

Intro: Man, what a day. Well, it's all over now. Time to just relax on the couch and unwind...

Wait, why is the doorbell ringing? Who could that be? And are you getting... deja vu?

Summary: Listener allows Speaker inside and they spend a little time together before Speaker reveals that she is a vampire, as well as a few other things. She then drinks some of Listener's blood and leaves.

Line breaks represent the listener talking or space where no one talks and should be short pauses, words within {brackets} represent the speaker's tone or sfx. At ellipses, the speaker trails off, and at dashes, she is either cut off abruptly by the listener or by herself.

Author's Note: All right, the last Feather script, I'm finally caught up. Sorry this took so long to get out, I promise I didn't want it to be this late, but hey! It's here now, and I hope y'all enjoy.

*{doorbell sfx}*

*{door opens sfx}* *{stressed}* Hi. Hello there. Good day. Well, good evening, I guess. Or good night, the sun's already down. How are you doing today?

No wait please don't close the door- I promise I'm not trying to sell you something! Look, it's me. It's *{insert name here}*. Your neighbor. You recognize me, right? We met at that Fourth of July party last year?

Yeah, yeah, I know, been a while. My job basically forces me to be nocturnal, otherwise I promise I'd be less non-existent. I'm not *completely* anti-social, I just... sleep while everyone else is doing things.

*{apologetic}* I- yeah, okay, so. Ohh, this is gonna sound terrible. This is gonna sound bad.

...Can I stay the night here? Look, normally I'd never ask this, because we don't even know each other, obviously, but I accidentally locked myself out of my house, and I don't know anyone else on the street either, and, well, I remembered you being friendly that time that we *did* meet, and it's *really* cold out and I don't want to try to sleep in my car, and-

*{hopeful}* You... you will?

*{relieved}* Oh, thank you. I'll come up with a way to pay you back, I promise.

*{hesitant}* You're sure I can come in? I mean, you still don't really know me, and you're inviting me into your house. You're okay with that?

*{relieved}* Thank you. I promise, I don't need much. I already ate, and I can just sleep on the couch. I don't want to cause you any bother.

*{happy}* Oh, wow, it's warm in here. I never expect it to be this warm. Uh, when I go over to other people's places. My house and the building I work at are always freezing, so this is nice. Feels like a place I can just relax, y'know?

Wha- huh? *{dismissive}* No, no, it's fine. I'll call a locksmith in the morning, and hell, worst comes to worst, I'll break a window. I just needed someplace where I wouldn't freeze to death while I waited. Which, thank you again for providing.

*{serious}* I mean, yeah. You saw the weather report, right? Not the nicest out tonight. I don't *think* I would've gotten frostbite, but it wouldn't have been fun to find out.

*{confused}* My hands? Why...?

Oh, they can't be *that* cold, right?

*{hesitant}* Uh... not very long? Maybe only an hour? Because first I was trying to get inside, and then I was working up the courage to knock because I didn't want to bother you, and-

*{placating}* What- oh, no, come on, you don't have to do that. I promise, I'm fine just being in here, I already feel much better-

*{taken aback}* That's a very large blanket.

Okay, two of them feels excessive, I-

All right, fine. Many blankets are fine.

No, no, I said I already ate, I'm not hungry, I- *{interested}* did you say hot chocolate? Well. Maybe I could have a *little*.

Wow, that was fast. Did you already have the water boiling?

Mmm! This is delicious, what brand is it?

I should've guessed. Homemade is always better, especially when it's made in a home as nice as this.

Well, if you *really* want me to eat something, do you maybe still have any of that peach cobbler?

That was- what?

*{scrambling}* Oh, I mean- well, uh, I- *{sigh}* *{sad}* Damn. Guess I got a little too comfy there, didn't I? And I was really looking forward to the movie you were going to suggest...

*{reasonable}* All right, no, calm down, I promise I can explain, just- *{disappointed}* ugh. This isn't going to work.

*{magically resonant}* **Still.**

*{fond}* That's better. No freaking out tonight, okay?

Here, come on, let's sit you down. Put those blankets on you. Does that feel nice? I know you can't answer, but I'm going to assume that feels nice.

*{sigh}* What am I going to do with you?

I really am sorry about this, I promise it's not how I wanted the night to go. It's just hard to stay on my guard about things like that when I'm here. This place relaxes me, you feel more like home than anywhere I've ever lived has. My tongue tends to slip. I'm sure you understand.

Ah, I should explain. I suppose I don't *have* to, you won't remember anyway, but you *do* deserve to know what's happening. I come over here... rather a lot. I always use some variant of the "poor, lost innocent" act, and it works every time. You let me in, and you start trying to take care of me, and you're always so protective and sweet... it's nice. The first few times, I was annoyed. I thought your kindness was just weakness, or worse, that you were only being kind because you wanted something. I didn't even realize how hypocritical I was being, can you believe that? But it's true. It took more weeks than I'd like to admit to realize how good it felt, having you want to take care of me. Once I did, I started coming by more often, staying longer, trying to get to know you better in the time that we had. I started looking forward to getting to take a load off with you more and more, too. It's gotten to the point where staying with you is the brightest spot in my week. This house has become my little home-away-from-home, my sanctuary from all my problems. And you're what makes it that, so thank you.

Oy, all of that, and you're probably more confused than when I started. I suppose I've danced around the relevant point. *{hesitant}* I- uh. Well, I'm- Well, there's no easy way to say it. I'm a vampire, and at the end of every night, I feed on you and remove your memories of me.

*{reassuring}* No, no, keep calm. I can feel your heart rate increasing, there's no need for it to. I'm not here to hurt you, I promise. I haven't hurt you any time before, and I don't plan to start now. I would never.

I'm only here for a tiny bit of blood, just a taste, really. You won't even notice the loss. Well, okay, you might notice it a little. You'll probably feel kind of weak in the morning, but the marks will

have faded away completely, and the bite won't even hurt. We've done this dozens of times by now, and I promise, the worst you've felt is a little woozy.

I think it'll even feel good. You've definitely seemed happy with the feeling before.

*{sad, tired}* Oh, don't look at me like that! You think I want it to be like this? I *hate* having to pretend not to know you, not to love...

I hate it, almost as much as I hate the lack of recognition in your eyes when you see me. I want you to know me. To light up when you see me. But this is the way it has to be.

*{yearning}* I've thought about coming to you under other pretenses... introducing myself, maybe starting a real relationship. I could take care of you after every feeding instead of abandoning you, like I want to so badly. I could spend more time in your refuge from the chaos of the world, and give you someone to share it with. I think we'd both be happy... but it's not that simple, is it? Every day takes us farther from our first meeting, makes it harder to introduce myself, and every memory we make makes me more likely to out myself, as we saw earlier. Besides, I've gotten used to this. I like being able to treat you as a safe place, without having to put any burdens on you. And God knows, dating a vampire - hell, just being friends with one - comes with burdens... You deserve better than that. I still want to be a part of your life, one day, and to have you be a part of mine, but it can't happen today. I can't do that to you today.

*{resolve}* All I can do is enjoy the time I can steal with you, and watch over you from afar. Stop anyone else from destroying this little sanctuary of ours. Keep you safe from... interlopers. But there's no need to discuss them. Not now.

*{disappointed sigh}* I really was looking forward to spending time with you tonight. Maybe you would've even finally asked me to cuddle... A shame it has to be cut short.

*{amused}* Well, not *such* a shame. *Titans*, you smell good. Reminds me of why I wanted your blood in the first place, it might be the most delicious thing I've ever tasted. Another reason I like coming here so much, probably.

*{placating}* All right, now just hold still... I mean, I know you can't do much else, but please try to relax. This will only hurt for a moment.

*{vampire feeding}* *{You can make this sound realistic, with slurping and the occasional moan, or you can just make it sound like someone drinking from a Caprisun. One of the above will be funnier.}*

*{satisfied}* Ahh, that was wonderful. Do you think you're feeling all right, after that? I- *{sad}* oh. You can't answer, can you? I could - I really *should* - unfreeze you. Listen to what you have to say about... all of this. Maybe you'd be okay with it? Maybe you'd even... accept me? But no. What if you told me to leave and never come back? I don't think I'm brave enough for that. I can't lose this... I can't lose you, even if watching you forget me is almost the same.



I *am* sorry about this. I say that every time, and it never stops being true. I don't want to do this to you. But it's the way it has to be. *{sigh} {quiet}* Maybe if I keep telling myself that, it'll start feeling true...

*{magically resonant}* **Forget.**

**Sleep.**

*{tender}* Good night, love. I'll see you again soon.