that shit about us being junkies? I mean, you even know who my friend here is?

BARNEY

(to David)

Shut the fuck up man!

LAFAYETTE

I'm sorry man, I was scared, I shouldn't have said that stuff I just--

BARNEY

(to David)

And what the fuck you mean you don't want the V anymore?

DAVID

(to Barney)

Bro, you are seriously shitting on my calm right now. Can you just shut up for one goddamn minute?

LAFAYETTE

The combo is 5 - 32 - 67. There's a lot there, just take it, take it all.

Barney tries the combo, fucks it up the first try, gets it on the second. Opening the fridge, he reveals that it is completely full of V. He draws in a breath, as if it's the most beautiful thing he's ever seen.

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY

He's right man, there's enough in here to last us through New Years. Holy shit, holllllyyy shit!

He reverently begins pulling out the vials, as happy as a kid at Christmas. David looks over at it, whistling. In that brief moment, Lafayette scoots back far enough to be next to the knife.

David turns his attention back to Lafayette, not noticing that he's moved.

DAVID

How'd you get so much V, bro? Huh? Faggot like you ain't kill no fangers, that's for sure.

Barney is giggling and happy, totally relaxed now as he stacks the trays full of V.

BARNEY

He probably just sucks their dead cocks, and takes their blood as payment.

Lafayette winces, and David smiles knowingly.

DAVID

Aaahhhh, struck a chord, huh? I knew it, I bet they just love pretty boys like you.

BARNEY

Told you. Just look at this place!

DAVID

But you know what that means, right? That means he's got some fanger friends. Fanger friends who'll come find us once you tell 'em what we look like.

Barney freezes, his giggly calm replaced by panic.

BARNEY

Shit. Shit!

LAFAYETTE

(pleading)

I swear man, I won't tell nobody. I don't know no vampires, they'd fucking kill me if they knew I was

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LAFAYETTE (cont'd)
dealing V! Everyone knows what
vamps do to motherfuckers like me.

DAVID
Maybe.

BARNEY
Fuck that man, I don't want to risk
it. Fucking vamps'll come get us,
make us their faggots just like
this little cock sucker here. Fuck
that shit!

Leering, David slowly gets closer to Lafayette, who is
totally drenched in sweat at this point, and shivering so
hard you can almost hear his teeth chatter.

DAVID
I dunno, I think we should give him
a chance. I mean, we are taking his
V. How bout this -- I give him ten
seconds to suck the bullet out of
my gun, before I blow it out the
back of his head.

He makes a gross noise, insinuating that his gun is a penis,
and he's going to bust a nut. Barney laughs grotesquely at
the crude joke.

LAFAYETTE
Come on man, please, you've got the
V...

David comes up to him, holding the gun in his face, a
strange gleam in his eye.

DAVID
Time to get sucking. You got ten
seconds. Now open your mouth.

Eyes never leaving David's, Lafayette turns the barrel of
the gun away from him and picks up the knife in one fluid
movement -- jamming the blade hilt deep into David's groin.

David fires twice, gurgling, his eyes bulging out of his
skull.

One of the bullets blows up a glass bong on the mantle, the
other hits Lafayette's sound system and somehow turns it on.
The Donna Summers song "Last Dance" begins to play again, on
full blast.

(CONTINUED)

Lafayette stands up, taking the gun from David's twitching fingers. David's eyes have gone glassy.

Ice cold, Lafayette puts his palm against David's face and shoves him back. David crumples to the ground, twitching, moaning as blood pours out around the knife hilt.

Barney whimpers as Lafayette turns his attention towards him, eyes full of wrath, and tries to quickly drink a vial of V. Lafayette raises the gun and shoots the hand holding the V before Barney can drink it, shooting off Barney's fingers in the process.

Barney screams as he falls to his knees, clutching his ruined hand. Lafayette approaches slowly, keeping the gun level with Barney's face.

BARNEY

Please, don't kill me! I'm sorry!
We weren't gonna hurt you, we were
just playing around! I'm sorry, I'm
so sorry!

LAFAYETTE

Not good enough.

BARNEY

I'm the senator's son! Wait! I'm
the senator's son!

Lafayette hesitates.

LAFAYETTE

Excuse me?

BARNEY

Senator Beladeaux! He's my dad!
He's my dad!

Lafayette smiles slowly, eyes narrowing.

LAFAYETTE

Well ain't that some shit?

OPENING CREDITS

EXT. MERLOTT'S - NIGHT

Jason Stackhouse and Andy Bellfleur are standing over Eggs' corpse, shaken and shocked. Andy grabs the gun from Jason's hands and begins wiping it off in a panic.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

He came at me, you saw it.

JASON

(terrified)

Andy...

ANDY

We all saw that he was buggy, he was losin' it. He came at me and I shot him and you saw it.

Tara comes out of Merlotte's, having heard the gunshot.

Seeing Eggs crumpled up dead at Jason and Andy's feet, she wails incomprehensibly and throws herself on him.

TARA

You killed him! You fucking killed him!

She clutches Eggs' body desperately, looking up at Jason and Andy with hate through the tears as they stand by, frozen with horror.

INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The scene is set up the same as we saw it in the last moments of Season 2.

Sookie hasn't moved a thing. She looks disjointed and confused, face sticken with tears and hair slightly out of place.

Sgt. Kenya and Officer Kevin give the place a once over, noticing the same thing.

KENYA

Doesn't look like a forced entry.

SOOKIE

We were just talking. Having a lovely time when he...

She stops pointedly short.

KENYA

You get into an argument?

Sookie scrunches her face up, appalled.

(CONTINUED)

SOOKIE

No, definitely not. Bill proposed to me.

KENYA

Proposed? I didn't think that was legal.

SOOKIE

We were gonna go up to Vermont. It was supposed to be a vacation.

Kenya senses that this story isn't adding up.

KEVIN

And he left?

SOOKIE

I said I had to think. And I went to the bathroom. When I came out, he was gone.

Kenya and Kevin exchange a knowing glance. This girl can't seem to see what's right in front of her.

Sookie sees their trepidation.

SOOKIE (CONT'D)

Oh, no. This isn't like him. He just left. Without a word. No fight. Nothing.

KENYA

I'm gonna be honest with you, Sookie, I'm only here as a favor. You've been through a lot with our department--

SOOKIE

--much of which was your department's fault.

KEVIN

Let's not point fingers here. Bill's gone. Bill is a vampire. It'd be very hard to take him without him wanting to go.

SOOKIE

Bill wouldn't leave.

(CONTINUED)

KENYA

I seem to remember there being a mild altercation involving some vampires not so long ago. At Merlotte's.

SOOKIE

That had nothing to do with this.

KENYA

But Mr. Compton, he seemed to leave you quite abruptly after that altercation, am I right?

SOOKIE

Bill is a missing person.

KENYA

He ain't a person, Ms. Stackhouse, and he ain't even into the missing category until forty eight hours have passed. Keep us posted, but there ain't much to check here.

With one final glance at the scene, Kenya walks out. Kevin nods politely at Sookie and then follows Kenya.

Sookie, left by herself, takes a few steps toward the table that she and Bill shared just hours before.

On the table, she sees the velvet box that encased the engagement ring from Bill. She picks it up and runs her fingers over the surface gently, like she's probing it for clues.

After a beat, she places it in her purse and walks through the door, closing it behind her.

INT. LAFAYETTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lafayette has duct taped Barney to a chair in his living room.

Barney is knocked out cold, the side of his face swollen from where Lafayette pistol whipped him after the last scene. His hand is wrapped tightly with bloody bandages.

In the corner of the room, Lafayette is on a cordless phone, speaking frantically, pistol in hand.

(CONTINUED)

LAFAYETTE

Two of your strung out
motherfuckers tried to kill me.

CUT TO:

INT. FANGTASIA OFFICE

Eric sits down at his desk, cool, calm, and collected, as per usual. Pam, his right hand vampire, stands in the corner of the room, listening in on the conversation. She is quite bored.

ERIC

Where are they now?

INT. LAFAYETTE'S HOUSE

LAFAYETTE

(upset)

Well I had to fucking kill one of them. Pervert mother fuck is bleeding out in my bathtub right now.

INT. FANGTASIA OFFICE

ERIC

Technically, dead men don't bleed. They just drain.

INT. LAFAYETTE'S HOUSE

LAFAYETTE

You think I give a shit? I almost died, Eric. I'm trafficking too much fucking V, man, I'm getting too high profile. This shit is starting to endanger my life.

In the background, Barney begins to stir.

INT. FANGTASIA OFFICE

ERIC

The real danger comes from you questioning our business arrangement.

INT. LAFAYETTE'S HOUSE

LAFAYETTE

I'm not -- look, I wouldn't--

Barney slowly opens his eye that isn't swollen shut, looking over at Lafayette as he listens in on his conversation.

INT. FANGTASIA OFFICE

ERIC

These...assailants. Are they customers of yours?

INT. LAFAYETTE'S HOUSE

LAFAYETTE

Nah, man. I've never seen these motherfuckers before. But the one I got tied up says he's the Senator's son.

Barney begins to chuckle, gravelly and dry. Lafayette looks over with a start, knuckles tightening on the gun at his side.

LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)

(to Barney)

'the fuck you laughing about?

INT. FANGTASIA OFFICE

ERIC

No matter. He's probably lying. Pam will be over tomorrow night to gather them.

INT. LAFAYETTE'S HOUSE

BARNEY

I promise I won't get you in trouble if you just give me a drop.

LAFAYETTE

Me, in trouble?

Lafayette sticks the gun in the back of his Jeans and goes over to Barney, phone still held up to his ear.

(CONTINUED)

LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)
Muthafucka...

He grabs Barney's face, hard.

LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)
You the one who's in trouble.

He lets him go.

LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)
I got someone comin' to take care
of you.

BARNEY
You gonna kill me?

LAFAYETTE
I ain't gonna do nothing, my fanged
friend is.

BARNEY
Listen, faggot, when my dad finds
out about this...

LAFAYETTE
Honey you gonna be in the middle of
the gulf by the time your Big Money
daddy knows you're missing.

BARNEY
(smiling)
My girl buys from you. She knew I
was coming here. She'll tell my
daddy, and then you gonna be
fucked. You and your vampire butt
buddies.

Lafayette backs up and points the gun at Barney. He is
seriously not having this shit right now.

LAFAYETTE
Your junkie bitch ain't gonna say
shit.

BARNEY
Nah-uh. We was supposed to go over
to my dad's house tonight. He'll
have people looking for me by dawn.

Lafayette looks at him for a beat, thinking this over.

(CONTINUED)

LAFAYETTE
Eric, you hearing this shit?

INT. FANGTASIA OFFICE

Eric looks vaguely annoyed.

ERIC
There's nothing I can do about it
right now, the sun will be rising
soon. I'll be there tomorrow night.
Till then -- handle the situation.

He hangs up the phone.

INT. LAFAYETTE'S HOUSE

Lafayette looks at the phone angrily.

LAFAYETTE
Eric? Hello?

Barney begins to chuckle again. Lafayette looks at him,
suddenly tired.

LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)
Fuck me.

BARNEY
Yeah, buddy. Fuck you.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - DAY

Jason walks into his house with an expectant Hoyt sitting on
the living room couch.

HOYT
I heard about what happened.

For a moment, Jason pauses, thinking that Hoyt might know
the truth.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Don't be too messed up about it,
man. That guy was crazy, and Andy
was just doing his job.

JASON
...yeah. You're right.

(CONTINUED)

Jason walks over to the fridge and shakily grabs a carton of milk. He sniffs it, makes a face, and throws it out.

JASON (CONT'D)

I just don't understand why things have to be so complicated. Fucked up to all hell, each day more than the last.

Grabbing a beer from the fridge, Jason sits down heavily on the couch next to Hoyt.

JASON (CONT'D)

And in the late, late night, when things are at their most fucked, all I can think about is, what would Amy do?

HOYT

Yeah. She was something, man.

JASON

Yeah.

Jason sighs, becoming sullen.

JASON

I really miss her. When she was around, everything just felt...right. Ain't nothin been right since she's been gone.

HOYT

Jason, you gonna be alright. No one can understand better than me how love can make you feel at home. But it ain't gonna solve all your problems.

Jason is suddenly eager to change the subject.

He gets up and goes over to the kitchen, pulling out the makings for a PB&J sandwich on white bread.

JASON

(idly)

How you and that sweet little vampire doin'?

Hoyt can't help but grin.

HOYT

Better. I'll be seeing her tomorrow night. Romantic evenin', all that.

JASON

Everyone I know in a vamp relationship seems happy.

As Jason begins to spread jam over the bread, he sees a flash of Eggs' head exploding from the bullet. He stifles a cry, dropping the butter knife.

JASON (CONT'D)

Makes you feel at home? I don't even feel at home when I'm home anymore.

HOYT

Too bad Jess don't have any lady-pire friends. Maybe you just need a change of pace.

Hoyt looks at the clock, notices that it's near 2am.

HOYT

Hey man, I gotta hit the hay. You feel better though, alright?

JASON

Yeah. Sure.

Hoyt leaves for bed. Jason stands there, thoughtful.

JASON (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Lady-pires, huh?

INT. SOOKIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

After a morning shift at Merlotte's, Sookie is upstairs changing from her uniform into something a little more comfortable.

She's undressing herself slowly and carefully. It's been a very long day. Her eyes probe herself in the mirror.

From off screen, Jason Stackhouse can be heard as he enters the house.

JASON (O.S.)

Sookie? Sook, where you at?

(CONTINUED)

SOOKIE
I'm upstairs, give me a minute.

INT SOOKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Downstairs, Jason is waiting in the kitchen, scavenging around the fridge. He takes out some bread and meat, preparing to make a sandwich.

Sookie walks in, looking refreshed but still distant. Jason doesn't notice.

JASON
Hey Sook. How are you and Bill?

Sookie, being the caring sister that she is, reaches inside of a high cabinet to fetch a plate for Jason's sandwich -- although the action appears to be more of a welcome distraction than a purely kind gesture.

She is slightly taken aback by the question

SOOKIE
You never ask about me and Bill.

JASON
Can't a big brother ask his sister how she's doing?

SOOKIE
You know I can read your mind, right?

Jason looks alarmed.

SOOKIE (CONT'D)
Don't worry, Jason. I have no desire to see what's ticking in there at the moment.

JASON
Well, it's been a while since I've been in the dating field...

SOOKIE
Please don't tell me that you've fallen for another cult leader's wife.

JASON
Am I ever going to live that down? Anyways--

(CONTINUED)

He takes a big bite of a sandwich, talking through it.

JASON (CONT'D)

I was doing some research.

Sookie, who had been making herself a glass of iced tea, is stopped in her tracks.

SOOKIE

Oh God, this is serious.

JASON

I hear that a lot of people are very happy in vampire-slash-human relationships.

SOOKIE

(taken aback)

Are you...asking me for advice on dating vampires?

JASON

You would know better than anyone.

SOOKIE

I'm trying to take this as a compliment, but I'm coming up short.

JASON

Look, I'm not asking for intimate details, but I want to know...does Bill make you happy?

Sookie's eyes wander out of the small window sitting above her kitchen sink.

SOOKIE

I love him more than anything.

Completely misunderstanding Sookie's very careful choice of words, Jason gives a chuckle. Sookie walks over to the kitchen sink to wash her hands.

JASON

I was thinking I might head out to Fangtasia--

SOOKIE

--Jason Stackhouse, if you show your face around there looking for V, I swear...

JASON

Dammit, Sookie, I haven't taken that shit in a long while. I'm just curious.

SOOKIE

Don't for a moment think that dating a vampire is just some notch in on a bedpost. They don't take kindly to people hanging around them for sport.

Jason grabs his chest.

JASON

I am absolutely offended that my own sister would question my intentions.

She wipes her hands on a dish towel before throwing it playfully at Jason.

SOOKIE

I'm serious, Jason, you go over there poking your head in where you don't belong and you could get hurt.

JASON

You're probably right.

SOOKIE

I am?

JASON

Most of the time my curiosity would get the better of me, but not this time. This time I'm listening to you.

There is a long pause as Sookie considers her brother's words.

SOOKIE

You're totally blowing me off so you can go anyway, huh?

JASON

A little bit, yeah.

INT. FANGTASIA BAR - NIGHT

Pam and an array of vampire and human employees are milling around the bar, preparing for the doors to open to the public.

Standing in a straight, military-esque queue five male and female vampires stand at attention. They're all wearing schoolgirl/boy uniforms with a fetish slant.

Pam walks up and down the line of entertainers, examining them closely. She eyes a small blond female vamp. When Pam catches her eye she twitches, not wanting to stand out.

Pam smiles and bends close to her, never shifting her gaze.

PAM
(gently)
Not enough skin.

Pam violently tears open the top buttons of the vampire's blouse. Her intimidation is barely masked.

PAM (CONT'D)
Fixed. (to crowd) I don't think I need to stress just how important "Blood Sucking Back to School" night is for Fangtasia. Humans have been getting tired of the same bit we've been selling.

LOUIS, a young looking male vampire, walks up beside Pam, holding a fancy looking bottle.

PAM (CONT'D)
Isn't that right, Louis?

LOUIS
The new shipments of the special edition blends have come in.

PAM
Fifty dollars for three parts O and one part B? It's almost a crime. Fortunately for us, this crime makes money.

All at once, each vampire in the room snaps their head over to the door. All except for Pam.

PAM
Well hello, Sookie. How can I be of assistance to you?

(CONTINUED)

Sookie stands at the door, dressed in a conservative yet cleavage bearing and brightly colored dress. Her hair is primped and styled and she's wearing a knock 'em dead color of lipstick.

SOOKIE

I need to speak to Eric.

PAM

Eric's not here, Sookie. Come back later, I'm sure he'll be in.

SOOKIE

Bill's--!

Sookie suddenly becomes aware that every person in the room is listening in, and goes over to Pam, lowering her voice to a whisper.

SOOKIE (CONT'D)

Bill's gone missing. I think he might be in trouble.

PAM

(amused)

There's no need to whisper, Sookie. Every vampire in this room can hear you.

SOOKIE

(growing impatient)

Didn't you just hear me? I said Bill has gone missing!

PAM

Bill's a big boy, Sookie. I'm sure he's fine. Now--

SOOKIE

(angry)

Call Eric!

PAM

Excuse me?

SOOKIE

I said call Eric, right now! I won't stand for this. I'm tired of being ignored. Something's wrong, and I need to talk to him. Now!

For a moment, Pam's eyes have a dangerous glint to them. But then her expression softens, becoming one of an adult patiently explaining something to a child.

(CONTINUED)

PAM

Despite how it may sometimes seem, you and Bill aren't the only ones in Eric's jurisdiction with problems. He'll be back in the next few hours. If you'd like to wait, I'm sure he wouldn't mind if you had a few drinks on the house. Does that sound nice?

SOOKIE

Just call him! Tell him that I'm here, and I know he'll find time! He always does!

PAM

Sookie, Eric does not come at my beck and call, nor yours. Stay, or leave. But you're going to have to wait -- just like everybody else.

SOOKIE

(furious)

Eric's going to hear about this. And he's not going to be happy.

PAM

(delighted)

Ooooh, maybe he'll spank me.

SOOKIE

You're disgusting.

Sookie storms out, angry and upset. Pam watches her leave with a crooked smile. She turns her attention back to the others.

PAM

(firmly)

What are you waiting for? Everybody get to your stations.

INT. JESSICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessica and Hoyt lay snuggled up in bed, talking. Hoyt reaches under the covers and kisses Jessica on the lips.

She hesitates, pulling back.

HOYT

I know things have been weird between us lately. I know you've been going through a lot of stuff.

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA
That's one way of putting
baby-vampire issues.

HOYT
I was thinking...

He makes a charmingly goofy attempt at smiling seductively.

HOYT (CONT'D)
...maybe we could try something
different. You know if we're alone
tonight?

JESSICA
Not really sure. I haven't seen
Bill in a couple of days.

HOYT
He's probably over at Sookie's.

JESSICA
I guess, but it still seems weird
that he hasn't checked up on me.
Usually he's always nagging me
about something.

Hoyt kisses her on the neck. He's no longer interested in
conversation. Jessica's eyes roll up into the back of her
head as she gives a little moan.

Her fangs pop out and she closes her mouth quickly,
embarrassed.

HOYT
Aw, you don't have to be scared of
that stuff with me.

JESSICA
I think we're moving too fast. I
don't wanna...

From Jessica's perspective, the vein in Hoyt's neck becomes
extremely prominent, the blood pumping through it thudding
loudly in her eardrums.

JESSICA
(snapping out of it)
...get ahead of myself.

HOYT
This is all new for me too, you
know. But I was reading about
vampire and human--

(CONTINUED)

He pauses for a moment, eyebrows raised.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Relations.

Jessica is intrigued.

JESSICA
Oh, really?

HOYT
Yes, really. And you know what they
said?

JESSICA
Don't keep me in suspense.

HOYT
Oftentimes, vampires can feed off
humans, playfully.

Jessica's eyes widen. Something is wrong.

JESSICA
I-I don't know about that, Hoyt.

HOYT
Sweetie, it's okay.

He says the next bit like he's rehearsing a bit he heard on
Opera.

HOYT (CONT'D)
I accept your uniqueness as a
vampire.

JESSICA
Thanks, but when I think about
biting you...

She gives an exaggerated shiver.

HOYT
I actually heard it was a pleasant
experience.

Jessica is surprised by his enthusiasm.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Little kinky, I know.

JESSICA

It's not just that, Hoyt. It's when I think of...eating, I don't want to picture your cute little face. I'm not even experienced with...eating, anyhow.

HOYT

Can't be too hard.

He makes a face.

HOYT (CONT'D)

Just "Grrr, Arrrgh".

JESSICA

You'd think so, right? But there's all this other stuff going on...

Jessica lifts off the covers, revealing that she's wearing beautiful pink satin lingerie. Hoyt gives her a quick once over. She doesn't notice.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

But there's a science to it. How much you can take...

She goes over to an old fashioned, polished wood dresser with a large oval mirror and takes a brush out of a drawer. She begins idly brushing her hair.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Where the good arteries at. And that's only if the subject is willing.

HOYT

Willing?

Jessica realizes that she's said too much.

JESSICA

(covering up)

Willing to let you go for the neck. A lot of people freak out over having visible marks.

Hoyt's smile is beaming. He couldn't be more in love with her.

HOYT

Well, I think your marks would be cute.

(CONTINUED)

Jessica returns the smile. Her fangs have retracted.

HOYT (CONT'D)
Fangs all gone.

Jessica stands in front of the bed, ready for round two. She places her hands on her hips, a sexy gesture.

JESSICA
Let's work on that.

She pounces on him with vampire speed, and they both collapse to the bed, giggling.

EXT. FANGTASIA - NIGHT

Jason pulls up in his pickup to the Fangtasia parking lot. Outside we can see a line of people desperately wanting to get in. It looks as exclusive as a high profile club in New York or LA.

Inside of his pickup, Jason pulls down his mirror, looking himself over. He's nervous.

Pam stands outside of Fangtasia's main entrance, waving only a select number of people inside. She's wearing the outfit of a sexy librarian.

Jason gets out of his truck and walks over, right past the line and straight up to Pam. He laughs, nervously.

PAM
Can't say I expected to see you here again, Stackhouse.

JASON
No funny business, just here for a night out.

PAM
I know there's no funny business. You're not that stupid.

Jason nervously laughs again. Pam is stoic.

PAM (CONT'D)
What I'm trying to figure out is why you might be up here talking to me, when the line begins over there.

(CONTINUED)

MAN IN LINE

Yeah, buddy. What the fuck?

JASON

(quietly, to Pam)

I was thinking, since I know Eric?

Pam's lips peak up into the slightest of smiles.

JASON (CONT'D)

(flustered)

Knowing him might be an exaggeration. But my sister certainly does. And after everything in Dallas...

PAM

Oh honey, shut up. I was just pulling your chain. We're always glad to have some fresh meat at Fangtasia.

Jason gives an awkward chuckle and walks in.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jessica and Hoyt are kissing each other goodnight at the front door.

HOYT

Sorry I gotta leave so early tonight. I got work at 6 though, and I--

Jessica interrupts him with a kiss.

JESSICA

Don't even worry about it. I was thinking of getting some reading done tonight, anyway.

HOYT

See you tomorrow?

JESSICA

You bet.

They kiss again, Hoyt leaves. Jessica watches him walk over to his car through the window, and then turns away.

INT. JESSICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessica stands in front of a full length mirror, pulling on a short, slutty skirt.

She's wearing a top that's all cleavage, and turns, admiring her figure before applying a bright red shade of lipstick.

This girl appears to be preparing for someone definitely un-Hoyt-like.

She goes over to the closet and takes out a coat, covering herself up.

INT. FANGTASIA BAR - NIGHT

Inside Fangtasia all the vampire strippers are dressed in their slutty uniforms while dancing sexily all around. Jason takes a walk around the room as he sees--

--a vampire male and human male making out

--a woman speaking sweetly to a fanged man

--a woman flashing her breasts at a male and a female vampire

Jason is a bit over his head. A sexy female vampire (we'll call her BRITTANY) in a binding, over the top corset makes eyes at Jason.

BRITTANY

Hello, lover.

Jason, thinking that action has finally come his way, drinks deeply from his beer. Brittany starts to walk over, hips swaying in time with the music when--

--she brushes right past him and into the arms of another vampire. Jason frowns, and goes over to try his luck at the bar.

Jason catches the eye of an attractive, yet more accessible female vampire, DANA, who looks about 25.

JASON

(to Dana)

Embarrassing, huh? I couldn't even play that one off.

Dana's so old she's practically a marble statue. She makes no move to acknowledge Jason.

(CONTINUED)

JASON (CONT'D)
It's a good thing I have a corset
phobia.

Still nothing from Dana.

JASON (CONT'D)
My mom worked in a lingerie store
when I was a kid, and I got locked
in real late one night. Giant scary
mannequins everywhere.

He laughs to himself.

JASON (CONT'D)
Okay, sorry. None of that was true.

Dana comes to a sudden realization, and cracks the faintest
of smiles.

DANA
I've seen your sister here.

Jason's surprise is written across his face.

JASON
Her boyfriend is a vampire.

DANA
Your sister, she has talent.

JASON
Talent? Like how?

Dana gives her temple a light tap. Jason realizes what she's
talking about.

DANA
Do you share the talent?

He pauses for a moment, figuring out what to say. He grins.

JASON
Runs in the family.

EXT. TRUCKSTOP - NIGHT

Jessica is out in the middle of the night, walking around a
truckstop near a rundown diner and motel. It's late and
hardly anyone is around. Jessica couldn't stand out more.

(CONTINUED)

She takes off her coat, revealing the sex-kitten outfit that she put on in her bedroom. She rustles her hair into a sexy bedroom chic do' and walks on.

MERL, a weathered old truck driver, pokes his head out from behind a truck.

Jessica notices, but keeps walking, adding a little swagger.

MERL

Hey.

Jessica doesn't stop walking.

MERL (CONT'D)

Hey, you.

She stops.

MERL (CONT'D)

What's a cute thing like you
walking around by yourself at this
time of night?

Jessica turns around, pleased that he took the bait.

JESSICA

The names Janica. I'm looking to
get to Jacksonville.

MERL

Jacksonville?

JESSICA

Yeah, you going that way?

MERL

I certainly am.

Jessica giggles with delight, and walks over to the truck.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE -NIGHT

Jessica walks down the stairs and goes out the front door.

The house remains in darkness for a few, long moments, when Sookie, having just missed Jessica, tentatively opens the door. Poking her head in, she calls out to see if anyone is there.

(CONTINUED)

SOOKIE
Hello? Jessica?

She walks in and then, although it's apparent from her expression that she knows she's being foolish, calls out:

SOOKIE (CONT'D)
...Bill?

No answer. She lets herself in, gently closing the door behind her.

She walks over to the mantle in the sitting room and picks up the picture of Bill and his family that he received from the Glorious Dead meeting back in Season 1.

She caresses with dusty frame longingly, and begins to cry.

INT. FANGTASIA BAR - NIGHT

Back at the bar Jason and Dana are talking. Dana's attitude has eased. She looks like she's actually having a good time.

DANA
So, what about vampires?

JASON
No go.

DANA
That's marvelous.

JASON
Yeah. I mean, humans are just so easy to read. All they do is think, think, think. I love vampires 'cause their minds are all quiet-like.

DANA
I'm glad to have fooled you.
Vampires' minds are usually running in all directions at once.

JASON
You seem like a lady..lady-pire that knows how to focus on her needs.

DANA
Your sister doesn't have the same...casual air as yourself.

(CONTINUED)

JASON

That's because she doesn't appreciate what a great gift we Stackhouses have.

DANA

Some would consider it a burden.

JASON

Burdens are like jobs. Everyone complains about 'em but don't nobody want to be truly without one.

Dana's expression says that she's not quite sure how to take that metaphor.

DANA

Jason, you are one of a kind. What do you hear around Fangtasia, right now?

Jason spins around his bar stool, taking in the crowd. He watched the club goers flirt, drink and gawk at each other.

He gives a small nod over to a couple talking in the corner.

JASON

She's wondering how many free drinks she can get out of him.

Jason scans the crowd again. He points over to a young man staring at a male vampire.

JASON (CONT'D)

He's thinking that having sex with a dude vamp isn't gay. (to Dana)
He'd be wrong, in that case.

Jason glances around the club again.

JASON (CONT'D)

That guy right there?

He points to a sheepish, slightly overweight man standing alone in the corner.

JASON (CONT'D)

Wearing lady's underwear.

Dana laughs. Jason is surprised by her sudden break in demeanor, but is pleased.

(CONTINUED)

DANA
I would hate to be human around
you.

These words take Jason off guard. It's a double-edged comment.

JASON
Most humans just don't understand
me.

DANA
You seem to understand the undead
pretty well.

JASON
(flirtatiously)
Really?

DANA
Oh, yes. The humans that come in
here, just looking for a quick V
fix.

Jason shows a brief flash of alarm at her mention of V.

DANA (CONT'D)
But not you. You're a simple soul.

He's flattered. He signals the bartender over.

JASON
What do you drink?

DANA
AB neg.

JASON
(to the bartender)
You heard the lady.

Impressed, Dana leans in close to Jason, like she's going to tell him a secret.

DANA
You know, I get why you're here.

JASON
You do?

DANA
All that chatter, chatter, chatter
from the heart pumping types. Must
get tiring after a while.

(CONTINUED)

JASON

You got me.

The bartender comes back and plants a True Blood AB neg down in front of Dana. She takes a slow sip.

When she puts the bottle down, there's a little red on her lip. Jason's eyes look a little scared and unsure, until she gently licks it off.

DANA

Got to be nice to come to a place where you only know what half the club is thinking.

JASON

You. Are. SO. Right.

DANA

I wish all humans were as nice as you, Jason Stackhouse.

JASON

Well.

DANA

I was wondering...

She hesitates.

JASON

No, go on.

DANA

You have a very special talent.

She flashes him a sexy smile.

DANA (CONT'D)

Maybe we could combine our talents.

JASON

I'm all about combining.

DANA

Combining for a greater good.

JASON

Greater good. The best kind of good.

She takes a gulp of her drink, and sets down the empty bottle.

(CONTINUED)

DANA
Lets find a better place to
'combine'.

Dana walks toward the door. Jason checks out her ass as she passes him.

JASON
Shit yes.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Jessica and Merl are listening to a non-descript country song as they sit in silence. Jessica fidgets and fiddles with her hands in her lap.

MERL
Nervous?

JESSICA
Oh, no. Anxious.

MERL
For what? You got someone waitin'
for you in Jacksonville?

JESSICA
Nothing important. I just know how
this sort of thing works.

MERL
Works? Honey, what are you on
about?

Jessica takes off her seat belt and wraps her legs around Merl, who's trying to keep his eyes on the road. She moves in to kiss him.

Not complying, he pushes her off.

MERL (CONT'D)
This is not that kind of ride.
You're just a kid.

Jessica sits back down in her seat. She pouts.

MERL (CONT'D)
I know there's a lot of crazy stuff
happening in the world today.
Between vamps and Jersey Shore, you
kids don't know which way is up.
But I'm here to tell you, you ain't
gotta do that. You're safe here.

(CONTINUED)

He gives her a warm, genuine smile. She smiles back.

JESSICA

Really?

With vampire speed, she's on Merl, blocking his view. Her fangs pop out.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

'Cause you aren't.

She brings her mouth down on his. Blood pours out from between their lips, and he screams, struggling to pull away.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The truck swerves erratically, slowly going off the highway. Blood sprays across the windshield as Merl is butchered.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jason and Dana are laughing hard as Jason holds up a cell phone. They both walk up a long flight of stairs. Things are going well.

DANA

Who knew that such a tiny thing could make me laugh so hard!

JASON

Magic of the internet. You know, I hear on of our former vice presidents actually invented the whole thing.

DANA

Really? I never would have thought.

They round the corner and Dana reaches in her purse for her keys.

JASON

Never thought vamps lived in apartment complexes.

DANA

I have another place to stay during the day, but where would I entertain human guests?

Jason can't contain his excitement.

(CONTINUED)

Dana opens the door to reveal--

A bound and gagged man sitting in a chair in the middle of an uber modern, grey black and red apartment. He's in his underwear and there are bite marks all over him. He's unconscious.

Dana forcefully pulls Jason in and shuts the door.

DANA (CONT'D)

Jason, meet Beauregard. Beau for short. My naughty, naughty boyfriend.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sookie is sitting on the porch in her sleeping gown, hands in her lap, cold and expressionless as she waits. It's apparent that she's been sitting there for a while, as if at any moment Bill might come walking out of the darkness.

Expression unchanging, she stands up and goes inside, switching on the porch light as she does so.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Slowly, she makes her way to the hatch over the crawlspace where Bill sleeps during the day. With some effort, she lifts the boards, revealing the dirt underneath the house.

She climbs down, easing the boards down over her. Curling up in the soil, she closes her eyes and goes to sleep.

INT. DANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Inside Dana's apartment, Jason is standing with his back against the wall, struggling to keep his cool.

Dana is standing over the unconscious Beau. She gives him an affectionate stroke on the face, then slaps him. Beau wakes up.

BEAU

(half-sobbing)

Sweetie, we can work this out.

DANA

You bet we can. This man is Jason. He's a psychic.

Jason can't take his eyes off Beau.

(CONTINUED)

JASON
--telepack, actually.

Dana practically glides over to a mini bar near her kitchen.

DANA
Drink, Jason?

JASON
No thanks.

BEAU
(very faintly)
Water...

DANA
What was that, my love whom I
cherish above all?

JASON
I think he wants water.

DANA
That's why you're here, Jason. You
tell me what my human is thinking.
Tell me his desire. Tell me if he's
a cheating son of a bitch.

She's not speaking hypothetically -- she wants him to do it
right now.

Jason walks over to Beau and bends down on one knee. Both of
them are scared out of their minds.

Trembling, Jason places his hands on Beau's face.

DANA (CONT'D)
Is that how it works?

JASON
Yeah. But it might take a while.

He's biding his time. For what, he's not sure.

DANA
Whatever it takes.

Dana slinks over to Beau, grinning at him -- as if she
hasn't tied him up and beaten him.

JASON
Can't you just glamour him?

(CONTINUED)

DANA

Can you draw?

JASON

Not too good, no.

DANA

It's a talent like any other.

JASON

Couldn't you have gotten another vampire to do it for you?

DANA

This situation calls for the discretion of an outsider's assistance. The vampire community is a small one. We tend to gossip.

JASON

Well..I need a little info. About this guy.

DANA

To expedite the process.

JASON

Sure. So, you think he's cheating?

DANA

He might be. Smell him.

JASON

Huh?

DANA

He is devoid of scent. Like he's been wiped clean. He is hiding something.

JASON

Doesn't seem too devoid of scent to me.

DANA

All those are new scents. Made because I made him stay here for a while.

Dana places her hands on Jason's shoulders and gives him a friendly kiss on the cheek.

(CONTINUED)

DANA (CONT'D)

It's perfect that I found you,
Jason Stackhouse. I was afraid I
would have to find your sister
instead. And that would have been
terrible...

JASON

Because she's Bill's?

DANA

Although, the bartender did tell me
that he's gone missing...

JASON

Missing?

DANA

Shouldn't we be concentrating on my
love?

Jason eyes Beau quizzically, unsure of what exactly to do.

He searches Beau's face in a desperate attempt to find
anything that might appease the vampire. Jason bites his own
lip.

JASON

He ain't been with another girl as
far as I can tell.

DANA

You read that off of him?

JASON

If there's one thing I know, it's
how to tell if a man's getting
pussy.

With vampire speed, Dana slashes the binds holding Beau's
arms down. She practically picks him up in a full embrace.
Her eyes well up with blood tears.

DANA

Darling, I never should have
doubted you.

JASON

(in the background, barely
audible)
Maybe I should be...going?

(CONTINUED)

DANA

All this time, I thought you were just like all the other humans; sniveling, conniving. I am so sorry.

Loose as a rag doll in her arms, Beau doesn't make a sound.

Dana, in a passionate fervor, kisses him down his neck. Then she moves down towards his arms. Down to his wrists. She stops.

DANA (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?

She fiercely holds up his wrist at an awkward angle. Beau moans in pain.

DANA (CONT'D)

I never go for the wrist.

BEAU

(through the pain)
You forgot. It's all you.

DANA

Never the wrist!

Dana sends Beau flying back into the wall, shaking the pictures. She wipes the blood tears away from her face and sticks her finger in her mouth.

DANA (CONT'D)

Humans are worse than grit and death.

She shifts her body toward Jason.

DANA (CONT'D)

Always conspiring.

Jason makes a dash for the door, but before he gets there, Dana appears, blocking his path.

DANA (CONT'D)

Not so fast, little piggy. You should stay for the main event.

She grabs a crumpled Beau from the floor and holds him up by the neck. She opens her mouth, exposing blood-stained fangs. Beau is crying.

(CONTINUED)

DANA (CONT'D)

What a lovely sound. So beautiful.

Dana cranes her neck, examining the whimpering mass of Beau. He's infinitely more scared than before.

DANA (CONT'D)

(to Jason)

His fear reaches new heights now. I can feel it inside. It's intoxicating.

Very slowly she lowers her mouth to his neck, biting down. Beau screams.

Suddenly, the door flies open and a blurred figure, moving at vampire speed, throws Dana back. Disoriented, Dana probes the room.

Paul, a tall and handsome vampire, is crouched over Beau.

DANA

That human is mine.

PAUL

Actually, this human is mine. You stole him from me, by force.

JASON

(to Dana)

Can I just point out that I was right? He wasn't getting no pussy. That's a dude, and a vampire. A dudepire?

DANA

(to Paul)

His eyes wandered.

PAUL

That may be the case. But he is mine to deal with, not yours.

DANA

He was happy with me!

PAUL

Dana Valasquez, I, Paul Duram, on behalf of the Magistrate, hereby charge you with stealing and attempting to kill another vampire's human. Come with me.

Dana, moving lethargically at first, then lunges at Paul.

(CONTINUED)

Before she can even get close, Paul pulls out a stake from his coat and hits her where it counts. A splash of dark blood, guts and gore cover Paul and a sobbing Beau.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 (sarcastically to self)
 Oh please, don't. We want you
 alive. (to Jason) She was always
 quite unhinged.

Paul picks up Beau and heads for the door.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Not that I need to say this, but
 I'll do it anyway; say a word about
 this to anyone and I'll make you
 eat your own heart. Clear?

JASON
 Y-y-yes. Yes sir. Completely.

PAUL
 I'll be off then. Me and this guy
 here have some important things to
 discuss.

Paul and Beau quickly leave, and Jason stands there, wide eyed, shocked and confused by what just happened.

INT. LAFAYETTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lafayette is sitting across the room from Barney, fidgeting with the gun. Barney is unconscious. Lafayette keeps looking up at the clock, and then at Barney, and then at the door. It's past ten, and still no Eric.

Barney stirs, waking up with a moan. He whimpers.

BARNEY
 Ohhh...oh God....

LAFAYETTE
 Not a fucking word from you.

Barney looks down at the bandaged remnants of his hand, remembering what happened, and begins to moan.

BARNEY
 Oh God, it hurts, it huuuuuurts.

Lafayette ignores him, his fidgeting increasing to match his anxiety.

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY (CONT'D)

Please man, give me something for the pain. Please.

LAFAYETTE

Not so tough now, huh? No more big talk about daddy coming to save you?

Lafayette is talking tough, but he looks sickened and uncomfortable.

BARNEY

Please! I'm sorry, I'm so sorry...

LAFAYETTE

(angry)

You was gonna kill me, now you want me to--

Barney begins to whimper and sob.

Totally exasperated, Lafayette gives in, and goes over to a cabinet full of pill bottles.

LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)

(muttering)

'the fuck I'm thinking, I must be the stupidest sonofabitch alive...

Tucking the gun away in the back of his jeans, he shakes out a couple of pills into his hand and goes over to Barney, who is looking up at him, weak but grateful.

LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)

This is just to shut you up, got it? Think of it as your last supper.

BARNEY

Water....I need water...

LAFAYETTE

Chew the motherfuckers for all I care. If it hurts so bad you won't mind the taste.

BARNEY

I can't, I can't. Please...I need water...

Grunting, Lafayette moves to get him some water.

(CONTINUED)

LAFAYETTE

Shit. Shit! I can't believe I'm
doing this...

There's a knock on the door. They both freeze, heads snapping over to look at it. Barney throws one quick glance up at Lafayette, then looks back at the door and begins to scream.

BARNEY

HELP! Help me! He's got me tied up
in here, I'm dying, I'm d--

Lafayette drops the pills and punches Barney, cutting him off mid-scream.

LAFAYETTE

(terse whisper)

Shut your fucking mouth!

Letting out a hiccuping sob, Barney continues to scream.

Lafayette grabs a nearby rag and tries to shove it into his mouth. Barney bites him through the rag.

The knocking continues, more urgently now.

LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)

AH! MotherFUCKER!

Lafayette punches Barney in the side of the face again, harder this time. Eyes rolling back, head lolling, Barney goes quiet.

Lafayette shoves in the rag again, and quickly duct tapes his mouth shut with a roll he had sitting nearby.

The knocking has become a pounding.

LAFAYETTE (CONT'D)

Shit! Shit!

He quickly grabs a blanket off of his couch and throws it over Barney's unconscious form. It's not the most effective camouflage.

Lafayette pulls the gun from his jeans and holds it behind him, hammer cocked. Hand on the doorknob for a beat as he composes himself, he finally cracks it open.

Eric is standing there, looking bemused. Lafayette deflates with relief, opening the door all the way.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC
Is there a problem?

LAFAYETTE
Yes there's a fucking problem! What
took you so long?

ERIC
Business.

Eric casually walks past Lafayette, and Lafayette steps
aside. After one final glance outside, Lafayette closes the
door.

LAFAYETTE
The dead one is in the bathroom
over--

ERIC
I know. I can smell it.

Casually, he goes over to Barney. He gently pushes aside the
blanket.

Barney groans, barely conscious. The other side of his face
has begun to swell up as well, where Lafayette just struck
him.

Eric tears the duct tape from his mouth, and pulls out the
rags.

LAFAYETTE
(nervous)
I moved his car, hid it in the
woods. He says his dad has people
looking for him, but I don't--

ERIC
Be quiet.

Lafayette shuts up.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(to Barney)
What is your name?

Barney immediately snaps awake, glassy eyes looking up at
Eric. He is glamoured. When he speaks, his voice is calm and
controlled.

BARNEY
Barney.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

Who knows that you are here?

BARNEY

My girl. She knows I'm here.

ERIC

Does she have a name?

Barney is silent for a beat.

BARNEY

Monica. Monica Flowers.

ERIC

And your father? Is he looking for you? Is Monica going to tell him where you are?

Barney grits his teeth, trembling, fighting to resist Eric's glamouring. Eric leans closer, eyes staring into Barney's, unrelenting.

BARNEY

(through his teeth)

No.

He lets out a choked noise.

BARNEY

He's not expecting me. He won't notice that I'm missing for weeks, and that's only because I won't call my mom, asking for money. My dad hasn't even spoken to me in over a year.

Despite Barney's calm expression and tone, tears roll down his face. He knows how this is going to end.

Eric flashes a lop-sided smile, fangs out.

ERIC

Thank you, Barney.

Eric perks up, alert.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Someone's coming to the door.

A few moments later, there comes a knock.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC (CONT'D)

Three people. Two in sneakers, one in boots.

He sniffs the air.

ERIC (CONT'D)

They have guns.

LAFAYETTE

Maybe you should get the door.

ERIC

My pleasure.

Lafayette backs up into a corner, content to let Eric handle this situation. With vampire speed, Eric is at the door. He opens it smiling--

--to find himself looking down the barrel of a shotgun.

There is zero hesitation on the shotgun owner's part -- he unloads a round right into Eric's face.

Eric stumbles back, face turned to gore. The man unloads one more on his face, then two more into his chest. Eric collapses to the ground on his back, mutilated, twitching.

The man with the shotgun and two other men rush in.

The shotgun man aims the shotgun at Lafayette, and Lafayette puts his hands in the air, not having time to pull the pistol from the back of his jeans.

SHOTGUN MAN

(shouting)

Hands in the fucking air!

LAFAYETTE

I ain't movin! I ain't movin!

One guy has a pistol, and is looking down at Eric, poking him with his toe.

Eric is quickly healing, to the bafflement of the man with the pistol.

The other guy has a knife out, and is going to cut Barney free.

PISTOL MAN

What the fuck? This one ain't dead.

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY

(screaming)

He's a fucking Vamp! Shoot him,
KEEP SHOOTING HIM!

PISTOL MAN

Shit! Oh shit!

The shotgun man and the pistol man both begin to unload non-stop into Eric, shooting him over and over again.

Seeing his chance, Lafayette reaches for his pistol. Noticing this, the man with the knife sprints over to him, shouting.

KNIFE MAN

Gun! He's got a gun!

Lafayette gets one shot off, missing the knife man but getting the man with the pistol in the throat. He crumples to the ground, gurgling.

The man with the shotgun turns to face Lafayette, and is desperately reloading.

Lafayette fires off three more shots, missing with all of them, and before Lafayette can shoot the man with the knife the man closes the distance between them, grabbing the barrel and pushing it away from him.

He slices the knife through the air in front of Lafayette's face, missing him by millimeters as Lafayette stumbles back, releasing the gun to the man's grasp.

The shotgun man finishes reloading, aims at Lafayette, but before he can fire Eric sits up with a gurgling roar, and with a terrified shriek the man turns the gun back to Eric and begins to unload again, temporarily pinning him down.

The knife man, grinning, points the gun at Lafayette's face and pulls the trigger. It clicks -- no gunshot. It's out of ammo.

Desperate, Lafayette grabs the decorative glass dildo off the mantle behind him and swings at the man, who leans back just in time.

The man lunges forward to stab the knife into Lafayette's chest, but Lafayette turns his body away, dodging the lunge.

With a swing, he brings the dildo across the man's face, knocking out a handful of bloodied teeth.

(CONTINUED)

With a cry, the man stumbles back, unsteady on his feet as he clutches his mouth.

Lafayette finished the job, swinging one more time -- this time hitting him in the temple. The glass spiderwebs, and the man hits the ground -- dead.

The shotgun man runs out of ammo, and desperate as Eric quickly regenerates, he drops the shotgun and goes for his fallen friend's still-loaded pistol.

Lafayette is quicker, running over and kicking it away.

Breathing heavily, he holds the dildo by the shaft, pointing the glass balls at him threateningly. The man backs up, wild eyed, scared, and unarmed.

Eric, still mutilated and blood-soaked, slowly begins to stand.

BARNEY
(screaming)
RUN! RUN TODD! GET THE FUCK OUT OF
HERE! RUUUUNNNN!

The man (TODD) tries to run past Lafayette, but Eric reaches out and catches him by the shoulder, hands clamping down hard enough to audibly crackle his bones.

Roaring like a demon, Eric wraps his other hand around the man's throat and tears off his head. Barney lets out a wail, watching with horror.

Lafayette grabs Barney by the throat, cutting off his wail.

LAFAYETTE
(wrathful)
I thought you said you didn't tell
nobody but your girl where you
were! You fucking lied to us, boy?
You fucking lied to us?

Barney tries to talk, but can only blubber incomprehensibly.

Eric, almost completely healed, perks up his head again, looking out to the street.

ERIC
He didn't.

He disappears, with vampire speed.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE LAFAYETTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MONICA, a twenty-year-old girl who looks like she'd be beautiful if she wasn't such a drug addict, is sitting in the driver's seat of an Escalade.

The engine is idling. She listens with horror to the massacre going on within Lafayette's house.

She lets out a cry as blood from Todd's head being torn off sprays across the window beside the front door. Clasping a hand over her mouth to stifle a scream, she guns it, driving away as quickly as possible.

Eric appears beside the car, grinning wickedly, keeping pace with the SUV despite the fact that she's driving about 45 mph.

ERIC

Hello, Ms. Flowers.

He tears the door open, ripping off her seat belt and plucking her from the seat. The car, now driverless, careens off the side of the road.

INT. LAFAYETTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eric is sitting on the sofa with Monica, who is glamored. The sofa is dripping with blood and gore, but Eric is lounging as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

He's playing with her hair, twirling a dark curl around his finger as if he was on a date with her. She sits frigid, hands on her lap, staring forward.

Lafayette is leaned up across the wall across the room, arms folded across his chest. His face is cold, impassive as he watches the scene unfold.

Barney is duct taped to his chair, begging them to let her go.

MONICA

(flatly, glamoured)

--and so I got some friends to come help, to see what had happened, to see if...

ERIC

If your boyfriend was still alive?

(CONTINUED)

MONICA

Yes.

BARNEY

Let her go! Please, let her go! She didn't do nothing to you, it was me, it was all me she--

Eric glances sharply at him, and Barney winces, shutting up.

ERIC

(to Monica)

Does anybody else know about this? About Barney? Or your rescue?

MONICA

I didn't tell anyone else. Just Todd, and my brothers.

ERIC

These three gentleman, I presume?

He gestures at the corpses scattered across the living room. Monica nods.

MONICA

Yes.

ERIC

And would they have told anyone else?

MONICA

No. I made them swear not to.

ERIC

Because of who Barney's father is?

MONICA

Yes.

ERIC

So nobody knows that you or Barney are here. And nobody ever will.

MONICA

Yes.

BARNEY

(whimpering)

Come on man. Kill me. I know you're gonna kill me. I know you're gonna drink my blood. I don't care. Just

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY (cont'd)
let her go. She's a sweet girl,
she's stupid, but she's a sweet
girl. Just erase her memory and let
her go, I know you vamps can do
that. Please, I'm begging you...

Eric looks thoughtful, pretending to consider this.

ERIC
Sweet, huh?

BARNEY
(hopeful)
The sweetest thing you ever met.
She's got five cats, she just takes
'em in, can't stand to see them
starve outside. Her house stinks
like shit, but she don't care, she
just keeps--

Eric's fangs come out, and he brutally sinks them into
Monica's throat. He grins as he drinks down her blood, eyes
never leaving Barney's.

Barney screams, thrashing at his binding, rocking the chair
back and forth as he desperately tries to get out of it, to
try and stop Eric.

BARNEY (CONT'D)
(hiccuping sobs)
NO! No-oh-oh-oh ohhhhh God NO!

LAFAYETTE
(disgusted)
Come on man. Just fucking get it
over with.

Eric rolls his eyes, pulling back from Monica with a sigh.
She sits there, rigid, twitching, bleeding, gasping -- and
still glamoured. She can't move, but her eyes are full of
pain and terror.

ERIC
If you insist.

With a quick movement, Eric snaps her neck, killing her. She
crumples over, dead.

ERIC
You were right though, Barney. She
was quite sweet.

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY

(frothing at the mouth)

You fucking monsters! You killed her! You fucking killed her! She didn't do nothing to you, and you killed her!

Barney looks over at Lafayette, wild eyed.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

You think I'm the bad guy? You're the fucking monster. You're worse than that thing! She was only twenty! She was only twenty, and you killed her! I hope you rot in Hell! I hope you fucking rot in Hell, you--

In a flash, Eric is bent over Barney, hand clamped around his mouth -- silencing him. Lafayette looks away, knowing what's coming.

ERIC

There is no Hell. There is no God. There is only this life, and then darkness. Nothing more.

With a casual movement, Eric snaps Barney's neck, killing him. Silence settles over the room.

Cheerfully humming a tune, Eric pulls out his cell phone.

ERIC

Would you look at that? It isn't broken.

Lafayette doesn't reply. He stares at the dead girl, slouched over on his couch. Eric dials a number.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

Pam? The cleanup is going to be a little more extensive than I anticipated. Bring assistance -- immediately. There are six packages in need of removal.

He hangs up. Lafayette is still staring at the girl, beginning to look shell shocked. Eric snaps a finger in front of his face, bringing him to attention.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

You wouldn't happen to have a mop,
would you?

INT. UNDERNEATH BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sookie is asleep, curled up in the dirt. A thump rouses her, and she wakes with a start.

Sitting up in the dark, she listens for noise. She hears the faint scuffling of footsteps.

SOOKIE

(excited)

Bill? Bill!

Impatiently, she pushes up the panel above her, and pokes her head out. In the darkness, a figure stands down the hall, silent. Sookie's excitement turns to nervous apprehension.

SOOKIE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

...Bill?

With a low grumble, the figure turns, yellow eyes flashing in the darkness.

With a roar, the figure bursts into a run, slavering, unseen talons audibly tearing through carpeting and floorboards.

It remains veiled in shadows, brief glimpses of wet black fur showing as it passes through a few thin beams of moonlight.

Letting out a cry, Sookie ducks back into the crawl space, closing the panel over her just in time. She flattens to the ground, screaming as claws tear through the wood, showering her with splinters.

Twisting around, she begins to crawl away. She goes through near absolute darkness, desperately looking for a way out. Not so much as a sliver of light comes through here, everything apparently sealed up by Bill against the sunlight.

The creature bursts through the wood, and reaches down, clawing at the soil where she'd been sleeping.

It sticks its muzzle down, barely visible -- a massive wolf's head, frothing at the mouth, growling and snapping as it struggles to fit through the too-small opening.

(CONTINUED)

Backed up into a corner, nowhere else to go, Sookie screams and watches with horror as the creature slowly forces its way through.

Suddenly, it lets out an angry roar, and is dragged up through the opening. Someone -- or something, is fighting the creature upstairs.

It sounds like an epic fight, furniture and walls being shattered and torn apart. Big sprays of dust rain down in the crawl space occasionally, whenever one of the two upstairs hits the ground particularly hard.

Sookie sits there curled up, listening to the fight as it rages overhead, scared and confused.

And then silence.

Heavy footsteps approach the opening in the floor, slow and drawn out.

Finally, Eric pokes down his head.

ERIC

You can come up now, Sookie. The wolf is gone.

SOOKIE

Oh Eric! Oh, thank God!

Eric smiles. His clothes are slightly shredded, and he's covered in cuts and scratches -- but they are quickly healing. Sookie crawls over, and Eric pulls her up. He looks her over, concerned.

The house is in shambles around them, wallpaper torn down, furniture shattered and ripped.

ERIC

Are you okay? Were you scratched, or bitten?

SOOKIE

No, no I'm fine! You got here just in time. How did you know too--

ERIC

Oh, I don't know. It might have been the 35 or so messages you left at Fangtasia for me about Bill. You weren't at your home, so I assumed you'd be here.

SOOKIE

What was that thing? Why was it trying to hurt me?

ERIC

That, Sookie, was a werewolf. It ran off before I could subdue it, so I have no idea why it was here.

This noticeably irritates Eric.

SOOKIE

Could it have something to do with Bill's disappearance? Did that...thing take him?

ERIC

I don't know. Maybe. But he's attending to no official business that I know of. Bill, for his faults, knows how to take care of himself. He'd never let himself be caught by humans, that's for certain. And he'd smell a werewolf a mile off.

Sookie is so frustrated and angry she's on the verge of tears.

SOOKIE

Well then where is he?

INT. MANSION PARLOR ROOM - NIGHT

Bill, in a familiar scene, is playing on an antique grand piano. He is wearing a shredded tuxedo, and is completely drenched in blood.

The audience behind him is composed of a dozen or so terrified people, splattered with the blood and gore of the dead sprawled around them.

Some corpses are grotesquely propped up in chairs. Some are even posed in ways that a complete and utter psychopath might consider humorous.

Face tight with pain, Bill forces himself to smile as he sings "Under the Bamboo Tree" -- an old vaudevillian duet.

BILL

(singing)

Down in the jungles lived a maid,
of royal blood though dusky shade,

(CONTINUED)

Lorena slides onto the piano bench beside Bill, arm draping over his shoulders.

She wears the giddy expression of a teenage girl hopelessly in love. She's dressed in a ravishing ballgown -- which is also drenched in blood.

LORENA

(singing)

A marked impression once she made,
upon a Zulu--

BILL

--from Matabooloo,

It is revealed that Bill is shackled with silver chains, burning and sizzling against his skin through tears in his tuxedo as he struggles to play.

Happily pressing her cheek against his, Lorena draws a hooked blade across Bill's chest as she sings. Bill grits his teeth, but doesn't miss a note.

As they continue to sing, she continues to cut.

LORENA

And every morning he would be, down
underneath the bamboo tree,

BILL

A waitin' there his love to see,

LORENA

And then to her he'd sing...

BILL AND LORENA

If you like-a me, like I like-a you
and we like-a both the same! I
like-a say, this very day, I like-a
change your name. 'Cause I love-a
you and love-a you true and if
you-a love-a me, one live as two,
two live as one, under the bamboo--

Lorena jams the blade deeper, right before they finish the song, and Bill gasps, missing the final lyric and screwing up on the piano.

He looks over at Lorena, eyes wide -- but she's already gone.

BILL
Lorena, NO!

One woman in the audience is holding an adolescent girl (the only child there) tightly, tears streaming down her face. The little girl in her arms is silent, catatonic - frozen with shock.

Lorena appears behind the woman with vampire speed and closes her hand around the woman's face -- exploding her head.

The girl closes her eyes and squeals pitifully as the blood pours over her.

Lips peaking up into a vindictive smile, Lorena looks down at the girl.

LORENA
Squeak for me, little mouse.

Twisting around on the bench, unable to stand, Bill pleads with her.

BILL
Lorena!

Lorena snarls at him, reaching for the girl, and Bill softens his tone, giving her his most winning smile.

BILL (CONT'D)
Please, Lorena. Please, let the
little one go? For me? For...us?

Lorena hesitates, and then, amused, roughly shoves the corpse of the woman onto the floor.

Taking a seat beside the shivering, weeping girl, Lorena begins to delicately stroke her hair -- eyes never leaving Bill's.

LORENA
It'd be a mercy to kill this one,
darling. Traumatized as she is.
But...one more song. If you can
make it all the way through the
song this time...I'll let the
piglet go.

Nodding, trembling, Bill dutifully begins to play the song again.

BILL

Down in the jungles lived a maid--

In a flash, Lorena is behind him, fangs out. She viciously bites into his cheek, tearing at the flesh.

Eyes welling up with bloody tears, Bill continues to sing.

BILL

--of royal blood though dusky
shade--

CUT TO BLACK