

2056

Written by

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INT. MARCY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

SUPER: 2056.

Dallas, Texas, a shoddy, shady small apartment, filled with mold, broken windows, and duct taped appliances. The apartment is decorated with red neon lights. The ratty and broken furniture has seen better days.

MARCY, 305 (looks 18), sits on the couch with her friend and roommate, SHAW, 312 (looks 22), watch television.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Breaking News! Dallas Police have apprehended a suspect in the recent killing of twenty-year-old elf, Kipa Long.

MARCY

Watch, they're gonna blame one of us.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

The suspect is a five-hundred-year-old Mothman named Dylan Mothson.

MARCY (V.O.)

And there it is!

Marcy points at the television.

SHAW

Marce, calm down. Everything will be okay. We all know Mothmen have the worst relationship with Elves.

MARCY

No, they don't! Shaw, when is the world gonna stop blaming cryptids for the crimes humans commit?

Shaw twists a dreadlock.

SHAW

Humans are not yet equipped with the tools to understand our existence. Also, how do you know a human did it?

MARCY

Shit like that gives them the right to control us!

SHAW

We're not having this conversation again! Shut it down!

MARCY

Don't tell me that you think that this vegan law is beneficial to our well-being!

Shaw walks over to the fridge to grab a drink.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Don't drink that!

SHAW

I'm hungry. I need to eat something.

MARCY

(whispers)

Sheep.

SHAW

Whatever. Last time a vampire stepped out of line, they got staked!

MARCY

But why is there a line? This tomato and beet crap doesn't even compare to warm blood. Don't you miss hunting people?

SHAW

Marcy we're finally out of the shadows. We get to walk hand in hand with humans.

MARCY (CONT'D)

But at what cost? He wouldn't sit there and drink that crap.

Marcy walks into the kitchen.

SHAW (CONT'D)

So, what I'm hearing is, you're gonna starve yourself?

MARCY

I just might.

Marcy folds her arms.

SHAW

I get it. I do, but we aren't in the position to do anything in Congress.

MARCY

I can't take this anymore! Where's your backbone?

Shaw sips from her drink.

Marcy knocks it out of her hands. Shaw flashes her fangs.

SHAW

I was drinking that!

MARCY

Stop it! Just stop being okay with this! Our lives suck. And you know it.

SHAW

This obsession with President York is annoying. Think of all the good she's done for Bigfoots, Yetis, Mermaids, Elves, Chupacabras--

MARCY

Notice how you didn't say vampires?

SHAW (CONT'D)

I didn't get the chance to say us! Why are we still talking about this?

MARCY (CONT'D)

Because you know I'm speaking facts. Shaw, how many vampires are in Dallas? Do you know?

Shaw sips her drink.

MARCY (CONT'D)

What's wrong, Jersey Devil, got your fangs? Well, let me tell ya. There's only six of us left, and at the rate you're going, there might only be five.

SHAW

Not cool. So tell me. What would you like to happen? Do you want us to go out, find some blonde girl, corner her in a dark alley, then feast on her? Is that what you want?

MARCY

Yes!

Shaw grabs her drink and then walks over to the couch.

SHAW

You're ridiculous. I don't want to be publicly executed on live TV! Let it go! For your sake. And besides, you're getting paler than normal. When was the last time you ate something...ate something vegan?

Marcy remains silent.

MARCY

We keep dancing around the truth. And if you must know, I did.

MARCY (CONT'D)

York concocted a plan to wipe out vampires with this vegan law... starving all of us!

SHAW

I'm too old for this shit. You gotta grow up! We're not younglings anymore. So start acting like it if you wanna live to see four hundred.

MARCY (CONT'D)

You need to grow up and stop being so passive! It's not a good look!

SHAW (CONT'D)

You're such a bitch. I can't take your conspiracy theories anymore! I refuse to put up with your antics!

Marcy walks to her room. She grabs a cardboard box and hands it to Marcy.

MARCY

What is this?

SHAW

I want you to move out. I loved you. But you're different. You're not the same vampire I once knew. That scares me.

MARCY

Shaw...please. I love you. You don't want me to move out.

Shaw turns her head away from Marcy.

SHAW

Your paranoia has driven a wedge between us. We only talk about York and laws.

(MORE)

SHAW (CONT'D)

I wanna talk about something else.
I wanna go dancing with you--

MARCY

I don't leave the house.

Shaw shakes her head.

MARCY (CONT'D)

I guess I'll start packing.

Marcy reaches for Shaw's hand. Shaw snatches it away.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Breaking News! Local vampire two hundred and ninety-eight-year-old Bella Lark has been found guilty in his trial. Lark broke the Cryptids Vegan Law. Lark attacked a group of teens who vandalized her family's property. Lark is sentenced to death by stake on live TV. Her execution date has yet to be set.

Shaw looks at Marcy. They embrace.

MARCY

This town is gonna pay.

Shaw looks at the TV she kisses the top of her head.

SHAW

I'm in, whatever it is. I'm in.

The front door swings open. BELLA LARK, 298 (looks 16), bursts into the apartment.

BELLA

Guys! I have a slight problem!

THE END

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