



VAMPED

WRITTEN BY
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Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

CYLUS (18), emo bordering on goth, leans against the brick wall. He paces a bit, the back against the wall. He taps his leg, impatient.

A metal door opens a few feet away

FRED (38), portly and scruffy, hangs in the doorway. He wears a big doctor's coat over his dad slacks and polo shirt.

FRED
Cylus Anders?

CYLUS
Yeah, yeah. Doctor Fred, right?

He motions for Cylus to come in.

Cylus' eyes light up, he hurried in. Casual, almost bored, Fred rolls his eyes. He scans the alley, then closes the door behind him.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cylus walks around the room. There's a dentist's chair with straps, no instruments.

Fred motions to the chair. Cylus sits.

Fred plops down behind the desk.

CYLUS
So, what do I gotta do? Haha.

Cylus shift in his chair, taps his feet. Excitement in his eyes.

FRED
I'm going to ask you a series of questions. Answer them to the best of your knowledge and we'll go from there, m'kay.

CYLUS
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Sounds good.

Fred slides the fast food bags off his desk and into the trash. Pulls a packet from the desk drawer. Flips the first page.

He clears his throat.

He speaks with routine monotone.

FRED

Do you or anyone in your immediate family suffer from a blood disease?

CULUS

No.

FRED

Do you or anyone in your family descend from k nine, specifically wolf lineage?

Cylus pauses in confusion.

CYLUS

Uh. Is that even possible?

FRED

Just answer the question.

CULUS

Uh, no, I'm not a dog.

Fred makes a note in the papers. Turns the page.

FRED

What is your understanding of the concept of eternity?

Cylus scoffs.

CYLUS

I don't know, a sideways right from math class. Look, I'm paying you.

Cylus slaps an envelope on the table.

CYLUS (CONT'D)

I don't know what these questions are supposed to mean, but it seems like you're just messing with me. Now are you going to take this money and do your job or what?

Fred nods, quenching his irritation.

FRED

On more question. Have you ever killed anyone.

Cylus opens his mouth to answer--

FRED (CONT'D)

And know that I can hear a heart flutter form 30 feet away. I can smell a change in your perspiration and the emission of pheromones, particularly those associated with fear. Do not lie to me.

Cylus gulps.

CYLUS

Uh... y-yes. I have.

Fred stares him down.

CYLUS (CONT'D)

It was a uh... a hit and run.

Cylus avoids eye contact.

Fred make a note. Smiles. Takes the envelope of money, shoves it in a drawer.

Fred hops out of his chair, walks around to desk, behind Cylus to the dentist chair in the middle of the room.

He presents it.

FRED

Have a seat.

Cylus' face goes white. He hesitates.

Fred wears a comforting smile that does anything but.

CYLUS

R--right.

Cylus crawls out of his seat, Moises over, plants himself in the dentist chair.

Fred straps Cylus' wrists to the chair. Straps his ankles.

He places his hand on Cylus' forehead, guides his head back. Cylus' neck is tense.

Fred runs the strap across Cylus' forehead. Tightens it.

FRED

Are you ready.

Cylus nods frantically.

Fred opens his mouth. Fangs emerge from his upper row of teeth. One doesn't come out all the way. Fred pulls it down with his index finger.

Cylus' eyes grow wide.

Fred bends down, bites down on Cylus' neck.

Cylus yells.

CYLUS

Wait, wait, wait. No, I change my mind! Ow!

Fred gulps blood.

Cylus' squirms in his seat. His eyes weigh heavy.

CYLUS (CONT'D)

What are... you... doing. Stop... you're supposed to stop...

Cylus calms, his face drained of color. He twitches in his seat, then goes limp.

Fred take a few more gulps. He rises. Stares down at Cylus.

He taps Cylus' face with the back of his hand.

FRED

Think I'm spending eternity with you, kid?

Fred shakes his head. Plops behind his desk. Files the paperwork away. Burps.

FADE OUT.

THE END