

"MY DAY JOB "

written by

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SCENE 1

INT. KAVINSKY APARTMENT - DAY

A cramped, second-story apartment. Clean, but worn. Unpaid bills are stacked neatly on a small kitchen table. A flickering computer screen lights the room.

ALAN KAVINSKY (25) sits hunched at the table, running a hand through his unkempt hair. His eyes are heavy with exhaustion and sadness.

On a worn sofa, his mother, **ELARA** (50s), sleeps peacefully, a soft blanket pulled up to her chin. Her face is gaunt, but a gentle smile rests on her lips. A small, delicate vase of wilting flowers sits on a table next to her.

Alan's gaze drifts to the medicine cabinet in the small, open-plan kitchen. He hesitates, his hand clenching, then unclenching. He gets up, moving quietly. He opens the cabinet, revealing a line of pill bottles, all labeled with his mother's name.

He carefully takes one, a bottle of strong painkillers. His movements are practiced, almost robotic. He glances at his mother, a flash of guilt crossing his face, before he shakes out a few pills and puts them in a small plastic bag in his pocket. He replaces the bottle, making sure it looks undisturbed.

Returning to the table, he opens a browser on his laptop. The search history is a bleak list of job sites, news articles about cancer treatments, and, at the very bottom, "oxycodone side effects."

A BEEP comes from the computer. An email notification. Alan clicks it. The subject line reads: **"RE: Personal Assistant/Security Position."**

A flicker of hope ignites in his eyes, quickly followed by a heavy dose of skepticism. He takes a deep breath, steeling himself, and opens the message.

FROM: JOHN POLIDORI

TO: ALAN KAVINSKY

SUBJECT: RE: PERSONAL ASSISTANT/SECURITY POSITION

YOUR APPLICATION WAS COMPELLING. ARE YOU SERIOUS ABOUT THIS POSITION?

Alan's fingers fly across the keyboard, a surge of adrenaline pushing him forward.

I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE SERIOUS IN MY LIFE.<

He sends the email. A wave of nervous energy washes over him. He glances over at his mother, a silent promise on his lips. He'll do whatever it takes.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 2

INT. KAVINSKY APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY

The sun is setting, casting long shadows across the room. Alan sits on his bed, the door to his room slightly ajar. He's listening to his mother's gentle, steady breathing.

On his nightstand, the small plastic bag lies open. Alan carefully takes one of the pills, a practiced ease to his movements. He swallows it dry with a gulp, leaning his head back against the wall and closing his eyes.

A few minutes pass. The tense, anxious lines on his face begin to soften. The weight of the world seems to lift, if only for a moment. He's floating, detached from the bills, the illness, the crushing sadness.

Suddenly, a loud RING from his phone on the nightstand jolts him back to reality. It's an **UNKNOWN NUMBER**. Alan grabs the phone, his mind still clouded from the pill. He answers it, his voice a little slow and thick.

ALAN

Hello...?

The voice on the other end is smooth, sophisticated, and has a faint European accent. It's calm and powerful, a stark contrast to Alan's altered state.

POLIDORI (V.O.)

Mr. Kavinsky. It's John Polidori.

Alan's eyes snap open, the fog in his brain clearing instantly as he's hit with a surge of panicked adrenaline. He sits up straight, his entire demeanor changing.

ALAN

Oh... oh, hi. I... I didn't think
I'd hear from you.

POLIDORI (V.O.)

I'm a busy man. But your quick and
decisive response impressed me. I'd
like you to come to my home for an
interview tomorrow night

ALAN

Tomorrow night? Sure. What time?

POLIDORI (V.O.)

Nine PM. I'll text you the address.
And Mr. Kavinsky...

A long pause. Alan can almost feel Polidori's intense gaze
through the phone.

POLIDORI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Come alone. And be on time.

The line goes dead.

Alan stares at the phone, a strange mix of excitement and
unease washing over him. A few seconds later, his phone
CHIMES with a new message: a long, winding address and a pin
on a map. He zooms in on the map.

The location is far outside the city, nestled deep in a
heavily wooded area, a place he's never heard of. He shows a
flicker of concern, but then he glances at his mother, and
his resolve hardens.

He's in. He's desperate enough to be in.

SCENE 3

EXT. POLIDORI'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Alan pulls his rusty sedan up to a massive, wrought-iron
gate. The estate is a bizarre sight—parts of a huge mansion
look modern and pristine, while other sections look like
centuries-old ruins, in mid-construction or destruction.
Several MOVING TRUCKS and DUMP TRUCKS are scattered around,
full of a reddish-brown dirt.

Alan follows a cobblestone path to the front door, his heart
pounding.

INT. POLIDORI'S ESTATE - NIGHT

A grand foyer. Alan stands in the center, a small man in a massive space. His cheap, worn jacket feels out of place among the gilded frames and marble floors. The air smells of old wood and something else, something vaguely metallic, like an old coin.

A strong, booming voice echoes from a far wing of the house.

POLIDORI (O.S.)

Alan! Come in! Don't just stand there, drinking in the mediocrity of my foyer! This way, to the man cave!

Alan follows the voice, passing through a stunning gallery of art and ancient artifacts—a sarcophagus here, a Samurai suit of armor there. He enters a room that is a jarring mix of styles: a sleek, modern wet bar sits next to a dusty, medieval suit of armor. A massive fireplace roars, casting a warm glow over a leather armchair where a man is waiting.

JOHN WILLIAM POLIDORI (ageless, refined, with intense, piercing eyes) rises from the chair. He's impeccably dressed in a tailored suit, a silk ascot at his throat. He moves with a quiet, effortless grace.

POLIDORI (CONT'D)

Alan Kavinsky. A pleasure to meet you. John Polidori.

He shakes Alan's hand. His grip is firm, but surprisingly cold. Alan shivers slightly, but quickly dismisses it as nerves.

ALAN

It's an honor, sir. This place is... incredible.

POLIDORI

A passion project. I dabble. Please, sit. I find a bit of bluntness is best, don't you? So tell me, Alan, why would a young man like yourself, with so much potential in the world, want a job that is, at its core, utterly and completely boring?

Alan is caught off guard. He expected a standard interview, not this. He clenches his jaw, trying to form a coherent answer.

ALAN

Boring? I'm not sure I understand.

POLIDORI

A personal assistant? Security?
Logistics? The work is tedious,
repetitive. I have to wonder what
drives a man to seek out such...
servitude.

Alan takes a deep breath, the bluntness of the question
forcing him to be honest.

ALAN

It's not about the job, Mr.
Polidori. It's about what the job
can do for me. The job description
said it was high-paying. Under the
table. I'm... I'm in a lot of debt.
And my mother... she has cancer.
I'm trying to take care of her, but
the insurance has run out. And if
I'm being completely honest, I'm
just trying to get my life back on
track.

Alan's voice cracks a little at the end. He can feel the
shame and the desperation bubbling up. He looks down at his
hands, unwilling to meet Polidori's gaze.

Polidori stares at him, his intense eyes unblinking. He
slowly reaches into his pocket, pulls out a silk
handkerchief, and dabs at his eye. Alan looks up, confused.
Polidori's tears are thick, almost viscous, and a dark,
reddish-black color. He quickly wipes them away, a charming
smile returning to his face.

POLIDORI

A tragic tale. The plight of a
noble son. You see? Not so boring
after all. Your reasons are
compelling, Alan. Very compelling.
Now, shall we take a tour? I want
to show you my most recent
renovation. My... ultimate man cave.

Polidori stands, gesturing for Alan to follow him. He leads
Alan through a series of grand, ornate rooms, his words a
playful, yet unnerving, commentary.

POLIDORI (CONT'D)

And here we have a rather
unremarkable Van Gogh. I find him a
bit... moody. But you, Alan. You
strike me as a man with a sense of
history.

(MORE)

POLIDORI (CONT'D)

Tell me, that mind of yours, what is it truly interested in?

ALAN

I was... I studied European and Russian history. I got my bachelor's. I was planning on going for my master's, becoming a teacher. I always thought... learning from the past could help us avoid repeating it.

Polidori smiles, a genuine, warm expression that momentarily makes him seem like a kindly professor.

POLIDORI

An admirable goal. A noble one. And a futile one, but that's for another conversation. History, you see, is not just in books. It's in the people who survive it. Kavinsky... that's a Polish name, is it not?

ALAN

Yeah. My great-grandfather's side. Most of his family... they were wiped out during the Holocaust. He was sent to a work camp. But that's where he met my great-grandmother.

Polidori's gaze becomes more intense, a curious and almost hungry look in his eyes. He gestures for Alan to continue.

ALAN (CONT'D)

They fell in love. In that... terrible place. And they got married. She made her wedding dress out of a parachute they'd found. It was their way of taking something meant for war and destruction and making it into something beautiful. They used it to start their lives over.

Alan smiles faintly, a flicker of pride in his voice. Polidori's expression softens. He even lets out a soft chuckle.

POLIDORI

A wedding dress from a parachute. I love that. To find love and beauty in the midst of utter despair. To turn destruction into a beginning.

(MORE)

POLIDORI (CONT'D)
It's a sentiment I understand all
too well.

Polidori's smile is now laced with a hint of melancholy, a vulnerability Alan has not seen before. He reaches out and puts a hand on Alan's shoulder.

POLIDORI (CONT'D)
You see, Alan? You come from a
strong bloodline. A survivor's
bloodline. This is a very important
quality. Now, come. I want to show
you my ultimate man cave.

Polidori's charming smile widens, but his eyes are once again cold and predatory. He leads Alan to the basement door, the moment of shared history now feeling like a bait.

CUT TO.

SCENE 4

INT. POLIDORI'S MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The door creaks open, revealing a world of horror. Alan freezes, his mind struggling to process the scene before him.

The basement is a macabre art gallery. Nude bodies, some male, some female, hang upside down from chains. Their necks are slashed, and blood pours from the wounds into large, rusted metal buckets on the floor.

The scent of coppery blood and death is overwhelming. Skulls and skeletal remains are piled in corners. Jars filled with a dark, viscous liquid are stacked on a table, next to surgical tools and a variety of other grotesque implements.

Alan's stomach lurches. He gags, stumbling back, his mind screaming for him to run. Polidori's laughter, a low, rumbling sound, fills the room.

POLIDORI
Oh, you're not a fan of my work? I
find it... therapeutic. A messy
business, but someone has to do it.
You, my boy, are about to become
that someone.

Alan turns to flee, but Polidori moves with a speed that defies human physics. In a single, terrifying flash, he's at the door, blocking Alan's escape. Polidori's face is no longer charming.

His teeth are elongated into sharp, unnatural fangs. His eyes, once merely intense, now burn with a predatory, inhuman hunger.

He grabs Alan by the throat, his grip a vice of unnatural strength. Alan gasps, his feet kicking uselessly in the air.

POLIDORI (CONT'D)

This is your interview, Alan. The real one. The job description was a bit... vague, I admit. My core roles are not to be a bored man's assistant. You see, I am the last of my kind. A lonely creature, hunted for centuries by those who would see me extinct. You will be my ghoul. My servant. My companion.

Polidori's voice becomes a low hiss, his fangs glinting in the dim light.

POLIDORI (CONT'D)

You will watch my "man cave" during the day, protecting me while I sleep. You will keep me fed. You will run errands, you will find places for us to hide. You will be my spy and my slave.

He throws Alan against a brick wall with such force that Alan's head cracks against it. Just as Alan begins to slump, dazed, Polidori catches him in a blur of motion, holding him upright against the wall.

POLIDORI (CONT'D)

In return, I will give you everything you need. Your debt will vanish. And your mother... I will cure her. The cancer. I will take it away. I will give you both a better life. A richer life. A longer life.

Alan's mind, swimming with fear and the fresh agony of his head injury, latches onto those words. *Cure. My mother. Richer life.* He looks at Polidori's monstrous face, then at the horrors hanging in the basement. He thinks of the stack of bills, of his mother's frail smile, of his own miserable existence.

After a long, agonizing silence, Alan nods.

ALAN

I'll do it.

Polidori smiles, a sickening, triumphant curl of his lips.

POLIDORI

Then let's make it official.

Polidori's index finger elongates, becoming a skeletal, bony thing. A long, black talon erupts from the tip. He slices Alan's palm, the blood welling up, bright red against his pale skin. Then, with a chilling deliberation, he slices his own hand. A thick, dark substance, like black tar mixed with sand, oozes from the wound.

Polidori presses their bleeding hands together. The contact is an electric shock. Alan's eyes roll back into his head as a torrent of images floods his mind. He sees thousands of years of human history through Polidori's eyes. Wars, plagues, triumphs, and atrocities. The endless, brutal existence of a predator.

The final image is a stark, beautiful contrast: Alan and his mother, tan and healthy, laughing on a sun-drenched beach, drinking from coconuts. They raise their "glasses" in a toast. The images stop. Alan collapses, exhausted, but alive.

Polidori catches him, holding him up.

POLIDORI (CONT'D)

Can you start tomorrow?

FADE TO BLACK.