

The Jaws of Adana

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**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

Just the right balance between seedy and style. Music hides mountains of human misery. An upscale space peppered with dark corners perfectly designed for comfort-

If you want to drink yourself to death.

A goal JONAS (30s) seems hellbent to reach.

A row of upended shot glasses before him tell the tale. A whiskey glass cradled in his hand. Though handsome, he's shaggy and unwashed.

Across the room - the door opens...

And the BRUNETTE slides in. Long fingers, tall. Taller still in stiletto boots.

She zeroes in on Jonas' dark aura. Fishing a European style cigarette from her purse, she glides his way.

And smiles down at Jonas. HE hasn't noticed her yet - though most other men in the bar have.

BRUNETTE

What price would you pay for  
redemption?

Jonas looks up. Even in his state, her exotic features catch his eye. With those breasts - who *wouldn't* respond?

JONAS

Do I look like I'm in need of  
redemption?

The brunette lights. Puffs, exhales.

Wiping down the counter, the BARTENDER looks sharply at her cigarette. Followed by the "No Smoking" sign. But drinking in her perfection, he shrugs - walks away.

And the Brunette only has eyes for Jonas.

BRUNETTE

A good looking man alone in the bar?  
The way you stare into that glass,  
you must have done something very,  
very wrong.

Jonas arches a sarcastic eyebrow. Picking up each upended glass, he gives each a name. Stacks it into a pyramid.

JONAS

Outsourced. No rent. No hobbies. No family. No future. Betrayed. Look - Jenga. Unsteady or not, it all adds up.

The Brunette cocks her head, almond eyes glued to his face.

BRUNETTE

I can make it all... go away.

JONAS

(chuckles)

How? You gonna put a bullet in my brain? Loop the noose around my neck, with a cute little bow-tie to match that fashion forward getup of yours?

BRUNETTE

A poetic solution? Perhaps.

Not your average bar pick up line. Surprised, Jonas swings his stool around.

JONAS

Okay, I'll bite. What do you want?

With one smooth move, the Brunette separates Jonas' knees - steps between them. Jonas breathes her in, shudders. The scent of her tobacco and perfume - *heady*.

The Brunette leans forward, mouth hovering just over his neck. Her voice, the softest whisper:

BRUNETTE

I propose a trade.

JONAS

That's mighty vague. What sort of trade you got in mind?

BRUNETTE

Your life...

Her perfect nose grazes his earlobe. Her breath on his skin. Despite himself, Jonas stirs. Groans.

BRUNETTE

For your death.

Jonas looks up into her eyes. Curiosity - and the rest of him - aroused.

JONAS

Huh. Not sure who gets the short straw here.

**INT. JONAS' APARTMENT - EVENING**

**SUPER: TWO DAYS LATER**

As high scale as the bar. Equally disheveled, too. The lack of maintenance mirrors Jonas; a life surrendered to despair.

Though a motivational poster in the foyer hints at what once was, as it declares:

"Life is What You Make It. Suck it Up - Play to Win!"

The doorbell rings. A slouching Jonas answers.

Then stands up in shock. As stunning as ever, the Brunette now wears a red silk mini dress and black stockings. Though the boots haven't changed.

At her side: the yin to the Brunette's exquisite yang. A curvy BLONDE with wild hair.

Jonas' jaw drops.

The Brunette hands him papers. The two women glide in. Jonas follows, stunned.

JONAS

What's this, a porno flick?

BRUNETTE

No, paperwork. To formalize what we've discussed.

Jonas sits down across from them, blinks at files.

JONAS

You want me to *sign this*?

BRUNETTE

Which my trusted colleague will notarize. Please take all the time you need to read through. It's our standard contract, voiding any previous last will and testament. Transferring all your holdings to me.

She looks around at the apartment, evinces bemused disgust.

BRUNETTE

Though afterward - more work's in order. So it seems.

Blazing a fresh cigarette, she taps the contract. Sheds ash.

BRUNETTE

Sign on the X. Easy. Leave the rest to me.

Jonas skim reads. Squints.

JONAS

You get my whole life out of this... Literally?

BRUNETTE

No, just your possessions. *She gets your life.*

She exhales into Jonas' face. His subtle recoil evokes from her a wicked smile.

BRUNETTE

Second hand smoke doesn't matter now. Does it?

JONAS

Wait. Who gets my life: the blonde?

BRUNETTE

Of course not. Adana does.

JONAS

Who's Adana?

BRUNETTE

She's not with us now. Sign, and you'll see her soon. I'm not quite sure *what* she is. You could ask, but she's incapable of speech. We don't even know where she came from, originally. So what languages she understands is... unsure.

JONAS

(beat)

What game are you playing here?

The Brunette and Blonde exchange looks.

BRUNETTE

Do you know what a vampire is?

JONAS

(beat)

This is just a prank, right?

The Brunette's blank look stokes his anger. Far more life than Jonas showed at the bar.

JONAS

Of *course* I know what a vampire is!  
But claiming this "Adana's" a  
vampire? Miss me with that next level  
Nosferatu shit...

BRUNETTE

Adana's not a vampire. Not exactly.  
But she feeds off the blood of the  
living. And she is immortal - no  
matter what you decide.

JONAS

Decide - about what, exactly?

A moment of embarrassment. Jonas glances from the Brunette to the Blonde. Confession time.

JONAS

I was three sheets to the wind last  
night. Can you refresh my memory  
about anything you said, I might've  
forgot?

The Blonde hands a pen to the Brunette - who sensually guides it between Jonas' fingers.

BRUNETTE

That's all I will say until you sign.

Jonas hesitates. This feels... dangerously wrong.

JONAS

So I'm buying a pig in a poke.

BRUNETTE

You're purchasing an opportunity to  
live an exquisite, special moment  
very few others ever will.

JONAS

What happens if there's breach of  
contract?

The Brunette's expression sours. She rips the paperwork from Jonas' hands. She and the Blonde pivot, about to walk away.

BRUNETTE  
You aren't serious. I see.

Suddenly nervous, Jonas puts a hand out. Blocks the exit.

JONAS  
I'm sorry. Wait. Please don't leave.  
I'm not trying to waste your time. I  
just need to be sure. You  
understand... right?

The Brunette touches his face as a lover might.

BRUNETTE  
Trust us. Sign the contract. Meet  
Adana. So all your mortal wounds can  
heal.

**MOMENTS LATER**

The two woman glide out the door, light as a breeze. Jonas  
stares after them.

JONAS  
What have I signed up for?

**INT. JONAS' APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**SUPER: TWO DAYS LATER**

The doorbell rings again. Jonas opens it - a bit more eager  
(and cleaner) than before.

The Brunette and Blonde have returned. The Blonde cradles a  
large TOOLBOX in her arms. And good lord - what a sight:

Clad in black latex jumpsuits, they flank what looks like a  
wheelchair - its occupant obscured by a long, back shroud.

JONAS  
What -

The two women wheel the thing in.

BRUNETTE  
(proud)  
Jonas, this is Adana.

With a flourish, the Brunette whips off the shroud  
revealing:

A HIDEOUS MONSTROSITY of scars, broken limbs, and teeth like thorns - each an inch long, pushed through her gums like a twisted bear trap.

And what Adana sits in *isn't* a wheelchair, but a contraption designed to accommodate the ugly curves of her spine.

Whatever this creature is, there's no way it could sit up straight.

Jonas fights the urge to vomit. But still - can't look away.

Every inch of Adana's an affront. Fragile, open legs - feet set apart in gynecological stirrups. Burned labia. On her body - signs of every imaginable atrocity wreaked.

JONAS

What the hell's with her?

BRUNETTE

Whatever others have desired. Now you, Jonas. That's the point. That's what makes it good.

JONAS

I don't understand!

The Brunette waves a hand over Adana's skin.

BRUNETTE

None of this is self-inflicted. This comes from years of people's frustrations, their anger, their heartbreak, their sorrow - all of it - carved into her body. Like cave etchings into living stone. Adana is an archive of human anguish. And you have signed on to become a name upon her immoral ledger. That's an honor -

Jonas' eyes bulge. This can't be real!

JONAS

What if I refuse? There's no way I'm fucking touching THAT!

BRUNETTE

We have a deal.

JONAS

Fuck your deal!!!

Like a viper, the Blonde lurches forward, backhands Jonas across the mouth. Her power's devastating.



Jonas flies backward, legs twisting. But before he hits the ground -

The Blonde draws a crescent shaped KNIFE with an ivory handle from a sheath at her back.

She pins a knee to Jonas' chest, lays the blade across his throat. Her soft, squeaky voice renders his predicament even more surreal.

BLONDE

One way or other, Adana will eat tonight.

The Brunette strolls over, kneels down. Her voice oh-so velvet smooth.

BRUNETTE

You promised, Jonas.

JONAS

I never would have signed if...

BRUNETTE

Contemplate your options now. It would take nothing for us to knock you unconscious and bleed you into Adana's throat, like a fucking pig. Is that how you want to go out, like a prey animal? Or do you want one last chance to get it out of your system - to take all that garbage you've been carrying around and dump it out, emerging newborn clean? Do it right here. Right now. No judgment, or shame. Before you meet the oblivion none of US can escape. What do YOU decide will be your fate?

JONAS

(gasps)

I... I don't want to hurt her.

BRUNETTE

Did you look at her? Do you really think I would put some helpless creature through all that? What do you think I am?

JONAS

(whimpers)

I don't know anymore.

BRUNETTE

Jonas, we're not the monsters here.  
Nor are you.

She touches his face tenderly.

BRUNETTE

She is.

JONAS

(stammers)

OK. OK. I get it. Can I get up now?

The Blonde leans a bit into the knife, squeaks.

BLONDE

Are you going to be a good little  
boy?

Jonas's eyes flit from the Brunette, to the Blonde to Adana.  
He gulps. Nods, desperate.

JONAS

Yeah, I'm straight.

BLONDE

You won't get a second warning.

She retracts the blade, extends a hand to help him up.

As Jonas staggers to his feet, the two women retreat back  
towards the door.

BRUNETTE

You'll have as long as it takes you  
to wear yourself out. I'm afraid we  
have to stay in Adana's presence, but  
we will not interfere. Adana is not  
able to speak, but rest assured she  
consents. Come. Inspect the toolbox.

Keeping his distance from Adana, Jonas steps around - opens  
the lid.

Inside: a twisted assortment of torture instruments gleam. A  
drill, hammer, screwdrivers, pliers. A speculum.

Seeing that last, Jonas shudders. Swallows vomit.

And in a neat, tiny tray: rusty scalpels, nails, razor  
blades, safety pins.

JONAS

Oh my God!

BRUNETTE

You're not required to use any of these things. You may use your hands exclusively, should you so choose. These tools are just here as a courtesy for you to discover how far you want to push yourself.

JONAS

I don't know if I can do this.

BRUNETTE

You'll never know until you take that leap. In this moment, be brave. Be bold.

JONAS

I thought this was all a joke. Now...

Jonas picks up the hammer. Turns the claw head back and forth. Tears well in his eyes.

BRUNETTE

That a boy. Give her a try.

Filled with self disgust, Jonas kneels before the box - silent. Prays. Then turns to face Adana.

It *seems* as if she's trying to smile. But with those teeth - and the scars around her eyes... who can tell?

BRUNETTE

(soft)

Go on, Jonas. Hit her. Hard.

Adana nods. Jonas looms over her, conflicted. The hammer's heavy. But his guilt and horror - even more.

Until the urge hits. Jonas SWINGS.

He brings the hammer down on Adana's knee. CRACK. Like a severed twig in winter.

Adana MOANS, flashes those teeth in a Cheshire Cat smile.

Bile rising in his throat, Jonas studies her glazed eyes.

Adana fumbles towards her crotch. Drooling. Wanting more.

JONAS

Oh my God. You fucking monster. What the hell's *wrong* with you?!?

He lashes out, swings again. The hammer thuds into Adana's side. CRUNCH.

Adana's voice undulates. A laughing, cooing "ooo ooo oooo."

JONAS

Jesus. You're a monstrosity. How far  
can you go?

(whispers)

How far will I?

As if in a nightmare, Jonas drifts back towards the toolbox - hammer dripping.

Surreal slow-motion drops of red shed from the metal - glimmer through air like ruby rain drops - leaving a pattern of dots on the floor.

Jonas crouches down. Mesmerized, he reaches for the blood. Dabbles in it with an index finger: a gruesome childish game of connect-the-dots.

The Brunette and Blonde exchange knowing looks.

#### **MONTAGE**

Time passes in a haze. Jonas experiments. Makes several trips.

He impales Adana's shoulders with screwdrivers.

Pulls Adana's "chair" closer. Jonas leans in and slashes, hips wedged between her legs.

Drinks from blood at her nipple. Rips one off.

Grazes his cheek on her jagged teeth.

And sweats as he pours his hatred out... into her.

Screaming - much like the empty glasses at the bar - he names the demons he tries to slay with his grisly work:

JONAS

You think you can throw me to the  
street? Fire me, you shit eating  
prick?!?

(beat)

I gave you everything!!!

(beat)

Gonna show you, show her, how it  
feels!

Adana wriggles under Jonas, in ecstasy.

**END MONTAGE**

Until Jonas collapses. Spent, he's got no more.

JONAS  
I - this, it can't be real.

Adana raises a withered arm, caresses his blood soaked hair.

ADANA  
Tine... oo goh.

She tangles Jonas' hair in her bony fist, raises his head to face hers.

JONAS  
You... didn't mind? You know I would  
never -

Adana raises a broken claw - caresses Jonas' cheek. Her fingers trace bloody lines down his face - similar to what he did earlier with the floor.

ADANA  
So good. Moooooah.

Jonas sobs. Horrifically, thoroughly grateful. Like a child lost at the end of time.

JONAS  
Thank you. I am so, so sorry. Thank  
you Adana, thank you oh so much.

Adana smiles. As her jaw unhinges like a snake.

She leans forward, fits razored gums over Jonas' head. Powerful muscles pulse in her deceptively thin neck.

Adana bites down, fracturing Jonas' skull. His brain spurts into her mouth. The immortal moans - gurgles with each gulp.

Over at the door, the Brunette and Blonde watch. Smiling, they reach out - hold hands.

BRUNETTE  
(to Jonas)  
You're welcome, love.

Jonas dies - his eyes open wide.

Blood spatters the motivational poster, drips down. Jonas' death is what he made it. And "Suck it Up?" that Adana does.

FINAL FADE OUT: