

LURED

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bar is empty. Two men sitting opposite from each other, a table of bottles and cups in-between ADAM, 30s, and BLAKE, 30s. Both drunk.

Adam opens an eye to look at Blake.

ADAM
Look who said he would walk out of
here like a model.

Adam chuckles, Blake joins in and they both laugh.

BLAKE
At least I know how a model walks...

Blake leans forward.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
... and looks. Up close.

Adam raises his brow.

ADAM
How "Up close?"

Blake gestures with his finger like he's pinching salt.

BLAKE
This close.

ADAM
She must have been one of those low
budget bitches!

Adam bursts into laughter.

BLAKE
Don't call her that! Seriously.

Adam continues laughing.

Blake rises annoyed. Steps towards Adam.

ADAM
What? You going to smash the bottle
on my-

Blake empties the bottle on Adam. All wet.

ADAM (CONT'D)

There you go.

A Female waiter approaches them.

WAITER

We're sorry sir, were closed for today.

ADAM

Okay.

She leaves and they both gaze at her.

Blake glances at Adam with a wary expression and rises.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Blake and Adam stumble out of the bar, bottles still in hand. Street lights cast long shadows.

ADAM

I know I will get the job. Joanne will finally give me the respect I deserve.

BLAKE

What respect?

ADAM

She will stop speaking to me like trash.

BLAKE

Having a job alone doesn't command respect, Adam.

(Then)

Lowering your gaze too. For your wife.

Adam looks at Blake and takes a drink.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I could stop looking at babes anytime, but I won't because I must. That's how you found Joanne and that's how I'd find mine.

ADAM

Bet.

BLAKE

But if you stare at babes because I
do, count me out of your friends list
cuz I have a lot of staring to do.

Blake chuckles and drinks from his bottle.

ADAM

I am destined to be with my wife
Blake.

BLAKE

(laughing)

Why do sound like it's face-first I'm
the gutter.

Up ahead, a figure emerges from a dark alleyway. VERA, early
20, strikingly beautiful, wearing a white gown that stops
over her thighs.

An ankle chain around each of her legs.

Adam and Blake stop abruptly.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Are you seeing... What I'm seeing?

She faces their direction. Her eyes deep green.

VERA

(Neutral)

Any problem?

ADAM

We're... we're fine, miss.

VERA

(mysterious smile)

Are you? You seem to be wandering
without purpose.

She walks past them, her movement almost floating.

Blake and Adam exchange glances.

BLAKE

(whispers)

Did she just...?

ADAM

Follow her.

They both walk towards her direction.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Blake and Adam duck behind cars, following Vera at a distance.

She stops suddenly at a wrought-iron gate.

She smiles.

VERA

Persistence is such a human trait.
Admirable and pathetic in equal
measure.

She turns to face them. They freeze, caught.

VERA (CONT'D)

You've been following me for six
blocks! Now it's either you decide to
be stalkers, or the guys that need my
number!

They both step out. Approach her.

ADAM

We weren't... I mean...

VERA

Your footsteps are as loud as your
intentions.

BLAKE

You're just... Captivating.

She glances them. From one to another.

VERA

I understand your curiosity. Come.

She opens the gate to a Victorian house.

ADAM

... where?

VERA

Inside. Unless you prefer to hear me
scream my number from inside, which I
probably can't.

INT. VERA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vera enters. Blake and Adam follow.

The interior is elegant but cold. Ancient books, candles, no modern technology visible.

VERA

Welcome to my keep. Make yourselves comfortable.

Blake and Adam look around. Fascinated.

BLAKE

I mean no offense, but is this your house?

VERA

Yes.

Blake and Adam sit awkwardly on an antique sofa.

There's a framed painting hanging on the wall of Vera and four similarly beautiful ladies in high class gowns, an old 80s to 90s image. Adam sees it, squints his eyes.

Vera notices Adam scanning the picture.

VERA (CONT'D)

Give me a moment.

Vera heads away.

BLAKE

Bro, this bitch is rich.

ADAM

Stop calling people that.

BLAKE

If she wasn't, why would she invite two men into her house? And one of the men, who's also a bitch accepted.

ADAM

If you do shut the hell up I will -

VERA(O.C.)

- Do you know what fascinates me most about... Humans?

BLAKE

(nervous)

What?

Blake and Adam both comport themselves.

Vera arrives with a bottle of deep red drink and two glass cups. She keeps them on a table.

She sits. Pauses. Staring at them.

VERA
Your capacity for self-deception.

She takes out the already unsealed cover from the bottle and pours in the drink into one cup.

VERA (CONT'D)
You followed a stranger through dark streets, and now you sit in her home, accepting her hospitality.

She drinks from the glass cup. The drink is thick. She sets down the cup.
They both stare at it.

VERA (CONT'D)
You don't question why someone would invite their stalkers inside.

BLAKE
We weren't really stalking...

VERA
(sharp look)
There you go again. The lying. A quintessentially human behavior.

She sits across from them, studying their faces. Them looking back at her.

She bursts into laughter.

VERA (CONT'D)
You guys are both drunk! You we're already taking that seriously?

Blake smiles back at her and Adam looks at the art work.

ADAM
Nice painting.

VERA
Oh that! Eighteen-ninety-one.

Adam furrows. Shares glances with Blake.

ADAM
You mean...

VERA
the art style.

ADAM
Oh! It's impressive.

BLAKE
Impressive.
(Then)
Who are those?

VERA
Madea, Ryneria, Tabula, and Balixa.
My sisters.

BLAKE
Wow.
(Then)
They are so marriable. So are you.

Vera looks at Adam.

VERA
You're a married man.

ADAM
Uh...

VERA
Don't lie.

ADAM
Yes. Why would I lie?

Beat.

Vera glares at him.

VERA
Tell me, what did you hope to gain by
following me? Conquest? Possession?
The reduction of another being to
your entertainment?

Adam furrows.

BLAKE
Your energy is... different.
Beautiful.

VERA
Beauty. That's how you categorize
worth, Surface aesthetics equals
value. How wonderfully shallow.

Blake and Adam are having uncomfortable glances.

She takes on sip of the red drink.

VERA (CONT'D)
And as for my sisters who are
probably hiving and would be pleased
to have you...

Vera fills both glass cup and approaches them. Hands to them.

VERA (CONT'D)
Drink. It's quite special. They love
it too.

Vera glares at them her pupils pulsing slowly. A low HUM.

They both drink.

VERA (CONT'D)
Done.

She goes back to her seat and watches.

They're feel dizzy.

ADAM
What's... What did you put in it?

Adam rises. Heads to the door and falls to the ground unconscious.

Blake looses strength and blacks out.

INT. VERA'S HOUSE - POOL ROOM - NIGHT

A vast dark chamber. In the center, a deep wide pool filled with murky green water. Vera drags the unconscious bodies of Blake and Adam across the floor.

She positions them near the pool's edge.

She stands by the pool. Slowly, she removes her clothing.

VERA
(to the water)
I told you I would bring something
home.

The water RIPPLES. Something with a large fish tail moves beneath the surface.

Vera sits at the pool's edge. She removes her ankle beads and let's them fall into the water.

Lastly, she removes a bead from around her waist. Her hands begin to shimmer, scales appearing. Her back darkens as scales spread across her skin.

She slips into the water. Her legs fuse, becoming a large dark tail.

Swimming to where Adam lies, she extends her hand. Fins open along her arms, webs stretch between her fingers. She reaches for Adam's body and gradually drags him in.

INT. POOL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blake's eyes flutter open. The pool water CHURNS violently.

Adam's hand breaks the surface - a desperate reach for life. His SCREAM echoes off the walls.

ADAM
(gurgling, dying)
Blake! Blake help!

Blood spreads through the green water like spilled wine.

Vera's head emerges. Her eyes are pure white with vertical black slits. She watches Blake with predatory calm.

Blake staggers to his feet, the drug still affecting his balance. Hurries out.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

Blake runs through a narrow stone passage, stumbling, dizzy. The walls seem to pulse around him.

At the tunnel's end, Vera appears in human form again, but without her ankle chains, her skin is partially scaly and with water.

VERA
Get back here!

Blake runs. Behind him, Vera moves with inhuman speed, her feet barely touching the ground.

She catches him, her mouth opening to reveal rows of needle sharp teeth.

Blake fights desperately, throwing wild punches, most of which reach her.

VERA (CONT'D)
(during the struggle)
That's what you humans do! Hurt other
kinds!

Vera's scream-like growl and Blake's scream echoes as they push and pull.

Blake manages to grab her head, SLAMMING it against the tunnel wall once, twice, three times. She collapses, unconscious.

Blake gasps for air, his hands shaking.

INT. TUNNEL - LATER

Vera is bound to a metal in the wall with a rope. Blake holds a rusted iron bar, standing over her.

She awakens, her eyes returning to normal.

BLAKE
What did you do to Adam?

VERA
Go there and find out.

BLAKE
What are you?

Vera raises her gaze.

VERA
Your victim.

BLAKE
You killed my friend!

VERA
One less human to poison my world.

Blake raises the iron bar threateningly.

BLAKE
We didn't try to hurt you! We didn't
want to!

VERA
It's what you say!

BLAKE

We didn't!

Pause.

VERA

Do you think we want to be here?
Doing this? Humans polluted our
waters. Killed my kind everywhere I
went. I didn't want this life, but I
had to survive. And this... this is
the worst place I could be.

She looks at him with genuine anguish.

VERA (CONT'D)

Do you know what it's like to watch
your entire species die because
another thinks they own the world?

Blake stares at her, conflicted.

VERA (CONT'D)

(Calm)

Everywhere we went was impure. We
needed nothing from you, we were
living in peace until our waters were
corrupted with poison! And the little
amount that had the bravery to catch
a breath over waters and ashore were
hunted... Captured... Killed.

Blake stares at her, conflicted. Then an idea forms, his
expression hardens.

BLAKE

Then i'm going to take you and show
you to those who "capture". And I
will sell you, and you will suffer
worse than your "kind" ever did.

Vera lowers her gaze, scoffs. She lifts her head and laughs.
Sounds like wet feet over tile.

VERA

Thanks for listening... Human.

Blake frowns, confused.

From the shadows, FOUR FIGURES emerge. The sisters of Vera -
with white eyes and black slits. All with ankle chains.
More.

Blake's confident smile fades.

BLAKE
(Whispers)

No.

He lunges for a desperate attack.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
No... no, NO!

The sound of the iron bar CLANK on the floor and His SCREAMS fill the tunnel.

CLOSE-UP on Vera's face, blood splash over her face and drip down her cheek, her expression serene.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: SIREN'S LURE

FADE OUT.