

SCENE 2

[James returns home. When he opens the front door, he catches the last possible glimpse of CHELSEA before she runs back into her room, a blur of dark clothing. He sort of tries to catch her, but it's futile. He knows it. He curses.]

It's not that their house is a total disaster, but it's more just like there's been things to worry about other than cleaning and organizing for quite some time.

There's a white board near the door. It has some doodles on it, some random dates with notes on it, and also these lines in two different handwriting styles:

"DON'T FORGET TO BRING A JACKET"

"Your caps lock is so aggro"

If there is a glimpse into Chelsea's room at any point, it should be covered in popular vampire memorabilia and posters for Twilight, True Blood, Buffy, etc.

Defeated, he just unpacks his groceries. When he gets to the quart container of blood, he tries not to look too close at it. He goes to her bedroom door.]

JAMES:

Hey, Chels? You know there's no reason to hide from me, right? I'm your dad, I'm not gonna... do whatever it is you think I'm gonna do. I just want to talk... make sure you're okay. I don't know where you're at in the whole transformation process, the internet wasn't very helpful with that, some people said it would take days, others said it would take a couple hours maybe. I'm sure if I went to WebMD they'd say it's cancer for sure. I don't know, I hope you're okay. I mean, I saw you're okay-ish, enough to walk around, so that's a relief. Just so you know—I DID see you. I know you're there. If you need anything, I'm here. You know that, right? Chelsea? Okay, listen, I also got you something at Publix. I don't know if you need this yet or not, but in case you get that, you know, in case you get hungry,

I got some blood. It's just from the butcher, it's not-people blood. I think it's just cow blood. But if you get hungry, I mean, I guess, it's better than nothing. So I'll just leave that here, right outside your door.

[He puts it down. It doesn't make a noise, so he puts it down again, making a noise on purpose. Then he makes noise walking away across the room and waits a moment for her to respond. Nothing. He sighs and goes to the kitchen and starts making a frozen pizza.]

JAMES *[calling toward the room]:*

I'm also making a pizza, which I know is your favorite. That like Supreme one with all the toppings... Digiorno brand... oh crap, that's not your favorite anymore. You like the Trader Joe's flatbread thing. Right. I can go get that too. If you want some. I know this is kind of a rough time, so I'll go get whatever you want. *[A brilliant idea:]* You want Chipotle? *[He waits for a response. Nothing. He's trying to be less disappointed.]* Alright, well, if you want Chipotle let me know.

[He turns the TV on.]

TV NEWSCAST:

-- with several schools closed in the county to prevent transmission of the virus. More on that after the break.

[Even brief, that newscast was alarming. He checks his cell phone. He looks over at the landline for new messages-nothing. Commercials play on the TV as he continues to entertain himself on his phone. A certain jingle comes on and he starts to sing along. He sings louder in the general direction of Chelsea's room.]

JAMES:

You're missing that commercial you like. With the golden retrievers.

[It switches suddenly to an emergency alert broadcast that starts with an unpleasant screeching noise, then:]

EMERGENCY ALERT SYSTEM:

We interrupt this programming to bring you an emergency broadcast from the Broward County Government and Center for Disease Control and Prevention. The government is advising a stay-at-home order for the following--

[James shuts it off.]

He gets up and goes to her door, trying to listen. He's caught between wanting to leave her alone and wanting to investigate. When something like a pained moan goes out, he opens the door.

Chelsea's in there, in some disturbing, impossible position of a girl possessed. If that wasn't alarming enough, she says, in a voice from another plane of existence:]

CHELSEA:

GET OUT OF MY ROOM!

[He runs out and slams the door.]

JAMES:

SORRY I DIDN'T MEAN TO SLAM IT!

[She hisses from behind the door.]

The oven dings. Time for pizza.

He goes to the oven and reaches in for the pizza at the same time Chelsea opens her door, grabs the blood, and slams the door again. He tried so hard to catch sight of her he stumbles and burns his hand.]

JAMES:

FUCK!

[He's in a lot of pain, but does something quickly to take care of it, like put it in water and then quickly wrap his hand. As he takes care of it, he's picking random numbers to count backwards from.]

JAMES:

25, 24, 23, 22...

[And so on.]

When his hand has stopped hurting enough, he goes to Chelsea's door.]

JAMES:

So, I know you don't want to talk to me, but I just wanted to try one more thing - just one more thing and then I'll leave you alone.

Do you remember when you were little, and you had to go get your tonsils out, and you were so scared, remember what I used to tell you?

[He knocks on the door.]

Chelsea, remember?

[From behind the door, she emits some sort of terrible hissing/roar noise.]

Alright.

[He goes to the kitchen, finishes treating his hand if he needs to, and limply puts the pizza from before on a plate. He brings it over to the couch to try to eat, but doesn't really want to.]

He takes a pillow from the couch and goes over to her bedroom door. Making himself as comfy as possible, he curls up and tries to sleep outside her door.]

SCENE 3

[A bit of time has passed. James has been sleeping.]

He wakes up to the sound of the telephone ringing. He stumbles to get it.]

JAMES:

Hello?

[He listens. Realizes.]

JAMES:

Can you please put me on the no-call list? Hello? Can you hear me?

[He hangs up. He goes to the window and opens up the curtain. Bright daylight shines through. He enjoys it for a moment, until he remembers. He quickly shuts the curtain again, but it doesn't really shut all the way. Daylight still creeps through. He looks around the room, suddenly aware of all the places letting in sun. He runs over to the kitchen and rummages through drawers until he finds tape, then begins a frantic tour of every window and opening in the house, taping up the sides of all curtains until they're secure to the wall.]

He goes over to Chelsea's door and knocks.]

JAMES:

Hey, you awake? I just taped up all the windows so no light comes through. That's still a thing? You haven't been out in the sun yet, right? I know this is only day two, but still, you haven't—do you want me to come in and tape the windows or do you just want the tape?

[He pauses for a response. Knocks again. When she doesn't answer, he tries to shove some tape under her door.]

JAMES:

I'm not sure what else you need. Could you tell me if you need something? You can just yell it, or stick a note under the door, or something. No, you know what? Don't tell me. I'll do some research.

[He marches over to somewhere like a closet or big junk drawer, where you wouldn't expect a laptop to be probably. He gets out some big ancient device your dad would use. He settles with it on the couch. It takes a while to boot up. He grows impatient. He goes to her door again.]

JAMES:

Do you have that thing? What is it—your iPad? Is it handy?

You know what, never mind, my computer's coming on.

You let me know if you need anything?

[He gets lost in Googling, occasionally looking over at her room, imagining he's hearing something.]

Finally the door opens just a crack. Her hand comes through and grabs the tape. The door shuts again.

He tries not to feel disappointed he missed her, trying to focus on the computer. It's hard. Soon he sees something that gets his attention.

After reading for a moment, James makes a little trip around the house, trash bin in hand, looking for crosses. It's not a very religious household, so there isn't much. In a bookcase or deep within an end table or something, he finally finds one bible to throw out. This is a winning moment for him.

Chelsea comes out of her room. When she first speaks, it startles him, but he recovers quickly.]

CHELSEA:

What are you doing?

JAMES:

Getting rid of crosses. And cross-like items.

CHELSEA:

We don't have much of that.

JAMES:

No. Nope. Finding that out now. Not very religious... us.

CHELSEA:

Like if that was the case, wouldn't you want to get rid of anything with a lowercase 't'?

[He looks around: uh-oh. That's a lot of things. After some hesitation, he eventually moves to the bookcase and just starts looking for anything with a 't' in the cover to throw out.]

CHELSEA:

Oh, god, no. Relax. I wasn't serious.

JAMES:

You can say that?

CHELSEA:

"Serious"?

JAMES:

"God."

CHELSEA:

Yes.

JAMES:

I thought that was a whole... thing. Saying or doing holy stuff. Taking the lord's name in vain.

CHELSEA:

I wonder if it's really like taking the lord's name in vain if you don't super believe in God.

JAMES:

You know what? I'll just do it. Heck with it. Maybe it'll be helpful, maybe it won't. The ol' college try.

[He goes around to start removing things with lowercase t's on it. He peers into a bookcase.]

JAMES:

I can just keep the covers turned around I guess.

CHELSEA:

Could also just cover the covers. Like with tape.

[When he reaches a newspaper:]

And you could just like, flip that over.

[He throws it out anyway.]

Other option: I could look away.

JAMES:

This is easier.

CHELSEA:

Easier for you to not read anything ever?

JAMES:

I'll read them, all the things with lowercase t's, just later. When you go to bed, maybe.

CHELSEA *[just getting this straight]:*

When I go to bed, you'll read everything with lowercase t's.

JAMES:

Listen, Chelsea, I'm just being on the safe side for now, maybe it's a little excessive, I can take all this stuff back out later once I've discerned / there's no possible damage.

CHELSEA:

It's just there's a lot of stuff with lowercase t's in the world. And you have to get sleep at some point.

JAMES:

While you're awake, and up and about, I'm happy to spend time with you.

CHELSEA:

It'll have to only be at night.

JAMES:

I'm fine with that.

[She looks around, noticing the sealed windows.]

CHELSEA:

What time is it?

JAMES:

Quarter til six. P.M., that is.

CHELSEA:

Damn. You really did a good job with this.

JAMES:

Hey, come on, don't touch that stuff. I worked all yesterday putting / it all on—

CHELSEA:

I'm just touching to see what kind of tape it is, gawd.

[She fiddles with the tape around windows. Looks over at him, watching him watch her. She moves like she's going to suddenly rip it off. It's a fake-out. He startles anyway. She finds this funny.]

JAMES:

Chels, come on, stop, my nerves are really, I can't right now. Okay? Please just don't.

CHELSEA:

Sorry. Yikes.

[She goes to turn the TV on.]

JAMES:

Cable's out.

CHELSEA:

Oh, shit. What about the Emmys?

[She turns the TV on, there's static, then the beginning screeches of an emergency broadcast again. She shuts it off.]

CHELSEA:

Super yikes.

JAMES:

Honey, I don't think anyone's really thinking about watching the Emmys right now.

CHELSEA:

I am. And it *happened* to me.

JAMES:

You're of strong constitution.

CHELSEA:

What does that mean?

JAMES:

Things don't... affect you so much.

CHELSEA:

I got it from you j.k.

JAMES:

Thank you.

[He goes around continuing to locate things with lowercase t's.]

JAMES:

Oh, wait, that's not - j.k. is just kidding, isn't it? Nice. Thanks.

CHELSEA:

Sorry! I just—sorry, it was a joke because I just pretend to like move some tape and you freaked out. Sorry, Dad. I mean it. You're *of strong constitution*. You're still here, right?

JAMES:

What does that mean? Why wouldn't I be?

CHELSEA:

Well, you know. Some dads have done that. When the going gets tough. When their daughter. You know. Changes.

JAMES:

Those dads aren't real dads.

CHELSEA:

I guess you're right.

[She sits on the couch watching him putter around.]

Do you believe in God?

JAMES:

Excuse me? Do I believe in God?

CHELSEA:

Yeah.

JAMES:

You're asking me my opinion? On religion?

CHELSEA:

Pretty much.

JAMES:

Is this one of those tricks where you get me to say something not woke and then you tell me all about how Not Woke I am?

CHELSEA:

Well, you are Not Woke and that's not my fault but that's not what I'm trying to do. Seriously. Do you believe in God?

JAMES:

Growing up, I thought there had to be something. Like how could all those books written by all those holy men all / possibly be,

CHELSEA:

Not woke.

JAMES:

Chelsea, for fuck's sake what did I say about the / NOT WOKE THING

CHELSEA:

Sorry you left it wide open, I'm just kidding! J.k. j.k. j.k. go on, seriously go on, / I wanna hear it.

JAMES:

Anyway. I always thought there was something out there bigger than us, making things make sense, but then... recently, I'm not so sure.

CHELSEA:

How come?

JAMES:

I guess I'm trying to figure out why, if there was a figure out there controlling things, would make something like this happen to someone like you. Someone who didn't do anything wrong and didn't deserve to get... transformed like this.

CHELSEA:

Oh. Shit. You stopped believing in God because of me?

JAMES:

Well, not exactly. What happened to you, yes. You didn't make me stop believing in God.

CHELSEA:

That's a relief.

JAMES:

Just the opposite, in fact.

[She's been preoccupied, fiddling with the remote, trying to figure out how much she

*wants to really care about what he's saying.
She can't really move past that last bit.]*

CHELSEA:

The heck does that mean?

JAMES:

When you were born was the closest I ever came to genuinely believing in God, in one almighty figure, controlling things, making everything sensible and beautiful. I saw you when you were born, just seconds old, and I thought, Well, I guess there is someone up there who knows what he—or SHE or THEY is doing.

[He's looking to her, expecting approval on the pronouns thing. She's deep in thought.]

CHELSEA:

What are you doing on the computer?

JAMES:

Researching.

CHELSEA:

Researching what?

JAMES:

What do you think?

CHELSEA:

Oh right. Are you taking requests?

JAMES:

Requests for research?

[She reaches for the pizza on the plate. She seems torn between wanting to take a bite and wanting to throw it across the room.]

JAMES:

What happened to the smart phone and unlimited data that I'm spending an arm, a leg, and my left eye on?

CHELSEA:

The teeth are long and they're hurting my lips and I sound like a doofus

JAMES:

You don't sound like a doofus.

[She takes a bite. The reaction is immediate. She throws it aside, starts gagging.]

JAMES:

Whoa! What's wrong?

[She reels away, gagging turning violent, trying to separate herself from any particle of pizza.]

JAMES:

Are you choking?!

[Her mouth is beginning to bubble or smoke.]

JAMES:

Is this an allergic reaction? What's happening?!

[She vomits whatever she had in her system. So mostly blood. James recovers from his initial reaction after a moment, and runs to get a towel. He runs back over to her and reaches over to hold her hair. She shoves him away and projectile vomits an unrealistic amount of blood.]

Still spewing, she runs into her room and slams the door, locking it.

In shock, and maybe stained with blood, James goes over to the pizza to inspect it. When he sniffs it, he has a realization.

He throws the pizza into the trash. Then he grabs cloves of garlic from their cupboard and a container of garlic powder and throws them out. He ties up the trash bag and takes it outside.

When he comes back in, he starts a new trash bag and starts going through the fridge and throwing out anything with garlic in it. First, it's the obvious stuff—a jar of minced garlic, leftover pasta, sauce, etc. He starts this with relative calmness. Then he takes out all the condiments and starts checking every ingredient. This is really a lot of things he's throwing out. He moves onto the freezer, then the pantry. Soon he's not really looking at stuff he's throwing out, just random stuff. Something drops. He's making a mess. He throws something like a box of pasta or a Tupperware of leftovers down with all his might and rage. It scatters all over the floor.

He's spent now, sitting in his mess for some time. He moves on to cleaning up what he's done and the vomited blood.

At some point as he's cleaning, Chelsea slips a note out from under the door.

When he sees it, he goes over to read it.

He's not so overcome with sadness or anything like it that he collapses, but he looks suddenly tired enough to.]

JAMES:

Thanks for this, kiddo.

[He pockets it.]

I'm gonna keep it down. Head to bed in a minute. I guess. Not much else to do.

[He cleans up. Time passes.]

SCENE 4

[James has been looking for something very specific, making plenty of noise, a man on a mission. He finds an old boombox and spends a moment turning it on, figuring out the controls, and getting the radio part of it to work. He messes with the antenna, trying to find a better signal. He scrolls through stations, getting mostly music and commercials.]

Chelsea comes out of her room, looking worse for wear, maybe sickly, you know, like someone who was recently turned immortal and spent the better part of the day puking blood. She holds a trash can from her room. When she speaks, she startles him again.]

CHELSEA:

What the fuck is all that noise?

JAMES:

Chelsea! Don't scare me! And language. Please.

CHELSEA:

O.m.g. is that my old boombox?

JAMES:

I found it in the garage.

CHELSEA:

Why did you find it?

JAMES:

My internet research seems unreliable.

CHELSEA:

People on the internet lied? Wow

JAMES:

And the news is all just fear mongering. So I was thinking. I don't know. Maybe there's a radio station that has something real for me.

[She looks like that is the least possible thing she's ever heard.]

You know what, let me just try, okay?

CHELSEA:

I just can't believe it still works. Last time we used it was...

JAMES:

During the hurricane.

CHELSEA:

That was what, 2006?

JAMES:

Hurricane Jackie, September 2006. Your school was closed for a week and a half. Just needed some fresh double-A batteries. Like it hasn't aged a day.

CHELSEA:

I just want you to know your dad level right now is off the charts
like you went into the garage and found my old boombox to listen to the radio
and remembered the month and name of the hurricane that knocked out our power for a month right off the bat
and exactly how long I was out of school
and like
"Just needed some fresh double A-batteries. Like it hasn't aged a day."

JAMES:

Well, it truly is like it hasn't aged a day.

[She is overcome with a wave of nausea, leaning into her trash can.]

Hey. You okay? Can I help? Can I get you something?

CHELSEA:

Oh yeah you can get me something, like what, MORE PIZZA?

[he goes to touch her or hold her hair back or something and she reacts violently]

DON'T DO THAT

JAMES:

Is there ANYTHING I can do?

CHELSEA:

I came out to watch my movie

JAMES:

Which movie?

CHELSEA:

You know which one

JAMES:

Not again.

CHELSEA:

Please? My stomach hurts please

[He turns on the T.V., messes with the remote for a moment.]

Then Twilight begins playing.]

JAMES:

Movies like this aren't going to bother you right now?

CHELSEA:

Movies like this are all I have right now.

[He goes somewhere else in the room to mess with his radio. As the movie plays, he can't help but look over sometimes.]

JAMES:

I don't understand what you see in this movie.

CHELSEA:

Vampires that sparkle.

I don't think I'm going to sparkle if I go out.

Otherwise, I assume it's pretty accurate. By the way. Because I know you're like, researching real hard right now.

[*This gets his attention fully on the movie.*]

The hardcore vampire stuff isn't gonna happen quite yet.

JAMES:

How many of these movies do you know?

CHELSEA:

How many *Twilight* movies? Five.

JAMES:

How many movies with vampires.

CHELSEA:

I mean, probably most of them. Also that Fall Out Boy music video. Why?

JAMES:

Maybe I'm wasting my time trying to figure out what the internet is arguing about. We could just watch all that stuff and see what they're all saying. If all movies say the same things, then it's probably true, right?

CHELSEA:

You don't want to just go to the library and read books about it?

JAMES:

They don't really want us leaving the house much right now. There's a curfew.

CHELSEA:

Why? Oh, because of—[*pointing to her teeth*] Because of this?

JAMES:

There's beginning to be a lot of you. Sort of like a pandemic.

CHELSEA:

What's a curfew going to do? Oh, right. They can't go where they're not invited. Haha. Clever government. Good thing I live here.

JAMES:

Good thing.

[He's erasing the whiteboard and writing
"Twilight" on it, then "Dracula"..]

So we're watching this. Then there's that old Dracula movie with Gary Oldman. What others?

CHELSEA:

Interview with a Vampire. Iconic as fuck.

JAMES:

Language.

CHELSEA:

You drop the f bomb probably like every time I see you.

JAMES:

What else?

CHELSEA:

Also "shit."

JAMES:

No, movies.

CHELSEA:

Wait, is this for real? Is this for real your plan right now?

JAMES:

Better than doing nothing.

CHELSEA:

It's just that you've never cared about any of this stuff before.

JAMES:

That's not entirely true.

CHELSEA:

This one time I tried to talk to you about it, about how the *Interview with a Vampire* lady doesn't want anyone to write fan fiction about her books, which is like total bull—don't get mad, I didn't say the whole word—and you literally like you

interrupted me and said you only even sort of cared because I cared but otherwise you didn't care

JAMES:

Did I say that?

CHELSEA:

You said that.

JAMES:

Well, I apologize.

CHELSEA:

Well, thank you.

[She has been distracted on her phone.]

JAMES:

What are you up to?

CHELSEA:

I'm posting a Snap asking people for more movie ideas.

JAMES:

You're not going to tell any of your friends what's going on with you, right?

CHELSEA:

I mean, they'll have to find out / eventually

JAMES:

Chelsea, please keep things under wraps / until I can figure out how to keep you safe.

CHELSEA:

I WON'T TELL ANYONE I'll just ask about vampire movies which will not seem weird considering the circumstances of like a whole ass curfew

JAMES:

Maybe that's a bad idea.

CHELSEA:

Maybe you're a bad idea.

JAMES:

That's—that doesn't—your generation doesn't make any sense sometimes, this sense of humor, if I can even call it that, you just say whatever half-sarcastic nonsense comes out next. Just anything that directly contradicts what I say. That's considered humor. Then you put it in a TikTok or a Vine or whatever and then that makes great comedy. Make it make sense to me.

CHELSEA:

Vine is dead.

JAMES:

You're dead.

[She looks shocked. He looks shocked. Before he can stutter out an apology, this actually makes her laugh. Then she starts singing:]

CHELSEA:

"You're dead! You're dead! You're dead! You're dead... and out of this world..."

[Her singing trails off as what she was saying became suddenly not funny.]

CHELSEA:

Write that one.

[He starts to write "You're Dead".]

No, Dad. *What We Do In The Shadows*.

JAMES:

What we do... in... what now?

CHELSEA:

Dad!!!

JAMES:

I'm not hip with this stuff. The last show I finished was *Breaking Bad*.

CHELSEA:

It's a WHOLE THING it's a WHOLE FRANCHISE

JAMES:

SORRY

[A knock at the door startles them both. Chelsea runs to her bedroom to hide. James looks through the peephole before answering the door.]

It's RENEE, made up entirely of athleisure and forced smiles.]

RENEE:

Well, hey!

JAMES:

Well, hey, yourself.

RENEE:

Haven't seen you out and about for a few days, so I just wanted to stop by and check in. Just because I did, you know, see you out and about for—for the first couple days there, so. I don't know. But yeah. How are you doing?

JAMES:

I'm fine.

RENEE:

Fine? Yeah? Wow.

JAMES:

I mean, yeah. Why wouldn't I be?

RENEE:

Well, just because - there's no way you should or shouldn't feel, I guess. Sorry. I'm really fucking this up, but I just thought it was important to check in and see how you were doing since the whole thing with your daughter.

JAMES:

Oh. You know about that?

[He turns around to see Chelsea's reaction, but she has been hiding since Renee first appeared.]

RENEE:

Yeah, sorry, I sent a text but I really should have called. Asshole move on my part.

JAMES:

No, it's fine. It's really fine. There's not really a script for, you know, no one really knows how to deal with this... new stuff... um, sorry, how did you know about what happened to her?

RENEE:

I was chatting with Carl from across the street. He always seems to know everything, huh?

JAMES:

Yeah. Carl.

RENEE:

Yeah! Carl!! And we thought it was important to see how you were holding up.

JAMES:

We're figuring it out. You should probably be getting back, huh? It's getting pretty nasty out there.

[She looks around her at the outside, a bit puzzled, but says:]

RENEE:

Well, hey, listen, if you need help with anything, just give me a holler. Come knock on our door, no need to call ahead or anything. One of us is usually home.

JAMES:

Will do.

RENEE:

Awesome. Well, not awesome. As awesome as things can be. You know. Alrighty.

[She exits. Chelsea comes back out.]

CHELSEA:

Hey. That was excruciating.

JAMES:

That woman is a lot sometimes. She means well.

CHELSEA:

I'm going to finish my movie now.

[She settles on the couch again with her trash can. She notices him looking uneasy still, standing near the door, staring at the door.]

CHELSEA:

Lost Boys.

JAMES:

What?

CHELSEA:

On the list.

JAMES:

Right.

CHELSEA:

And Buffy.

[He starts to write Buffy. Something about writing "the Vampire Slayer" after it is too unsettling for him. She watches this, then curls up over her trash can again.]

CHELSEA:

And Mean Girls.

JAMES:

I didn't know that was a vampire movie.

CHELSEA:

It's not, I just like it.

[He goes over to her and touches her in some soothing way. This time she lets him.]

They watch Twilight.

Time passes.

The movie ends. He falls asleep on the couch. She gets up, goes to the fridge, and chugs a gross amount of the blood stored in the fridge.]

SCENE 5

[The Lost Boys plays on their T.V. Chelsea is casually drinking blood from a cup, like it's juice or something. James is sitting as far away from her as possible, polishing silver items and putting them into a bag or suitcase.]

CHELSEA:

You know who can get it in this movie?

JAMES:

I don't at all want to know who my daughter thinks can get it. Which is a phrase I didn't want to know in the first place.

CHELSEA:

Cory Feldman.

JAMES:

It's sad what happened to him.

CHELSEA:

Mood.

[The phone rings. James answers.]

JAMES:

Hello? ... Ugh, not again, really now - hello? Can you put me on a no-call-

[He hangs up.]

CHELSEA:

I think those are recorded. Like I don't think they can hear you.

JAMES:

I like to try anyway.

CHELSEA:

What are you up to over there?

JAMES:

I'm gonna bring this all over to a pawn shop or something once when the stay-home orders are through. Not safe for you to have it around anyway, so why not make a little money?

CHELSEA:

I think there's a necklace or something in my room. I'd get it for you but, you know, ouch.

JAMES:

I can go get it if you tell me where.

CHELSEA:

I don't want you in my room.

JAMES:

Why not?

CHELSEA:

Because I don't and it's my room.

JAMES:

In my house.

CHELSEA:

Fine then go.

JAMES:

After the movie's done.

CHELSEA:

Good luck finding it.

JAMES:

Thank you.

[She finishes her glass of blood. She gets up to go the fridge for more. James moves to pause the movie.]

CHELSEA:

You don't have to pause it. I've seen it a dozen times.

[He does anyway. The look she gives him is deadly.]

CHELSEA:

Is there anymore of whatever you got from the butcher?

JAMES:

Cow's blood.

CHELSEA:

Okay. Is there any more of it?

JAMES:

Should be. I got a couple gallons.

CHELSEA:

There's not more than the two jugs that was in the fridge?

JAMES:

No. There's not more than that. Don't tell me you went through that already.

CHELSEA:

Why is that weird? That's all I can eat.

JAMES:

Why didn't you pace yourself?

CHELSEA:

Okay, so, like, if all you could eat was some kind of liquid, you mean to tell me going through a gallon a day is unreasonable?

JAMES:

It's not Ensures or something we're talking about here, it's blood, it's a little more difficult to get!

CHELSEA:

Two gallon jugs was not going to last me my entire life anyway.

JAMES:

I'm not asking you for it to last you your entire life, I'm just asking you to pace yourself. Or maybe start helping me get some.

CHELSEA:

I'd like to help! Guess what! I've already found an option! but I've been scared to offer to do anything because you're not going to like the option I found! You never like my ideas like that!

JAMES:

I don't even know what idea it is!

CHELSEA:

You really mean to tell me you're going to like my ideas for inviting other people into our life here, our freakish lockdown life where you've taped black cloth to all of our windows?

JAMES:

For you, I did that for YOU! Everything I do in my life is FOR YOU!

CHELSEA:

Well I didn't ask you to do EVERYTHING FOR ME!

JAMES:

Maybe you'd like to do this by yourself then!

CHELSEA:

MAYBE I WOULD.

JAMES:

THAT'S NOT AN OPTION.

CHELSEA:

IT IS IF I MAKE IT WHICH WOULD BE BETTER FOR YOU BECAUSE IF I DON'T GET SOME BLOOD SOON I MIGHT JUST TAKE YOURS.

JAMES:

You don't mean that.

CHELSEA:

I do.

JAMES:

There has to be something else.