

An artistic anatomical illustration of a human face, rendered in shades of green and blue. The face is shown with detailed musculature and a network of red and blue lines representing blood vessels. The eyes are closed. Overlaid on the face and background are several faint anatomical diagrams of the head and neck, including a cross-section of the skull and a diagram of the neck's vascular and muscular structures. These diagrams are marked with numbers: 19, 18, 29, 2, 24, 8, 7, 20, 9, and 20. The background is a textured, mottled green and purple. The overall style is that of a scientific or medical illustration, possibly from a vintage textbook or manual.

FRESH BLOOD

F ■ W ■ Y ■ L ■ A ■ L ■ I ■ K ■ Y ■

by

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EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Apartments line an urban street. Slow push as we hear feet climbing stairs... *clonk clonk clonk*

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

We have a view of the whole studio apartment, facing the entry. Your average Ikea furnished, cheap, quaint art adorned, twenty-something dwelling. The footsteps get louder. The door flies open and a young woman in business casual attire tumbles in, struggling with an arm full of groceries.

She drops her purse and the groceries, crosses the room to the us, and slams her work bag down hard enough to shake the screen. She stands and stares at it for a moment. Vacant, dead tired. This is MAGGIE (25), your average over-worked, under-rested, constantly low-key panicked millennial. Her phone *chirps*:

INSERT PHONE SCREEN:

WILLY (TEXT)
get on, lets kill some cartoons

MAGGIE (TEXT)
(typing back)
Can;t, too much work

She drops her phone and sighs, looking at the papers pouring out of her bag.

MOMENTS LATER

The toilet flushes and she enters the living room again, in her jammies. She walks to us and starts getting her papers out to work on them. Her phone *chirps* again.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN:

WILLY (TEXT)
how's work coming?

MAGGIE (TEXT)
gif of Mad Men Not great, Bob!

WILLY (TEXT)
let's shreeeeedddd.

She looks at her untouched work, then the time.

7:25PM

MAGGIE (TEXT)
I haven't even started yet

WILLY (O.S.)
just play a few games to unwind,
then you can focus on your work,
nice and relaxed *winky face*

She goes over the logic of that statement in her head.

LATER - APARTMENT/ON SCREEN

Punctuated by handgun shots - CLICKING the app... POURING a tea... GRABBING a bag of baby carrots from the fridge...

A breath as she toggles her avatar's outfits...

The sound of a shotgun cocking and firing as THEME music plays... and STARTS a game...

CUT TO:

1:35AM

Tinny sound of gunfire and explosions come through her desktop speakers, all the lights are off in her apartment.

WILLY (O.S.)
Left, left!

MAGGIE
Fuck!

Maggie is curled up in a blanket in front of her computer, a single earbud hanging from her ear, light from her screen flashing across her face. The stack of folders has slid across her desk, the bag of carrots laying on top.

She grabs one and pops it in her mouth - SNAP.

WILLY (O.S.)
Jesus christ, that's loud.

Maggie laughs.

WILLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
See? Don't you feel better?

MAGGIE
You're an enabler.

WILLY (O.S.)
Hey I merely made a suggestion.

MAGGIE

Ugh.

WILLY (O.S.)

You hate that job anyway.

MAGGIE

Yeah but that job allows me to pay rent and eat.

Willy blasts a couple bad guys.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

This *is* infinitely more interesting than inputting customer compliance data into color coded spreadsheets.

HEY ALEX REPLACE THIS WITH BETTER TECHNICAL BABBLE

WILLY (O.S.)

...I mean, yeah.

MAGGIE

And I get to blow shit up.

An explosion on screen, Willy laughs. She grins and SNAPS another carrot in her mouth.

WILLY (O.S.)

Do you need to eat those while we're in Phase 5?

MAGGIE

If I'm gonna put off work, I gotta at least eat healthy.

SNAP - more mayhem on screen.

WILLY (O.S.)

You still eating ramen for dinner?

MAGGIE

Ramen's healthy.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

From a couple blocks away, lights flicker in Maggie's apartment - standing out amongst the dark windows. A silhouette shifts in the foreground, the vague shape of a human. THE FIGURE emerges from the shadows and starts to move in the direction of her building.

WILLY (O.S.)

There's a guy behind you.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT/ON SCREEN - NIGHT

MAGGIE

Huh--

BLAM. Maggie gets ambushed and she's out of the game.

The Killcam Feed shows the enemy just camping behind her before finally firing.

She grumbles, but she's having fun. She leans back and SNAPS another carrot in her mouth, watching her Willy avenge her.

WILLY (O.S.)

You know, you're actually not bad.

She rolls her eyes.

MAGGIE

Thanks.

WILLY (O.S.)

I mean you're not *good*. But you'll get there--

MAGGIE

Alright, alright, alright.

1:12AM

She looks at the time and shudders just before an EXPLOSION on screen startles her, echoing through the apartment. Her neighbor BANGS on the wall. She turns the volume down.

WILLY (O.S.)

Fuck!

MAGGIE

Great, I'm deaf now.

WILLY (O.S.)

Fucking camping piece of shit!

MAGGIE

Alright, I gotta go.

WILLY (O.S.)

Fiiine, let's play tom--

More banging, she hits the wall and yells back.

MAGGIE

Alright! Christ!

She stands up and starts shutting her PC down.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Figure lingers up the street for a moment.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
 (to Willy)
 Yeah well, if I get fired I'll have
 plenty of time.

Her PC *clicks* off, the Figure vanishes in a cloud of smoke.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maggie sits back at her desk, flashy gaming headphones on her ears. Her apartment is a pig sty - clothes everywhere, and dirty dishes piled in the sink, stacks of bills on the desk.

12:45AM

It's silent, except for the clicks and clacks of her keyboard and mouse. She's playing with a new teammate, this is GrimIrishReaper, or GRIM.

MAGGIE
 Get ready to give me some cover,
 I'm going to flank left.

She pops a baby carrot in her mouth *SNAP*

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 Go!

ON SCREEN

All the game sounds come in - gunfire and her teammate's voices. Grim sounds like a gruff, no BS ex-military guy, who happens to love playing video games.

WILLY (O.S.)	GRIM (O.S.)
Firing!	Left side, behind the barrels.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
 Fuck youuuuuuuuu!

WILLY (O.S.)
 You got him!

She blasts two more unsuspecting enemies and the game ends, the Win Screen proclaiming *Winner Winner Chicken Dinner!*

MAGGIE

Boom!

Maggie leans back, pleased with herself.

GRIM (O.S.)

Shit, you wiped the whole squad.

WILLY (O.S.)

Fuck yeah!

GRIM (O.S.)

When'd you start playing?

MAGGIE

Seriously? Few weeks ago.

GRIM (O.S.)

No shit.

WILLY (O.S.)

Told you, she's a natural.

GRIM (O.S.)

Hm.

WILLY (O.S.)

Hey how's the job hunt going?

MAGGIE

Oh, you know.

She looks at a stack of unfilled applications.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Slow.

WILLY (O.S.)

(laughing)

Yeah, it's hard when you're online playing games all day, haha.

MAGGIE

Hilarious!

GRIM (O.S.)

You lose your job?

MAGGIE

Yeah.

GRIM (O.S.)

When?

MAGGIE
Few weeks ago.

GRIM (O.S.)
No shit.

MAGGIE
Whatever, I'm not starving. Yet.

She pops another carrot in her mouth as they chill in the game lobby. There's a lull in the conversation, giving Maggie time to look around her apartment and contemplate.

GRIM (O.S.)
...you hot?

Maggie's jaw drops.

EXT. MAGGIE'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Outside the lobby of Maggie's building, the Figure approaches the edge of the light. A YOUNG COUPLE with a dog make their way through the lobby.

WILLY (V.O.)
Dude.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
Uh... who are you, again?

WILLY (V.O.)
C'mon man.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maggie is weirded out and appalled at Grim's question.

MAGGIE
Uh, I think I'm gonna play solos
for a bit, dudes--

GRIM (O.S.)
Nah nah nah nah - I mean there are
streamer chicks that are half as
good as you with thousands of
followers. If you're remotely hot,
you could make some real money. As
a streamer.

Maggie softens as she thinks about this.

ON SCREEN

Maggie pulls up a browser window and starts looking up female streamers, Grim was right about their followers. She watches some clips.

EXT. MAGGIE'S BUILDING - NIGHT

As it steps closer to the flickering light, we see the Figure is riddled with bullet holes and black, glistening blood. Its face is pitch black as well. The dog goes nuts.

Are we doing fortnite? Give her a mask here, shouldn't be able to tell the gender yet, or see the face

MAGGIE (V.O.)

You think I'm as good as these girls?

GRIM (O.S.) (V.O.)

I've played with Avori and MetalManiac - you're definitely better.

WILLY (V.O.)

I mean... he's not wrong.

We hear keyboard clicks, female streamers talking while they play, and Grim chewing on potato chips.

The Couple drags the dog away, oblivious to the Figure, it *glitches* through the door and crosses the lobby, lights flickering around it.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maggie watches the screen intently.

MAGGIE

I mean, how much can these people make?

GRIM (O.S.)

A living, sometimes a pretty good one.

ON SCREEN

Maggie looks up net worths of streamers.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

But they live with their parents or something?

Grim laughs, still eating.

WILLY (O.S.)
Between subscribers and
endorsements, lots of people are
streaming full time now.

GRIM (O.S.)
(while chewing)
The CEO of HBO just said Fortnite
is a bigger threat to them than
Netflix.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
No shit.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Figure's heavy steps snap Maggie out of her k-hole.

Clonk. Clonk. Clonk.

MAGGIE
Hold on--

She gets up and walks towards her door, listening and slowing
down as she gets closer and the steps get louder.

Clonk. Clonk.

She looks through the peephole. Nothing.

Clonk.

She listens again. Nothing now. She opens the door slowly.

INT. MAGGIE'S HALL - NIGHT

The hall is empty and quiet. Maggie peeks through the crack,
then sticks her whole head out and looks around.

The Figure is out there, standing motionless down the hall.
Maggie is creeped out, but not scared. Just some weirdo.

A faint screaming comes from inside her apartment, she looks
back inside for a moment then closes the door. She misses the
Figure glitching again. It takes a step forward.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

She realizes the screaming is coming from her headphones. She
puts them back on, adjusting the volume.

WILLY (O.S.)
 (screaming)
 Hlllllooooo?! Maaaggggiiee!

<p>GRIM (O.S.) (screaming) Heeeeeeyyyyyyyyyy! Come back! Maggie Maggie Maggie Maggie Maggie</p>	<p>WILLY (O.S.) Maggie Maggie Maggie Maggie Maggie</p>
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MAGGIE
 Christ's sake.

GRIM (O.S.)
 C'mon, let's do this.

MAGGIE
 Guys, I gotta go. There's some
 freak in a Panda head in my hall.

5:50AM

She takes her headphones off and powers down her PC.

INT. MAGGIE'S HALL - NIGHT

She pokes her head out of her door, dialing 911 on her phone.

MAGGIE
 I'm calling the c--

The hall is empty. She peers around, confused.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Maggie rolls out of bed, it's 2:45PM. She sits up, groggy, and surveys her apartment. There's a chair propped under her door handle. She looks at her TV, bike, DVDs and video games on shelves and a PlayStation. Her computer. Her stacks of bills. Dishes and clothes strewn across the room.

MONTAGE:

- Brushes her teeth
- Takes a shower
- Picks up clothing
- Cleans dishes

- Fills laundry sack
- Organizes her bills
- Unplugs the tv
- Fills a box with DVDS and the PlayStation
- Awkwardly shuffles out the door, holding her TV, boxes on a cart, walking her bike

Her room is bare. Clean, but bare.

MOMENTS LATER

- She reenters, it's been hours. All she has with her is a bag from Best Buy and rectangular box.
- Sets up c-stands and a green screen behind her desk
- Affixes a webcam to the top of her monitor
- Opens Skype and calls Willy

MAGGIE

Hey dork.

WILLY

Yo!

We see him for the first time. He looks like a dork.

MAGGIE

Search for "Comrade Boomstick" on Twitch.

We watch him type on the computer and look at the screen.

WILLY

Ho-ly shit. You did it!

MAGGIE

That's right, my dude - starting today, Mama's a full-time strea--

WILLY

Wait, something's wrong with your camera--

MAGGIE

Huh?

WILLY

It's getting all fuzzy?

Her camera feed on Skype is glitching out too.

MAGGIE

You gotta be kidding me, I just
got... hold on--

She fiddles around under the desk, then behind the monitor, then checks the screen - still garbled. She hears a sound... she looks behind her - THE FIGURE IS RIGHT THERE.

The Panda headed Figure in bloody, tattered clothes grabs her and tosses across the room. Maggie tries to catch her breath, but the Figure grabs her by her hair and drags her to the coffee table, then SMASHES her head into the top. Maggie goes limp, but is still conscious and breathing.

The Figure stands over her, still for a moment, studying her. Maggie's eyes are wide, terrified.

The Figure turns away and grabs the PC tower from Maggie's desk, cables and the keyboard hanging from it. It raises the machine over its head, pauses, and SLAMS it down on Maggie's skull. It picks it up and does it two more times for good measure. Maggie's corpse is a pulpy mess.

WILLY

Hello?? Mags?

The computer is still working.

The Figure sits down at the monitor and adjusts the seat.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Hey, everything alright?

Her camera comes back into focus and The Figure removes the Panda helmet - it's MAGGIE. Alive as can be. Willy's eyes go wide as he sees her.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Mags - your... your place! Where's
all your shit?

DÖPPLE MAGGIE

Huh?

Döpple Maggie looks behind her - Maggie Prime's bloody corpse is splayed out across the floor, behind the knocked over green screen. On her computer though, her room looks clean, no sign of the corpse. Just the toppled screen.

DÖPPLE MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Oh, whoops! Hold on.

She gets up and rights the screen, comes back, and opens a streaming app.

WILLY
What happened to your things?

DÖPPLE MAGGIE
Had to get this setup and pay some bills.

WILLY
Damn.

She clicks around the program and gets ready to go live, the CG background filling up her green screen now.

WILLY (CONT'D)
Is everything alright?

She smiles, her mouse hovers over the "STREAM NOW" button.

DÖPPLE MAGGIE
Never felt better.

She clicks.

SMASH CUT TO:

FIND WHAT YOU LOVE AND LET IT KILL YOU