

Hot Blooded

a short film by Lucas Brown

FADE IN

EXT. BOSTON - MORNING

Montage: Establishing shots of Harvard, MIT, the Boston Harbor, Fenway Park, and Faneuil Hall.

LUCAS (V.O)

I don't know how I got here. I'll probably figure out eventually, but for now it's all cloudy. Uncle told me this place could get crazy at night, but I didn't believe him.

END MONTAGE:

CUT TO

INT. RED LIGHT BAR - MORNING

LUCAS (V.O) contd

My mouth is dry. Parched. Three drinks sit next to me, but clearly they didn't hit the spot. My head is throbbing. Usually I'd be hot. It's the hottest it's been in a while here in Boston. But I'm freezing.

As the sun comes through the cracks in the blinds, it hits Lucas's skin, making it sizzle and crackle. He jumps back, a mean scar now adorning his arm. The patron of the bar, O'Connor, stares strangely at him.

O'CONNOR

Well you're just about F'd up, aren't ya?

Lucas says nothing, just zips up his bomber jacket with a Red Sox patch and slumps out of the bar.

CUT TO

BEGIN MONTAGE

[MUSIC CUE: "When You Sleep" by My Bloody Valentine]

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY

Lucas walks down the street, hood over his head, shades on his face.

Chyrons: HOT BLOODED

He waves to a dock worker, who gruffly nods back. When Lucas flashes him a smile, the man's eyes go wide. Lucas doesn't know, but he has two slightly yellowed fangs, and bloodshot eyes. To be fair, the man probably thought he was just another meth head.

Lucas proceeds to walk across the harbor until he gets to his apartment on the Harvard campus.

JUMP CUT TO

INT. LUCAS'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lucas stands shirtless in his apartment, looking in the bathroom mirror. He has a massive scar running across his abdomen. His sun-cracked arms and face, pale skin, and bloodshot eyes only further serve to indicate his transformation. He feels hungry and thirsty at the same time, and his ribs have begun to protrude.

CUT TO

CONTINUOUS: THE NEXT DAY

INT. HARVARD LAW CLASSROOM - DAY

Lucas walks into class and sits down next to his friend Hanna. Before he can say anything, Hanna chimes in.

HANNA

Home sure treated you nice, huh.

LUCAS

What?

HANNA

Sorry, you're just a little paler than usual.

LUCAS

I've been working at a movie theater. They dock our pay if we go outside.

HANNA

You kinda look like a vampire.

LUCAS

And you look like you're about to hex someone.

HANNA

Hey, I meant, like, a hot vampire.

LUCAS

Like *Twilight*?

HANNA

Eew, no. Edward's a creep.

LUCAS

You going to Toni's party tonight?

HANNA

Are you going?

LUCAS

Yeah.

HANNA

I'll think about it. I don't have shit going on really,
but-

LUCAS

So you have no excuse not to go.

HANNA

Ok. You know what, fine.

Class ends and people, including HANNA, begin to pack their things.

HANNA

What's with the fangs?

LUCAS

It's a statement.

Hanna shakes her head.

HANNA

Aren't you going?

LUCAS

Nah, I'm taking all my classes in the library.

HANNA

Huh?

LUCAS

So I don't get sunburnt.

HANNA, laughing

Ok, dude, see ya tonight.

Lucas waves goodbye.

CUT TO

INT. TONI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lucas strolls through Toni's house, drink in hand. Although it was a costume party, he thought he portrayed a vampire just about as good as anybody. Because he is one, and he has grown to accept that.

A woman compliments Lucas's outfit, and someone else passes him another drink, which he takes. Nothing seems to quench his thirst, or even make him drunk. In a daze, Lucas looks around and almost bumps into Hanna.

LUCAS

Woah. I did not see you there.

HANNA (smh)

Okay, I'm not that short, dummy.

Hanna looks really good. Done up in a Sailor Moon costume, with her smooth black hair put up into two ponytails, Lucas is mesmerized. However, he also feels a new feeling, one that feels so wrong - bloodlust. He's able to push it away, able to control his actions, but Hanna can still tell that something's up.

HANNA, contd.

You alright? How about we go outside and, you know, get some fresh air.

Hanna grabs onto Lucas's hand and takes him outside.

CUT TO

EXT. TONI'S BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Hanna and Lucas sit outside on top of a table, staring into the night sky. Hanna lights up a joint and begins to smoke.

HANNA

Well, you look better than this morning.

LUCAS

I'm not a morning person. Besides, it's just the costume.

HANNA

Uh huh.

LUCAS

Well, I mean, I do feel better at night. I don't know why. I've been feeling kinda weird since yesterday.

Hanna hands Lucas the joint.

HANNA, laughing

Here. This might help.

Lucas takes a hit. At first it feels normal, but then he feels a burning sensation inside of him. He draws back quickly and hands the joint back to Hanna, feeling the skin above his heart getting hotter and beating faster.

LUCAS

I think I'm good. I'm kinda crossed already.

HANNA

Suit yourself. More for me, I guess.

As Hanna takes another hit of the joint, Lucas's mind races. Eventually he decides that he has to let her know. That it would be the right thing to do. But how to go about it?

LUCAS

Ummm, Hanna, I've got something to tell you. I-

HANNA

You're in love with me? Boy, that is not too hard to tell. I mean-

LUCAS

I'm a vampire.

Hanna's eyes perk up, and the two stare at each other for a second.

HANNA

I mean, I kinda assumed that, too. Who the f--k wears fangs as a fashion statement?

LUCAS
Playboi Carti fans.

HANNA
Fair enough.

The two stare at each other for a bit. The still of the night contrasts greatly with the lively party going on behind them.

HANNA
Sooooooo...is this the part where you stick those fangs in my neck and kill me because you're hungry?

LUCAS
You weren't wrong about that first part.

HANNA
Huh?

LUCAS
I am in love with you.

Hanna says nothing, just looks up at Lucas and tenderly caresses the scarred area on his chest.

HANNA
You know this relationship can't just be you using me to quench your thirst and fill you up. I would know...I was gonna do the same to you.

LUCAS
You're one too?

HANNA
Yep. I'm just a little better at hiding it. Mine started last week.

LUCAS
So you're starving too?

HANNA

Oh yeah. You know, most people our age would just go to McDonald's.

LUCAS

We're not most people now, are we?

HANNA

Not anymore.

LUCAS

So what do we do?

Hanna and Lucas instinctually go in to make out. Lucas's fangs pierce her lower lip a little bit. They stay there for a while, the stars spinning around them in a surreal display of love.

HANNA

I mean, I do have a stepdad I don't really like. He's a big guy too...plenty of fresh blood!

The two vampires walk away into the distance, hand in hand, ready to kill for each other.

Ethical Analysis:

Kant (Absolutism) Neither Hanna nor Lucas are able to draw blood from each other because they'd be using each other as a means to an end (which would also be a toxic relationship in general)

Egoism: Both Hanna and Lucas decide to get their blood from Hanna's stepdad. This is an egoist decision for several reasons. Lucas is both gaining the blood he needs and impressing Hanna by killing the stepdad she dislikes. Additionally, there is not much thought into the greater good that the stepdad could provide to society, rather the sole focus sits on Lucas (and Hanna's) own need for satisfaction.