

Reflection

by  
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FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BEDROOM - DAY

A large motel room with two double beds. In one of the beds is a Caucasian man, DAVID CARLISLE (31), with a couple day-old facial hair growth.

His eyes slowly flutter open. He sits straight up on the bed. He looks around.

He stands up, walks over to the shades which are drawn.

Even with the shades closed, he still squints at the sun outside. The shades are blown back and forth by the wind outside.

He checks his watch. 10:37AM.

He runs his hands through his hair, rubs his eyes. He walks to the bathroom.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He walks in the bathroom, closes the door.

He grabs a toothbrush and toothpaste from the edge of the sink. He brushes his teeth.

He runs his toothbrush under the water, rinses his mouth.

He sets the toothbrush down, turns to leave. He is frozen by what he sees written on the inside of the door.

DAVID  
(To himself)  
"5-5-5-0-1-3-4".

On the bathroom door, written in blood are those seven numbers. He just stares ahead at the door.

He steps forward, runs his finger along the numbers. The blood has since dried.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Five... five... five... It's a  
phone number.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He picks up the receiver on the room's rotary phone. He dials the number.

The phone rings endlessly. He hangs up. No sooner than he does, the phone rings. He answers it.

DAVID

Hello?

VAN (O.S.)

Oh, you're awake. How lovely.

DAVID

Who is this?

VAN (O.S.)

My name's Van.

DAVID

Dan?

VAN (O.S.)

Victor-Andrew-Nicholas. Van.

He sits on the edge of the bed.

DAVID

What do you want?

VAN (O.S.)

I want to watch you suffer...  
David.

DAVID

Do we know each other?

VAN (O.S.)

Doubtful. Tell me, what did you do  
yesterday?

DAVID

Excuse me?

VAN (O.S.)

What. Did. You. Do. Yesterday?

DAVID

(Stammers)

I... I--uh, I checked into a motel.

VAN (O.S.)

Did you? What did you do the day before? Day before that? Name one thing you know for certain that you've done in the last month.

David hangs up the phone. He can't help but stare at it.

The phone rings again. He picks it up.

DAVID

What the hell do you want from me?

VAN (O.S.)

I already told you. I want you to suffer like all those people you killed had suffered.

He looks right at the receiver.

DAVID

I never killed anyone.

VAN (O.S.)

No? You could've fooled me.

DAVID

Stop fucking calling me!

He hangs up the phone again. He looks at his hands, inquisitively. The phone rings.

He tightens his hands into fists. He finally decides to answer.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What?!

JACK (O.S.)

Mr. Carlisle?

DAVID

Who is this?

JACK (O.S.)

Jack. The manager.

DAVID

Oh, I'm sorry. What's going on?

JACK (O.S.)

A package was just delivered for you, sir.

DAVID  
Not interested.

JACK (O.S.)  
Well, what do you want me to do  
with it?

DAVID  
Open it. What's in it?

The sound of paper being torn.

JACK (O.S.)  
There's a mirror and a note.

DAVID  
Mirror? What's the note say?

JACK (O.S.)  
"Why not check that perfect smile  
of yours once in a while?"

DAVID  
Toss it.

JACK (O.S.)  
Are you sure?

DAVID  
Absolutely.

JACK (O.S.)  
Consider it done. Have a nice day,  
Mr. Carlisle.

DAVID  
Yep.

David hangs the phone up. He thinks for a moment.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Check my smile...? What is he  
getting at?

He stands up, walks to the bathroom.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He walks in, looks in the mirror. His face turns to complete  
shock.

DAVID  
Son of a bitch.

He touches the mirror. There is no reflection of his hand. He runs out of the bathroom.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He runs to the phone.

DAVID  
(Dials)  
0-1-3-4.

He puts the phone to his ear.

VAN (O.S.)  
Yeah?

DAVID  
What the fuck is happening to me?

VAN (O.S.)  
Oh, hey. How's it hangin', Dracula?  
Got my care package, I take it?

DAVID  
What the fuck did you do to me?

VAN (O.S.)  
I didn't do this to you. You did  
this to you.

DAVID  
I want to know what's going on!  
Right now!

VAN (O.S.)  
I don't know for sure. I'm still  
alive. From what I've gathered from  
others like you, though, you're  
dead.

DAVID  
I'm definitely not dead.

VAN (O.S.)  
Really? How fast is your heart  
beating right now?  
(Beat)  
Anyway, you're dead. Don't argue  
with me on that one.

DAVID

Why the hell don't I remember anything?

VAN (O.S.)

That's a toughie. See, you were our first real test. You vamps don't seem to remember anything for more than twenty-four hours, except for things before you became one of them.

(Scoffs)

You might as well have short-term memory loss.

DAVID

No, that's wrong. I don't remember anything from yesterday.

VAN (O.S.)

Why would you? We've been sedating you every six hours for the past two days.

DAVID

You bastard.

VAN (O.S.)

What's the problem?

(Laughs)

Not having fun?

He takes the receiver away from his head.

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

That reminds me. I wouldn't go outside if I were you. Might be a little... bright... for you, out there.

He looks to the window. The sun is right out in front of the bedroom door.

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

But don't you worry your dead little ass off. We'll be there in a jiffy.

DAVID

Where?

VAN (O.S.)

Your room, sunshine.

He throws the receiver to the ground. He rips the phone cord out of the wall, slams the phone on the floor.

DAVID

It's not true. It's amnesia, or something. It has to be.

David's tongue touches his teeth. A look of surprise comes over his face.

He reaches up with his fingers, touches his teeth. They're fangs.

DAVID (CONT'D)

God... What do I do?

He sits down on the bed. He stares ahead at the window for what seem like forever.

BEDROOM - LATER

He sits exactly where he was, stares ahead still.

All of a sudden, multiple shadows walk past the window. A knock at the door. This knocks He out of his trance.

VAN (O.S.)

You still here, Vlad? What am I saying? Of course you are.

He stands up, looks through the peephole.

Outside is a well-built, blonde Caucasian, VAN (37), along with three other MEN, off to the side.

DAVID

Get the fuck out of here!

VAN (O.S.)

Aw, come on, sunshine. Don't be like that.

(Beat)

The way I see it, there's two choices. Either we go in there and we slam a pointy piece of wood through your chest and we both know that doesn't sound like any fun at all.

DAVID

Or?

VAN (O.S.)

Or, you can be a man about it and  
come out here on your own free will  
and die with whatever dignity you  
might still possess.

DAVID

Why can't you just leave me alone?

VAN (O.S.)

You know, I'd really love to. I  
really would. But we can't let you  
live because for you to survive, we  
have to die.

He nods his head.

DAVID

So, it's you or me, huh?

VAN (O.S.)

That's pretty much it, kid. I'm  
sorry.

DAVID

(Scoffs)

Yeah? What for?

VAN (O.S.)

Under different circumstances, we  
could've been friends.

David thinks for a moment.

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

Come on, David. Don't make me go in  
there after you.

DAVID

All right. You win.

VAN (O.S.)

I'm sorry for whatever will happen  
to you.

David slowly opens the door, as the sunlight creeps into the room.

He walks out into the sunlight. As soon as he does, his skin begins to bubble and burn.

As it burns, David and Van share a quick glance. David's body falls to the ground, becomes a pile of bones.

One of the men steps forward with a backpack but Van stops him with his arm.

Van bends down to the bones.

VAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Heavenly Father, I pray this man's soul to you and hope you shall guide him into your graces. Amen.

Van nods at the man. The man packs David's bones into the backpack.

The men continue along the walkway to a red 1998 Ford Escort.

Van opens the trunk, places the backpack inside, next to a bunch of other backpacks. Van closes the trunk. The four men get into the Escort.

The Escort backs out of the parking space. As it does, there's a small glance at the license plate which reads "HELSING" as the car drives away.

FADE OUT.

THE END.