



DONATE

A Bloody Short Screenplay

By

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First Draft

8 April, 2009

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The city is still with the deadness of midnight.

An eerie quiet fills the air. The wind whistles as it makes newspaper sheets and leaves dance to an unheard song.

A stray dog bolts flat-chat down a deserted street.

The streetlights change, green, amber, red - guiding ghost cars on their spectral journeys.

EXT. OUTSIDE A MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

There isn't a body in sight.

That is until: a shadowy figure stumbles drunkenly out of the darkness.

Meet TOM, 30. He's dressed in a long brown trench-coat, over the top of an expensive looking business shirt. Rugged up to fight the chill of an Autumn night.

He clutches a half-full bottle of JIM BEAM in one hand - this is not for fighting chills. He takes a big, long, deliberate guzzle. GLUG.

Suddenly, a man bolts from nowhere, running like a bat out of hell. He bumps into Tom as he drinks, making him spill booze down his chin.

TOM
Oi! Watch it!

Tom mumbles to himself as his flimsy body collapses up against the wall.

The buzz of the flashing, red-neon 'VACANCY' sign above him fills the quiet street.

The glow illuminates half the block.

Bzzt. Bzzt. Bzzt.

He looks bleary eyed at the expensive looking silver watch on his wrist. Takes him a few attempts to get focus.

The watch shows 1.15AM. He takes another swig.

TOM (CONT'D)
Shit.

He looks at his bottle of Jim, which reflects the red-neon flicker.

He looks up to the 'VACANCY' sign.

INT. ASMUND ST MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Tom walks up to the counter of a non-descript motel reception area.

There is no-one in sight. Eerie silence.

He looks to a big silver bell sitting on the desk.

He smacks it drunkenly.

DING!

Nothing.

DING! DING!

Nothing still.

DING! DING! DING! DING! -

Tom is going to town on the bell when suddenly a hand shoots from nowhere and slaps his away.

VOICE

Alright, alright! Goddamn it!
Thank you for very blatantly
establishing the bell is in
working order! Jesus.

The hand and voice belong to Olivia, the owner of this fine establishment.

Olivia, 34, a pretty enough brunette who wears a long flowing Victorian style dress, not to mention a sarcastic attitude.

OLIVIA

Can I help you?

Tom sways back and forth, struggles to make eye contact - spits his words.

TOM

(pissed)
Hello. I'm Tom.

He seems to be fighting the urge to vomit as he speaks.

OLIVIA

Yes, hello. I'm Olivia. Now, we've gotten the formalities out of the way, what can I do for you before I return to my nap-time, that you so abruptly awoke me from.

He considers the words carefully.

TOM

Hello, Olivia. I was wondering if you could help me with something?

OLIVIA

Yes, of course. Bringing me back to my original question. What do you want?

TOM

You see... We broke up with Angie tonight. Or more... Angie broke up with us.

(to himself)

That bitch!

(back to Olivia)

Fourteen long, hard months of relationship building, gone! Pow, splat, just like that! A bug on the windscreen of life!

Olivia rolls her eyes as he continues.

TOM (CONT'D)

I saw every goddamn Ryan Reynolds movie for her! Goddamn Ryan... Reynolds...

Olivia looking unimpressed, coughs 'Ahem!'.

Tom gets the message.

TOM (CONT'D)

Anyway... as you might have guessed, we didn't take it to well, and might have had a few little beverages tonight. Just a few beers. Maybe a couple of Jagers... uh, I think there was something with Galliano... it tasted like peanuts..

He licks his lips. Olivia Ahems once more.

TOM (CONT'D)

Anyway... we was wondering if you had a spare room for tonight.

His message finally across, she looks through some papers.

OLIVIA
Well, Mr...?

TOM
Tom.

OLIVIA
Mr. Tom?

TOM
Oh, sorry. Reynolds. No wait,
Johnston. Johnston.

She looks him up and down as she speaks.

OLIVIA
Mr. Johnston. Okay. It appears,
all things considered, this is
your lucky night. Room 3B is
available. Oh, and look at that,
it just so happens to be a
single. What a lucky coincidence.

Tom, too drunk, doesn't react to her wisecrack. Instead,
takes a slurp of Jim.

TOM
How much?

OLIVIA
Well, including the complimentary
fried breakfast and coffee, which
I get the feeling you'll be
desperately needing by morning,
it comes to forty-five for the
night.

Tom smiles, with only one side of his alcohol-paralyzed
face. Happy with this, he reaches into his jacket pockets.

He pulls out various things. Torn up coasters, bottle tops,
empty smoke packets, a pair of women's underwear, but alas,
no money appears.

TOM
Shit.

OLIVIA
Sorry?

TOM
(he holds up the
knickers)
I don't suppose these are worth
anything to you?

OLIVIA

I'm afraid not, Mr. Johnston.

TOM

Shit. Where's the nearest cash machine.

OLIVIA

I'm afraid you've wandered a little far out of the way for that sort of technology, Mr. Johnston. The nearest one isn't for 6 or 7 blocks, to the best of my knowing.

TOM

Shit!

OLIVIA

Seems like you're in a bit of a predicament.

She ponders for a moment.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Tell you what. We often have homeless types come in here, cashless, as you are, looking for a place to stay. I'll share with you what I tell them.

She ruffles around on the desk and pulls something from the mess.

It's a small white business card. On the front is a small red teardrop shape, with the word 'DONATE' in big bold letters, and an address underneath.

She holds the card to Tom's desperate eyes.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Now these lovely people are situated about half a block to the right from here. For fifteen minutes of your time, and a pint of your blood they'll give you fifty cash dollars. And a free milk-shake.

The idea of dairy makes Tom's stomach turn.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

And according to my calculations that should just about cover you for the nights stay. Plus breakfast. With change left over.

She hands the card to Tom.

He nods - and in his drunken state, considers this the easy option.

Tom turns and walks to the door, and out. He takes a left.

OLIVIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Your other right, Mr. Johnston!

He makes a drunken pivot and heads the other direction.

He stops, taps on the window of the motel and yells back in.

TOM
You'll wait for me, right?

OLIVIA
Oh, yes, of course, Tom. I'm not going anywhere.

As he walks off from sight, she smiles a devilish smile.

EXT. FRONT OF THE BANK - MOMENTS LATER

The same red drip from the business card is glowing in neon on the shop front, with a fluorescent 'DONATE 24HRS' underneath. A handwritten sign on the glass reads '\$50 Cash + a Free Milkshake!'. Olivia wasn't lying.

Tom holds the card up next to the sign, comparing the two as he sways from side to side. He nods, swigs and walks through the door...

INT. BLOOD BANK - CONTINUOUS

...Tom is instantly greeted by a pretty, clean looking nurse who waits at the counter. The small room is bright white - looks clinical and sterile. Eerie shopping-mall music plays ambient.

NURSE
Well, hello there. Come to donate have we?

TOM
Motel lady sent me. I need fifty bucks for a bed.

NURSE
Well, ain't that just the luckiest thing?

TOM

I guess it is. Kinda. Maybe.
What?

NURSE

Well, I'll be happy to oblige a
good-looking fellow such as
yourself. Just follow me and
we'll get started.

Tom follows the nurse to a chair at the back of the room.
It looks just like a dentist chair, but has been set up for
blood donations.

The nurse takes Tom's big jacket and he sits on one of
four.

The nurse props Tom up with a pillow behind his head. Rolls
up his sleeve.

NURSE (CONT'D)

There... is that nice and comfy
for you?

TOM

Sure.

NURSE

Okay then. Let's get things
rolling.

She picks up a small syringe filled with yellow liquid.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Now, this little fellow might
sting a just a pinch, but it's
well worth it - to take the punch
off the big blood sucking one.

She laughs and smiles. Tom nods.

The nurse pokes the needle gently into the skin on the
forearm side of Tom's elbow area. Squirts in some liquid
and pulls it out. He winces a little - too drunk to care.

NURSE (CONT'D)

That should just about do it.

The nurse hands Tom a squishy ball that's been colored to
look like a bat.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Squeeze this for me, would you
dear?

She picks up a big fat needle that is connected to a long thin winding tube which leads to an empty, pint-sized blood bladder.

Tom squeezes the ball like there's no tomorrow - suddenly a little nervous.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Now, let's get our prize. This shouldn't hurt a bit.

TOM
Wait.

Too late. Tom's eyes go wide as the needle plunges into his vein. Warm blood shoots into the tube, flowing into the bladder. The nurse seems to quiver with peculiar excitement.

NURSE
Now, that wasn't so bad, was it?

TOM
I guess not... Say...

Tom is gazing around the almost empty room.

TOM (CONT'D)
Where do you keep the milkshake maker?

NURSE
Sorry, honey, the what?

TOM
The milkshake maker -

NURSE
(interrupts)
Ohp! Looks like we've got a bleeder on our hands.

The nurse has an odd enthusiasm in her voice.

Around the area where the needle pierced his skin, Tom is oozing blood - quite a lot. It runs down his arm and drips into a pool on the floor.

Tom looks at his blood covered arm. He gets queasy.

TOM
(sickly)
Oh... well... lookit... bloo-

Everything slowly goes black as he passes out.

CUT TO BLACK.

Over black we hear several inaudible voices and noises. Clanging, scraping, something slams shut.

FADE IN:

INT. BLOOD BANK - SOMETIME LATER

Tom awakens, still in the same position as before.

The blood bladder is now gone, the lights are off and Tom is alone. In the darkness.

He gets up and walks to the front door of the shop. He shakes the door, but it's locked tight. Bars on the windows too. He's trapped.

Suddenly, a creepy noise echoes from the back of the room.

Tom walks towards it, spots his almost empty bottle of Jim on the counter on the way. He grabs it and clutches it like a baby.

The source of the noise is a door in the very back corner.

He stands in front of it, indecisive. The noise echoes again, louder now.

He waits and considers the situation. Still a bit groggy, alone and a lot afraid; he makes a choice: He wants out.

His hand reaches for the door-knob and turns it slowly.

CREEEAK. The door swings open.

Inside the door is an endless staircase leading down into the darkness.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Tom awkwardly steps down the stairs, one at a time. The door he entered through slams shut with a BOOM!

TOM

Shit.

The noise from before erupts again, from deep beyond the stairs. Sounds like flesh being torn apart by a hungry pack of lions.

He reaches the end of the stairwell which has evolved into an old Gothic style cave. Small candles line the walls.

He treads down the hallway which eventually spills out into a larger room.

The candles end with the hallway so Tom takes one from the wall and continues.

The floor of the room is littered with empty blood bladders. There are huge ice boxes lining the right-side wall.

Tom moves to a ice box which is lying open. Inside is full of ice, but something red lies closer to the bottom. He reaches in and pulls it out.

A huge plastic bladder full of squushing blood.

From where he pulled out the blood pack, the dead, screaming face of a woman looks up at him with frightened eyes.

His own eyes go wide as he drops the blood which explodes into the ice bin. SLOOSH! He jumps back.

TOM (CONT'D)
(whispered scream)
What the fuck!?

As he speaks the flesh-tearing noise comes again, much closer now.

He spins towards it and searches with the candlelight.

Tom shines the light into the deepest, darkest corner of the room. What he sees is an abomination.

An unholy feeding frenzy of vampires is ensuing. Four monsters of the night are sucking blood from the running man from outside the motel. One on each arm, one on his neck and one gnaws on his stomach entrails - it's the nurse from the shop.

Another vampire appears from the dark. It is Olivia from the motel and she is biting into a blood bladder, sucking it like a Zooper-Dooper. Blood spills down her lovely white dress.

On seeing this, Tom freezes, dead.

The bottle of Jim Beam and the candle fall from his hands.

SMASH!

This sound echoes through the room and the vampires all look up in perfect unison. They screech and growl when they spot their prey.

They leap onto him with lightning speed.

He screams as they bite into different parts of his body, the force of the attack sending them all flying to the ground with a THUMP.

He screams. They feed.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MOTEL

Tom awakes and sits up from the gutter with outrageous speed. A look of pure fright on his face, drenched in sweat.

He clutches his neck, checking it's still there. Sighs a big long breath. Phew.

He's holding the Jim Beam and goes to take a swig. He stops and considers the bottle. He throws it and watches it smash onto the sidewalk.

Tom gets to his feet and begins the long journey home.

As he walks away we see a small white card sitting in his place. 'DONATE' with a little red teardrop.

Something slides past the card: a half-full blood bladder. The long tube from the pack is stretched up towards Tom, coming from the sleeve of his long trench-coat.

The wind blows the card around and the flip-side is revealed: 'Find us at over 1000 locations, around the world!'

Tom stumbles into the night and the bladder drags behind him.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.