

A BITE OF TRUST

Written by:
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INT. BASEMENT-NIGHT

DAMIEN lays on the couch, his hands covering his face, His grandfather, ALARIC, stands before him, anger on his face.

ALARIC

They're the closest thing to a demon that you will ever encounter in this world. It's like they have no morality to speak of; all they want is to feed.

DAMIEN

You've done nothing but hard-wire me to hate these creatures. The truth will come out as soon as I meet one myself.

ALARIC

They only feed off of those they wish to mate with. If you ever come face to face with one, it'll be too late. You'll just have to accept your fate, whether I was right or wrong.

Alaric heads over to the closet and pulls out a bejeweled jagger. He runs the blade over his fingertips, pressing it in deeper and deeper.

DAMIEN

Quit your shit! What're you doing?

ALARIC

Notice how no blood draws out? This dagger leaves no harm to humans and humans only. Now vampires; that's a different story.

DAMIEN

What is with you and your constant need for violence?

ALARIC

Must I remind you that I wasn't always like this? When your beloved is stolen from you; the whole world turns dark. The woman who was once my beacon of hope. Gone. What made it hurt the most was that she wasn't truly gone; she had turned. She changed. She picked a creature of the night over me.

DAMIEN

It wasn't willingly. She was bitten.

ALARIC

Exactly. Bitten by a cold-hearted, ruthless creature. How dare you lay before me and speak in tongues of mercy.

DAMIEN

How do you know that she didn't just run off herself? Did you actually see her getting bitten yourself? Not all humans are murderers, so why label all vampires as one?

ALARIC

Do you mistake me for a fool? You actually think your aunt left me and ran off? The woman loved me more than I loved her. I didn't need to witness the feasting of my wife's blood to know what had happened to her.

Alaric tosses the dagger onto Damien's lap and he flinches, startled.

ALARIC (CONT'D)

And to answer your question, vampires are *not* the same as humans. They lack compassion, it's felt from the touch of their frigid skin. Unlike us, they are one in the same.

DAMIEN

Like I said, my lips stay sealed until the day I encounter one. Bitten or not, I'll find a way to prove you wrong.

EXT. WOODS-EVENING

Damien explores the woods, the dagger hidden in his pocket. He starts to hear rustling in the trees and stops dead in his tracks.

DAMIEN

Hello? Anyone there? (*mumbles to self*) This was a bad idea. A really bad idea. Maybe I should go back... but I still haven't found what I came here for.

Damien looks up in the trees. A shadowy figure stares back at him. It has two massive, yellow eyes. They blink at Damien, and Damien blinks back.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

I'm not here to hurt you. Look, I'll prove it to you.

Damien pulls the dagger out of his pocket and drops it to the ground.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

I apologize. I can assure you that I never wanted it in my pocket in the first place. Come down and reveal yourself, I beg you.

The shadowy figure climbs down the tree and sets foot into the light. A pale, beautiful girl with long black hair appears. She wears a skimpy black skirt that reveals her completely contrast milky white complexion. She bears a black ruffled top to match.

DAMIEN

(*gasps*) Hello. Um. My name is Damien. I live over at the village near Brook Glen river. And you are?

RENITA

If you didn't want it, why bring it? If you reside in the village, why here? If you're Damien, I'm Renita.

DAMIEN

Renita. That's a beautiful name for a beautiful girl. To answer your question, I came here to debunk the rumors the villagers have been spreading. My own uncle handed me this dagger. It's for my safety, but I don't think it's necessary. Is it?

RENITA

No, if you mean no harm to me, I mean no harm to you.

DAMIEN

What do they tell y'all- what is spoken of the villagers down here?

RENITA

We whisper of the same fears you humans whisper of us. You see us as apathetic creatures of the night who (*sarcastic*) "Crave nothing but passion and lust!" When you mortals scamper across these woods at night, daggers in hand. We don't go around bouncing from human to human like mosquitoes. We find one that catches our eyes, and we mark them as our territory. Though it's not as easy as it may seem. The human must reciprocate the feelings back towards us. We cannot steal someone else's lover, unless it's what they truly desire deep down.

Damien gasps and takes a step back. The pieces are starting to come together in his mind.

RENITA

Is everything alright? I sense you are frightened- no. In shock.

DAMIEN

I can assure you that it is not you that is leaving my mind in fragments. Long ago, my aunt had left my uncle after she had been bitten by a vampire. He was heartbroken, and the once soft man became violent. He blamed vampires, and raised the young men in our family to harm any that comes near us.

RENITA

Sadly, it seems that your aunt was satisfied with her decision.

DAMIEN

And I know I'm about to be satisfied with mine as well.

Damien takes a step towards RENITA and cups his hands around her face.

RENITA

I don't want to do this to you. You're different from the humans that have been spoken of down below. Run, run back to your village and educate the future generations of this world.

DAMIEN

But what would be my motive or purpose, if not by you?

Damien looks into Renita's eyes and notices a spiral. He pushes her off as he realizes he is being hypnotized. Renita hisses, her fangs pushing their way out of her gums. She lunges towards Damien, and he manages to dodge her.

DAMIEN

Just when I thought my uncle might be wrong...

RENITA

HA! You really thought us vampires were in it for nothing but mere passion? You should really be thanking us, for we are the reason for the exhilaration in your veins, the spark of night in your eyes, the stone cold porcelain skin you must wear for eternity. We keep you alive, so instead of wasting all your anger on me, quit resisting, and I'll give you the power to truly prove your uncle wrong.

Renita attempts to lunge towards Damien again, and this time he sends himself falling to the ground, right near the dagger. He grabs the dagger and manages to swipe it across Renita's leg. She howls in pain and Damien picks himself off the ground, sprinting out of the woods. Renita follows behind him, picking up her speed. She gets ahead of him, stopping right in front of him, causing him to again fall to the ground.

RENITA

It's quite a shame, I honestly really liked you.

Renita picks up Damien by his head of hair, and lifts his neck up to her face. He squirms, and Renita licks her lips before biting his neck. Damien manages to squirm his way out of her grip, and he takes the dagger out of his pocket and slashes it across her neck. His stolen blood spills out and she laughs as she falls to the ground.

RENITA

By the time you get back to the village, it'll be too late! Might as well run that blade across your own neck now!

Renita coughs out more and more blood, and eventually the coughing stops. She takes her last breath and her face hits the ground. Damien's already making a run for it.

EXT. VILLAGE-NIGHT

Damien enters the village, almost completely transformed. His once tan complexion now completely pale, and his shiny pearls now stuck out two fangs. His deep hazel eyes now sunflower yellow, a spiral spinning its way around.

ALARIC

(in shock) It can't be- Damien? Damien, where is your dagger? Were you bitten? Well don't just stand there, answer me boy!

DAMIEN

You were right. You were right all along. I'm sorry- *(gasping for air)* I'm sorry uncle.

Damien fully transforms, the evil taking over. He sprints towards Alaric, but Alaric has a dagger of his own and slashes Damien's neck. Damien falls to the ground and coughs up blood until his very last breath, just as Renita did.

The village people are in disbelief, and a group of children gather round and sob.

ALARIC

Now you see children? This. This right here is why vampires can never, and *will* never be, trusted.



Creamed by Chanel Workman