So Pretty

by
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EXT. CHICAGO OUTSKIRTS – NIGHT

The city skyline illuminates the clouded sky above.

An elevated train blots out the view as it passes by at close proximity.

INT. TRAIN – NIGHT

Four PASSENGERS. They sit some distance from one another.

SEAN, 30’s, is the best looking of the bunch. Crystal blue eyes. A fashionably worn leather jacket and shoes to match. He leans his head against a window towards the front of the car.

The train comes to a stop.

The door opens. LISA, 20’s, enters and finds a seat across from Sean. She has on green hospital scrubs. Her hair is unnaturally BLACK. So is her fingernail polish.

She reaches into her purse and pulls out a copy of “TWILIGHT”. She opens the book and begins to read. The train continues.

She looks up to digest something she just read. She catches Sean staring at her. He smiles.

SEAN
I read all of those. Interesting take on vampires.

LISA
Me too. This one’s my fave though. Third time.

SEAN
Seems like everyone is infatuated with vampires these days. They either want to date one... or be one.

LISA
You talking about the hair?

He nods. She smiles. Pulls a lock of it into her view.
LISA
I got all vamped up for a costume party a couple of weeks ago. Just couldn’t seem to let the color go.

SEAN
It suits you. I’m Sean.

LISA
Lisa.

She dives back into her book.

SEAN
I just have a hard time believing it would be so easy to be a vampire.

She remains engrossed in her book.

SEAN (CONT’D)
In Bram’s version it wasn’t easy. Always hunted...

LISA
Bram?

She looks up. Squints her eyes.

SEAN
Bram Stoker? He wrote Dracula? Pretty much put vampires on the map.

LISA
Oh, I had to read that in high school. I thought it sucked.

SEAN
You’re a fan of vampires, yet you didn’t like Dracula?

She shrugs her shoulders. Offers a guilty smile.

LISA
Nope, sorry. Thought it was boring.

SEAN
Maybe being a vampire is not supposed to be so glamorous. Always hunted, truly cursed in love, and the decisions.
Sean shakes his head. Looks at the passengers.

    LISA
    Decisions?

    SEAN
    Who to kill. To live with the guilt of playing god.

    LISA
    I would think they would just eat animals. Like the Cullens.

She points to her book.

    SEAN
    Humans eat animals. Not vampires.

    LISA
    Says you. I think it’s okay to make changes in the legend. Times change. People’s tastes differ.

    SEAN
    Because that’s not a curse. Seems more like a gift. Would you still want to be a vampire if you had to kill people?

She crumples her face. Taps fingers on her chin.

    LISA
    I think so. They’re just so beautiful. So misunderstood.

    SEAN
    Really? Then humor me for a second. You’re a vampire who likes to hunt on late night trains...

He smiles. She rolls her eyes.

He nods his head towards the other passengers.

    SEAN (CONT’D)
    Which one?

She peruses the train. A thin OLD MAN, 70’s, with a Homburg hat on his head sits towards the back of the car.

A PLUMP WOMAN, 40’s, ruffles through a purse the size of a gym bag. She chews gum at a fevered pace.
A LARGE MAN, 30's, rests his head against the window. He wears a sleeveless vest. Arms covered in tattoos. A bandana on his head.

Lisa smiles.

    LISA
    You don’t think I could do it, do you?

    SEAN
    Then do it.

    LISA
    The big guy, with all the tatt’s.

Sean studies him with her.

    SEAN
    Why him?

    LISA
    Because he looks like a thug. Like he’s a gang member.

    SEAN
    Who knows, he could be a big teddy bear. Maybe he’s a hard working guy, three children at home and a loving wife.

    LISA
    Or, maybe he’s gang member.

Back to her book.

    SEAN
    So you would just pick people based on their looks?

    LISA
    Why not? Gotta feed right?

Lisa laughs.

    SEAN
    Sooner or later, it would get to you... I think there’s a better candidate over there.

Lisa purses her lips. Sean nods to the passengers again. She takes them in.
LISA
Then the fat woman.

Sean gazes at the woman.

SEAN
Why her?

LISA
I just have a problem with people who don’t take care of themselves.

SEAN
Maybe she has a thyroid problem, or low self esteem.

Lisa sighs. Throws up her hands.

LISA
Then you pick one, Dr. Phil.

SEAN
The old man.

Sean stares at the old man with piercing eyes.

LISA
Why him? He looks harmless.

SEAN
His name is Edgar Wilcox. He’s a retired auto worker. He actually does have three kids and a loving wife...

Sean’s eyes return to Lisa.

SEAN (CONT’D)
He’s also a pedophile.

The train begins to slow.

LISA
How? Why do you know this?

SEAN
Because, it’s the best I can do.

Sean stands. Lisa can see her reflection in the window behind him, but not his. Her eyes widen.
SEAN
You're gonna want to get off this
train now.

He walks towards the others. She fumbles her book trying to
get it into her purse. She hastens to the door. Bounces in
anticipation of it's opening.

SEAN
Edgar Wilcox?

Lisa turns her back to them. Closes her eyes.

EDGAR (O.S.)
Yes. Do I know...

LARGE MAN (O.S.) WOMAN (O.S.)
What the fuck? Oh my god!

SCREAMS. Flesh TEARING. Heavy FOOTSTEPS in the car. Lisa
covers her mouth. The doors open.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM – CONTINUOUS

Lisa gets knocked over by the large man. The plump woman runs
past. Lisa picks up her bag. Runs to the turn-stile.

SEAN (O.S.)
Lisa!

She stops and turns. A mistake.

Sean’s blood spattered face is pressed up against the window.
He stares at her wide eyed, crazed. He licks his fangs as his
fingers rake crimson down the glass.

SEAN
Ain’t so pretty now, are we?

The train doors shut. Lisa faints.

Sean SCREAMS as the train resumes.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.