

A Sweet Kid  
by  
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Based on Concepts and Characters created  
by  
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A Short Film

FADE IN:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DUSK

Former art student turned drug dealer, JERICHO MASTERS, sits on a bench lost in thought. He is wearing an oversized army jacket and smokes a cigarette as he flips through a notebook, glimpsing illustrations and a few snatches of prose or poetry. There is something sad in his demeanor as he flips idly through the notebook with the cigarette dangling from one corner of his mouth. He is every bit the brooding writer. And as he stops flipping and comes to rest on a full page illustration, it becomes apparent he is also an amazing artist.

FAVORING NOTEBOOK - SAME

A nude woman, rendered in red, holding the Earth in her right hand, a bite missing as if it were an apple.

Jericho traces a finger along the drawing as he takes in the details. At the bottom of the sketch are the words 'Croatoa' and 'Xylem', both crossed out. After a moment's thought, he writes 'Kaalös.'

JAVIER (O.S.)

Jericho!

EXT. MAIN STREET - SAME

Jericho jumps slightly but relaxes when he sees who it is.

JERICHO

Javier, you asshole.

JAVIER

Be cool, fool. I was only funnin'. I couldn't resist. You just looked so engrossed.

JERICHO

Don't you ever get sick of that dickhead character you play in real life?

JAVIER

My fowl, I'm sorry.

Javier takes a close look at the drawing. He's clearly impressed.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

Goddamn! That's tight. Who is she?

Jericho quickly shuts the book.

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JERICHO

I don't know. Just someone I made up, I guess. Now take a seat and tell me what you need.

Javier sits down and takes a quick look over his shoulder.

JAVIER

How's about twenty Odessa Files and ten o' them Soylent Greens?

JERICHO

Wrong. I've only got twelve 'files' on me.

JAVIER

What about them greens?

JERICHO

I got you covered.

JAVIER

Cool beans. Let me get them Odessas and eighteen Greens.

JERICHO

Get pretty fucked up on that much Soylent.

JAVIER

Yeah, well I'd prefer more Files.

JERICHO

You always did prefer the Voigt over the Heston.

JAVIER

The usual?

JERICHO

You know the price.

JAVIER

Got it right here.

JERICHO

Then let's do this.

The exchange is quick and smooth. Both men barely move as then exchange a wad of cash for two little cellophane baggies, one with green pills the other with blue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAVIER

Thanks, dude. In my next life I'm gonna come back as Winona Ryder and blow you til your asshole caves in.

JERICHO

I might even give you ten percent off for that.

JAVIER

Well then it's a date, motherfucker.

Laughter.

JERICHO

So what's been up? How's Romina?

Javier only looks at him.

JERICHO (CONT'D)

She's not fucking pregnant.

JAVIER

She's pregnant.

Jericho smacks Javier in the back of the head.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

Ow!

JERICHO

I told you. I fucking told you. Didn't I fucking tell you, you stupid wetback?

JAVIER

Ease up man, we got this shit figured.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Hey, you two.

The guys look up and there stands STEPHANIE. She's middle-aged and dressed up like Carmen Electra. It also looks like back in 1979 she would have probably given Carmen a run for her money. Now she is only a ragged reflection of time, narcotics and what she used to be.

JERICHO

Hey, Stephanie. What do you need?

STEPHANIE

I was wondering if you had any Conrack or Touch of Evil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAVIER

Hi, Stephanie, how you been girl?

STEPHANIE

Could be better, but it's been much worse. Glad to see you pulled through.

JERICHO

It's Odessa Files and Soylent Green.

STEPHANIE

That'll work. The usual?

JERICHO

Yeah, but I'm not holding at the moment. Stop by my house in about three hours.

STEPHANIE

Fuck, Jericho. I've got to meet Karen and Tom in two hours.

JERICHO

Slow your role, Steph. Just keep them frosty. I've just finished my day shift and I'd like to get some writing done and, you know, maybe something to eat, grab some coffee. I'll be back on the clock in three hours, then you can get your shit.

STEPHANIE

Sorry, man, you're right. It's all copacetic. Your house in three hours?

JERICHO

Three hours. I swear. Pull around to the back this time and keep your stereo down and your windows up. I mean it, Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

I will.

JERICHO

Nine rapid knocks on the back door or I won't answer.

STEPHANIE

I know.

JERICHO

Then I'll see yo there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

STEPHANIE

Jericho, you fucking rock.

She bends over, grabs him by the jacket and plants a kiss on his cheek.

He actually looks touched.

JERICHO

Now motorvate.

STEPHANIE

See you there.

She walks back the way she came, Javier staring at her ass all the while.

JERICHO

Hey, Javi.

Javier reluctantly turns his attention back to Jericho.

JAVIER

What?

JERICHO

What's this 'I'm glad you pulled through' shit?

JAVIER

How the fuck should I know?

JERICHO

Because she was talking to you, about you.

JAVIER

So? What the fuck does that mean? That bitch is always talking salad.

Javier is obviously lying. He looks like a puppy that's just been caught peeing on the carpet.

Jericho's eyes speak concern and irritation simultaneously.

JERICHO

You might as well tell me now. You know she's just gonna tell me later anyway.

Javier groans as he realizes that Jericho is right.

JERICHO (CONT'D)

Come on, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JAVIER

All right, man. I OD'd last week. Spent two days in the hospital.

JERICHO

What the fuck did you take?

JAVIER

Seven, maybe ten Odessas.

Jericho looks soberly at Javier for a minute and then bursts into laughter.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

What the fuck is so funny? I almost died, fuck nuts.

Jericho manages to stifle his laughter.

JERICHO

I know. Listen, Javi, You know I hate to do this but you're gonna have to give those pills back. I told you to go easy on those motherfuckers.

JAVIER

Aw, man! Come on!

Jericho holds Javier's money out to him.

JERICHO

I also told you to wear a rubber. I swear that girl should change her name to Fertile Myrtle.

JAVIER

Come on, Jericho, gimme a break!

JERICHO

That way guys will see a clear and present danger. Fertile Myrtle. Now cough up those pills.

JAVIER

No fucking way! I had plans for these!

JERICHO

Fuck your plans, Javier! I'm feeling guilty here. I know what happened. You found out Romina was pregnant, even though you knew when she dated me she got pregnant like catching a cold, and you thought you'd get really fucked up and you OD'd on the shit I sold you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JERICHO (CONT'D)

So come on and fork them over. I've got to reel back in some of this bad Karma.

JAVIER

No way.

JERICHO

You guys keeping the baby?

JAVIER

Yeah.

JERICHO

Gimme the goddamn pills!

JAVIER

No!

Jericho pushes him off the bench, onto the sidewalk and is immediately on him, pinning him down with a forearm across the windpipe.

javier begins gasping desperately.

JERICHO

Hold still!

Jericho reaches into Javier's pocket with his free hand and comes up with the baggies. The other hand is still clutching the money. He shoves the money into Javier's mouth and quickly stands up, stowing the pills in his coat.

Javier rolls over and coughs out the money.

JAVIER

What the fuck, Jericho?

Jericho helps him up, straightening him out and brushing off his jacket.

JERICHO

I'm done doing business with you, Javi. I mean it. I don't want to see your face until you've at least got a portion of your shit together.

JAVIER

Self-righteous prick!

JERICHO

Whatever you say, man. Just go home and figure out how you're gonna work this new predicament. Sober.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (7)

Javier glares at him for a second, picks up his money and walks away.

JAVIER  
Fucking asshole!

JERICHO  
Yeah, I know. Just go home Javi.

He watches Javier for a moment as he skulks down the street. After a bit he opens his notebook and looks at the red woman for a moment, smiling. He draws a circle around the word 'Kaalos'.

He shuts the book and begins walking down the road in the opposite direction from the way Javier went.

Stephanie cruises past with her windows down, blasting an old disco tune from her stereo. She honks her horn and waves at Jericho.

JERICHO (CONT'D)  
I sincerely need to find myself a real occupation.

He walks through a door with a painting of an impressionistic coffee mug sandwiched between the words "Mad Mike's"

INT. MAD MIKE'S COFFEE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

This place is not Starbucks. It radiates indy arthouse coffee shop. On the walls are more impressionist paintings, some likely by local artists, some staples of the form like Monet and Van Gough. The crew and furniture are in a red and black motif that is somewhat in contrast to the typically bright and colorful paintings.

A woman plays gypsy VIOLIN on a small stage.

Jericho pays for a cup of coffee and finds a seat. He sits and once again opens up his notebook.

he spies a beautiful young woman sitting opposite him, reading a novel.

He begins idly sketching and as he does he is assaulted with images of this young woman.

Images of her reaching out to him. Images of them kissing and making gentle love.

He continues sketching but can't help stealing little glances at her as these images continue. She, however, seems totally lost in the book she's reading.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another image, this one of the woman holding him and stroking his face as he falls asleep.

He stands up, looks a bit indecisive and then walks over to her.

FAVORING WOMAN - SAME

Seeing her closer up, this woman exudes class and confidence. Great posture and impeccable taste in clothing. Day and night compared to the people he's been doing business with. he gets to the table and takes the seat across from her, uninvited. She spares him only the barest glance before going back to her book.

MUSIDORA

Hello.

JERICO

Hello.

No reply. She turns the page.

JERICO (CONT'D)

My name's Jericho.

Without looking up:

MUSIDORA

Musidora.

Jericho takes a moment to appreciate this enigmatic work of beauty. Her lips, her eyes and her hand as she turns to the next page. He smiles.

JERICO

You're a really fast reader.

MUSIDORA

I know, Jericho.

Jericho has lost a little of his cool and is near to babbling.

JERICO

Yeah, my dad named me that. It's from the bible but my dad named me Jericho because he loved the movie "The Jericho Mile." I guess he passed that on to me. Not the love for "The Jericho Mile," not that it's not a good flick, I really like it, but the love for movies in general, you know?

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CONTINUED:

MUSIDORA

So you came over here to talk to me about movies?

Once again, an image of Jericho and Musidora making love.

Jericho is even more anxious than before.

JERICHO

No, I--

He cuts himself short, watching her as she turns to the next page.

JERICHO (CONT'D)

Wow. How'd you learn to read that fast?

Having not looked at him at all since he first sat down, she closes her book and looks Jericho in the eye.

MUSIDORA

Practice.

JERICHO

Well, I'm impressed. I'm sincere about that. That looks like some really heavy reading and you're flipping through it like--

MUSIDORA

(interrupting)  
Listen, Jericho--

JERICHO

(oblivious)  
Nadia Comanici

MUSIDORA

(plowing on)  
I don't mean to be rude--

JERICHO

Yeah?

MUSIDORA

I don't want you to think I'm a bitch but I'm going to have to ask you to get to the point or shut the hell up. I've had a rough day and I came here for some downtime. I came to read my book in peace. So, please, don't take it personally but what the hell do you want?

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CONTINUED: (2)

Jericho is momentarily at a loss for words. Maybe this girl is a bitch.

MUSIDORA (CONT'D)

Wait, let me guess. You were watching me from across the room and fantasizing all the ways you wanted me. Upside down, inside out, around and around. Then the desire became too much for your horny young mind to take so you decided to make a move. Now you're trying to figure out the right lie. The perfect lie. The one. The poetic but spurious chunk of English that will earn you a night in my bed. How's that? Am I close?

Jericho can do nothing but gawp at her. This has thrown his game way off.

Musidora arches an inquiring brow at him.

MUSIDORA (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. Take a hike, Cassanova. There's a real man out there somewhere and you're probably blocking his view.

Jericho's mouth drops open but Musidora doesn't notice because she's already got her nose back in her book. After a moment, he stands numbly and starts to make his way to the door.

A flash of more love-making with Musidora.

He sits back down.

He watches her turn pages for a time as he gets himself together.

JERICHO

Sorry, but I'm not convinced. You're not really a bitch but you've got the routine down pat. I've been sitting here watching you turn those pages and I can see why you would want me to think you are. You're not like me. You're not like anyone I know or anyone I've ever seen. You're different somehow. Probably a full-throttle genius, I don't know for sure. I'm no fucking genius and I don't think I've ever met one. You, You're strange. You know what I'm saying?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JERICHO (CONT'D)

You've got a huge fucking wall around you because people tend to try to destroy things they don't understand. I'm not like that. Just like you, I'm different. Well, maybe not even so different. And you were right about what you said before. About me fantasizing about all the nasty things I wanted to do with you. All the things I still want to do. I have been sitting here thinking up the right lie. I've been afraid to say much of anything because I thought you'd see right through any line. You know what the truth is? I've been falling in love with you for the last two minutes and if that doesn't sound like a crock of shit, I'll eat Javier's shorts. So I'll leave you with this, Musidora. Sometimes the crassest line sounds more honest than the truth.

Musidora looks up and into Jericho's eyes. He is one the verge of tears.

She sees his hand is trembling.

He stands to leave and Musidora suddenly reaches out and takes his hand.

He relaxes a little. Slowly.

Musidora closes her eyes. She has a look of speculation that gradually turns to one of happiness. She puts down the book and takes his other hand as she opens her eyes and once more looks at him.

MUSIDORA

Some of the things you said about me are true. Some things aren't. But I applaud the effort. I've been waiting a long time for a man to be even half as honest as you are. I want you to know that fact from the fiction. I want you to know reality from fantasy.

Jericho smiles through misty eyes.

JERICHO

Reality from fantasy.

Musidora puts the book in her purse and stands up. She offers her hand to Jericho, who takes it and, as the Gypsy VIOLIN reaches its CRESCENDO, they leave the coffee shop.

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CONTINUED: (4)

As they walk out, Musidora throws away her coffee. It is completely full.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Musidora and Jericho approach the door hand-in-hand. Musidora hesitates, her eyes squinting as if she's looking at something in the distance.

Jericho notices this and eyes the door apprehensively.

JERICHO

What's up?

MUSIDORA

I'm a little nervous.

Jericho relaxes.

JERICHO

Look, it's cool if you don't want to invite me in just yet. We can go grab something to eat. No pressure. I don't want you to think that I--

Musidora cuts him off with a kiss. It's passionate and, when she takes her lips from his, Jericho is dazed.

JERICHO (CONT'D)

Wow! Unbelievable.

Musidora smiles. She puts her hand on the doorknob.

MUSIDORA

Come with me, handsome. I want to show you something.

She opens the door.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

A modest but tidy home of minimalistic and oriental design. Musidora and Jericho enter the living-room. Jericho looks the room over as Musidora looks intently towards the right corner of the room.

JERICHO

This is a great place. You really ought to start locking your door.

MUSIDORA

Trust is my favorite virtue.

CUT TO:

JERICHO'S POV:

He scans the room from right to left and back again. On the right side of the room he finds a petite young woman with dark brown hair where previously there was not. She wears a small white babydoll accessorized with a lusty grin.

This is Magdalena.

JERICHO

Woah!

MAGDALENA

Hello.

MUSIDORA

She's my sister.

JERICHO

Your sister?

Magdalena approaches Jericho and they shake hands. This woman is approachable and easy-going. A perfect contrast to Musidora.

MAGDALENA

My name is Magdalena.

JERICHO

Jericho Masters. I'm pleased to make your acquaintance.

MAGDALENA

It's my pleasure.

Magdalena gives her sister a sly glance. Musidora looks agitated. Jericho is oblivious.

MAGDALENA (CONT'D)

Congratulations, Musidora, he looks delicious.

MUSIDORA

I picked up a bottle of wine at Whole Foods.

JERICHO

That place is expensive.

MAGDALENA

Isn't that the truth? Who knew that eating Organic would require a bank loan?

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CONTINUED:

MUSIDORA

One day only the rich will be able to afford to stay healthy. Would you like some wine?

JERICHO

Love some.

MUSIDORA

White or Red?

MAGDALENA

Red. It's always red.

Jericho looks surprised. Musidora shoots her sister another look and walks over to a small table. This table was bare when Jericho scanned the room. Now there sits a single bottle of red wine alongside two wine glasses.

JERICHO

How did you know?

MAGDALENA

I'm psychic.

JERICHO

Good for you.

Musidora pours one glass.

MUSIDORA

Magdalena?

MAGDALENA

Of course.

She pours a glass and hands it to Magdalena.

JERICHO

Where's your glass?

MUSIDORA

Maybe later. Right now you'll have to excuse me. I'm going to slip into something a little more comfortable.

MAGDALENA

Dial a Cliche.

Another look is passed between them, but this time it doesn't go unnoticed.

MUSIDORA

It will only be a moment.

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CONTINUED: (2)

She smiles and caresses Jericho's cheek.

JERICO'S POV: Musidora exits the room in SLO-MO.

JERICO  
What's going on?

MAGDALENA  
Elaborate.

JERICO  
Something just passed between you two.

Magdalena looks impressed.

MAGDALENA  
You caught that? That's very perceptive  
and there's genuine concern.

She circles Jericho.

JERICO  
I don't want her to get the wrong idea.  
I don't want to play head games.

Magdalena laughs.

MAGDALENA  
She's just jealous because, right now,  
I'm an eyefull.

As Magdalena circles Jericho, he becomes disoriented.

JERICO'S POV: Magdalena traces her tongue across her lips.  
A flash of Musidora and Magdalena awash in red seems to bring  
him out of it a little.

JERICO  
You're not her sister.

MAGDALENA  
Of course I am.

Magdalena stops in front of Jericho. She tosses her glass  
over her shoulder, out of frame. There is no sound of glass  
breaking.

JERICO  
No...you're not.

She laughs again.

MAGDALENA  
I can see why she picked you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JERICHO

She didn't pick me. I'm not a berry.

MAGDALENA

That's where you're wrong. You are a berry. A sweet black berry which has just been picked.

JERICHO

Look, I told you, I--

MAGDALENA

So there was a mutual admiraion?

JERICHO

There was a mutual picking.

MAGDALENA

Are you sure?

Jericho is becoming agitated.

JERICHO

I was there.

MAGDALENA

Were you? Maybe you have just placed your cock upon the devil's guillotine and mistaken the experience for pleasant conversation and mutual admiration.

JERICHO

What the fuck are you talking about?

MAGDALENA

Head games.

Another flash of red. Jericho becomes faint and drops his glass. Magdalena catches it and takes Jericho by the hand. She walks him to the table and puts down the glass.

Jericho can no longer resist Magdalena's charms. He sure as hell is no longer agitated.

She caresses his cheek and runs her hands over his back and torso.

Flashes of red as she speaks into his ear.

MAGDALENA (CONT'D)

Don't doubt me. So, we don't look alike. Our images are reflections of what we feel inside.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MAGDALENA (CONT'D)

My sister may have the strength and beauty but I have the brains and the appetite. With this projection, I can inspire in any man a hunger for self-destruction.

More flashes of red.

MUSIDORA

(OS)

Magdalena!

Magdalena looks over Jericho's shoulder and sees musidora looking back at her with bridled anger.

Jericho looks at Musidora as if hypnotised.

She stands about three feet away from them wearing a short robe and nothing else.

She regards Jericho with a tender look.

MUSIDORA (CONT'D)

He's mine.

MAGDALENA

Oh, come on. You're not going to let me in on this?

MUSIDORA

That's up to him. Jericho, would you like for Magdalena to join us?

JERICHO

Is that a trick question?

CUT TO:

INT. MUSIDORA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is simple and elegant with a queen size bed dominating the space.

The door opens and the women walk Jericho into the room. They take turns kissing him as they guide him toward the bed.

Jericho sits long-ways upon the bed with his feet up.

Magdalena takes off her lingerie and positions herself behind him with her back against the headboard.

Musidora stands at the foot of the bed. She takes off Jericho's shoes and disrobes.

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CONTINUED:

She gives him a moment to take it in.

She then proceeds to unbutton his shirt and undo his pants.  
As she does...

MUSIDORA

In one mortal's life, one death is certain. But do not despair, for I am here with you. The pleasure I give brings you an advantage and the love I offer will ferry you across an ocean of existence. Jericho, do you want my love?

For a moment, no one says a thing.

Magdalena eyes her sister and kisses Jericho's neck.

Musidora and Jericho have locked eyes in a silent conversation.

JERICHO

Yes.

Musidora kisses Jericho and moves down between his legs.

She kisses and tongues his inner thigh. The look on Jericho's face reads pure ecstasy.

Suddenly, Musidora bares razor-sharp canines and sinks them into Jericho's thigh. A split-second later, Magdalena follows suit at his neck.

Jericho moans and gasps in pleasure. His body starts to shake violently and the women hold him still.

A heartbeat is heard.

Blood trickles from where Magdalena has latched onto his neck.

Jericho sees a nude woman standing in a corner of the room behind Musidora. It's the same woman from his sketch book.

The heartbeat begins to slow. With each weakening beat of Jericho's heart, the woman steps toward him. Jericho's eyes flutter as he begins to lose consciousness. The woman reaches his side and kneels to whisper in his ear.

Jericho's eyes close and he exhales his final breath.

The vampires simultaneously pull their bloody mouths from his body.

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CONTINUED: (2)

Magdalena has changed into a handsome man with dark hair. This is Musidora's brother, MARTESOL.

The home is now a dusty, abandoned shell. No furniture. No oriental and minimalistic design. It holds only dust, two vampires and two corpses. Musidora is dressed as she was at the coffee house.

Martesol holds his head back to savor the flavor.

Musidora looks sadly at Jericho's prone body. After a moment, she pulls up Jericho's pants as Martesol watches with a bloody grin.

Musidora stands up and Martesol kicks Jericho's body from in-between them and across the dusty floor.

MUSIDORA

Martesol!

She grabs her brother and lifts him by his jacket. She raises him off his feet and slams him into the wall. She pins him there and bares her fangs.

She isn't playing, but her brother finds it amusing.

MARTESOL

Let it go. He's dead meat.

Without letting go of Martesol, Musidora looks over at Jericho's body.

MUSIDORA

Brave Martesol. Prince of Vampires, abuser of the dead.

MARTESOL

Let it go.

For a moment she grips even tighter. Eventually, she lets him go.

MARTESOL (CONT'D)

Why did you insist on giving him such a pleasant end? You should be grateful that I went along with it. The last time we did this was supposed to be the last time for both of us, remember?

MUSIDORA

I remember everything and you remember what you want to. I never agreed to stop and you could have stayed out of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARTESOL

No, I couldn't. I feed here.

He puts a little distance between them and gestures toward a woman's corpse in the far corner.

MARTESOL (CONT'D)

I had to toss her clear across the room and link into your projection. You two almost walked in on one of the best meals I've had in centuries.

MUSIDORA

That's what you said about the last one.

MARTESOL

They just keep getting better!

There is a beat as Musidora eyes her brother without expression.

MARTESOL (CONT'D)

That is what Mother called Elesta and humans call a Sense of Humor. You never had one.

In a flash she's in his face and he backs up, startled.

She is dark rage, barely contained. She speaks and circles her brother.

MUSIDORA

You call this Elestas? You think this is funny? You think it's funny to cloak yourself in the image of that poor girl? Beautiful and maudlin, Magdalena, who trusted me.

MARTESOL

She was so petite and innocent. A perfect projection. She could be trusted where I cannot.

A BLACK & WHITE flashback of Martesol grabbing the real Magdalena by the throat.

Then, in a flash, Musidora grabs Martesol in exactly the same way. He struggles, but she has him cold.

MARTESOL (CONT'D)

(Gasping)

Easy, dead sister, easy. I should be the one who matters most to your heart. Me. Not these fucking meat-puppets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MUSIDORA

I liked him. I let you taste his blood  
and still you insist on testing my  
patience.

She lets go. Martesol rubs his throat and backs away from  
her.

MARTESOL

I'm sorry.

Musidora looks into his eyes. She turns her back on him and  
walks over to Jericho's body.

Her eyes remain fixed on Jericho from here on out.

MARTESOL (CONT'D)

Musidora, I did not--

MUSIDORA

Bring your car around to the back door.

MARTESOL

You need to calm down and--

MUSIDORA

I am calm. Did you bring enough gasoline  
for two?

MARTESOL

We could use two more gallons. I didn't  
know you were--

MUSIDORA

Go to the Chevron. Get two more gallons  
of gasoline and bring your car around to  
the back door.

Martesol raises his hands in a gesture of exasperation.

MARTESOL

You know, I think I'll go to the Shell.  
They're a bit cheaper.

He leaves the room.

Musidora kneels down next to Jericho and strokes his cheek.

EXT. THE BACK YARD - DAY

The bodies, now wrapped in blankets, are tossed into the  
trunk of a car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The vampires stand together and look upon the cramped trunk of corpses.

MARTESOL

You never answered my question.

Musidora looks into Martesol's eyes. She offers her hand and, after a moment of hesitation, Martesol takes it.

Musidora closes her eyes.

FLASHBACKS OF JERICHO FROM  
MUSIDORA'S POV:

Selling Drugs.

Sketching in his notebook.

Leaving a hospital.

Crying in the fetal position underneath a tree.

Walking into a coffee shop.

Smiling at her from across the table.

Musidora grabbing Jericho's hand as he tries to leave.

BACK TO:

EXT. THE BACK YARD - DAY

Musidora opens her eyes and now Martesol appears to be as empathic as his sister.

MUSIDORA

He was sad about his life and he was on the verge of turning it all around but he wouldn't have lived to see it get any better. Did you taste it?

MARTESOL

The cancer? Of course I did.

MUSIDORA

He would have died in eight months.

MARTESOL

So you offered to ferry him across and ocean of existence.

MUSIDORA

Yes.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARTESOL  
You really loved him.

MUSIDORA  
Yes.

Martesol looks at his sister with seriousness. He lets go of her hand.

MARTESOL  
I feel your pain, Musidora. I understand why you did it this way. He was special.

Musidora looks at her brother for a beat and smiles.

MUSIDORA  
You meant that.

MARTESOL  
Yes. I guess I did.

Martesol licks the corner of Musidora's mouth, revealing a drop of blood on his tongue. He slowly begins to grin as Musidora's smile fades. His grin is now ear-to-ear and wicked.

CUT TO:

TRUNK POV

MARTESOL  
He was a sweet kid.

Musidora is visibly pissed. Martesol keeps grinning and, after a beat, slams the trunk shut.

END.

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FINAL SHOT BREAKDOWN:

TRUNK POV

Martesol licks the corner of Musidora's mouth.

MUSIDORA'S POV

Extreme Close-Up of Martesol's Mouth in SLO-MO as as he pulls back to reveal a drop of blood on the tip of his tongue.

Close-Up of Musidora's face as a SLO-MO pull back reveals her smile dropping away.

Extreme Close-Up of Martesol, in SLO-MO, breaking into a wicked grin.

TRUNK POV

MARTESOL  
He was a sweet kid.

ETC.