

LOVE BITES

"Pilot"

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TEASER

FADE IN.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A luxurious 3 star hotel room: ornate furniture, plush scarlet upholstery, bed covers and pillows. A platter of strawberries, whipped cream and opened red wine, sit on a table. The drapes are closed.

JOHN LOCKE (40s) stocky, bad haircut, lies barely in bed, legs splayed, bed sheets barely covering him.

DOMINIQUE (O.S)
That's John...

JOHN
(incoherent)
So... hot. Say something... dirty
to me.

We TILT UP to reveal that his wrists are tied to the bed posts. Someones having fun, but its not him.

DOMINIQUE (O.S.)
...John was a bad boy...

FLASH!

Two hands hold an IPHONE. They swipe through photos of John:

--John in a car, kissing a young woman (20s), NOT HIS WIFE.

--In present hotel room, a smiling John drinks wine.

--John fed the strawberries by Dominique's hand.

--John licks the whipped cream off Dominique's leg.

--John tied to the bed posts, looking at the photographer in anticipation.

DOMINIQUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And you know what they say about
bad boys?
(beat)
They always learn their lesson.

DOMINIQUE FRANCOIS (late 20s) stands wearing BDSM gear: Black leather corset, legging, latex gloves, spikes. An attractive woman of Haitian descent, flawless skin and cutting cheekbones. She appears about 28, but her ancient eyes speak of someone much older---200 years older... but this will be revealed later.

She holds the IPHONE. She rests the phone and an EMPTY SYRINGE on the table.

Walks to bed and reaches underneath. Shes pulls out a small travel kit.

DOMINIQUE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They.. these men... never stop to ask questions or really take a look around. They always want to skip right to the fun.

She opens the kit--inside are an IV tube, a syringe, small glass bottles. She removes the IV and lifts up John's arm. She hesitates.

DOMINIQUE (V.O.)
I'd done this thousands of times before but their was something different about this night... maybe it was this guy... or maybe I was losing my touch...

Snapping out of her brain fog, she inserts the IV into an already small punctured incision on John's forearm. Dominique pauses, looks underneath the bed-sheets.

DOMINIQUE (V.O.)
(chuckle)
Or maybe it was that.
(she drops the sheet back)
But whatever it was, I was ready to to get it over with.

Dominique commences to drain his blood via IV TUBE. As the blood pours into the vial, Dominique looks through Johns cell phone. She scrolls through the photos of him and his wife.

DOMINIQUE (V.O.)
He seemed like a sweet guy. Not the monster his wife made him out to be. But, I was paid to do a job... and I did it well.

Dominique stops on a photo of John and his wife, KIMBERLY (60s). A suntanned, botox bimbo.

They stand on a beach, shades on, crisp sun tans, cheek to cheek, having the time of their life.

Dominique stops the IV, its half full. She removes the IV from his arm.

DOMINIQUE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I was going against procedure but I didn't care. Besides, If I returned everything to norm--

CLICK. The door unlocks.

RACHELLE (O.S)
They sure are ugly after they come.

In walks RACHELLE FRANCOIS (early 20s), Dominique's younger sister and her blood thirsty, human hating counterpart. She hides this with a polished, demure persona shes refined over the past 155 years. She wears a over-sized, ankle length red coat and heels.

RACHELLE (CONT'D)
You finished yet, Dominique?

DOMINIQUE
Um... yeah. Just packing up.

RACHELLE
Need any help with "John"?

DOMINIQUE
Sure. Can you un-cuff him.

Rachelle nods and walks to the John.

RACHELLE
How was your "session"?

DOMINIQUE
Quick. Easy. Just what I needed, honestly.

Rachelle pauses.

RACHELLE
Your're lying.

DOMINIQUE
(covering)
Am not.

RACHELLE

Yes. You are. I can tell from
"that" look on your face.

Rachelle strokes John with a finger, upwards, from his toes, to his calf to his thigh, to his groin. She stops at the bed-sheets which cover him. Reaches underneath the bed-sheets. Looks straight at Dominique.

DOMINIQUE

Rachelle.... what are you doing? We need to get this room cleaned up and wake him up before sunrise.

RACHELLE

You should've "done" him while you had the chance. His "kind" deserve as much pain as they can take... and then some.

Dominique steps to Rachelle.

DOMINIQUE

That's not what we--

Lightning quick, Rachelle SMASHES into Dominique.

Dominique CRASHES into the table. It falls over.

Dominique bares her fangs and claws. EYES GLOW RED. She pounces on Rachelle, who side-steps, just in time.

Rachelle behind Dominique. Bear-hugs her. Flies them to ceiling .

On the ceiling, they grapple with one another like on a wrestling mat.

Rachelle claws Dominique's shoulder and arm. Pain. Dominique winces. Rachelle drops her. She falls on her ankle. She cannot move.

Rachelle descends from the ceiling. Approaches John. Lifts his arm. She mockingly offers it to Dominique. Dominique spits out her own blood.

Rachelle sucks John's wound lightly at first, then ravenously.

RACHELLE

A bit overweight for my taste...
but a few extra calories won't hurt.

DOMINIQUE

At least leave enough blood in him
to wake up in the morning!

Rachelle ignores her, finishes drinking her fill. With one last look at Dominique, Rachelle rolls her eyes and heads to exits the room.

RACHELLE

Next time you try to stop me from
feeding... It wont be the ceiling
that I drop you from.

Dominique rises slowly from the floor. Holding composure.

RACHELLE (CONT'D)

And make sure that the room is in
shape for my guy. I cant't wait to
feed--I mean meet him.

Rachelle opens her jacket, revealing her risque outfit underneath. Wipes blood from the corner of her mouth.

DOMINIQUE

Fuck you.

Rachelle grins, leaves. Dominique stumbles, holds her ankle. Dusts herself off.

DOMINIQUE (V.O.)

That was my baby sister--Rachelle.
She had a funny way of getting
under my skin. And, her powers were
also growing...

Dominique makes last adjustments to John; no cuffs, no blood or sign that his blood was drained by a vampire, except for the two small puncture marks on his forearm.

DOMINIQUE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Mortals, or as we called them, Warm
Bloods, had feared and killed our
kind for centuries. Out of
ignorance.

(beat)

I don't really blame them. We also
killed and fed upon them.

She walks to the window, adjusting the ajar drapes. Sunlight peeks into the room. Outside New Yorkers walk to and fro, the NYC grind.

Dominique turns to John. She sits on the bed besides him.

DOMINIQUE

That's why our coven created "LOVE
BITES"... for revenge. For our
kind. For the women these men
betrayed. For money, honestly.

Strokes his cheek. He grumbles. She rises from bed. Walks to
door. John stirs, beginning to awaken.

DOMINIQUE (V.O.)

Few actually understood us... or
wanted to. But, all that was about
to change.

Dominique exits.

END OF TEASER

Khari Telesford