

"Dr. Steve"

by
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1 INT. HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING

1

DR. STEVE, 40-ish and wearing scrubs, stops writing on a patient's chart at the otherwise-unoccupied nurse's desk and looks up. He senses something.

He slowly walks down an adjacent corridor and stops when he notices that the door to the blood supply room is ajar.

He unscrews the head of the stethoscope around his neck and removes a key. He walks across the hall to his office and opens his locker. The key reveals a false bottom. He quietly pulls a wooden crossbow from the locker, smiling as he does so.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. BLOOD SUPPLY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

2

The black-clad man is kneeling before the open refrigerator, drinking from one of the bottles, when Dr. Steve surprises him. In shock, he drops the container to the floor, where it shatters. He looks sadly at the spilled blood for a moment.

He lunges at his visitor, but he's too slow. Dr. Steve fires the sharpened stake from the crossbow directly into the thief's heart. The man falls to the linoleum, twitches violently a few times, and passes away.

From his lab coat pocket, Steve removes the satchel containing the special mixture and sprinkles it all over: On top of the fanged dead man, the stained floor, the broken bottle. All quickly disintegrate into dust. Then the dust turns into finer dust and vanishes.

Dr. Steve locks the door from inside the room. He fills a paper cup with just a swallow of blood from the refrigerator. The drink reinvigorates him.

He strokes the humming fridge lovingly and pushes the blood-stained paper cup deep into the trash. He licks his lips, revealing his own fangs, and retrieves the crossbow.

DR. STEVE

Mine.

FADE TO BLACK.