

VAMP

A dark comedy

"Pilot"

Written by

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OPEN ON: INT. DARK INDOOR SPACE - NIGHT

A **RAGING FIRE** fills the space. Its almost apocalyptic.

Storage boxes, books, old DVDs--all the junk people keep and ignore for decades--BURNING TO A CRISP. Nothing will survive.

A CLOAKED FIGURE stands in the middle of the inferno, unmoving. Its head turns, observing what's going around them-- but it's almost frozen in place.

A woman's voice calls out: "Damian?"

INT. DINER - NIGHT

DAMIAN (30s LatinX, pale and slim, introspective but essentially a grown boy) SHUDDERS AWAKE. He's sat in a big vinyl booth, and tries to regain his bearings.

VOICE (O.S.)

Damian? Are you listening to me?

DAMIAN

Uh...wh-what were you saying?

A server sets a MILKSHAKE onto the table. The red sugary goop from the canned cherries on top BLEED into the whipped cream. It looks morbid. A hand slowly pulls the shake towards...

MARY (late 20s African-American, smart and acerbic, beautiful but dresses for comfort). She sits across from Damian.

MARY

Look, I get that you're going through something right now, but everybody HAS a little crisis sometimes. There are SO many books about this stuff. I haven't read them, but you know, they're THERE. This kind of thing happens all the time. You need to have that "OH SHIT" moment, you know? So you can...like re-connect...to...your shit. It's not the like it's *the end of the world*.

(looks at the patrons)

I mean would you honestly rather be one of THESE PEOPLE, worrying about dull shit like...walking into a BANK or whatever? Then one morning you wake up old and dying from perineal descent--and regretting that you NEVER LIVED? Nah.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

That is bovine scatology my friend.
We're in the BEST situation anyone
could be in! It's a GIFT to be what
we are!

Mary takes a sip of the shake--but it doesn't taste right.

MARY (CONT'D)

Damn, this is banana. Didn't I
order vanilla? I should say
something.

(refocuses, hushed tone)

And hey, I'm sorry we had to *kill*
that GIRL. Yeah it sucks, but we
can NOT AFFORD any loose ends.. You
don't understand what kind of
trouble we could get into if anyone
found out about this!

(beat)

You DID kill her, right?

Damian looks back up at Mary, guiltily.

MARY (CONT'D)

Wait...you got here BEFORE me.

(realizes)

Is she STILL in your TRUNK?

Damian looks back up at her, guiltily.

MARY (CONT'D)

Jesus christ.

He quickly stands up--BANGING HIS KNEES against the underside
of the table, and leaves the booth.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE TURNOFF - NIGHT

A beat-up black 90s BMW rounds a corner, stops and shuts off
its headlights. It's desolate here, with few street lamps.
Far from the beautiful neighborhoods, this is undeveloped
land. Where bodies are definitely buried.

INT/EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Damian trudges to the back of his car. A nervous breath
escape his lungs, and he opens the trunk--

But its **EMPTY**. His eyes grow wide with fear.

DAMIAN

...Oh shit.

SUPER: "THREE DAYS EARLIER. WEDNESDAY, 8PM"

MUSIC CUE: "Look like That" by Sneaks

---MONTAGE---

INT. DAMIAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

An empty mirror. The bathroom is mostly bare, save for a few scattered toiletries by the sink. It's bland but livable.

DAMIAN (V.O.)
When you really think about it,
dying can be cool as shit.

POV THE MIRROR'S PERSPECTIVE: In walks Damian, just woken up. He yawns, grabs the floss, and starts FLOSSING HIS FANGS.

EXT. LA LANDMARKS - NIGHT

Damian wanders around famous landmarks around Los Angeles. Nighttime in the city is like the jungle-gym at recess.

DAMIAN (V.O.)
No big responsibilities. Nothing
tying you down. I mean when you've
got this much time on your hands,
it feels like you can do *anything*.

...He walks on top of a sidewall at the Griffith Observatory.

...Rides the Ferris wheel at the Santa Monica Pier.

...Hangs upside down on the hand rails outside Disney Hall.

INT. REVIVAL MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

A scene from "Twilight" plays on screen.

Damian sits alone and eats popcorn in frustration.

DAMIAN (V.O.)
Its not like how it is in the
movies. We're not all cringey milk-
faced dorks hissing at each other
like reality show housewives. I
really don't get how anyone can
watch that bullshit.

He can't stand it anymore, and throws his head back.

DAMIAN
Ughhh...KILL ME!

A BLUE-HAIRED GIRL (late 20s) a few seats over laughs at his outburst. Damian tuns and they share a flirtatious smile.

Then an USHER (male 20s) comes over to Damian's aisle, pissy.

USHER
Hey man, that was your *last*
warning. Please leave the theater.

Damian clenches--but has an idea and looks over at the Blue-Haired Girl again. She smiles back enticingly.

DAMIAN (V.O.)
Did I mention the sex though?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Damian and the Blue-Haired Girl are now naked and tangled in bedsheets, sucking face.

DAMIAN (V.O.)
Being immune to STD's is a GAME-changer. You get the chance to learn A LOT about yourself, and things you didn't know you'd be into.

The Usher from the theater rises from under the sheets and makes out with Damian as well. After a few seconds though Damian pulls away--there's a HAIR CAUGHT IN HIS MOUTH.

DAMIAN
Ach. Hold on, its still in there.

He tries to hack it out like a cat. Its all he can focus on. The other two look at him, disappointed.

DAMIAN (V.O.)
Yeahhh it's all fun and games...

INT. DAMIAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

POV FRIDGE: Damian opens the fridge door, pulls out a plastic milk jug with a tiny bit of BLOOD inside it. He tosses the last drops in his mouth, then frowns--time to get some more.

DAMIAN (V.O.)
Until that HUNGER hits...and we gotta do our *thing*.

He pulls out his phone, sends a text to 'Mary' and closes the fridge.

INT. LOS FELIZ CLUB - NIGHT

Douchey club vibe: a shirtless Dj with a stack of vinyls near him but playing from a laptop, and drunk millennials extolling their last vestiges of youth.

Damian is with MARY (late 20s Black, acerbic, the alpha of the duo). They prowl through the crowd, sharing silent signals to one another.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

Everyone's got their own methods.
Mary and I been homies for a while,
so we got a system worked out. NO
body count. Avoiding cops is key.

They notice CALEB (20s, caucasian) sitting at the bar alone. He's everything you'd imagine of a nightclub bro: overly coiffed hair, arms scattered with small unconnected tattoos, and the newest Yeezy's on his feet. He nurses a White Claw.

Damian and Mary rock/paper/scissors for who has to go up to him. Mary loses. She always picks paper.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

You'd have to be a total dickpouch
to take someone's blood without
their consent. I mean it's the 21st
century. We're not like...monsters.

Mary sits next to Caleb, smiles and WHISPERS into his ear. His back straightens, and he gawks at her with the kind of excited anticipation of someone about to dis-virgin.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

You can always tell who'll say yes.
People in this city will fork over
anything if it sounds exclusive. We
get some cash--and everyone gets to
pretend there's a cure for clinical
depression.

Caleb VENMO'S HER \$1000. Mary's phone "cha-chings."

DAMIAN (V.O.)

Hey, it beats getting a job right?

Damian finishes his drink...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN LA ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Damian downs another drink. He's at a bougie pop-up gallery filled with business types and intellectuals sipping wine out of clear plastic cups. He checks out the wannabe NFT's and Etsy-bound artwork. Nothing moves him.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

It's been 5 years since I turned vamp, and it IS great. But OK...if I'm being honest...sometimes, it does get a bit--*mundane*. When you can't get any older, the whole "life goals" thing starts to take a back seat.

He turns and notices a SLEAZY GUY chatting up a gaggle of women, doing KEY BUMPS of cocaine.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

My therapist says I should stay more focused on the present, and not hang onto unreal expectations of--

Wait, the guy looks oddly familiar. Damian double-takes.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

Wait--was that HIM?
(sighs)
Fuck. Guess I gotta find a new therapist.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK - NIGHT

Damian stands behind a thick tree. He peaks his head out to look at a man, ARTHUR (40s, Black, bookish but handsome) sitting at a bench 50 feet away.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

Do I still wonder what would've happened if I stuck with the normal route and been a real person? Sure, yeah of course. Who doesn't?

Arthur turns towards his direction--

Damian quickly hides. Is he stalking this guy?

...back at GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY:

Damian sits on top of the museum wall, looking out at the LA cityscape--the lights polluting any chance of seeing stars.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

What I probably should do is come up with a *game plan* for the NEXT 5 years. Or...10 or 100--jesus. That sounds like way too much work.

...back at the ART GALLERY:

Damian stares at a beautiful PAINTING OF A SUNRISE shining through a window, transfixed. It's foreign to him now.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

Hopefully something interesting happens before then.

...back in DAMIAN'S BATHROOM:

Damian stares forward, but has NO REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR.

He puts the floss down. Frustrated, he finds a SHARPIE and **draws a stick-figure face** on the blank mirror.

---END MONTAGE---

INT. SACRIFICIAL LAIR - NIGHT

A dark room lit by dozens of candles. Black curtains cover the walls. It looks like an evil lair on a Craigslist budget.

CLOSE UP ON Damian now wearing a trash bag as an apron. We realize *his voiceover has actually been THIS conversation.*

DAMIAN

Right now it sorta feels like that summer between 8th grade and high school. Everyone else is growing up fast while you're still watching 'Hey Arnold,' and learning how to masturbate. Then one day you panic and...*combine the two.*

(back to his point)

Sorry. Where was I? Um you know, it's a great way to live...it's just hard sometimes to know what you're SUPPOSED to be doing--

MARY

(startles him)

What're you doing?

DAMIAN

--Uhhhh, I'm just...pre-gaming.

MARY

Sure. Lemme know when you're done?
I can't get on the wifi.

She checks her cell and walks out of frame, then back in.

MARY (CONT'D)

Do you KNOW the wifi passw--?

DAMIAN

I don't!

MARY (CONT'D)

O-KAAAAAAY!

She leaves frame again, slowly, giving Damian the stink-eye on her way out. He turns back to finish his conversation.

DAMIAN

Anyways...*you'll probably love it.*

We see he's talking to Caleb from the club, who's ASLEEP lying on a table: strapped down with rope. Damian holds up a huge KNIFE, and **stabs Caleb in the chest**. Blood SPURTS up into Damian's eyes as Mary rushes in holding a SOLO CUP to catch it. Damian grabs a PLASTIC TUBE, inserts it into the hole in Caleb's chest, and drops the other end into a bucket.

Mary takes a swig from the cup, then picks up the knife-- CUTS HER PALM, and lets HER BLOOD DRIP onto Caleb's mouth.

CLOSE UP ON Caleb's mouth. Although still unconscious, his tongue--as if acting on pure instinct--licks the blood from his bottom lip. His canines slowly start to GROW INTO FANGS.

INT. LOS FELIZ CLUB - NIGHT

Damian and Mary walk back in the club joined by the **now-vamp** Caleb, who stumbles in like a drunk child.

MARY

Remember what we said: don't do anything stupid.

(pats his back)

Good luck out there big guy.

They leave him on his own. Caleb's expression changes from nervous, to wickedly excited about what lies ahead for him.

INT. MARY'S CAR - NIGHT

Mary drives. Damian sits in the passenger seat staring out the window. Street lights flash across his face, like hands continually slapping him.

MARY
What time is it?

DAMIAN
2:05.

MARY
Ugh. It still chaps my dick that
nothing here stays open past 2am.
We should go back to New York.

Damian shrugs. Mary looks at her phone, still driving.

MARY (CONT'D)
Ooh--I just got tagged in a thing.
It says I have to tag ten people to
raise awareness. I'm gonna add you,
k?

DAMIAN
No thanks. And maybe, pull over
first?

She still focuses on her phone, drifting in between lanes.

MARY
Come on, I'm around YOU more than
anyone. People are gonna think that
I'm a friendless idiot if I don't.

DAMIAN
You're not CHANGING anything with a
repost. It doesn't *matter*--

MARY
Its about a MASS SHOOTING!

DAMIAN
(better not to fight it)
Jesus. Okay...tag me.

MARY
(clicking her phone)
UGH--it's like the videotape from
'The Ring' with these things.

EXT. DAMIAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The middle of Silverlake. Mary's beat up 2008 Acura SUV comes to a stop. Damian grabs his backpack and hops out.

DAMIAN
Mini-golf tomorrow?

MARY

Hell yeah. Why don't you come to this party with me tonight? It's *vamps only*. Bougie ones. It'd be good to get some face-time with the community, you could benefit. I also lost my vibrator. Been playing the acoustic pussy for too long.

DAMIAN

Lost? Where were you TAKING it?

She ponders where. He checks his watch and gets antsy.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

Oh damn, I actually have a THING.

MARY

(skeptical)
What thing?

DAMIAN

Um, meeting someone--you don't know him. We like to hang at the park.

MARY

(over it)
Hmm, sounds boring. K byeee.

She drives off, leaving Damian in a trail of car exhaust.

INT. DAMIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The windows are blacked out with dark curtains, and duct-taped around the edges--no room for natural light to peak in. The decoration veers on man-child: book shelves stuffed with movies and books--and not a lot of real furniture.

Damian pulls a thermos from his backpack. He opens a delivery box to a new BRITA FILTER JUG, takes it out, grabs the thermos and very delicately POURS in blood from it.

EXT./INT. MARY'S CAR - NIGHT

Mary's SUV SWERVES away from oncoming traffic. Other cars pass by HONKING in anger, as she barely stays within lanes. She changes her outfit to something cuter--still driving.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - NIGHT

Mary's SUV pulls into the driveway of a big McMansion.

She gets out, hurriedly rubbing a lint roller on her clothes.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The interior is impossibly cool. The walls are adorned with pop art paintings and edgy photos, ironic taxidermy, and teak wood accents everywhere. TRAP MUSIC plays softly from in-ceiling speakers.

Mary feels out of place.

MARY

Please don't be the wrong house.

She finally spots SEXTON (30s, Caucasian, handsome, actively woke but a hedonist). He's the apex white millennial, wearing the deepest V-neck maybe ever, several loose fitting necklaces and Supreme-branded shorts. He snaps photos of a hip pair of vamps with a vintage Polaroid.

SEXTON

LOVE your shit guys. Go check out my theater downstairs. I've got every Wes Anderson movie on 35mm.
(notices)
Yooo. What up Mary.

MARY

Sexton! Your place is baller!
How...like, HOW?

SEXTON

Aw I got in on cryptos SUPER early. Finger on the pulse and shit. Also my family is super loaded from way back in the day. If Standard Oil hadn't been broken up I'd have my own fucking castle.
(scoffs)
Can I get you something to drink?

MARY

Actually, I brought some *good-good*.
FRESH, just got it tonight.

She pulls out a large swing-top GLASS BOTTLE FULL OF BLOOD from her purse, super pleased with herself. He's unimpressed.

SEXTON

Uh-huh. Just leave it over there.

He points to a countertop with FIVE OTHER nicer looking bottles of blood, chilled on ice. Mary hides her dejection.

SEXTON (CONT'D)

I'm headed over to the hot tub.

MARY

Oh dang. I didn't bring a swims--

SEXTON (CONT'D)

I have bikinis. What size are you?

He opens a drawer and rifles through a bunch of bikinis.

MARY (CONT'D)

Um, like between a 4...and maybe a 10? Packing some cake lately.

EXT. SEXTON'S HOT TUB - LATER

Mary, now wearing a way TOO TIGHT BIKINI TOP, sits in the tub--her bottle and two extra wine glasses behind her. She pulls at the top trying to find some level of comfort.

A pair of vamps, JESSICA (late 20s, sleepy eyes, grown up prom queen) and a SOCIALITE TWINK (20s, mousey and loud) walk over and step into the tub. Twink sees Mary's bottle.

SOCIALITE TWINK

Oh snap--who wants to get their fucking ROUGE onnn?!

JESSICA

Which one is that?

MARY

(trying to sound classy)
Oh--looks like a pretty good one.
Super fresh color. Hmm, young caucasian by the looks of it.

Twink grabs the bottle and pours a TON into his glass.

MARY (CONT'D)

Cool, that's a...heavy pour.

Jessica and Twink examine it like snobby wine enthusiasts. Their fangs pop out and Twink has DIAMOND STUDS on his. Jessica takes a sip, swishes, then SPITS it out behind her.

MARY (CONT'D)

That tastes...*bad* to you?

SOCIALITE TWINK

Oh my god I didn't even offer you any. Why am I SUCH A CUNT?

JESSICA

Trust me, you'd hate it. You ever
feed on blood that's just--UGH?
Whoever this was probably thinks
hard seltzers are a lifestyle win.
(holds up Mary's bottle)
Sex, what is this garbage?

Sexton finally shows up and steps into the tub. He holds a
small COGNAC GLASS filled with only a couple ounces of blood.

SEXTON

Beats me. Toss it.

She chucks the bottle into a garbage bin. Mary tries to hide
her concern--that was half her supply!

SEXTON (CONT'D)

Here, try some of this.

He offers his glass. She takes a sip, and is floored by it.

MARY

Holy fuck. Why is that so GOOD?

SEXTON

Knew you'd like it. I keep a supply
locally grown in my cellar.

MARY

Like, you keep people in your
cellar--?

JESSICA

(cuts her off)
So how did you two meet?

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh. I started following him, and
after a while he DM'd me and I was
like 'whoah, hi.' And we started
talking about the weird shit we
each used to call into Loveline in
the 90s. Then we saw each other
outside SoHo House and he told me
about this party...now I'm wearing
his bikini--haha. Let's fucking GO!

She laughs, expecting everyone to join in. They don't.

MARY (CONT'D)

(clears her throat)
What about you guys?

SOCIALITE TWINK

Sex has been fam for-EVER...

He continues, basically to himself.

Jessica cozies up to Mary--close, and stares at her intently with glassy, vapid eyes.

JESSICA

So, are you and Sex gonna hook up?

MARY

(hadn't thought about it)
Uhhh, did he--say that we would?

JESSICA

You HAVE to tell me, how does a hot piece of ass like you not have a companion?

Unseen to Mary, Sexton eavesdrops on their conversation.

MARY

Oh I have one. His name's Damian. But he's my best friend, I would never like, *sleep* with him though. Hah. Can you imagine?
(shudders at the thought)
I don't even wanna think about it. Yuck.

Jessica leans in, puts her hand on Mary's thigh and whispers.

JESSICA

Look at me boo. Unless you're getting something good out of it-- why keep them around?

Sexton saddles up to Mary and offers another sip from his glass but she goes too hard and--COUGHS OUT the fancy blood.

MARY

...W-went down the wrong pipe.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK - NIGHT

Damian stands behind the same tree as before, gawking at the bench where the man from earlier, Arthur, sits. Damian watches him casually, as if he's done it 100 times before. He glances at his phone--flashing a 20% battery alert. Dammit.

This is it--now or never.

He takes a deep breath and builds up the courage to finally walk over to him. As Damian gets closer we get a finally better view of Arthur, who's wearing blue hospital scrubs.

DAMIAN

Ah you know, this and that. Haven't really focused on ONE thing.

ARTHUR

I get it. It took me a *while* to get my bearings--remember what a loser I used to be?

DAMIAN

What? No way, you were like the golden boy. I looked up to you--I mean, everyone did.

ARTHUR

Hah. Thanks bud. You're here early. Insomnia?

DAMIAN

Uhhh, something like that.

It's hard for Damian to open up, but he goes for broke.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

Hey--could I ask you a question?

Arthur nods, encouragingly.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

How do you LIKE your life? I mean, do you like what you're DOING with it?

ARTHUR

Not sure what you mean.

DAMIAN

You don't ever worry that you made a wrong decision? And you try and justify it but...its gonna stick with you, like maybe forever?

ARTHUR

Damn. That sounds deep man. Ever go see a therapist?

DAMIAN

(remembers the gallery)

I mean yeah. But I need a *new* one.

ARTHUR

Hmm. Well I'm not an expert, but sounds like it could be about growing up?

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I used to think like that a lot, pretty sure everyone does. Then I got married and had a baby. The more adult stuff I started doing the less I had that kinda anxiety. Only thing I worry about now is losing my kid at Costco. You know people just take your carts and go. Even if they're full.

Damian nods. Its like a teacher explaining calculus.

DAMIAN

Huh, right that's no good.
(goes for broke)
Hey, do you remember in that time in college when we skipped class to pound Fireball, and we made out in your car--

Arthurs phone buzzes. He checks it.

ARTHUR

Damn. Baby woke up early. I should head home and rescue my husband.
(stands up)
Not sure if this is worth anything but my dad used to say something to me that sounds cheesy but pretty legit: if you're not sure what you want outta life, at least start with what you DON'T.

Damian takes this in. Arthur smiles at him reassuringly.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You can tell me about that dream next time. And hey bud, quit being such a ghost. I missed my friend.

Damian, with a glint in his eyes watches Arthur walk away.

INT. SEXTON'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sexton is HAVING SEX with Mary, who's sitting on the bathroom counter, her legs wrapped around him. As he PLOWS AWAY, his NECKLACE whips back and forth, HITTING HER on the chin.

MARY

Ach, ow--
(then)
Wait. Yeah, right there.

...Later, Mary enjoys a post-coital drag from her vape--while Sexton pulls up his shorts, fixes his hair and walks out.

INT. SEXTON'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mary follows Sexton out of the bathroom, eager to talk more.

MARY

Yooo. So, weird question, how come you don't actually FOLLOW me on socials? I mean we've messaged a bunch and...nothing, you know?

SEXTON

(ignoring the question)
Sun's gonna be up pretty soon. I've got an early night tomorrow.

She's heard this line before. She nods and digs for her keys.

MARY

Right. So this is more of a TOKEN thing? I know everyone says black vamps are like unicorns--

Sexton acts super offended.

SEXTON

Whoah! I can't believe you'd even think that! WOW Mary.

MARY

(backpedals)
Cool. Yeah, no. Of course not--

He steps closer to her, like a cat about to pounce.

SEXTON

Sure, OK vamps ARE MOSTLY white-- and honestly I think that sucks. It *shouldn't be* that way, you guys *matter*. I invited you here cause you're COOL Mary. I don't say that to everybody. Cool vamps gotta stick together. It's amazing that some don't embrace how fucking epic our gift is. They'd rather squander it. It's fucking sad man.

(then)

I even heard that there are some out there turning people for CASH. Like they're selling molly. Can you believe that shit?

MARY
 (pretends to be oblivious)
 Pfff...so stupid.

He gets even closer. So close she can feel his breath.

SEXTON
 But me, and you? We're top of the
 food chain. And we should *always* be
 living like it. You feel me bae?

He holds her chin and kisses her lips softly--then pulls away, smiles, and saunters back into his cavernous house.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION/MARY'S CAR - LATER

Mary walks to her car, passing by Range Rovers and Porsches in the driveway, impressed, and hops in her car smiling.

She turns the key, but the engine WHEEZES.

MARY
 Ugh, you piece of SHIT!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Damian strolls back home, hands in his pockets. He hears a man **groaning** further ahead in some bushes. Gross. Probably homeless. He looks across the street, but sees an OLD COUPLE WALKING 6 DOGS in a tangled web of leashes.

DAMIAN
 Nooope, no way.

He picks the lesser of two evils, and sticks to the same side. As he gets closer, he sees a body wearing a familiar pair of pale blue scrubs lying on the ground...

It's **Arthur**, BLEEDING MASSIVELY FROM THE NECK!

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
 (eye widen)
 No-no-no-NO!!

He rushes over and sees Arthur's PHONE lying beside him, already having dialed 911, and picks it up.

911 OPERATOR (PHONE)
 Sir? Sir? Are you there? What's
 your emergency?

DAMIAN

Uh...hi? It's somebody I know he's--
bleeding badly from the neck! I'm
on Goodsell street, near the park!

911 OPERATOR (PHONE)

What happened to him?

DAMIAN

I don't know! He got hurt. I just
found him!

911 OPERATOR (PHONE)

Okay. What's your name sir?

DAMIAN

It's...uh--just HURRY please!

He hangs up and looks at the blood. Crap. Instinct is kicking
in. The smell, the color--it's *intoxicating*. He shuts his
eyes to ignore it, but his FANGS GROW.

ARTHUR

(sees Damian's teeth)

You're a...you're--no! HELP!

Arthur tries to CRAWL AWAY. But blood pulses from his neck
the more he moves. Damian knows he's not gonna make it.

DAMIAN

Arthur--you gotta relax! You're
losing too much blood! WAIT--

(thinks)

It's okay--you just have to drink
some of MY, um...lemme just find
something sharp!

Arthur pleads for help, but can only muster a whisper.

ARTHUR

H-help...somebody...

DAMIAN

Arthur--please, I can help you!

Arthur's body slows. He turns onto his back and looks at
Damian with BURNING DISDAIN in his eyes--*chilling Damian to
his core*. His hands slowly drop from his neck. HE'S GONE.

Damian crumbles to his knees. His eyes well up with tears.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

(shattered)

Oh god.

Then he hears someone nearby, LAUGHING to themselves.

VOICE (O.S.)
Duuude, this shit is FIRE.

Damian turns and sees--*CALEB* STANDING IN THE STREET, shirtless and covered in Arthur's blood!

CALEB
AHHH! I didn't know it'd feel *this* good! What should we hit next bro?

Caleb gets a rush from the blood, like a heroin high. He flexes his skinny tatted arms, and shouts to the sky.

DAMIAN
YOU?? Why'd you do this? You can't just KILL people--we TOLD you that!

CALEB
Dude are you serial? That's how we roll, fam.

DAMIAN
Not like THIS! He was my--

Damian chokes up again. This is how rock bottom feels.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
This...is MY fault.

Caleb ignores him. Something doesn't feel quite right.

CALEB
Bro, w-why's it so *hot* right now?

It's way too warm where they're standing. Caleb looks around, then up at the sky and sees it...

THE SUNRISE.

Even Caleb knows there is one inherent constant: SUNLIGHT EQUALS DEATH.

CALEB (CONT'D)
Yo. Isn't that shit bad?

Damian doesn't give a damn anymore. But Caleb panics.

CALEB (CONT'D)
Get up! You have to help me--I dunno what to DO!

Damian flicks the lights on. We get a better view--his skin is BLACKENED AND CHARRED like burnt toast. He army-crawls forward--his flaky skin leaving gross marks on the floor...

INT. DAMIAN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Damian drags himself to the FRIDGE, opens the door and flails at the BRITA JUG full of blood on the top shelf.

But his hand tips over the jug and it FALLS, cracking open and SPILLING THE BLOOD on the floor.

DAMIAN

D-dammit.

It quickly DRAINS out and starts pooling. He DROPS hard onto the linoleum--and **sips the blood off the floor.**

As he drinks, HIS BURNT SKIN GRADUALLY STARTS HEALING. His hair regrows, his skin color returns--everything goes back to normal. He's alive, or at least as alive as a vamp can be.

He takes a couple of deep exhausted breaths--then PASSES OUT.

CUT TO BLACK

SUPER: "FRIDAY"

INT. MARY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A toilet flushes and Mary walks out of the bathroom pulling up dingy sweatpants.

Her place is nicer and more furnished than Damian's, but still essentially a low-rent IKEA catalogue. She plops down on her couch. The TV is already on.

CABLE NEWS TALKING HEAD

...with wages being statistically lower and the cost of living dramatically higher, what does it say about this generation's opportunities to have the quality of life that their parents did. What do you think Aisha?"

CABLE NEWS TALKING HEAD 2

Yeah. It SUCKS.

Mary pays no attention, looking at her phone instead.

MARY & SEXTON'S TEXT THREAD: *"Had an awesome time ;)"*

He hasn't replied yet. She opens Instagram to stalk his profile for the umpteenth time: *25k followers*. She clicks on her own profile: *904 followers*. She feels like a nobody.

MARY
Fucking ALGO.

EXT. MARY'S APARTMENT BALCONY - LATER

Several floors up. Mary vapes, puffing cumulus clouds. A HOT NEIGHBOR (20s, total bro) steps out a few balconies away from her. He checks her out, then decides to chime in.

HOT NEIGHBOR
You know those things are just as bad for you as cigarettes.

MARY
You live in this building too huh?
Have we ever hung out before?

HOT NEIGHBOR
(smiles)
Not yet.

MARY
Well, then shut the fuck up.

He turns back into his apartment, tail between his legs. Mary pulls out her cell again to see if Damian's texted her back.

TEXT THREAD: *"Meet there in 30? / Hellooooo? / We're SUPPOSED to be rage-golfing right now!! / WHERE ARE YOU SLUT!?"*

No response. He can't ALSO be doing this to her!

MARY (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch.

INT. DAMIAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Damian lies unconscious in the same position.

His cell rings from his pocket. He wakes and instinctively reaches for it, answering with an incoherent moan.

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

MARY
Where the hell have you BEEN? You haven't texted me back in TWO DAYS!

DAMIAN
 (groggy)
 M-mary...? W-what time is it?

MARY
 It's FRIDAY Damian! Why are you
ghosting me?

He looks at his phone--yup. He's been on the floor 36 HOURS.
 He gets up and his jacket PEELS OFF THE FLOOR, having been
 glued to it with the now-dry blood.

The sound is awful.

MARY (CONT'D)
 Eww, what's that sound? If you're
 eating a fruit roll up, don't hold
 it so close to the phone.

He STUMBLES as he gets to his feet--like a baby giraffe just
 being born--and uses the countertop to hold himself upright.

DAMIAN
 Had a...*problem*. I need more blood.

MARY
 WHAT? That should've lasted weeks!

DAMIAN
 I-I just, need MORE. I ran out.

MARY
 You know what--I'm not even gonna
 ask. Fine. Maybe I don't have a LOT
 left either, but whatever.
 (switches gears)
 So I've been thinking--we should be
 more *in it*, you know? You said
 yourself, you need a game plan.
 There is so much MORE cool stuff we
 could be a part of! I met these
 vamps the other night who were
 actually super *interesting*. One of
 them called themselves a
 "GLAMPIRE." How funny is that!

DAMIAN
 Can you find a donor for us?
 I'm...um, I can't right now.

MARY
 You sound different. What happened?

His phone shuts off. The battery is dead.

Mary could be mad, but the nicotine from the vape calms her.

INT. DAMIAN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Damian tries to get his bearings, and looks at his hands--NOT A SCRATCH ON THEM. He lifts his shirt to check the rest of his body--*zero signs of being roasted*. He turn on the sink and rubs cold water on his face, and peeks at the mirror...

AND SEES HIS REFLECTION--!

DAMIAN
WHAT THE FUCK!

He wipes the water from his eyes. Nothing there.

Hallucinating maybe? Weird.

EXT. DAMIAN'S FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Damian opens the door to see Caleb's clothes in a pile--no corpse. He picks up the skinny jeans and ASH POURS OUT.

...He walks out the door again, now wearing rubber gloves. He unfurls a GARBAGE BAG and shoves Caleb's clothes inside, noticing spots of blood on the jeans--ARTHUR'S BLOOD. He tosses the bag into his building's dumpster.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Damian's car pulls up onto the same street where he found Arthur. Damian looks around to catch a glimpse of the scene.

Yellow police tape surrounds the area, with a dark BLOODSTAIN on the sidewalk. A rush of overwhelming guilt hits Damian.

Then, he spots a POLICE CAR parked nearby.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Two beat COPS sit inside, bored. In the driver's seat is DAVIES (30s dude, caucasian, PBR on draft kind of guy). The other is KIM (late 20s female, Asian-American, smart but green as hell).

Kim looks out the window and locks eyes with Damian, who then hurriedly drives away--blowing past a stop sign.

KIM
Guy just ran the sign.

DAVIES

So what.

KIM

Shouldn't we give him a ticket?

DAVIES

Eh, already hit my quota yesterday. Let some other cruiser spot him and make their meal. Dicks said radio if we see something suspicious.

KIM

He stopped at the scene, looked over at us and then sped away. How is that not *suspicious* to you?

DAVIES

CALM DOWN. He's probably some jesus-lover, thinks you're gonna turn his mom into your pillow princess.

He mimics scissoring with his hands. For too long.

KIM

Are you saying that because I'm a lesbian?

DAVIES

Yeah.

(duh)

If you're not rollin' through stop signs--THAT would be suspicious. He's just intimidated cause I'm buff as shit. I'd be like--

(mimics holding a gun)

FREEZE FUCKER! You're gonna be baby-birding prison dick in no time!

KIM

Eww.

DAVIES

God I wanna shoot somebody.

Kim shakes her head. This guy's a douche. She writes something down in her notepad as he sucks an iced coffee.

INT. SACRIFICIAL LAIR - NIGHT

We're in that dark room again, lit with candles all around. Mary and Damian wear black trash bags, with their heads popped through.

Mary sets down a 90s BOOMBOX on a small folding table.

MARY
Hey. You ready?

Damian is quiet, looking down at the KNIFE pensively, still a bit shaken. He steadies his grip. *Just get through this.*

A CELLPHONE RING interrupts them. Damian tries to ignore it, and raises the knife. It's Mary's. She checks it.

MARY (CONT'D)
Sorry--Oh...Jessica? It's Jessica.

DAMIAN
I don't know who that is--

MARY (CONT'D)
(answers phone)
Heyyy. No, not super busy.

She gestures "1 sec" and walks away from the table.

REVEAL a GIRL (mid 20s, innocent but basic) lying on the table: unconscious and tied down with rope. Suddenly--she WAKES UP, in a daze.

GIRL
Wha...what's happening?

DAMIAN
(jumps)
OHHH my god.

GIRL
I-I thought you guys were turning me into a vampire.

DAMIAN
Uhhh...M-Mary?

Mary's in her own world.

MARY
(into phone)
No I was fine with you touching my hair. Normally I'd be like NUH-UH but yeah, we cool.

The Girl looks up at Damian, doe-eyed. He avoids her gaze.

GIRL
Um...can I ask you something?
What's it LIKE being one of you guys? I feel like it's scary but She said it was cool. Am I gonna have to bite people?

Damian doesn't want to go down this road.

DAMIAN
MARY? I need you HERE!

Mary giggles and hangs up, then walks back over to the them.

MARY
I'm HERE. What's the prob--?
(notices the Girl)
Wow, okay. Look who's up.

DAMIAN
This...isn't feeling right--

GIRL
Wait, I have more questions! What's
it like when a girl vampire gets
her *period*?

Damian and Mary pause, and contemplate the best answer...

INT. MARY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Mary, alarmed, breathes heavily. She wears a ratty t-shirt and bottom-drawer quality underwear, her WRISTS DUCT-TAPED to the wall.

MARY
It's starting--IT'S STARTING!

Damian, on his knees, unfolds a huge PLASTIC TARP. He tries to stay calm.

DAMIAN
Okay. I forgot, does it drop in ONE
big SPLASH--or come in WAVES?

MARY
JUST--HURRY! AAAAAAHH!!!

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
--AAAAAH!!!

BACK TO SCENE

DAMIAN
I think its...the *same*?

MARY
(changes the subject)
You'll figure it out girl.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
Why is she even awake?

MARY

I guess she's developed an immunity
to the knockout drugs? Gen-Z dude.

Mary clicks play on the boombox, and turns the volume up to muffle the high certainty of the Girl screaming in agony.

Damian raises the knife above his head, then looks down--

DAMIAN'S POV: **He sees HIMSELF lying on the table.** The last moment in which he was a human, about to be turned vamp. He looks hopeful, with more color in his face. More *ALIVE*.

The real Damian starts hyperventilating. Its a PANIC ATTACK.

MARY (CONT'D)

Dame. Can you stab her?

GIRL

(confused)

I'm not gonna be like *him*, right?

Damian squeezes his eyes shut to try and reset his brain.

DAMIAN'S POV: **He sees CALEB SMOLDERING and screaming in pain.**

Damian lowers his arms and drops the knife down on the table. Confused, Mary clicks off the boombox and pulls him aside.

MARY

What the hell is wrong with you?

DAMIAN

I--I don't want to do this.

MARY

DO WHAT?

DAMIAN

I DON'T WANNA BE A VAMPIRE ANYMORE!

She looks at him like he's insane.

MARY

...W-what?

He looks her in the eye. More vulnerable than he's ever been.

MARY (CONT'D)

Fine. I'll do it.

Mary reaches for the knife, but Damian stops her. They start WRESTLING like middle-schoolers!

They each try to get a hand on the knife to yank it away from the other. In the scuffle they **KNOCK OVER CANDLES--lighting a curtain ON FIRE!** But

Damian and Mary don't notice it.

GIRL
Um...you guys?

Mary finally wrests the knife away from Damian.

MARY
Are you out of your mind?! We HAVE to do this! Why is everything pissy feelings with you? Why can't you just be A NORMAL VA--
(senses the heat)
...Is something on fire?

GIRL
HEY!!

MARY
(sees the flames)
JESUS CHRIST!

THE FIRE STARTS TO RAGE. All their stuff LIGHTS UP!

Damian stands there indecisive and afraid. The same image from the opening scene.

DAMIAN
...M-Mary? What do I--?

Shit. He has to make a decision!

The fire STARTS TO RAGE and Damian stomps out as much of it as he can, but it's not enough. Smoke fills up the space. He reaches around blindly and finally finds a fire extinguisher.

FWOOSH! He puts out the flames, then charges past the table and reaches down to lift a GARAGE DOOR...

EXT. STORAGE GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

We reveal that they're in a drab rented STORAGE UNIT. The kind of place people forget they're paying monthly for.

The door rolls up and smoke pours out. Mary and Damian rush outside, coughing. They look at each other.

DAMIAN
Are...you okay?

She PUNCHES HIM hard in the arm.

MARY

NO I'm not OKAY! This was our SPOT!
What're we gonna do for blood now??

DAMIAN

I don't know! I just...I just know
I need things to CHANGE Mary.

A burnt shelf DROPS hard on the floor. They both turn to look at their ritual space--which is now completely ruined. The Girl still lies on the table, covered in soot and not moving.

MARY

They've changed NOW! At least I
don't have to give her money back.

DAMIAN

W-where did you find her?

MARY

She's the receptionist at my
pilates studio. She has like, no
friends. We gotta get her phone.

They walk back inside. Mary grabs the Girl's body, while Damian digs into her charred purse, pulls out her RHINESTONE-COVERED phone and tries to open it.

MARY (CONT'D)

You have to hold it up to her
face to unlock--

DAMIAN

It wont work with her eyes
closed.

Suddenly, the storage yard LANDLORD (50s, crotchety, hard to decipher accent) runs out of his office, noticing the smoke.

LANDLORD

What the hell you do to my unit!?

Mary and Damian look over at him and freeze, still holding the Girl's body. The three share an awkward pause.

MARY

Quick. Say something to him in
Spanish. Tell him it's okay.

DAMIAN

Todo bien! Y tu? Como has estado--

LANDLORD

I don't speak fucking Spanish, you
racist! I calling de cops!

The Landlord storms off, not even blinking at the body. He's probably seen a lot worse from his renters.

The Girl **wakes up** and GASPS for air! Mary and Damian jump.

GIRL

...Is this part of it?

As the Girl coughs to catch her breath, Mary takes off her trash bag apron and tosses it onto the Girl's head. She shoves the Girl's phone into Damian's chest.

MARY

If you don't wanna turn her then she's YOUR problem now. But listen to me, you know the RULES. If someone finds out about us--we CAN'T let them LIVE. *NO exceptions.*

GIRL

(muffled under the bag)
WHAT?!

DAMIAN

Do we have to? Can't we just let her go and tell her not to say--

MARY

YES, we have to! If any of the others found out about this, we could get into some *serious shit!* I've been around longer than you-- you can't fuck with the traditions. There are some older vamps out there who are weird and cultish. They'd probably torture us, or WORSE. We don't have the kind of STATUS to make up our own rules.

DAMIAN

Yeah but..I've never KILL-killed anybody before.

MARY

How hard could it be? People do it *all the time.* Work smart...not hard.

Damian doesn't want to accept it, but he nods in agreement.

DAMIAN

What about the landlord?

MARY

I'll take care of him. I'll let him take a photo of my tit or something.

(motions to the Girl)

Put her in your trunk, and take the shovel. Find a place in the hills or something. I'll meet you back at the diner. I feel like eating normal food when I'm pissed.

Mary surveys the remnants of their storage space.

MARY (CONT'D)

Shit. I was gonna SELL those sweaters.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The night shift. The station is drab and quiet. Some roll phone calls and sift through paperwork, others walk back and forth drinking coffee, and a bunch are just asleep in chairs.

Kim stares at an 'UPDATED MISSING PERSONS' printout tacked to the wall. The list is disturbingly long, with a tiny photo of each person next to their names.

The LIEUTENANT (female, 40s) walks over.

LIEUTENANT

Yo, Kim! Heard you and Davies saw a weird dude looking suspicious by the Arthur Floyd spot. And you didn't question the guy?

KIM

I...but *Davies* said--

LIEUTENANT

I don't care what that shit-tank says--you gotta be your OWN cop. How the hell do you expect to make detective sitting on your ass in the car instead of *investigating*?

(off her silence)

You wanna file a complaint about Davies, go ahead. He's got big union ties so *good luck*.

They both look over at a group of other cops cheering. One cop holds up a shotgun, while Davies he tries eating a stack of DONUTS off the barrel.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

I didn't think so. Stop being so passive and just DO your job. Got enough problems around here with these missing persons cases.

They walk off as Kim sulks. She sips her coffee and keeps reading the printout. At the bottom of the missing person's page...a **PHOTO OF CALEB**.

INT. SEXTON'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

A thick METAL DOOR opens and Sexton steps out from what looks like an huge wine cellar. A pained voice comes from inside.

FAINT VOICE (O.S.)

Please...I wanna go home.

Sexton pushes the door shut with a solid THUD, then types on a security keypad to lock it. He walks away, remorseless.

INT. SEXTON'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sexton gets naked and climbs into bed, where Jessica and TWO OTHER NAKED VAMP GIRLS lie under the sheets asleep. He looks at them, assessing his harem: blonde, redhead, and brunette.

SEXTON

(nudges Jessica awake)

Hey. We should get one more girl.

Jessica turns over, eyes still closed.

JESSICA

Mmm, call that black chick. Sorry, I mean--person-of-color chick.

SEXTON

Yeah.

He grabs his phone and finds Mary's Instagram profile. He scrolls through some photos, then decides to click "follow."

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Mary sits across from Damian in the giant booth. They're both silent, and exhausted---though Mary is still a little pissed.

The SERVER comes over, annoyed to see them.

SERVER

You guys want anything or you just gonna hang out forever like usual?

MARY

I'll get a vanilla milkshake.

The server shakes her head and walks off. This job sucks.

Damian breaks the tension.

DAMIAN

You ever miss it?

(beat)

Being a real person?

MARY

(sighs)

Is this like a meaning of life thing? Cause honestly--that's a question little kids ask. Follow a podcast or something.

DAMIAN

If we're alive AND dead--then doesn't that mean that the living half is still *salvageable*? I SAW SOMETHING in the mirror today that--

MARY

IN THE MIRROR? Jesus Damian, you're acting menopausal! YOU are VAMP. You can't UNDO that.

DAMIAN

Who says?

MARY

--NATURE.

DAMIAN

Isn't there a point where we NEED to *grow up*? What does it matter when NOTHING MATTERS?

Mary's face furrows. This is giving her anxiety.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

I didn't wanna *die*...to live like *this*.

Mary's phone gets a notification: "IAmSexton follows you."

She manages a tiny smile. Her mood shifts. She just wants to detach from Damian now.

MARY

I don't wanna tell you how to live your death, but maybe tonight's a sign that you need work on yourself. ALONE. So it's probably best for the BOTH of us if I step back a little, and give you some SPACE. You feel me?

The server sets a MILKSHAKE onto the table.

Damian puts his hand on his forehead. Mary goes into her speech from the first scene--as he daydreams about...**seeing his human self in the mirror/on the table.**

--Back to reality.

MARY (CONT'D)

Is she STILL in your TRUNK?

Damian looks back up at her, guiltily.

MARY (CONT'D)

SERIOUSLY?? What the hell were you DOING this whole time?

INT. DAMIAN'S CAR - NIGHT (QUICK FLASHBACK)

In the parking lot, Damian looks at Google on his phone and types '*how to become human again*' into the search bar.

He's hoping for a sign, but its all just spiritual bullshit.

BACK TO SCENE

MARY

Stop dicking around and FIX THIS!

Damian quickly stands up--BANGING HIS KNEES against the underside of the table, and leaves the booth.

Frustrated beyond her limits, Mary pulls out her phone--but fumbles it--and it DROPS into the milkshake.

MARY (CONT'D)

Goddammit.

(flags the waitress)

Can I get a new shake please?

EXT/INT. DAMIAN'S CAR MULHOLLAND DRIVE TURNOFF - NIGHT

Damian's car pulls off from the deserted road and stops.

He wants to kill time. He opens Facebook on his cell, types into the search bar, and a woman's (50s-60s) profile pops up. He sees comments like "*Happy Birthday.*"

He calls--but it goes straight to voicemail.

DAMIAN

Hey mom. Uh, happy birthday. Sorry I missed it. Saw your Facebook--I don't really check mine anymore. Its kind of just...for parents now. Looks like you're having fun though. Glad uh, that you are. I'm doing good, don't worry about me. Hope everything with you is, alright. GOOD, I mean I hope its super um...good.

(even more awkwardly)

Oh, also the car insurance hasn't mailed me the new card thing. Did you, um...*send them the check?* I know we talked about me starting to pay for it--and I'm *going to*. I just have to take care of some things first.

Bumping sounds come from the trunk

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

Anyways, I'll call you tomorrow--uh probably *night time*. Alright...bye.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE TURNOFF - MOMENTS LATER

He steps out of the car and opens the trunk. Its EMPTY.

DAMIAN

Oh shit.

He turns around to look for her--

WHACK! The Girl smashes him in the face with a SHOVEL!

GIRL

ASSHOLE! You were gonna KILL me!
Without even making me COOL first
like you guys!

She keeps swinging, Damian tries to dodge.

DAMIAN

NO! I'm not gonna kill you, okay??

The Girl stops swinging, for the moment.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

Listen to me. If you wanna stay alive, you *have to leave town*. Go and BE NORMAL. Do REAL shit! You don't want this!

GIRL

Yes I DO! I'm a college grad and I work at a fucking PILATES studio! I need more TIME to have a life!

DAMIAN

I'm *saving* your life--!

The Girl hits him again with the shovel.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

OW! Stop that! Do you have any idea how much that HURTS?

BLAM! A BULLET hits Damian in the thigh!

He looks down at his leg, shocked--now in *incredible pain*.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

...oh my fucking god.

He looks up to see KIM standing 40 feet away, aiming her GUN at him! She approaches him slowly, her car parked nearby.

KIM

Don't move! How many people have you abducted you piece of shit?!

DAMIAN

WHAT? I'm trying to HELP her--

Kim does her best to try and sound like a hardened cop.

KIM

Shut up! I got your plates after you bolted from that crime scene. Then some storage yard landlord calls them in tonight, says you and some weird KINKY chick tried to burn down his business. You were easy to find. AND your registration is expired! Hands behind your head.

(MORE)

KIM (CONT'D)

You're gonna be...baby-birding
prison dick real soon!

DAMIAN

Eww, *what?*

The Girl's had enough. She drops the shovel and RUNS AWAY.

KIM

Where the hell is SHE going?

DAMIAN

GO! Don't stop till you're out of
the city!

Kim goes for the Girl, but Damian tries to stop her.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

Please, you don't understand!

KIM

Get back or--!

Kim looks at the BLOOD dripping from Damian's leg. The open wound STARTS CLOSING behind the bullet hole in his pants. The SLUG pops out and clinks to the ground.

Kim pauses, then lets out a knowing breath and nods.

She lifts her gun again--**BLAM!** This time she fires PAST Damian, HITTING THE GIRL, who face-plants onto the pavement!

DEAD.

Damian looks at Kim, dumbfounded. What the fuck is happening?

She stares back at him coldly. This is a different Kim.

KIM (CONT'D)

You're in big trouble pal.

FANGS START TO GROW IN HER MOUTH. ***She's also vamp!***

Damian's spine tingles. His situation just got way worse.

DAMIAN

...Uh oh.

END OF EPISODE.