

"THE FEAR OF BLOOD"

By

Anonymous

FADE IN:

EXT. CURBSIDE SNOW CONE CART - NOON

Blood-red syrup drizzles onto a snow cone. It greedily bleeds through the shaved ice. A hand takes the cone.

It belongs to CASSIDY THURGOOD (27) brunette, slim and pretty. She tosses the vendor a smile.

CASSIDY

Still my favorite flavor. Thanks.

She takes a soft bite.

CASSIDY

Mmm. Sooo good.

JAMES ASHTON (30) as average as they come. He pretends to measure her waist.

JAMES

A few more snow cones and you'll be busting at the seams in that fancy, frilly wedding dress.

CASSIDY

I'm marrying such a charming man, mhmm.

JAMES

That's right, you are. You should be honored to be my chubby bride.

He stamps a kiss on her forehead. They walk arm in arm. Around them, the streets bustle with life. It's New York City after all.

JAMES (CONT.)

So what unnecessary stop will we make next? It's not like you've been stalling all day...

Cassidy chokes on her snow cone. Caught.

CASSIDY

Come again?

JAMES

Babe, c'mon. We were supposed to meet her two hours ago. Or did we fly all this way in sweaty, cramped coach for nothing? Call her.

Cassidy blows out a sigh. Nods. Giving up.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE-DAY

An open purse—a smart phone's screen illuminates and vibrates. The caller-ID reads CASS. A hand picks up the phone.

REAGAN THURGOOD (25) black, pixie cut hair. Sits on a couch wearing all black. That pasty skin gives her a sickly look. Depressing.

She frowns at the phone, then carefully returns it to her purse.

DR. CHRISTOPHER SHAW (O.S)

You can answer that if you have to Reagan.

REAGAN

My sister is here...in town I mean.

DR. SHAW (O.S)

You never mentioned you had a sister
before. Younger or older?

Reagan's timid blue eyes stare. She fondles the oval locket
dangling from her neck.

REAGAN

She's older.

DR. SHAW (O.S)

Are you two close?

REAGAN

We're sisters.

DR. SHAW (O.S)

Family is a great source of support.

Dr. Shaw clears his throat.

DR. SHAW

Does your sister know about your condition?

Reagan squeezes the locket. Suffocating it. So tight, her
knuckles turn even whiter.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Reagan hightails it out of Dr. Shaw's office. She skates
into an elevator just as the sliding doors close behind
her.

She taps the button for the first floor. Exhaling,
relieved.

A WOMAN and her TEENAGE SON wait as well. The teen mundanely swipes his thumb over his cell phone. Bored out of his mind. Reagan fidgets.

TEENAGE BOY

(angry whisper)

Aww damnit! Mom...

Reagan's gaze inches toward the boy. He's having a nosebleed. Blood drips from his nostrils.

WOMAN

Here's some tissue honey. Did you take your medicine this morning?

Drops of blood hit the floor, exploding into a shower of tiny red particles. Hypnotizing.

Reagan wretches. Gagging. Looks like she's about to projectile vomit. She slams into a corner on the opposite side of the elevator. Keeping far away from the woman and kid. Her legs buckle, she slides to the ground, gripped by fear.

TEENAGE BOY

HOLY SHIT! What's wrong with *her*?

The woman gasps, pulling her son closer.

Reagan holds her hands out in front of her. Trembling like a surrendering soldier.

REAGAN

P-please. K-keep it away. KEEP IT AWAAAAAY!

She screams and screams.

EXT. REAGAN'S APARTMENT DOOR - DAY

Cassidy knocks on the door. She looks up at James. Worried.

JAMES

Try calling again. She could be asleep inside.

CASSIDY

I doubt that, last time we spoke she says she hasn't slept much lately. Bad dreams.

She pulls her cell out of her purse and dials Reagan's number.

CASSIDY

C'mon Sis pick up, pick up, pick up.

INT. PHARMACY-EVENING

Reagan waits at the drug pick-up window. She looks at her phone. It pains her to hit the ignore button.

The PHARMACY TECH returns with her medicine.

REAGAN

And this is my new prescription right?

PHARMACY TECH

Yes. It's Alprazolam fifty milligrams.

REAGAN

Okay.

PHARMACY TECH

Let me print your receipt.

A PREGNANT WOMAN stands in line behind her. Stroking her belly in circles. She looks exhausted. She freezes. Something is happening.

Blood gushes down her thighs and calves.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Oh my God!

The pharmacy tech shoots from behind the counter to help.

PHARMACY TECH

SOMEONE CALL 911!

Reagan HYPERVENTILATES. Clutching the locket against her chest. She stares wide-eyed at the shiny puddle of blood creeping toward her feet. She runs out of the pharmacy.

EXT. STREET-DUSK

A neurotic Reagan pops a pill in her mouth as she hustles through a crosswalk. Ahead of her, a group of people joke around loudly. Happy people.

Reagan slows, watching the group roll through the open doors of a sports bar. The bar glows with beer, fun, and music. The way New York bars do after the sun sets.

She goes inside.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

At the bar, Reagan sits slumped on a stool. An outcast. The only dark spot in a room of laughter and light.

Across the room, at a small table in a corner, Cassidy nudges James and points in Reagan's direction.

They start toward her, carefully making their way through the crowd of whooping sports fans. Without a word, Cassidy takes a seat beside her sister.

Reagan keeps her head down.

REAGAN

I never wanted you to see me like this

She rests her hands atop the counter. The nails are claw-like. Blackened, like a monster.

CASSIDY

You could have come to me first

REAGAN

(weeping)

After I was attacked that night, I did all the right things. Went to the hospital, filed a police report. Even counseling. How could I have known any of this would happen.

Cassidy affectionately squeezes Reagan's shoulder.

CASSIDY

You couldn't have known. This isn't your fault.

Reagan lifts her head. She looks at her sister for the first time with NEW BLACK eyes, no white spaces. She bares pointy, demonic teeth, whimpering.

REAGAN

My psychiatrist calls this hemophobia—the fear of blood. Can you believe that?

The BARTENDER wipes down the countertop in front of them. He kneels to grab something under the counter and bangs his head coming back up.

BARTENDER

God damnit!

A trickle of blood cruises down his forehead, riding the bridge of his nose. Slick. Smooth.

Reagan closes her eyes. Inhales deeply. Smelling something delicious. She shudders with pleasure.

REAGAN

You see, it isn't the blood that I fear...

The bartender dabs his forehead with his hand. Blood smears on his fingertips.

REAGAN

(opening her eyes)

The true fear is what I will do if I give in to my thirst. Now I know, I will never be at peace until I become who I am truly meant to be.

She throws back her head and lets out a blood-curdling screech. Cassidy jumps to her feet. The bartender is instantly aware of the creature sitting at his bar.

BARTENDER

Jesus Christ...

Reagan leaps with hideous speed. She clears the counter and takes the bartender down to the ground. Out of sight. His screams throw everyone into a panic.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BAR-NIGHT

People pour out into the street. A wave of screaming chaos.

INT. SPORTS BAR-NIGHT

James and Cassidy are ready. James throws off his jacket

revealing a gun holster and belt of stakes. Cassidy holds a curved dagger in one hand a stake in the other—a fighting stance.

The sounds of flesh tearing. It's no secret the bartender is being eaten behind the bar.

John Mellancamp's "hurts so good" sails from the bar's jukebox.

Cassidy nods in the direction she wants James to go. Stake in hand, he inches toward the end of the bar. Slow. He comes to the edge and starts to peek around the corner.

The vampire explodes upward. SCREECHING hellishly. It flies to the ceiling. Hanging upside down, it glares down at them. Teeth drooling blood.

CASSIDY

THERE!

JAMES

I'M ON IT!

He draws his gun and squeezes off a single shot. POW! Instead of a bullet, a metallic cord flies from the barrel. Making a whirring noise as it splits the air.

The vampire screams in agony. A tiny harpoon jutting from its ribs.

James moves as if he's done this a million times. He dips and spins, yanking the cable and forcing the creature from ceiling to ground.

It crashes down onto a table, writhing on a pile of wooden rubble.

Cassidy doesn't waste a moment. She throws herself on top of the vampire, straddling it. James kneels at its head, pinning down its arms with his knees.

Cassidy's stake rises. The vampire screams a hateful scream.

CASSIDY

I love you

She thrusts the stake into her sister's heart. Reagan releases one last breathless howl, then falls silent.

James rises. Cassidy stays down. Silent. Reflecting. She notices Reagan's locket and snatches the chain free.

She opens it, remorseful. Stares at the small, oval pictures of the two little girls inside. Sisters.

CASSIDY

(to Reagan)

Rest in peace.

FADE OUT:

THE END