

BLUE BLOOD
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V9
r-wga

FADE IN

EXT. A TREE LINED HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A '67 Microbus whips past. 70's MUSIC BLARES from open windows.

INT. V.W. MICROBUS - CONTINUOUS

PRUDENCE (19), a hippie, drives. Both she and her companion, ALLY (19), wear loose clothing, no bras.

ALLY
Did it hurt?

PRUDENCE
Nah. I was pretty stoned though.

ALLY
Let me see again.

Prudence shifts her left foot to the pedals and puts her right foot on the dash. On her ankle, a tattoo of a peace sign.

Ally leans close to examine it. A chain dangles from her neck.

ALLY (CONT'D)
Peace. Awesome. I think I'm gonna get one. Like around my wrist?

PRUDENCE
Like Janis Joplin? That would be so cool. I shoulda done that. Groovy necklace.

Ally fingers the necklace. It's a simple silver cross.

ALLY
Mom. Eighteenth birthday.

PRUDENCE
That's cool. Jesus and all.

EXT. A TREE LINED HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The van ROARS past. A sign rocks in the wake: 'TROUBLESOME CREEK.'

SUPER: TROUBLESOME CREEK, KENTUCKY. 1968.
BASED ON HISTORICAL EVENTS.

INT. V.W. MICROBUS - MOMENTS LATER

Prudence glances at the sign as they whiz by.

PRUDENCE
Whoa. Troublesome Creek. That's not, like, very welcoming.

EXT. SIGNAL GAS STATION - NIGHT

Dust covers the worn service station. The sign, old and worn: 'SIGNAL' in vertical blue neon letters. The 'A' and 'L' flicker.

A single mercury vapor lamp casts a blue tint over the area.

At the pump, the Microbus TICKS as it cools. The girls emerge. Stretch. Nipples press through sheer tops.

PRUDENCE
Is this place even open?

The door to the station BANGS open. 'LIL JOHN (55) emerges. Train conductor's hat. Overalls. Name stitched on the breast.

'LIL JOHN
How do?

ALLY
Hi... uh ... 'Lil John.

PRUDENCE
Fill her up?

'LIL JOHN
Why sure I can.

They two look at each other for a moment.

PRUDENCE
Well will you then?

'LIL JOHN
Well sure I will.

'Lil John fuels the van. He sneaks lasciviously peeks at them.

ALLY
You have a restroom?

'LIL JOHN
She's round back.

ALLY
Can I get the key?

'LIL JOHN
Twernt' one needed.

Ally hurries towards the back of the station.

PRUDENCE
Hey Ally?

Ally stops, turns back, and hops from foot to foot in an uncomfortable pee-dance. Prudence smiles at her discomfort.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)
Hover.

Ally flips Prudence the bird and runs off.

'Lil John's eyes travel up Prudence's lithe body, past her tan legs, past her breasts, to her eyes.

Prudence stares back. She winks and 'Lil John looks away.

The lights flicker and hold for a moment.

Prudence's brow furrow's as she notices 'Lil John's skin has a slight grey-blue tinge. His fingernails are purple. Almost black.

EXT. BEHIND THE SIGNAL STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Ally rounds the corner and grimaces with disgust as she discovers the bathroom: a rickety outhouse.

The BUZZ OF FLIES rises above the SOUND OF CRICKETS.

She turns her head away, chokes back a gag, as stench hits her.

ALLY

Jesus! Flies. At night even.

The tree line RUSTLES as the brush moves... or was it the wind?

She stares towards the woods, head cocked. She waits... waits... and then continues on. The boggy ground grabs at her sandals.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Ewww! Gross!

Another SNAP of a twig. This time a little closer.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Is someone there?

She waits. No answer. A few more muddy steps. She pulls open the door to the outhouse. Her head snaps in revulsion.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Oh God. No fucking way.

The inside of the outhouse looks like a shit-bomb went off.

She releases the door. It springs closed with a BAM!

An imposing male SHAPE (30) stands where the door was. Ally opens her mouth to scream but only a YIP! escapes before the Shape snaps out with a powerful hand and chokes off her cry.

The Shape lifts Ally with one hand. One sandal remains stuck in the mud, the other comes out with a SUCKING sound.

EXT. SIGNAL STATION - PUMPS - CONTINUOUS

Prudence tilts her head as she hears the abbreviated scream.

PRUDENCE

Did you hear that?

'Lil John removes the nozzle from the tank but says nothing.

Prudence walks towards the back of the station.

EXT. BEHIND THE SIGNAL STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Shape holds Ally a foot above the ground. Ally claws at his hand. Peels back runnels of flesh. Her legs kick in futility.

The Shape takes a stride forward and slams Ally into the mud. Her eyes flutter as she loses consciousness.

The Shape flips her face-down. Her head lolls in the muck and filth and a LOW MOAN escapes her.

The Shape sits on her back, grabs Ally's ankle, and pulls it up between his legs, and viciously jerks her leg to the left --

WH-SNAP!

The bone shatters near the ankle and bursts through her skin.

Ally SCREAMS, shrill and high.

EXT. SIDE OF THE SIGNAL STATION - CONTINUOUS

Prudence breaks into a run.

EXT. SIGNAL STATION PUMPS - CONTINUOUS

'Lil John chuckles as he hangs up the hose. He calmly walks towards the back of the station.

EXT. BEHIND THE SIGNAL STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Shape releases Ally's disfigured leg and repeats the hobbling process on the other. Ally passes out from pain and shock.

EXT. BACK CORNER OF THE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Prudence rounds the corner, sees the Shape atop Ally's horribly disfigured form, and skids to a stop. The soggy ground won't hold her and her legs whip out from under her. She lands hard and her head THWAPS into the ground. She's dazed.

EXT. outhouse - CONTINUOUS

Ally's legs flop at impossible angles. The Shape dismounts her and walks with a purposeful strides towards Prudence.

EXT. BACK CORNER OF THE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Prudence rises on her elbows. Shakes off the cobwebs. The Shape closes the gap in a few long steps and reaches for her ankle. She draws back a foot and plants her heel in his crotch.

The BREATH HISSES from her attacker. He drops to its knees and now we can see that he wears overalls with one strap undone. His unruly hair and beard cover otherwise vacant eyes and blue-tinged skin. Drool runs from his foul mouth.

Prudence scrambles to her feet and rushes toward the front of the station as 'Lil John approaches. She bowls him over and continues.

EXT. SIGNAL STATION - PUMPS - MOMENTS LATER

Prudence sprints to the driver's side of the van, opens the door --

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

And falls in. She pulls the door closed, frantically reaches for the ignition. The keys are GONE.

She looks at the passenger's side floor, spots Ally's purse, grabs it, and dumps the contents on the floor.

PRUDENCE
Keys keys keys keys.

She frantically sorts through pens, napkins, a wallet --

'LIL JOHN (O.S.)
Lookin' fer something?

Prudence snaps up and looks out the driver's side window. 'Lil John dangles the keys. Prudence SCREAMS as he opens the door.

She pulls her leg back and kicks the door with all of her might.

EXT. SIGNAL STATION - PUMPS - CONTINUOUS

The van door bursts open. 'Lil John spills backwards into a barrel of trash.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Prudence scrambles out the passenger side of the van.

EXT. SIGNAL STATION - PUMPS - MOMENTS LATER

Prudence darts towards the store.

INT. SIGNAL STATION - FRONT COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

A bell above the door JINGLES as Prudence bursts in. Dust flies. She rushes to the register, picks up the phone, and dials '0.' She scans the pump area for her attackers.

PRUDENCE
Hello? Hello?

She jiggles the phone's contacts when she receives no response. She picks up the phone and discovers there's no line attached.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)
Shit!

She looks out the window. 'Lil John rises, dusts himself off. The Shade shambles up. They both look towards the station.

Prudence drops to a duck-walk and scrambles into a nearby aisle.

INT. SIGNAL STATION - BY THE COOLERS - MOMENTS LATER

Prudence pauses by coolers stocked with bottles of Nehi soda. FOOTSTEPS approach. She duck-walks to a door next to the coolers.

INT. SIGNAL SERVICE STATION - FRONT COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

The bell above the door JINGLES as 'Lil John and The Shape enter. They survey the store. 'Lil John notes the disturbed phone. The footprints. He tracks them to the door that leads to the coolers.

INT. SIGNAL SERVICE STATION - COOLER - CONTINUOUS

Prudence duck-walks toward the back of the dark cooler. Shafts of dim light filter in from the store. She looks through the bottles into the store and can see the legs of 'Lil John and The Shape.

She backs into a dark corner. Hands clasped over her mouth to stifle her fear.

INT. SIGNAL SERVICE STATION - FRONT COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

'Lil John slaps the Shape in the chest and points at the prints. The Shape takes a step but 'Lil John holds him back.

'LIL JOHN

We know yer back there, sow pig.

INT. SIGNAL STATION - COOLER - CONTINUOUS

Prudence shrinks back farther.

'LIL JOHN (O.S.)

You must be damt' near 'tarded hiding in a closet with but one way out.

INT. SIGNAL SERVICE STATION - FRONT COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

The Shape CHUCKLES. Ropes of drool connect his chin to his chest.

'LIL JOHN

What you laughing at, window licker? She dernt near got away 'cuz of you.

'Lil John reaches over and flicks on a light.

INT. SIGNAL SERVICE STATION - COOLER - CONTINUOUS

The light from the store spills through the colorful bottles of Nehi and cuts a swath across Prudence's panicked face.

Also illuminated are the big black boots and denim covered legs of TOM-DAN (30) directly behind Prudence.

His blue-tinged hands slowly move toward Prudence's head.

Like a snake-strike, Tom-Dan grabs Prudence's head in his large hands and jerks her to her feet.

INT. SIGNAL SERVICE STATION - FRONT COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

As Prudence SCREAMS O.S. over and over again 'Lil John CHUCKLES and shakes his head at her stupidity. The Shape joins in.

'LIL JOHN
Stupid fucking sow pig!

From the cooler comes the sound of GLASS BOTTLES BREAKING.

'LIL JOHN (CONT'D)
Goddamit Tom-Dan! You best not break my
Nehi's!

EXT. CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA - DAY

The city of Charleston rises in the distance.

SUPER: CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA. 1996.

INT. DAPHNE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Two shapes are tangled in the covers. Light seeps around blinds.

A clock-radio blinks to life and an overly-enthusiastic MORNING DJ (30) wrecks the perfect silence.

MORNING DJ (ON THE RADIO)
Time to get your lazy asses out of bed,
Charleston. It's another picture-perfect
day, though there's a chance of late-
afternoon thunderstorms as...

RON (20) reaches over and switches off the radio. He sits up, rubs his black hair and stubbled chin. He's fit with the square jaw that hints at a future in a corporate America boardroom.

He glances at his bed-mate, DAPHNE (20). Admires her bare back. A quick glance at the time, and then back to the curves.

He pushes her blond hair away from her face. Trails the finger from the top of her spine to the top of her ass. A smile creeps onto her lips but her eyes remain closed.

DAPHNE
That feels good. Do we have time?

Ron looks at the clock and his face drops.

Daphne opens her eyes. Even just-awake, her classic southern Barbie good looks hint at a life of luxury and Mint Julep's.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
You need to finish what you start, big
boy.

RON
I need to get back to my place and
shower. I've got a seven-fifteen.

He stands and pulls on his pants. She sits up, frustrated.

DAPHNE

Rut.

RON

As in 'you and me should'?

DAPHNE

No. As in 'you and me are in one.' Why can't you just shower here? Tell me again, why we aren't living together?

RON

We've been through this. My folks --

DAPHNE

We've been going out for two years, Ron. Is this how it's going to be? Every morning you run out?

RON

Can we talk about this later?

Ron turns, about to leave, when --

DAPHNE

Sure. Walk on out.

He turns, leans over, and kisses her.

RON

I know we need to do something --

DAPHNE

Anything.

RON

I'm working on it.

He leans in to kiss her again but she turns her cheek.

EXT. CHARLESTON COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY

Students move about the campus dressed in summer clothes.

INT. CHARLESTON COMMUNITY COLLEGE - GEOLOGY CLASS - DAY

Students shuffle in as their teacher, MARTIN WINGATE (35), fit with short, stubbly salt-n-pepper hair writes on the board. He has the sort of charm, humor and easy smile of a good used car salesman.

WINGATE

Settle down. Let's get to it, gang.

The door RATTLES open and SHANE (20), African American, walks in. He's Lenny Kravitz-esque with 'fro and ripped body encased in a tight T-shirt.

SHANE

Sorry, Mr. W.

WINGATE

Grab a seat. Everyone have their release?

Shane sits near his girlfriend, LISA (19). They obviously work out together as evidenced by Lisa's taugth body. She drops Shane a sexy wink as he sits behind her.

Daphne and Ron sit near the front of the class. Ron leans up, puts his hand on her shoulder and whispers in her ear. She's still mad and she shrugs his hand from her shoulder. Ron slumps back, a look of worry and concern on his face.

DAPHNE

Exactly who are we releasing from what?

WINGATE

You're releasing the school from any bodily harm that may occur on said trip.

RON

And our destination is?

WINGATE

How many of you know that we're only 2 short hours from the Southern Appalachian Seismic Zone?

Blank faces look back at him.

WINGATE (CONT'D)

Why does this not surprise me? You're two hours from one of the most active tectonic stress regions east of the Mississippi.

This fails to spark their interest. More blank faces.

WINGATE (CONT'D)

When you see the power these 'quakes exert, the way they've lifted and twisted the earth, tons of earth, it's... it's... word's can't describe it.

RON

So --

WINGATE

Kentucky. Near the base of the Appalachian's. The place we're going has the most spectacular waterfall and you can actually see where the earth's been uplifted to expose different strata all the way back to the Precambrian age. It'll blow your mind.

Shane leans close to Lisa.

SHANE

Hey, Kentucky's for lovers, right?

HOWARD (19) picks his head up from his textbook to respond.

HOWARD
That's Virginia, dumbass.

Shane playfully smacks Howard in the back of the head.

SHANE
Same thing bookworm.

HOWARD
They're two completely different
states... dumbass.

WINGATE
Knock it off, you two. Kentucky is a
beautiful place filled with pleasant,
happy people.

JACK (21), very athletic, with a backward baseball cap sees the
opportunity for an easy one-liner.

JACK
Uh huh. That's where you married your
mother's daughter?

As the class CHUCKLES, Howard, ever the studious one, glances at
SUE (19) to gauge her reaction to Jack's line. She smiles. He
smiles too.

Sue, blouse buttoned to the top, shakes her head at Jack's crass
joke. She presses a hand to her mouth to stifle a giggle.

WINGATE
We leave Saturday morning. Remember, no
show, no grade. Be in front of the school
around seven. We leave at eight, OK?
Eight sharp.

Wingate starts in on the day's lesson.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE WINGATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A Nissan 350Z sits parked on the street by an apartment.

INT. JILL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

JILL (34) sits behind the wheel and listens to the car TICK for a
moment. She adjusts the mirror and checks her blonde hair. She's
pretty. A little desperate. She's already hit the snooze on the
biological clock a few times and wants to settle.

Wingate, in the passenger's seat, calculates his chances.

WINGATE
Thanks for driving.

JILL
My pleasure. Thank you for dinner. It was
great. I've got a thing for lobster. Is
your car in the shop?