RS

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OVER BLACK:

HEAVY BREATHING. Rhythmic, rapid, exhales—inhales -- BOOMING THUNDER chimes in, disturbing the pattern.

BEEP - BEEP, BEEP - BEEP. A busy signal.

TICK - TUCK - TUCK . Button's pressed. RINGING audible through a speaker. Silence. It RINGS again.

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (groggy)
Hhh... hello.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - NIGHT

An eye. A beautiful blue one. A tear slides from it.

Thunder ROARS. Windows shiver. Lighting pierces glass and enters the dark, spacious office. Wooden furniture echoes warmth.

CHRISTINE

(into the phone receiver)
Thomas? Thomas?

MALE VOICE/ THOMAS (V.O.) Yes.

CHRISTINE (35) sits on the floor, behind a desk. Blonde, tall, stunning in beauty, rugged in attire. Her head leans on a row of drawers, clothes ripped and bloody. She holds a wound on her neck with one hand, phone in the other. Blood seeps through her fingers.

Lightning and THUNDER make another cameo. She stares ahead blankly.

CHRISTINE

I, I... called you... four times. Didn't pick up. Why didn't you pick up? Should have... picked up.

She looks at the floor.

THOMAS (V.O.)

Who --

CHRISTINE

I, I... had to call.

THOMAS (V.O.) (confused)

Why?

CHRISTINE

I... think, I'm... delirious.
 (looks at her hand)
Can't stop my hands from shaking.
Trying, but I can't! They won't. I,
I, my heart wants to burst through
my chest. I --

THOMAS

Who... are you hurt?

CHRISTINE

(turns her head)

I'm bleeding. Oh my god, I'm bleeding so much. He, he bit me.

(looks at her bloody hand)

I, I... kill, kill, killed him, Thomas.

(beat)

Had to. I had ... to.

(cries)

Just a boy. A, sick, little boy.

THOMAS (V.O.)

What? Who's --

Christine puts the phone to her chest. Cries.

She looks from behind the desk. Her gaze meets a puddle of blood peaking, growing from behind the couch on the other end of the room.

She sobs, wipes away the tears and unglues the phone from her chest.

THOMAS (V.O.)

Ahh... are you there?

CHRISTINE

Yes. I had to call someone, you. There's no one here. I don't know what to do. I can't move and there's no one here! Thomas?

THOMAS (V.O.)

Yes.

CHRISTINE

There's no one here.

(she stands)

Beth went home early. His mother's gonna pick him up. She's gonna come, Thomas! I don't know what to do.

Lightning illuminates. THUNDER deafens.

Christine's eyes are on the velvet couch. Behind it a large window. Rain batters it.

THOMAS (V.O.)

Maybe, you should call someone, someone else? Like the police.

CHRISTINE

No. I had to call you first.

THOMAS

What happened... there, exactly?

She walks forward.

CHRISTINE

(looks at a leather chair)
I, made a... mistake.

FLASHBACK - PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - BLACK AND WHITE

Christine sits in her big leather chair. JAMES (12) sits on the couch. Pale, dark haired, wearing all plain, black clothing.

PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

CHRISTINE

There was no headway. I couldn't get through.

FLASHBACK - PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - BLACK AND WHITE

James's on the couch. He talks cordially to Christine. She responds.

THOMAS (V.O.)

How so?

LATER

He shows Christine his teeth. The canines are filed, sharp.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

His delusions grew. Wouldn't take pills, wouldn't go out.

PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

Christine nears the couch. Slowly.

CHRISTINE

Thought hypnosis might work. The mother was against it. Father was unstable. Feared it was hereditary. I... I didn't listen.

THOMAS (V.O.)

Sure he's dead?

CHRISTINE

I, I stabbed him. Three times.

THOMAS (V.O.)

Did you have to?

CHRISTINE

Yes.

FLASHBACK - PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - BLACK AND WHITE

James sits on the couch eyes closed, hands on his lap, head back. Still. Under.

Christine talks to him. He listens.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

They wouldn't waver, even when he was under. Deep under.

James talks, eyes closed.

Christine watches, patiently.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

Depression morphed, psychosis.

(beat)

Renfield Syndrome.

PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - PRESENT

Christine walks to the couch. Slowly.

THOMAS (V.O.)

What's that?

CHRISTINE

Thought he was sick.

(short beat)

Vampirism.

FLASHBACK - PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - BLACK AND WHITE

James hisses at Christine. Angrily, violently.

LATER

James stands by the office window, looking out.

Christine observes him from her chair, in silence.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

I was loosing my patience.

LATER

James sits on the couch, eyes closed, under. Christine stands over him, talking.

He talks back. Christine gets upset.

She asks something. He responds. She frowns.

She goes to her bag. Reaches inside. Takes out a brooch.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

Impatience, the mother of agitation.

She pricks her finger with it. Pushes blood out from the site.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

Nervousness, the guide to bad choices.

Christine places the bleeding finger under James's nose.

His nostrils open, wide. He whiffs. They flare. Eyes pop open.

Pause... He jumps Christine, bringing her down.

They roll on the floor. James ends up on top.

He goes to bite her neck... is successful. Christine yelps. Screams.

She digs her nails into his neck. He yelps back and lets go in pain, allowing her to push him off.

She stands, leans on the dresser in the corner. Bleeding badly.

PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - PRESENT

Christine gasps as she sees tips of a pair of shoes sticking out from behind the couch.

FLASHBACK - PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - BLACK AND WHITE

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

He attacked me!

She rests her hand on the dresser, when James jumps on her back, taking her to the floor once more. They land behind the couch.

Christine grips a pen from the dresser as she goes down.

They fight, roll with Christine winding up on top this time.

She looks at James. He hisses, attempts to scratch her face --

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

I had no choice.

She stabs him. Repeatedly. In the chest. Three times.

PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - PRESENT

Christine continues forward, as she does the shoes become more apparent. They're women's.

As she goes fully behind the couch, she sees... herself laying behind it. Shoulders and head up against it. Dead. Pool of her own blood. Wounds on her chest, a chunk of her neck missing. She pants.

THOMAS (V.O.)
Hey? You Okay? Still there?

CHRISTINE (dazed)

Yeah.

FLASHBACK - PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - BLACK AND WHITE

James stands up off of Christine. Breathing heavy. Bleeding from his neck. A large wound on it of his own.

Christine looks at him. Her gaze growing dim. Panicked, in shock she attempts to stand. Struggles, only managing to sit up a bit. Leans, back and head on the couch.

James takes a few steps and falls backwards to the floor. He too sits, leaned up against the wall. The window above his head.

Christine stares at him, dying, in a state of delirium.

CHRISTINE

T-t-tom... Tho-mas, call... Thomas.

James looks at her with focus. Still under. Her eyes meet his.

CHRISTINE

Tho... mas.

(beat)

I, I...

(points at James)

You, you... me.

(beat)

Thom... mmm...

She dies.

James's stare stays on hers. A change begins in it.

He stands. Focused, clear. Man on a mission.

Walks to Christine's desk. Looks at it, opens a drawer - finds a rolodex inside.

Flips through it until reaching the letter T. Five people with the first name Thomas grace the page.

He picks up the phone. Dials.

PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - PRESENT

Christine lifts her eyes from her dead body to the mirror on the wall - James's reflection stares back.

THOMAS (V.O.)

Helloooo? Hey, heeeyy. This is getting boring now.

(beat)

Nice prank. Acting's fine, but work on the voice. Who is this, anyway?

Christine morphs into James.

LIGHTING enters once again as now James stands over Christine's dead body. THUNDER follows a second later.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE/ RECEPTION AREA - LATER

BUZZING NOISE - A finger pushes a button on the wall.

James puts on his jacket. His neck bandaged. He zips up the jacket all the way up, covering his injury.

DING. Door bell rings. James opens the door to Shirley (49) in the doorway. Raincoat, hat and fat rim glasses on.

She holds an umbrella.

SHIRLEY

Oh, honey. You startled me. Done?

JAMES

Yeah.

SHIRLEY

Where's Miss. Shepard? I wanna ask how it went before we say bye.

JAMES

She's on the phone with her husband. It went well. Really well.

SHIRLEY

Really?

James steps out into the hallway.

JAMES

I don't think I should come here anymore. Miss Shepard thinks so too.

The door closes - BLACK FILLS THE SCREEN.

OVER BLACK:

SHIRLEY (V.O.)

Is that what she said?

JAMES (V.O.)

Yeah. She said relocation's a good

idea. We should move... soon.

THE END