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Lost Boys: The Thirst

By Evan Charnov

As soon as you feed, Senator,
you won't need these anymore.
Holy shit!
It's the attack of Grandpa Munster!
Gross.
Damn it.
Sorry to ruin your party, Senator.
Don't worry,
we'll have you out of here in two minutes.
- Thank you.
- Edgar! Aah!
Alan? Alan!
Alan!
Alan.
Alan. Alan, are you okay?
No. No, Alan, no. No, Alan!
Alan!
I am a vampire.
Oh, yeah?
Well, abracadabra. I'm an umpire.
Hocus pocus.
Mr. Frog?
Yeah?
Were you sleeping?
I work nights.
- Apparently not hard enough.
- Hmm.
You're in default on your loans...
...and the bank is repossessing
this property.
This would include any...
...structure currently
on the property as well.
- Are you serious?
- You have one week to vacate.
Have a good day.
Fucking vampires.
- Cash or store credit?
- Cash.
Comes to 65 even.
Sixty-five dollars?
Are you kidding me? I mean, this issue
of Destroy All Vampires number 125...
...in nearly mint condition

is worth 50 bucks alone.
In near-mint condition.
I know near-mint condition
and that ain't it.
What are you talking about?
I haven't even opened this book.
It's been boarded and bagged
since the day I got it.
Well, let's have a look.
There are stress marks
at the staple points.
The, uh, cover has lost at least 15 percent
of its gloss...
...the pages are yellow...
...and there's significant
rubbing and fading at the corners.
Hmm.
Now, if you were willing to part
with that Batman number 14...
...I, uh, might be able
to do a little bit better.
That's not gonna happen.
Happens to have
some sentimental value to it.
That's my offer, Frog.
Take it or leave it.
All right, pay me.
Have a nice day.
I hate happy people.
- Hmm.
- Hey, Edgar.
Did you make any money off of Frank?
Are you kidding?
He gave me 65 bucks for everything.
Ugh. He's such a cheapskate.
Here, let me see.
Uh, not that one.
But there's still some good stuff in here.
You want me to put it up on eBay,
see what I can get?
Uh, sure, why not.
Every little bit helps right now.
Where do I find the graphic novels?
You mean comic books.

No, I mean graphic novels.
I don't read comic books. I'm not a geek.
Oh, well, I can't help you then.
Here at the Book O'Neer, geek is chic.
- Try Barnes & Noble.
- Whatever.
I guess you don't want me
to spend any money here.
That guy gets on my last nerve.
- You know him?
- By reputation only.
His name is Jonny Trash.
He's a celebrity blogger.
What the hell is he doing here
in San Cazador?
- They're here for the X-Party.
- The X-Party?
- What's that?
- A rave.
And it's gonna be here?
If you believe the rumors.
But they're not telling anyone where
it's gonna be until the night of the event.
Great.
Sounds like the final nail in my coffin.
What...?
Bye.
Oh, shit!
Who the hell parked...?
My truck.
You sure don't look like a cold-blooded,
meaner-than-hell, badass vampire killer.
Excuse me?
You're Edgar Frog.
Sworn enemy to nightcrawlers
and bloodsuckers the world over.
I'm sorry, lady.
You must have me confused
with somebody else.
I'm Gwen. Gwen Lieber.
- Hi.
- And there is no confusion.
You are the same Edgar Frog
that destroyed covens...

...in Santa Carla, Luna Bay
and in Washington, D.C.
I have no idea what you're talking about.
Can we go inside to talk?
You got two minutes.
It's my brother, Peter.
He's been kidnapped.
A couple of years ago,
he started getting into trouble.
He was hanging out
with all the wrong kind of people.
Hmm.
And three weeks ago,
he went to Ibiza to this rave party thing...
...and he disappeared.
He started following around
this guy, DJ X.
He throws these events called X-Parties.
Yeah, I've heard of him.
Hi.
The same people
that are throwing this party...
...are throwing similar parties
all over the world.
And at these raves,
they're handing out this new designer drug.
It's called the Thirst.
- It comes in little ampoules like this one.
- Why would I care about...
...a bunch of drug addicts
with glow sticks?
Because the Thirst is not a drug.
It's vampire blood.
Nobody has seen him since.
Edgar, they are using these raves
to breed an army of vampires.
They're creating
their own global pandemic.
They've already infected hundreds
in Spain.
Done the same in Thailand, Rio
and in Greece.
And now the rumors say
that they're on their way here.

I'm not interested.
Look, I would obviously pay you
for your trouble.
And this could well be the last time that
you would have to do something like this.
All of my research suggests...
...that the Thirst is made from the blood
of the head vampire.
- The head vampire.
- The bloodsucking alpha.
- The alpha.
- From the Greek, "root"...
...meaning the first.
The original.
I knew that.
I'm still not interested.
And your two minutes are up.
I'm staying at the Hotel Cazador.
I truly hope that you'll reconsider.
I know you couldn't save your brother...
...but, Edgar,
maybe you can help me save mine.
Hmph.
Go and check on our guest, would you?
Hi, handsome.
How are you feeling?
Hmm. Poor little thing.
Just try to relax.
This will all be over soon.
Why would anyone
jump out of a perfectly good airplane?
Because it's so fucking fun!
You make sure our package arrives
in one piece.
And send someone to take care of Frog.
DJ X...
...the man behind the machine. I've been
whoring the fuck out of your next party...
...on my website,
and you can't even text me back?
You know how many media impressions
that is a day?
Don't put your hands on me, man.
I don't even know you.

That's our head of security, Kirk O'Dale.
There...

...now you know him.

Well, just wait a minute.

If you don't give an interview right now...

...then I swear I'll make it
my personal mission in life...

...to make sure that no one goes
to any more of your stupid parties ever.

Well, we wouldn't want that.

After all...

...ever is a long time.

Step into my office.

I've got the blues

I've got the blues

I ain't got nothing but the blues

I ain't got nothing but the blues

Why did you go?

Ugh. Creepy.

Why did you go

And leave me here with the blues?

And leave me here with the blues?

You left me sad and you left me sore

You left me with the lowdown blues

Hello, Edgar.

What brings you all the way down here?

Now I have to have an excuse

to visit my own brother?

At 1 in the morning, yeah.

I figured you'd be up.

I've recently learned

there's a nightcrawler...

...who's created a new designer drug
that he's handing out to kids at raves.

The only problem is it's not a drug...

...it's vampire blood.

He's breeding an undead army...

...and the only thing that stands
between him...

...and the annihilation...

...of the entire human race...

...potentially...

...would be us.

The Frog Brothers.

We haven't been the Frog Brothers
for a long time.

I just...

- I can't do it without you.

- What about Sam?

Sam's gone.

He turned,

and, uh, I had to do what I had to do.

I guess that cancels out

Michael and Star.

Yeah. I'm pretty much persona non grata
with the entire Emerson family at this point.

- Laddie?

- He's moved on.

He's got a wife, kids.

He's got a real life now.

- Yeah, well, so do I.

- You call this a life?

- This from a guy who lives in a trailer.

- Okay, so I've got nothing.

But at least I know what side I'm on!

Alan, if this is the head vampire,
then maybe we can kill him.

If we kill him,

then we just gotta find the one above him...

...and then on and on like that forever.

- They are telling me that this is the alpha.

The O.G. of all bloodsuckers,
the head vampire.

It's a pyramid scheme, Edgar.

Always has been.

What if this is it though?

What if this really is the head vampire?

Get this...

...and get it good, Edgar.

As far as I'm concerned...

...there's no such thing as vampires.

Hola, Trashynistas.

I'm sitting here with the one, the only...

...DJ X.

I'm sorry for those of you
who have a shitty connection.

I guess you'll just have to take my word
for when I tell you...

...the man's absolutely scrumptious.
They'll just have to
come and see me in person.
Yeah, well,
they'll just have to get in line. Ha, ha.
So, DJ X,
why do you think the detached and the...
...you know, the disconnected youth
of today have latched on so fervently...
...to your parties?
Because I create a place...
...where all the lost souls of the world
can come together.
A place where they can do
what they want...
...whenever they wanna do it.
Yeah,
you heard it straight from the man himself...
...all you lost boys and girls. This is
gonna be the biggest rave of the century.
And we'll let you know where
it's gonna be an hour before this event...
...so stay tuned to this website
for the deets.
That was a great interview, X.
Thank you so much.
No, no, thank you...
...for getting the word out.
I wanna have as many people at this event
as possible.
It's my pleasure.
And I mean that.
So anyhow, what do you guys
have to drink in this jalopy?
You.
Death to all vampires.
Maximum body count.
We're awesome monster bashers.
- The meanest.
- The baddest.
Edgar.
If I'm gonna do this,
I'm gonna need weapons.
Lots of weapons.

Lots of really expensive,
custom-made weapons.

Well, of course. Come in.

Hmm.

Please have a seat.

So aren't you the least bit curious
on how I know so much about vampires?

Not really.

I know who you are.

You're Gwen Lieber. Bestselling author
of the Eternity Kiss series.

First of which is about to be made
into a major motion picture...

...coming soon to a theater near you.

Oh, you've heard of me. I'm flattered.

Don't be. Your books suck.

I'm sorry you feel that way.

Doesn't really matter what I think.

You've got millions of emo-goth sheep
all over the world...

...who eat up every last word of it,
and keep coming back for more.

I'm sure you've made quite a nice living
off your supernatural bodice-rippers.

I'll have you know, I have gotten glowing
reviews from every major periodical.

Bought and paid for, I'm sure.

Just like me.

What is your problem, Frog?

My problem?

My problem is you glorify vampirism.

You make being a vampire look...

...sexy.

Well...

...there has always been an element
of eroticism in vampire mythology.

There is nothing sexy

about being a member of the undead.

Well, perhaps I have made a serious mistake
in coming to you.

If you came to me expecting me to ask
for your autograph, then yes, you did.

But if you came to me

expecting me to kill a shitload of vampires...

...that I can do.
Don't like the stake...
...maybe it needs a little garlic?
Here we go.
Freshly served.
Shit.
Eat that.
- Frog.
- Edgar, it's Gwen.
Can you come by my hotel right away?
It's rather important.
All right. I'll be right there.
Hello, Edgar.
So, what's so important you need me
to come down here right away?
Well, I thought you should meet
your new partner.
When you turned me down,
I was desperate, so I hired someone else...
...and I'd really feel bad making him come
all the way from Hollywood for nothing.
Hollywood?
I don't like the sound of it. Who is this?
Lars Von Goetz?
Lars, this is...
Oh, yeah. The Toad.
Frog.
- Edgar Frog.
- That's what I said.
Yeah.
I'm Lars Von Goetz.
But you already knew that.
And this is Claus, my camera operator.
So let's go kick the shit
out of some little rave punks, huh?
But first, I gotta eat.
I got the metabolism
of a 12-year-old boy.
Can I speak with you for a minute?
Right.
Never fear, Lars Von Goetz is here.
As long as the check clears.
Lars Von Goetz?
You hired Lars Von Goetz?

- I thought you'd be happy.

- Happy?

First you expect me

to kill a head vampire...

...then you expect me

to babysit some reality show reject?

You're not going to have to babysit him.

Haven't you seen his show?

The man's wrestled a grizzly bear,
a lion and an alligator.

He's amazing.

That was staged.

All reality shows are staged, okay?

Von Goetz, whatever his name is,
he's a fraud.

Vampires are, like,

- Well, I think he can take care of himself.

- We'll see about that.

That creepy guy's looking at me.

- Oh, gross.

- Here's the deal.

If I'm gonna do this,

I'm gonna need weapons.

Right. You said that.

I'll go see my guy tomorrow.

- You don't want me to come with you?

- No.

He's a little twitchy about new faces.

Listen, buddy, if you're looking
for the diet frozen-yogurt bar...

...it went out of business last summer.

Actually,

I'm looking for a Batman number 14.

That's a very serious book, man.

Only five in existence.

Four, actually.

I'm always looking out

for the other three.

Edgar, since I know...

...I'll never be able to talk you

out of what you're about to do...

...I can't let you go up against a potential
head vampire without giving you this.

One of the first books on vampire hunting

ever written.

It'll hopefully keep you safe.

Watch your back. Alan.

P.S. If you're still alive on Tuesday,
be sure to call Mom.

It's her birthday.

- Book O'Neer.

- Hey, Zoe.

I need your help with something.

- It's important.

- Sure.

I'll be waiting.

Wow, so the Gwen Lieber

hired you to find her kidnapped brother?

Yeah, and I think this book

might help me figure out...

...where they've taken him to.

I need you to scour it for any clues,
anything you can find.

I don't see how this old book is gonna
help you find anyone, but I'll give it a try.

Do me a favor.

If you happen to run across
anything in here...

...that talks about human sacrifice
or anything like that, make note of it.

All right.

Cool.

Uh, do you wanna tell me why?

Not really.

Could put your life in danger.

Okay.

Oh, my gosh.

Where's Frog?

Back off, fucko!

Or what? You gonna mace me?

Somebody needed a light?

Frog.

Ugly.

You're dead.

Suck on this.

Watch out!

Nice.

Mace?

Holy water.

I feel like pancakes.

Order up.

I found a whole section
of young male vampire sacrifices.

And look, there's a Blood Moon.

They call it that because the moon's face
is deep red or crimson hue.

So they're gonna make a sacrifice
under the Blood Moon.

Exactly.

This Friday is a Blood Moon.

So they're gonna
sacrifice Peter at the rave.

- Well, Edgar, you can't let that happen.

- All right, if I'm gonna do this...

...I need to find out where the rave is
and I need to find out fast.

Well, technically, raves are illegal...

...so the promoters aren't gonna say
where it is until the last minute.

You said that the rumor is that
it was gonna be here in San Cazador.

Even if it is here,

San Cazador is a big place.

If we're gonna find out where that nest is...

...we need to learn

how to think like a vampire.

Bloodsuckers have a tendency
to look for a place...

...that's got a history
of suffering and death.

You know of a place like that here?

There's an old slaughterhouse
on San Cazador Island.

Slaughterhouse?

Perfect.

Nothing vampires love more
than blood and carnage.

If there's a slaughterhouse on that island,
that's where they'll be.

Let me go.

- I promise, I...

- Uh-uh-uh.

Let's not make any promises
we can't keep.

You just lie here
like a good piece of veal...
...and maybe I'll bring you
a nice glass of warm milk.

Hmm.

So where are we going?
My friend likes his privacy.
The name's Blake.

Used to be a congressman
before he learned the truth.
What's up with all the razor wire?

Yo, Blake. Open up.

It's Edgar.

Whew. Edgar.

- How's it hanging?

- What's up, Blake?

Holy-water grenade.

- Nice touch.

- Yeah.

- Needs a little work, though.

- Yeah.

Who the hell's this?

Oh, this is Zoe.

She's cool.

Yeah, I'll be the judge of that.

Touch the cross. Do it now.

Zoe, manners.

- Nice to meet you.

- Blake.

What's with the bike?

Oh, that's a beauty.

I've been working on her for a full year.

Renovations, the lot.

She's gonna be a real killer.

Yeah. Unfortunately, wouldn't do us
much good on this mission.

What else you got?

Welcome to the lair.

What happened to this thing?

Looks like something
blew up in the barrel.

You should see the vampire

I was pointing it at.
Let's just say the gun came out
on the winning side.
Nice new stuff, Blake.
I like it.
You looking for something
to replace your Old Reliable?
Never.
Ah, you say that now.
Feast your eyes on this.
An old Russki RG-6 grenade launcher.
Whoa.
Heavy.
Fires 40 mm fragmentation grenades.
Not this one.
This one fires these.
What is it? Holy water?
Mixed with a little garlic.
Just for giggles.
- I'll take it.
- I thought you might.
- Here you go.
- Thanks.
What's this?
Hey, put that down, please.
Very carefully, okay?
That is a prototype resin grenade.
I stole it from a military testing facility
at Groom Lake.
- What does it do?
- Oh, shit.
Cool.
Yeah, cool.
I will take that other resin grenade,
though.
Gotta hand it to the grays...
...they sure are good at making weapons.
Well, it's a pleasure doing business
with you, Edgar, as always.
Mm.
Say, you guys wanna stay for dinner?
I got beans.
Yeah, you do.
What the hell are these?

Those?

- Those are, uh...

- A reminder.

Vampires.

They must have tracked us here.

- What did you do to them?

- High-powered UV lamps.

Edgar, all the weapons are in the car.

I guess we're gonna have to improvise.

They've taken out the UV lights.

Hi, sweetheart,

aren't you gonna invite me in?

No. You're not invited.

Wait. Where are you going?

Holy shit, we gotta get out of here.

They'll kill us if we go outside.

I'd rather be bit than burned.

Come on, let's go!

- Hi there.

- Guys, get down!

Say hello to Old Painless.

Now, that's what I call a stakeout.

It's cool, right?

Yeah, it should be. It's my design.

If all of these freaks go to the island
and take the Thirst at the rave...

...we're gonna have a full-on
vampire invasion on our hands.

Okay, man, you got the glow sticks?

Let's roll.

Oh, yeah.

Oh, yes.

Hey. You didn't tell me...

...Lars Von Goetz was gonna be here.

- Yeah.

- I was kind of hoping he wasn't.

- Oh, yeah.

- That guy is a total animal.

- Yes, baby.

You see the episode

where he wrestled the grizzly bear?

- Missed it.

- Oh, yeah.

Toad.

Hmm.

So, hmm, who's your friend?

Hi. I'm Zoe.

Zoe.

Tell me, Zoe, is it just me...

...or is there some serious chemistry between us?

That's just you.

Okay.

Edgar.

I hope you brought your bathing suit.

I thought we should blend in with the other partygoers.

Covert infiltration.

It's a good idea.

Hi, I'm Gwen.

Yeah, I know.

I've sold, like, a bazillion of your books.

- I'm Zoe.

- Right.

You work in a bookstore?

Part-time.

And Edgar thinks that you're qualified for this mission?

Just how many bloodsuckers have you killed, Miss Lieber?

- None.

- More qualified than you.

Well, this is Edgar's show, and I trust him.

Did I mention I hated her books?

So do I.

Rave!

All right, everybody.

According to the blueprints...

...there's an entrance to the slaughterhouse through a series of underground tunnels...

...which will lead us directly to where the rave is.

Now, remember, everyone, there will be a lot of civilians around.

Toadies, not familiars.

Just innocent partygoers who are all there because they think they're gonna have...

...fun.
Because of this, you will be armed...
...with weapons that are non-lethal
to anything with a heartbeat.
This is a sawed-off, pump action,
Soak and Destroy water gun.
Patent pending.
Turns holy water...
...into holy slaughter.
Zoe, you take it.
Claus...
...it's a high-powered UV torch.
Tie it around your waist.
You'll thank me later.
Edgar, what about me?
You're staying here.
The hell I am!
This is my brother we are talking about.
I understand that...
...but this is not one of your books,
Gwen.
Everybody on this mission
is a trained veteran.
You could be killed, or worse...
...you could be turned into one of them.
- Okay, time out.
Listen, Gwen, I totally buy into
your little vampire goth games...
...that's what you're paying me to do,
but I'm calling bullshit.
If Gwen wants to go, she can go.
Not as long as I'm in charge
of this mission.
It's all right, Lars.
Listen to him.
Edgar knows what he's talking about.
He's an experienced vampire hunter.
Wrong. I'm sorry to be the one
to break this to you...
...but there are no
experienced vampire hunters...
...because there are no vampires.
They do not exist.
Hmm.

Zoe, take these stakes,
strap them to your leg.
And why does she get stakes?
Oh, I'm sorry.
I thought you were Mr. Tough Guy...
...who wrestled a 6-foot alligator with your
bare hands. You don't need weapons.
No, it was 10-foot.
- And I still want stakes.
- Fine.
There's some stakes.
Why are hers metal?
You get what you get.
Let's go.
Edgar, wait.
Bring him back safe.
I'll do my best.
Move out.
Hey, Toad.
Couldn't we come back at night?
It would look so much better on camera.
No. Vampires feed at night...
...and I don't plan on
sticking around for dinner.
Is this the VIP room?
Oh, most definitely.
- When's the party supposed to start?
- Not for a while.
You guys got here early.
Oh, are those promise rings?
- So cute.
- Is that blood on your face?
Oh! I think I just broke my coccyx.
Forget the coccyx, is the camera okay?
- Radio check.
- Check.
- Check.
- Check.
All right. Once inside,
our main objective is to extract Peter.
Killing vampires is our second priority.
All right, everybody...
...let's rock 'n' roll.
Heads up.

Hey, did you name your new gun yet?

Shh.

What?

Did you name your new gun yet?

What are you talking about?

All guns need a name.

Like boats.

Boats are for sailors...

...guns are for soldiers.

I'm no sailor.

- Lars.

- What?

I'm getting a really bad feeling about this.

Ugh. What, you mean being deep within
the earth beneath a thousand tons of rock?

Are you feeling "Claus-trophobic"?

Get it? "Claus-trophobic"?

That's not funny.

I'm serious, man, look around you.

This shit's freaking me out.

Jeepers.

All right, here's the deal.

We're gonna go to the left,
you guys go to the right.

Zoe, you're with me.

Lars and Claus, do whatever it is you do.

We'll reconvene back on the beach...

...maybe.

You know,

I kind of hate the fact we split up.

People in horror movies always split up
and they always get killed.

There's nothing to worry about, Claus.

Don't you get it?

This is all some stupid role-playing game.

All we're gonna find is some little emo goth
kids with fake fangs and contact lenses.

You think this is a game?

Of course I think it's a game. Why else
would the Toad give me a water pistol?

Besides, my fans are tired of seeing me
tackle every natural predator on the planet.

Now, we need to give them
something new to watch.

But if you're right...
...you're gonna be beating up a bunch
of kids with fake fangs and contact lenses.
I know.
Isn't it great?
This is the entrance
to the slaughterhouse.
Time for Mr. Frog's wild ride.
Ow.
Claus, we gotta find a place
to do my intro.
Oh, yeah.
This is perfect.
Okay.
Using my tracking ability,
we've located the nest of the vampires...
...deep within
this abandoned slaughterhouse.
It's also haunted...
...by cannibal pirates.
It's built on an
ancient Indian burial ground...
...where they used to burn witches.
Oh.
A promise ring.
Virgins.
Vampire filet mignon.
Ugh. What kind of fucked up shit is this?
Are you Peter?
Please, help me.
Dude. Turn around, let's go.
- What?
- It's too early to find him.
We gotta find him
at the end of the episode.
I haven't even had the chance
to put the beat-down on any goths yet.
- But he's right here.
- Dude, turn around.
Sorry, Peter. Let's go.
What the fuck?
Where are you bastards going?
Something smells really bad in here.
It's a slaughterhouse.

I don't mean the typical
bad slaughterhouse dead meat smell...
...I mean I smell something...
- It smells like rotting garbage.
Trash.
Yeah, like I said. Rotting garbage.
No.
I mean Jonny Trash.
Jeez Louise.
Jeez Louise? Really?
Zoe, get down!
- You hear that?
- What?
I think it's coming from down there.
What are you doing?
Lars.
Lars.
Dude, where's my gear?
You left it up...
Oh, shit.
What?
Oh, okay.
Is this it?
I've been waiting 300 years
for a good fight.
Have you had enough, punk?
Nice outfit.
That's funny...
...that's exactly what I was thinking.
But I still have to kill you.
I'm surprised.
By what?
You're really not that good.
- Aah!
- Edgar!
Zoe. I got this.
Ah, shit! Damn bullets!
See, now that's what happens
when you don't name your gun.
Just pull out the sword!
- On three.
- Okay.
Three.
What happened to one and two?

Edgar? Edgar? Oh, God.
Lars, what's your 20?
- It's not Lars, it's Claus.
- Claus, where's Lars?
He's dead.
Lars is dead.
We're so completely and totally fucked.
Claus, calm down. Just breathe.
We have to get Edgar out of here
before reinforcements arrive.
- Oh, my God. Zoe, what happened?
- Just help us lay him down.
Claus, first-aid kit.
Hang in there.
Everything's gonna be fine.
Hold this.
Edgar, stay with me.
Notice anything unusual
about Santa Carla yet?
No, it's a pretty cool place...
...if you're a Martian.
Or a vampire.
Are you guys sniffing old newsprint
or something?
You think you know what's
happening around here, don't you?
Well, I'll tell you something.
You don't know shit, buddy.
Yeah. You think we just work
in a comic-book store for our folks, huh?
Actually, I thought it was a bakery.
This is just our cover.
We're dedicated to a higher purpose.
We're fighters for truth...
...justice...
...and the American way.
Edgar.
- Edgar.
- What?
- What happened to me?
- You're okay.
Did we get him? Did we get Peter?
Claus found him,
but they ran into some trouble.

They had him tied
to some twisted table kind of thing...
...pumping him full of drugs,
trying to keep him sedated.
Where's your boss? Von Geek?
Some big-ass, massive juggernaut
of a vampire got him.
Tore his heart right out of his chest.
Got it on tape, though.
I'd like to see that
when you get a chance.
- He'd like that.
- Thanks.
Gwen...
...it's gonna be okay.
We'll get him.
It's not over yet.
Payback's a bitch.
Damn straight. Let's go.
Rave! Rave!
It's starting.
All right, come on.
Hey!
Hey, there.
Do you wanna party?
And now,
the man you've been waiting for, DJ X!
Are you ready for a sacrifice?
Blood, blood, blood!
Blood, blood, blood!
Blood, blood, blood!
Hold up.
Oh, my God. There he is.
If they get through that fence,
we're so undeniably fucked.
The sooner we take out X,
the sooner that won't be a problem.
Okay, but what about Peter?
All right, listen up, everyone.
I want you all to hold back.
I've only got one shot at this.
I'm gonna immobilize X
and then we go in for the kill.
Everybody, stay put. Got it?

- Got it.
- Good.
Put on something nasty, X.
I think I found someone
I wanna dance with.
He dropped it. I'm going in.
Zoe, wait.
Get in here and help me. Come on.
That is exactly
how I'm going to break your neck.
Vinyl still shreds.
Very creative, Frog.
But when it comes to killing...
...I prefer more traditional methods...
...like impalement.
Claus, cover us!
Shit. Shit.
You fought admirably.
But you were doomed to fail
from the start.
I've fought beside great warriors...
...learned battle techniques...
...that can only be mastered
over several lifetimes.
And do you know
what the first rule of combat is?
Yeah, don't monologue.
There's a lot of vampires down here.
Guys, I can't hold them off forever.
Fuck me. Fuck me!
Edgar!
Nice work. I've got it.
You're right. Impalement is good.
Especially when you pierce the heart.
Peter.
All right, everybody, listen up.
The party's officially over.
You don't have to go home,
but you can't stay here.
Peter, can you hear me?
- Eew.
- Buckets of eew.
Edgar, something's wrong.
Yeah, I'd say.

No, I mean we killed DJ X,
but I don't feel any different.
Something's wrong.
They're still vampires. Nothing's changed.
Edgar...
...this smells like garlic.
Garlic?
Let me see.
You're right, it...
They were keeping him weak.
You're the alpha.
Oh, I bet you did not see that coming.
Thanks to you.
If X had been able to drink my blood
during the Blood Moon...
...my power would have passed to him...
...and that would have been a shame.
I've been the alpha for a long, long time.
You'll never grow old, you'll never die...
...but you must feed.
I brought you Edgar Frog,
just like you asked.
Now it is your turn.
Remember your promise to me.
I just don't wanna grow old. Sorry.
Oh...
...you won't.
They're all yours!
Alan, wait!
No, no, no, this is not a good time
for the batteries to die.
Claus, I need you to get Zoe to safety.
Edgar, I'm not leaving without you.
If we don't kill Peter right now...
...there's gonna be a thousand
emo-goth vampires out there.
I need you to warn the world.
Especially in case I don't survive.
That's not an option.
I'll be waiting.
Just go.
Come on.
Claus.
I'm disappointed in you, Edgar.

This is no way to treat your savior.
Savior? You got a funny way
of looking at things, kid.
I saved you from a life of loneliness.
You didn't want to end up
like Robert Neville, did you? Ha, ha.
- Robert who?
- You really should read more books, Edgar.
The ones without pictures
and word balloons.
Robert Neville,
the protagonist in I Am Legend.
Last man on Earth
in a world full of vampires.
Is that really what you want to become?
I'm not thirsty.
You'll have to kill me first.
I will, if necessary.
But that would be a shame...
...especially since I owe you a debt
for killing X.
Why didn't you just kill him yourself?
A father can't murder his own children.
That would be in bad taste.
Even an impertinent little shit like DJ X.
I told him you can't turn all the cattle
into cowboys...
...you'll wind up with too many cowboys.
But he didn't listen.
And now, thanks to his damned raves...
...there are going to be far too many
vampires roaming the Earth.
That's where you come in.
Keep the population down
to a manageable size.
Plenty of blood to drink.
Everybody's happy.
Precisely.
Which is why I want you to keep on doing
what you're already so very good at.
Hunting and killing vampires.
So you want me to be your own personal
hemo-sucking hit man, is that it?
Crudely worded...

...but yes, that's the general idea.
And what makes you think...
...that I won't just kill you myself?
Nothing.
Except that you have no real reason.
Think about it, Edgar.
Your brother's already one of us.
Everyone you care about
is either dead or playing for my team.
What do you say?
I say...
...why don't you go suck yourself?
Alan, kill your brother. You'll feel better.
Alan, no.
Don't do this.
You're my brother.
You're a Frog Brother.
Don't make me hurt you.
I told you not to make me hurt you.
Last chance, Edgar.
What the fuck?
Fuck you!
You okay?
Yeah.
Fang check.
Hmm.
Death to all vampires?
Maximum body count.
We are awesome monster bashers.
- The meanest.
- The baddest.
That's enough of that.
Hey. I thought you went to the beach
with your brother?
I did, actually, but, uh,
he wanted to stay out there longer.
He stays out much longer, he's gonna
turn into a human piece of beef jerky.
I guess he's making up for lost time.
- Yeah.
- Oh, guess what.
I sold your copy of Destroy All Vampires
number 125...
...for 500 bucks.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

That's great.

That should keep the bank off my butt
for a while.

Now, Zoe,

there's something I need to ask you.

How did you know vampires are real?

Just a hunch.

What are you reading?

Oh, I'm actually scanning the book
into my Kindle.

I decided, you know...

...I might as well educate myself about
all the possibilities of the dark underworld.

For example,

did you know that lycanthrope...

...or female werewolves, she-wolves...

...actually can change

anytime they want to?

They don't have to do it under a full moon.

That's a myth.

They can turn anytime they want to.

They have complete control.

They can do it in the middle of the day.

Now, that's an interesting theory.