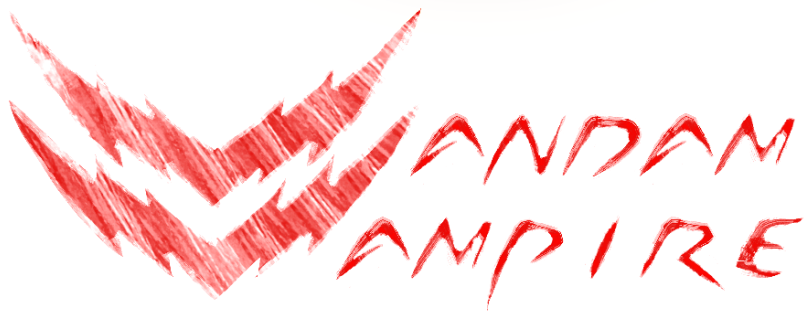




Screen Written
By
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VANDAM VAMPIRE – SHORT FILM PILOT

[INT. WAREHOUSE – SUNSET]

A massive, dimly lit warehouse. Crates and steel containers form jagged shadows. Smugglers from the STEIN CORP FOUNDATION, tense and wary, negotiate with hardened UNDERWORLD GANGSTERS. The air is thick with mistrust and desperation. On the table between them sits a single case, its contents — experimental drugs — representing both hope and danger.

The GANG LEADER, calm but with a predator's menace, sits at the head of the gangsters. Across from him, a STEIN CORP SCIENTIST — cold, detached, but betraying a flicker of anxiety — observes. Tension crackles; power shifts with every glance.

GANG LEADER

So... Ya got the goods?

The head scientist gestured his head, then the other scientist brought a case over. The Head Scientist unlocks the case with a digital fingerprint scanner. Then the case is open. He turned the case, and it shows the gang leader of a new prototype substance. It has an injection gun and 10 vials of red liquid that look like blood.

GANG LEADER

(whistle of amaze) Look at that. So, why these anyways?

HEAD SCIENTIST

These are called bloodstones.

GANG LEADER

Like the gemstones, but aren't they supposed to be greenish-red?

HEAD SCIENTIST

Not these. These are very special stones. And this is the exact color of what they look like. Our company is already developing to turn these stones into liquid. I see, and to test it on living experiments, and it has become a success. However, we now need volunteers for a human experiment.

GANG LEADER

Hmm, a bit risky, but we can take it. Ain't that right, boys?

The gang all agreed.

HEAD SCIENTIST

Just to let you know, there's a legend that these stones can grant a special ability to vampires. And a very rare bloodstone that is far powerful than any other, called the Prime Bloodstone.

GANG LEADER

I'm sorry, but did you just say vampires? (Scuff) Like Dracula and shit?
(Mockingly) I want to suck your blood!

HEAD SCIENTIST

Hmm...

Two gangsters drag in a young man with a black hood — HIRO, mid-20s, slight build, his whole body trembling with fear. His wrists are bound tightly, rope biting into his skin.

GANGSTER #1

Got ourselves a rat, boss.

GANGSTER #2

Snooping where he shouldn't. Thought you'd like a look.

They yank the hood off. Hiro's terrified eyes dart around the room.

HIRO

P-please! I don't want any trouble! I swear, I was just passing by! I won't tell anyone. Just let me go, please!

GANGSTER #1

Check this out. Works with a journalist.

Hiro raises his bound hands, voice cracking, eyes wide with panic. His breathing grows ragged.

HIRO

No! I'm just an assistant! I swear! I'm nobody!

The GANG LEADER glares at Hiro, then toward the scientist.

GANG LEADER

What should we do with him?

LEAD SCIENTIST

(shrugs, barely looking up) Doesn't matter. Do as you please.

HIRO

Please! Let me go! Before it gets dark... something bad will happen. I'm begging you — you don't understand!

The gangsters laugh mockingly.

GANGSTER #2

Danger? From what?

HIRO

(terrified, desperate)

From me! Before it's too late!

GANG LEADER

Cut the bullshit! Kill the motherfucker.

Hiro, defeated, whispers his last words, fear and regret in his eyes.

HIRO

You've just made a mistake...

A GUNSHOT ECHOES. Hiro's body slumps to the concrete. Silence. Even the smugglers look shaken.

GANGSTER #1

Well, that was easy.

GANGSTER #2

But what to do with the body?

LEAD SCIENTIST

No need. Our cleanup crew will handle the corpse. We'll harvest its organs and other parts for... experimental purposes.

GANG LEADER

Damn... I guess you guys ain't so bad.

The gang leader and lead scientist discuss business in the background.

CUT TO TRANSITION

Hiro snaps his eyes open, gasping for air, surrounded by a black void. Then a disembodied voice spoke.

DV

How pathetic! Do you honestly think they ever listened to you?

HIRO

I've tried to warn them... but-

DV

But nothing! You tried to warn them about me—about us! Yet they shot you in the head. You failed to save their lives, which were meaningless.

HIRO

There has to be another way.

DV

The only way... is to KILL them!

Hiro's heart sinks. He knows what will happen if he's set loose—especially at night.

DV

Now it's my turn to take over. Don't forget our deal.

Hiro hesitates, remembering the dark agreement he made — and what it will cost.

HIRO

...Yes...

The void pulls away, darkness swallowing Hiro as the monstrous side prepares to awaken.

Suddenly, Hiro's corpse TWITCHES violently. His eyes SNAP OPEN, burning crimson. With inhuman strength, he bursts free from his restraints. Black, shadowy flames writhe around him as he unleashes an otherworldly scream that chills everyone to the bone. His body contorts — claws rip through flesh, fangs extend, armor-like shadows envelop him. He becomes something monstrous... and heartbreakingly human.

The smoke clears. VANDAM VAMPIRE has risen. Blinded by rage, he sees only blood. Hungers for it. The gangsters freeze, caught between terror and awe.

GANGSTER #3

What the FUCK!

GANG LEADER

Shoot it! Fuckin' shoot it!

Bullets fly. Vandam doesn't flinch. He moves with impossible speed, tearing into the first gangster—blood sprays. Screams echo off the steel walls.

Chaos. Vandam devours his foes — one scientist films before fleeing.

GANGSTER INJECTION

One desperate GANGSTER #1 spots the smashed briefcase, syringes spilled across the floor. He grabs one and injects himself. Veins swell. Muscles bulge. He becomes a SUPERHUMAN.

The Superhuman Gangster roars and swings a massive fist at Vandam.

GANGSTER #1

Come on, bitch!

VANDAM and the SUPERHUMAN collide, exchanging brutal, bone-crunching blows. The Superhuman launches at Vandam, slamming him into the wall. Vandam staggers, blood trickling from his lip, but something inside him refuses to break.

FLASHBACK – BLURRY MEMORY

Cold, sterile lab. Two silhouettes: STEIN and LORD SIN.

LORD SIN

How is the process?

STEIN

A slight error... We'll fix it.

LORD SIN

See that you do. He must be perfect.

The memory fades — a nightmare echoing in Vandam's mind, hinting at the tormented soul trapped within.

BACK TO WAREHOUSE

Vandam's eyes blaze. He catches the SUPERHUMAN's fist mid-swing. Shadow flames engulf him. He lunges, biting the SUPERHUMAN's arm. A savage struggle ensues. Vandam RIPS both arms off. The MUTANT screams and collapses, drained.

Blood pools. Silence. The GANG LEADER flees.

EXT. STREETS – NIGHT

The leader scrambles into his car, fumbling with keys. The engine sputters — then the vehicle lifts. Vandam looms behind it. The leader dives out, crawling.

GANG LEADER

Wait! I'll give you anything! Money, drugs! Please!

Vandam grips the Gang Leader's throat, lifting him high with supernatural strength.

GANG LEADER

(strangled)

Who... who are you?

VANDAM

I am... Vandam.

Vandam's fangs pierce the Gang Leader's neck.

TRANSITION

INT. HIRO'S APARTMENT – MORNING

Hiro jolts awake, drenched in sweat, heart pounding. Sunlight slices through the blinds. His phone rings, jolting him back to reality. He answers, voice trembling.

AYE (V.O.)

Where the hell have you been? You got anything juicy from last night?

HIRO

(stammering)

N-no... sorry.

AYE (V.O.)

Seriously! God, you can be useless.

HIRO

Well, whose fault is it for hiring a childhood friend at the place?

BOSS (V.O.)

No comment... (sheepishly) Anyways. Check the news. Something happened.

Hiro scrolls: “Local Gang Massacred — Police Blame Animal Attack or Rival Gang.” He looks up and catches his reflection in a cracked mirror — but it’s not just him. Staring back is VANDAM, haunting, hollow-eyed, with glowing crimson eyes. For a moment, their gazes lock. Hiro recoils, shaken by the truth he can’t escape.

AYE (V.O.)

HIRO?... HIRO! Hey! Is everything alright?

HIRO

Yeah, Aye... I’m fine. Everything’s fine. (He glances at his reflection, haunted.)

[CUT TO BLACK]

INT. STEIN CORP – EXECUTIVE OFFICE – MORNING

Sleek, glass-walled office. DR. HALCROFT nervously queues up grainy footage of Vandam’s massacre. DR. STEIN sits, eerily calm, hands steepled. The footage flickers on a massive screen.

HALCROFT

Sir... you should see this.

STEIN

So it survived.

HALCROFT

Do you... know what that creature is, Sir?

STEIN

Of course. That... is nothing... but a defect.

He stares at the city skyline.

STEIN

Summon Lord Sin. We may have interference.

Footage freezes on Vandam’s red eyes.

[EXT. WAREHOUSE CRIME SCENE – DAY]

Police tape flutters. Detectives examine drained corpses.

Two agents arrive: LEE (stern) and WRICE (observant) — the kind you don't need to know about.

DETECTIVE

Hey! Who the hell are you? You can't just—

INSPECTOR

It's fine. They're from a... Special division.

DETECTIVE

Understood, Inspector.

The INSPECTOR leads the two agents under the police tape and into the carnage of the warehouse.

LEE

These bite marks. Recognize them from any vamp?

WRICE

If any vamp could do this... it had to be him.

INSPECTOR

So it really is... him?

LEE

Yes. There's no doubt about it.

The camera lingers on a drained corpse, eyes wide in terror, fang marks vivid. Cut to black.

[ENDING TITLE]

VANDAM VAMPIRE

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