

PUNCTURE WOUNDS

Written by

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INT. DARK APARTMENT - NIGHT

Small. Cluttered. Papers everywhere. Crumpled sheets overflowing the trashcan. Seated at a small table, furiously banging keys on a typewriter, is a MAN.

TYPING MAN

I can't write when I'm weak... I
can't write when I'm weak... I
can't write when I'm weak... I
can't write when I'm weak...

The steady banging of the typewriter resonates.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The wind howls. Ominous. Shrill. Rapid pattering of footsteps crunching twigs. A MAN panting.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)

I didn't kill him. I don't know
much... but I know that much.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dank. Dirty. A MAN stands in front of the mirror, his face dimly lit by flickering fluorescent lights. He stares hard into the mirror.

He's a young man -- his face scratched and bloody. He's been through hell and back.

INTERROGATOR (V.O.)

If you didn't kill him... who did?

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Running. Panting. Twigs snapping. Wind howling.

INT. DARK APARTMENT - NIGHT

Typing man types. The clicking of the typewriter and the sound of his voice becomes increasingly louder.

TYPING MAN

I can't write when I'm weak.... I
can't write when I'm weak... I
can't write when I'm weak...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A YOUNG MAN seated at a table in a windowless room. A hanging lamp dangles over his head, spotlighting him in yellow. He smiles arrogantly at the unseen interrogator.

YOUNG MAN

And what would my motive be?

INTERROGATOR (O.S.)

Money.

YOUNG MAN

Money? Don't insult me. Do you know how rich my parents are?

INT. DARK APARTMENT - NIGHT

TYPING MAN

I can't write when I'm weak... I
can't write when I'm weak...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The lights flicker, briefly darkening the room. Mirror man's eyes turn red in the dark, then back to normal once the lights come back up.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Running. Panting. Twigs snapping. Wind howling.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

INTERROGATOR (O.S.)

Tell me something...

YOUNG MAN

Yes?

INTERROGATOR (O.S.)

What do you know about vampires?

The young man's arrogance disappears. Replaced by fear.

YOUNG MAN

Vampires?

INTERROGATOR (O.S.)

Yes.

YOUNG MAN
I don't know. They suck.

He laughs nervously.

INT. DARK APARTMENT - NIGHT

TYPING MAN
I can't write when I'm weak... I
can't write when I'm weak...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mirror man stares. The lights flicker. Flash of red eyes.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Running. Panting. Twigs snapping. Wind howling.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

INTERROGATOR (O.S.)
So you have a sense of humor?

YOUNG MAN
Yeah, I guess I do.

INTERROGATOR (O.S.)
That's good. So do I. You know what
else I have?

YOUNG MAN
A small dick?

INTERROGATOR (O.S.)
I have a victim with bite marks.

The young man gulps.

YOUNG MAN
Bite marks?

INTERROGATOR (O.S.)
Puncture wounds. Two of them. On
the neck.

The young man begins to sweat.

INTERROGATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You know what else I have?

YOUNG MAN

What?

The interrogator tosses a plastic evidence bag to the young man. He opens it up. Finds a pair of sharp, jagged teeth.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

What are these?

INTERROGATOR (O.S.)

You tell me.

INT. DARK APARTMENT - NIGHT

TYPING MAN

I can't write when I'm weak... I
can't write when I'm weak...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Running. Panting. Twigs snapping. Wind howling.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The lights flicker.

INTERROGATOR (V.O.)

Open your mouth.

Mirror man smiles, displaying two rows of pearly whites. The lights flicker again. Those pearly whites instantly turn black. Rotten. Jagged. Two sharp fangs.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

YOUNG MAN

What?

INTERROGATOR (O.S.)

You heard me. Open your mouth.

Beat. The young man opens his mouth. There are two empty holes where his canines should be.

INTERROGATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Well, what do you know...

YOUNG MAN

I can explain. I lost them in a
hockey accident.

INTERROGATOR (O.S.)
Hockey, huh? What position do you
play?

The young man thinks hard. Then:

YOUNG MAN
First base.

INT. DARK APARTMENT - NIGHT

The typing and the talking is now a loud cacophony.

TYPING MAN
I can't write when I'm weak... I
can't write when I'm weak... I
can't write when--

He's reached the end of his paper. He rips it out of the typewriter. Reads it. All it says is "I can't write when I'm weak" over and over and over again.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Running. Panting. Twigs snapping. Wind howling.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mirror man stares at his fangs. Pulls a pair of pliers from his pocket.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The still unseen interrogator pushes the hanging lamp back and forth, intermittently lighting the young man's frightened face.

YOUNG MAN
Man, fuck you.

The interrogator laughs maniacally. The lamp faintly illuminates the outline of his body, but his face is still in the shadows.

INT. DARK APARTMENT - NIGHT

The interrogator's maniacal laughter is here, too, as typing man tears the paper to shreds and tosses it into the trashcan with the others.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Silence. Still seated, the young man looks around the room for the interrogator.

INT. DARK APARTMENT - NIGHT

Typing man opens the door.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Running man shines his flashlight around.

SOMEONE'S POV -- sneaking up behind him.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mirror man's face is covered in sweat. His jaw trembles. The pliers clink against his teeth.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The young man uses the hanging lamp to search for the interrogator.

Suddenly, he appears. His face is hideous. Rotting flesh, sharp teeth, red eyes.

The young man screams. The interrogator lunges. Sinks his fangs deep into his neck.

INT. DARK APARTMENT - NIGHT

Typing man is staring at himself on the other side of the doorway. Like he's staring into a mirror.

He looks down at his hand. Sees he's clutching a pencil.

Their eyes meet again briefly.

The mirror image plunges the pencil into typing man's neck.

Blood gushes.

INT. WOODS - NIGHT

SOMEONE'S POV -- rapidly approaching running man and his flashlight.

Running man turns just in time to see his attacker. He screams.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mirror man rips his fang out with the pliers. Blood sprays the mirror. He staggers backwards, howling in pain. Blood trickles down his hand onto the floor.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The young man is ripped to pieces. The hanging lamp gives a fleeting glimpse of the carnage: teeth sinking into flesh, tearing into muscle, blood squirting.

INT. DARK APARTMENT - NIGHT

Typing man crawls across the floor, leaving a trail of blood in his wake.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The flashlight sits sideways on the ground, illuminating the unseen violence. All that's heard is pounding. Crunching. Screaming.

Blood hits the flashlight like a mist. Sprays it red.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mirror man stumbles across the room, blood pouring from his mouth. The lights flicker rapidly.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The young man screams his last scream. The hanging lamp dies with him.

INT. DARK APARTMENT - NIGHT

Typing man bleeds out on the floor of his apartment.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mirror man collapses, dead. The lights flicker again, then go out forever.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Running man screams one last time.

There's a beat of silence, then a calloused, demonic hand reaches into frame and clicks the flashlight off.

Darkness. The wind howls. Ominous.

FADE TO BLACK.