

BITE ME

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INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

PEARL, 20's glitter dress and pumps, mixes a punch bowl. PARTYGOERS socialize in groups. ARWEN, 20s walks in with a tight skirt, light blouse, and flip-flops. She holds a notepad and pencil in hand.

PEARL

Hey, hey. Thank you so much for this. I can't afford to get another noise complaint.

ARWEN

Pfft. I love lending a helping hand when I can. Besides, if you get evicted, where will I hang out?

Pearl kisses Arwen's cheek then exits. IAN, 19, in a button-down shirt and corduroy pants, walks in the room.

IAN

Arwen? Fancy seeing you here.

ARWEN

I didn't realize that you would be coming! How are Gina and Dave?

IAN

Mom and Dad are fine. We miss having you around to help with the new foster kids.

Ian pours a cup of punch and leans against the island. Arwen switches his cup for a can of soda.

ARWEN

Soda only. I'll be watching you.

Ian shakes his head as he walks into the living room.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A dark red Alfa Romeo parks next to various cars. The engine and lights shut off. DANTE, 21, gray hair and in black clothes, exits the car.

He's pale compared to LINCOLN, 25, a suave Gucci Prince. Lincoln exits the driver's side of the car with bottles of vodka in his hand.

LINCOLN

Come on, Casper. Let's get inside.

DANTE

Casper? Didn't you drink him dry?

Lincoln chuckles and flips him off.

LINCOLN

At least I didn't have to marry
him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pearl opens the front door. Dante and Lincoln stand there
with the bottles of vodka.

PEARL

Come inside, guys.

A GROUP OF PEOPLE call Lincoln. Lincoln points at them.
Lincoln dumps his bottles into Dante's arms.

LINCOLN

That's my cue. Take these to the
kitchen for me.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dante goes to the kitchen island and sets the bottles down.
He pours himself a shot and drinks.

FRATERNITY BOYS surround a keg placed next to the island.

FRAT BOY #1

Thanks for bringing the juice. How
bout you get upside down on this
bad boy and have a drink?

DANTE

Might as well break it in.

Dante does a handstand on the keg and chugs from a funnel.

FRAT BOYS

Chug! Chug! Chug!

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Arwen's notepad is filled with tally marks. She watches the
large group of partygoers egg Dante on as he downs a pint of
Jack Daniel's.

Pearl pushes through the crowd and stumbles up to Arwen.

PEARL
(sing-song)
Best party ever! I'm gonna be in
the university's hall of fame.

Arwen smiles at her but she's looking at Dante. Pearl follows Arwen's gaze.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Ooh, is that romance I smell?

Pearl pushes Arwen toward Dante.

ARWEN
No, it's nothing like that. I mean -
- Jesus, where's he putting it?

PEARL
Who cares? He's having fun. You
should too. Go talk to him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Arwen approaches Dante. She grabs a cold bottle of water out of a cooler and presents it to him.

ARWEN
I think that you need this.

Dante looks Arwen up and down. He shakes his head as he sips from a bottle of nearly empty Everclear. Dante leans against the wall.

DANTE
Nah. I'm good, Ms. Officer.

ARWEN
I don't want you to get sick.

DANTE
You don't even know me. You won't
give a fuck about me in the
morning.

Dante tries to walk away, but she grabs his arm.

ARWEN
You don't know me either, so how
could you know that I won't care?

Arwen takes Dante's hand and puts the water bottle in it.

DANTE

(mutters)

God, save me from the heroes.

Dante makes a show of opening the water and drinking it all
in one go. *

ARWEN

I'm no hero. Just looking out for
friends of Pearl.

He sways as he looks down at the empty water bottle. *

DANTE

But why? I'm not worth the foam in
your soy latte. *

ARWEN

I just know what it's like to be -- *

Dante dry heaves and wraps his arms around his stomach. *

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS *

He pushes past the line of PEOPLE waiting to use the
bathroom. *

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT *

Dante SLAMS the door behind him, falls to his knees in front
of the toilet, and throws up. *

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT *

Arwen stands outside of the bathroom door as she faces the
line of disgruntled people. *

ARWEN

I'm sorry about him. He drank one
too many gallons of booze. *

Arwen presses her ear to the door. *

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT *

Arwen opens the door and scans the room. Dante is on the
floor, leaning against the bathtub. He's paler than before. *

ARWEN
(mutters)
Oh, poo on a stick.

Arwen steps inside, SLAMS the door behind her and locks it with a CLICK.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Party People in the hall GROAN.

RANDOM GUY
Oh, come on! This is bullshit!

A line of people go back to the living room. The hallway is empty.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

There are small drops of blood near the corners of his mouth. *
She steps closer. *

ARWEN
Dante? Oh my God! *

She shakes his shoulder and yanks her hand back.

ARWEN (CONT'D)
You're burning up. We've got to
cool you off.

Arwen checks his pulse then steps over him into the tub. She
struggles to pull him in with her. She steps back out and *
turns on the shower. The water SPRAYS down on him. *

DANTE
N-no, too cold. *

ARWEN
But, your temperature. We've got to *
get it down. Did you do any drugs? *

Arwen pulls out her cellphone and unlocks it with a few thumb swipes.

ARWEN (CONT'D)
You know what, I'm calling an ambulance. *

DANTE
Please.

She looks up from her phone, and their eyes meet. Her shoulders slump. She puts the phone down on the sink counter, grabs a washcloth and wets it.

ARWEN

Hun, I just want to get some color back in your cheeks. Yea?

DANTE

Don't have to do this. Please, run.

*
*

Arwen shushes him and wipes away the vomit and blood.

*

ARWEN

I've never run before. I can't start now.

*

DANTE

I don't want to hurt you. You're - you're different.

ARWEN

I'm not going anywhere until I know you're okay. I promise.

She hooks her pinky finger with his.

ARWEN (CONT'D)

I mean it. I never break promises. Ever.

Dante pauses then nods. He squeezes her pinky back. She lets go. He spreads his arms. She turns to put the washcloth down.

*
*

His eyes flash red, but her back's to him.

*

Arwen turns back, hesitates and eyes the shower water. She shrugs.

*

ARWEN (CONT'D)

Two showers can't hurt.

*

Arwen leans over and puts her arms around Dante. He hugs her back but doesn't let go.

*

DANTE

(whispers)

Tu solus meum. Nunc et in perpetuum.

Arwen tries to pull away.

ARWEN

What?

Dante yanks her into the tub with him. *

She CRIES out.

Dante buries his fae in her neck. He pulls his head back. His fangs are red with blood. *
*

Dante pulls Arwen back up to his lips. His SIPS are long and steady. His face flushes with color and his veins bulge through his body. *

ARWEN (CONT'D)
(breathless whimper)
Stop, please.

Dante jerks his head away and releases her.

DANTE
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

They fall to the floor. He rolls her off of him.

DANTE (CONT'D)
Please, forgive me.

Holding her neck with one hand, Arwen pushes herself up and scoots back, toward the door. She lifts her arm and reaches for the doorknob, but stops.

Dante sits in front of a full-length mirror. He's frantically wiping her blood from his lips and looking at his sleeves in disgust. There's no reflection.

With a deep breath, she trembles, and holds out her pinky.