

Final Draft 8 Demo

NIGHT RASH

Written by

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NIGHT RASH

FADE IN:

EXT. MEDICAL CLINIC - NIGHT

Small building in the middle of a dilapidated district. It's the one stop pharmaceutical shopping center for the homeless, hookers and drug addicts who need whatever that will get them through the night.

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INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - NIGHT

Ashen skinned thin guy, VINNIE, 18, sits on the doctors examination table in nothing but his underwear. He picks at the paper that sticks to his skinny pasty legs. His arms, chest, and neck are red and full of bumps.

He wheezes as he breathes. He sounds like a busted referee whistle.

DOC BAAL, age 35, stares down Vinnie's throat. A magnifying glass separates the two. He has on the traditional white smock, dark pants and black shoes.

He looks at the rash on Vinnie's arm.

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He writes down his findings.

Vinnie hacks and coughs.

He scratches at the rash.

VINNIE

Doc, what's causing this? Is this normal? I already had chicken pox.

Doc Baal looks at the data.

DOC BAAL

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This is a new one on me. Have you ever had any hay fever?

VINNIE

No.

DOC BAAL

Reaction to nuts, chocolate, pet dander?

VINNIE

My dad owns a bakery and I had a dog and two cats. Never had a problem.

He scratches like a flea infested animal.

DOC BAAL

How's your sleep habits?

VINNIE

It sucks. I wake up sweaty, shaking, and drooling on myself.

DOC BAAL

When did you first have these symptoms?

VINNIE

A week ago.

DOC BAAL

That was your first time?

Vinnie nods his head.

VINNIE

This is screwing up my night life. I can't keep anything down. It's embarrassing.

Doc Baal writes out a prescription and hands it to Vinnie.

DOC BAAL

Take one tablet at night before you go out. That should stabilize the stomach cramps. As for the rash—

Vinnie reads the note.

VINNIE

Calamine lotion? I hate this stuff! When can you get the results?

DOC BAAL

I'm having this expedited and should get an answer tomorrow. My colleagues are stumped. You may have invented a new disease.

VINNIE

Great. Just what I needed. She told me she was clean. I should have known.

EXT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

Vinnie walks into a small Rite Aid type pharmacy. He wears a sweater with a turtleneck up to his chin. He has on a cheap, long, cowboy style trench coat, dark glasses and a knitted sweat cap. He looks like a dork.

In line is an old guy, BARNEY, 85. Behind him is a woman, FRANCES, 35, with a rambunctious kid, KYLE, 8.

Vinnie gets in line behind Kyle.

Crappy music plays in the background.

The clock on the wall shows 3:00 am.

Vinnie tries not to scratch.

Kyle fondles with the shelf items while Frances ignores him.

She has on slacks and a hoodie sweatshirt that even zipped up covers very little of her boobs.

FRANCES

Put that back... now!

She reaches for a magazine that we know she's not going to buy and skims through it.

Kyle goes back to screwing around.

The old guy stands at the counter in front of the pharmacist, PHIL, 25.

Barney's agitated, like old dudes get.

BARNEY

That's not what I had last time.
The ones I had were about this
long.

He makes a measurement with his bony finger and thumb.

PHIL

I understand, but this is the
generic version. Remember? We
talked about it over the phone.

BARNEY

Doesn't look the same. Can't you
sell me the original brand for the
cheaper price?

Kyle stares at Vinnie who's doing a bad job of not standing out.

Vinnie tries to ignore him. He turns his head.

Kyle doesn't stop staring.

Vinnie hacks and coughs.

Frances turns around and gives him a disgusted look.

She drags Kyle away from him.

Vinnie looks apologetic.

VINNIE

Head cold.

She's not buying it.

FRANCES

Meth head.

Frances goes back to her reading.

KYLE goes back to picking up stuff on the shelf.

He's bored and checks out Vinnie.

KYLE

What's that on your face? That looks gross.

VINNIE

I thought you're not suppose to talk to strangers.

KYLE

Are you on drugs? We learned that's bad. My friend Gary's sister got a big tummy because she did drugs with a lot of men.

VINNIE

That happens.

Vinnie coughs again.

INT. PHARMACY - LATER

The wall clock shows 3:30 am.

BARNEY is still dealing with Phil the pharmacist.

BARNEY

You sure my insurance covers this?
I'm not paying for it if you're
wrong. I fought for this country. I
should get a better deal.

Kyle looks at Vinnie.

KYLE

I can hang a loogie. Wanna see?
He starts to form it.

VINNIE

No thanks. I believe you.

Old fart Barney, finally moves on.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

About time.

Frances steps up to the counter.

FRANCES

I came to pick up my yeast
medication.

Phil takes the paper and goes looking for her medicine.

Vinnie looks like he's about to wet himself.

Too bad that's not the problem.

Vinnie tries to rub his crotch without using his hands.

He turns away from Kyle.

He sticks his hands in his front pockets and attempts to play
pocket pool with his jock itch problem.

Barney walks by, stops and stares at him.

BARNEY

Geez! At least go to the can if you
can't wait.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Vinnie sits on the steps of a building, cracks open the pill
bottle and pops out a pill.

He tosses it down his throat along with some bottled water.
He grimaces at the bottle of calamine lotion.

He sees three young women walk towards him.

CASSIDY, 25, but looks 16, wears black jeans, tight shirt
with a leather jacket. The two girls look hot in their latest
clothing statement.

They're in the party mood.

He tries to look cool but the jock itch rash is driving him
crazy.

VINNIE

Hey.

They smile as they walk by.

Cassidy whispers to her girlfriends.

They look back at him and burst out laughing.

He gives them, 'It's your loss' look.

He goes back to scratching himself.

Across the street, Frances, drags Kyle home. He sees Vinnie
across the street and points at him.

KYLE

What's he doing?

Frances shields Kyle from him as she scurries off.

FRANCES

Pervert!

Behind her is a church. It's doors are open.

Vinnie gets up and walks across the street.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Big gaudy room with a group of people in chairs.

Standing up in front of the group is a guy, casual dresser in
dark slacks, light colored shirt with hair parted in the
middle, giving a speech about his life gone wrong.

It's a rehab session.

REHAB GUY

I took my dignity and stomped it in the dirt. Any pride I had, got flushed down the toilet. I couldn't stay clean. A clown at my kids birthday party had a bag of weed and... god, we couldn't stop eating the cake.

Vinnie walks past and heads to a hallway.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vinnie is down to his underwear again.

He smears the Calamine lotion over his body, arms, stomach and legs. He stuffs the bottle down his shorts and squeezes.

The guy who earlier gave his speech, walks in.

Awkward.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Third floor apartment.

Small apartment with Gothic posters and science fiction action figures on a small table. The place has magazines and other junk on the couch and floor.

Vinnie comes out of the bathroom. He looks more healthy and less jaunt looking.

He checks out the fridge and takes out a bottle of what looks like tomato juice and some pizza.

INT. APARTMENT WINDOW - NIGHT

Vinnie looks out the window and sees different people walk by. He rocks to some speed metal music.

It's all good.

He flips on the TV.

A news reporter is on.

NEWS REPORTER

There was an assault in the men's room in a church tonight.

(MORE)

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

The victim, who remains
unidentified, claims...

Vinnie feels great and then...

GURGLE!

He grabs his stomach and tries to maintain his composure but
he's lost the battle.

Vinnie stands up and gets dizzy and drops to the floor.

He crawls to the bathroom.

We hear the sound of EXTREME PUKING!

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - NIGHT

Vinnie is back on the examination table again in his
underwear. The rash has spread further on his body.

Doc Baal looks him over.

DOC BAAL

I figured this was going to happen.

VINNIE

Doc, am I dying?

DOC BAAL

Here's the good news bad news
speech. You'll be around for a long
time, but...

Doc hands Vinnie the report.

Silence

DOC BAAL (CONT'D)

Vinnie? You alright?

VINNIE

Are you kidding me? I'm a vampire!
How can I be allergic to blood?
This is crazy!

DOC BAAL

They ran the test four times. This
is a first. We checked the records
that go back five hundred years.
You, my friend are an anomaly.

VINNIE

This sucks.

DOC BAAL

I wouldn't recommend it for now.
Maybe you'll grow out of it.

Vinnie sulks.

VINNIE

Was that good or bad news?

Doc Baal shrugs his shoulders.

DOC BAAL

There is one blood type that
doesn't affect you as much. You can
use A B negative. Unfortunately,
it's rare and hard to find. You can
always ask what their blood type is
first.

Vinnie's not in the mood for jokes.

VINNIE

I've only been a vampire for a
week. I knew Cassidy was bad news.

DOC BAAL

About that, I didn't see any marks
on your neck.

VINNIE

She said it was too old school.

Doc Baal knows what that means.

DOC BAAL

Did she orally arouse you?

Vinnie sheepishly nods his head.

DOC BAAL (CONT'D)

Did you feel a prick?

Vinnie looks dumbfounded.

His expression screams, IDIOT!

DOC BAAL (CONT'D)

Double the dosage on those pills.
Maybe it'll build up your immune
system.

(MORE)

DOC BAAL (CONT'D)
 Being anemic could be why your body
 wasn't used to the change.

VINNIE
 In the meantime, it's coming out
 both ends.

DOC BAAL
 For now, I would recommend a
 generic version.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The black curtains are closed. A bit of the sun's rays cracks through the blinds.

We hear Vinnie in the bedroom behind the closed door.

There's the sound of ruffled sheets.

He hacks and coughs.

VINNIE
 Not again!

WHUMP!
 Footsteps hit the floor running. The door flies open.

Vinnie runs out of the bedroom and into the bathroom, slamming the door behind him.

He pukes.

BEEP!

The answering machine.

BEEP!

DOC BAAL
 I may have something that might
 help with the stomach problems.
 Come down to the clinic and we'll
 see if this works.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vinnie sits on a cushion on the front steps of his apartment. He holds a sippy cup with a curly straw dangling from it.

Cassidy and her three companions walk towards him.

They stop in front of Vinnie.

VINNIE
Come to gloat, Cassidy?

CASSIDY
Just wanted you to know, last week
was the fastest ten seconds of my
life.

The girls laugh.

She dips a finger in his cup and pulls out the red solution.
She tastes it.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
Eww, it's fake.

Cassidy bares her fangs as they walk off.

One of them does the loser sign on her forehead with her
thumb and finger.

Vinnie takes a drink of the red saline protein drink he has
in the sippy cup.

He pathetically sucks on his curly straw and grimaces at the
taste.

It's going be a lousy night.

FADE OUT.

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