

IF YOU WANT BLOOD...

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INT. VERONICA'S APARTMENT - DAY

VERONICA ADAMS, 30ish, lies on her sofa watching a Game Show. A small dog, COCONUT, is curled up asleep beside her.

She reaches for a mug of coffee on the coffee table in front of her and brings it to her mouth, precariously trying to sip it without sitting up.

She takes a few sips and puts the mug back, wipes her mouth with the back of her hand.

Her phone BUZZES on the table. She looks at the screen:
MARIA.

She sighs and lets it go to voice mail.

The Game Show HOST on TV is pumping up the big bonus round coming up after the break.

Veronica yawns, her eyelids heavy. She closes them and nods off.

JUMP CUT TO:

LATER

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Veronica's eyes open. Coconut, BARKS. She sits up, groggy and shushes him.

VERONICA
Who the fuck...

Another couple KNOCKS. Setting the dog off again.

Veronica tries shushing her dog while walking to the door.

She looks through the peephole. She sighs and shakes her head.

MARIA (O.S.)
I know you're home, Veronica.
You're always home. Let me in.
(knocking)
Come on, girl.

Veronica begrudgingly unlocks the door and opens it.

Maria enters, greeting Coconut and shutting door behind her.

VERONICA

What's up?

MARIA

I've come to rescue you. To take you away from all this...

VERONICA

But I like all of this. I'm quite fond of my life of sloth.

MARIA

You're becoming a shut-in. It's not healthy.

(beat)

We're going out. We're gonna drink and flirt with boys... you know, like you were a normal young woman.

VERONICA

I don't really...

MARIA

When was the last time you got laid?

(off her reaction)

Jesus...

VERONICA

I dunno... three...

MARIA

Three months? That's-

VERONICA

-years.

Maria mimes drinking and spit-taking her drink.

MARIA

That is fucking... unacceptable.

VERONICA

It's fine. I really don't want to go chat up skeevy dudes at a bar.

MARIA

Three years? You're young and smart and easy on the eyes. There's no reason to let your vah-jeen wither and die.

(beat)

I'm taking you out.

Veronica begins to speak.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Nuh-uh. Shut it. This is non-negotiable. I'm taking you out to get some eggplant.

VERONICA

(sighs)

Okay. Let me take a shower and get ready and I'll give you a call and we'll figure it out.

MARIA

Uh uh. No way. I'm staying here until you're ready and then we're going together. I know your flakey ass tricks, bitch.

VERONICA

(innocently)

Whaaaaat?

MARIA

(miming phone call)

"Oh hey, Maria. I was all ready to go out but I think Coconut ate some chocolate and I really need to keep an eye on him in case he needs to go to the vet. I'm sorry. I reaaally wanted to go but..."

Veronica stares silently at Maria. Clearly, she's been bested. She sighs deeply.

VERONICA

Fine. I'll get in the shower.

Maria plops down on the sofa and grabs the remote.

MARIA

Goddamn right you will. Psshh!
Three years. Tragic.

Veronica solemnly shuffles off to the bathroom.

INT. HIPSTER SINGLES BAR - NIGHT

Veronica sits at the bar, nursing a drink, looking miserable.

Maria dancing, the song ends. She beelines over to Veronica.

MARIA

Isn't this better than lying on
your couch watching Forensic Files
with your dog?

VERONICA

Umm... no.

MARIA

Your problem -you're not nearly
drunk enough.

(beat)

SHOTS!

VERONICA

Oh no...

MARIA

Yes.

(motions to bartender)

We need some shots over here, stat!

Bartender nods.

Maria notices an extremely handsome guy across the bar with
long, luxurious hair, a chiseled jawline and the perfect
amount of stubble. A BAE -as the kids say.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Hey. Check out the bae at two
o'clock. He's checking you out.

VERONICA

Uhh... The one that if you gave him
a frilly shirt would look like a
romance novel cover came to life?

MARIA

Yup!

VERONICA

Sure.

MARIA

I'm serious. He is.

The bartender places the shot glasses on the bar.

Maria raises a shot, waiting for Veronica to pick up hers.
She begrudgingly does.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Salut!

VERONICA

Mazel Tov!

The girls down their shots.

MARIA

So, either you talk to him or I make you do shots until- you agree to talk to him.

VERONICA

Him? Really? He's out of my league.

MARIA

Horseshit! He's been eyeballing you since he walked in.

Veronica looks around panicked almost like she's considering running for her life.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Come on, Ronie, it's for your own good. Gotta clean the cobwebs outta your cellar.

Veronica wrinkles her face at Maria's choice of analogy.

She grabs a bottle of beer off the bar and walks over to Bae.

VERONICA

Hi... I'm Veronica.

Bae shakes her hand. Smiles.

BAE

Hi Veronica. David... Nice to meet you.

A lingering look charged with chemistry.

VERONICA

So...

INT. VERONICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Veronica and David are in the throes of passion. Veronica's approaching climax in a crescendo of moans and gasps.

She digs her nails into his shoulders, drawing a little droplet of blood.

INT. VERONICA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Veronica, in bed, begins to stir.

She opens her eyes. The memories of last night suddenly return and she looks around. Her bed: empty.

She sits up onto her forearms and scans the apartment.

VERONICA

Hello?

Her face turns quizzical. She listens. Thump. Thump. Thump.

She looks at the foot of her bed and sees Coconut napping. She can hear his heartbeat. Her face suddenly concerned.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Coconut, are you okay? You alright.
buddy?

Coconut looks at her. He seems fine.

She shrugs it off and gets out of bed. She heads over to the window and pulls open the curtains.

The sound of the curtains sliding is LOUD and the sunlight flooding the room is overwhelming.

She winces and quickly shuts the curtains again.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Veronica is brushing her teeth. Her phone BUZZES on the counter, eventually vibrating towards the edge. It FALLS.

Veronica, lightening quick, catches the phone before it hits the ground.

VERONICA

Ninja shit!

She looks at the phone. Missed call: MARIA.

She rolls her eyes when a text comes in.

Maria: "You get that good dick? Lol"

She texts back: I got a HANG OVER from hell.

Maria: But...

Maria: Also that good dick? [Baguette Emoji, Open mouth emoji]

She begins replying when her phone RINGS.

She answers.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
 Yes, we had sex. It was good... I guess.
 (she continues brushing her teeth)
 I mean... I was pretty drunk - thanks to you.
 (beat)
 I do not have his dick in my mouth. I'm brushing my teeth! Yeah, yeah, yeah. Okay. I gotta go lay down now... Yup. Okay. Byyy-eeee.

Veronica ends the call and tosses the phone.

She looks in the mirror and notices two small wounds on her neck. She inspects it with curiosity and concern.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
 Ughh. What is this?! Neck herpes?
 (beat)
 Yeah. Thanks, Maria.

LATER

Veronica is sitting in bed with Coconut drinking coffee and eating toast.

She crumples her face and spits the toast out onto her plate.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
 (to Coconut)
 Ugh. My stomach is not doing well... Take care of me, Coconut.

She puts the toast and coffee aside on the night table.

She picks up Coconut.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
 Snuggle with me, baby.

She snuggles the dog and closes her eyes.

LATER

According to the clock it's 2:02 AM.

Veronica bolts up in bed. She's drenched in sweat.

She grabs her stomach in pain.

She stumbles to the kitchen, frantically she's opening closets pulling out food.

She grabs a box of cookies. She rips it open and reaches for a cookie. As she brings it close to her mouth, she seems disgusted by it and drops it back into the box.

She flings the refrigerator door open. Frantically looking for -something.

She rips the freezer door open. Same deal. Ice Cream, no. Mac and Cheese, no. Etc.

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

The SOFT ROCK plays over head as the fluorescent lights blast the colorful cereal boxes lined up on the shelves.

Veronica steps into the aisle.

She's wearing sweats and a robe. She looks like she just got out of bed. She also looks at once intensely focused and in her own world. She looks high.

As she shuffles down the aisles, wide eyes scanning back and forth intently, her lips starts to twitch slightly into a quick animalistic snarl.

THEN-

She stops. Something has caught her eye.

She stands over the meat freezer. She focuses on a bloody piece of beef wrapped in cellophane.

She picks it up, with deliberate, singular focus. She pushes her fingernail through the cellophane and raises the package to her lips.

She drinks the blood from the meat as it drips down her chin.

When she's done, she wipes the blood with the back of her hand. She looks satiated, relieved, blissful.

A smile creeps across her face.

THEN-

She notices an OLD WOMAN staring at her. Mouth agape. Frozen in shock.

They stare at each other for a long moment.

VERONICA

I... have... an iron deficiency.