

"My Mom Thinks I'm A Vampire"

Written By: MAYA

21 March 2025

INT. BEDROOM - DAY/NIGHT - TIME IS AMBIGUOUS

A dim bedroom-shade is drawn, light barely peeking through. Books scattered like fallen leaves. A laptop glows faintly on the bed, illuminating the face of a TEEN GIRL, around 15. Brown-Skinned. Sick looking. Hollow-eyed. Alive in a quiet way. Stillness is the atmosphere. She is ME

ME (V.O.)

My mom thinks I'm a vampire.

ME (V.O.)

Why?

I don't really know.

Maybe because I rot here-
in this tomb of a room-
sunlight banished,
time irrelevant,
days bleeding into nights.

A slow pan across the room. Piles of notebooks. A black-out curtain sways gently with the hum of a fan.

ME (V.O.)

I lie here, in silence,
not by choice...
but because motion feels-
like betrayal.
To what, I'm still figuring out.

ME (V.O.)

She wants me to be a "teenager."
To live, laugh, mall.

Beach.
Friends.

ME (V.O.)
But my friends-those rare, flickering stars-
live under locked skies.
We meet only once a month,
if the universe aligns.

Cut to: A PHONE SCREEN - "No response yet" blinking beneath a
group chat.

ME (V.O.)
The rest of the time?
I'm a ghost,
hovering in this shell,
friendless,
hopeless...
still breathing.
Still here.

ME (V.O.)
But not unproductive.
Not really.
I write.

She types at her laptop. The screen glows brighter as she becomes
immersed.

ME (V.O.)
That's all I have-
ink and keys and make-believe.

Quick Flashes:

- A notebook with messy scrawls.
- A fantasy landscape drawn in pencil.
- A stack of books with cracked spines.

ME (V.O.)

When I tire of one story,

I turn to another.

Reading. Writing.

Escaping.

But the slump holds me hostage,
and writing becomes the only door.

ME (V.O.)

If I'm honest...

writing is what keeps me here.

That, and the fear of eternal fire.

Plus, pain. I can't even handle paper cuts.

She chuckles softly in the dark. A small laugh that fades quickly.

ME (V.O.)

So I stay.

I cling to this dream

of filmmaking,

of one day being remembered-

a name whispered

in the same breath as "legend."

A corkboard with movie posters she made herself. A sticky note reads: "You are not done yet."

ME (V.O.)

I'm down most days,
so I run on fumes
and faith and flickers
of my own imagination.

ME (V.O.)
Writing is my exorcism.
It draws the shadows out,
gives them shape
and voice
and somewhere else to live.

She pauses, staring at the ceiling. A flicker of pain crosses her face. She shifts slowly, like her body protests.

ME (V.O.)
I have chronic illnesses.
Three, actually.
But they're like triplets-
same soul, different names:
Functional Neurological Disorder,
Juvenile Fibromyalgia,
Amplified Musculoskeletal Pain Syndrome.

ME (V.O.)
Fancy words that mean:
My nerves are rebels.
Pain lives in my bones like it's paying rent.

Close-up: Her hands tremble slightly as she writes.

ME (V.O.)
I don't even care to know what they mean anymore.

What's the point?
It hurts. That's enough.
ME (V.O.)
So I write.
Worlds with less gravity.
Characters with stronger spines.
Places where I can run.

ME (V.O.)
Or...I sleep.
Or try to.

She lays in bed, eyes wide open. The clock reads 3:47 AM.

ME (V.O.)
Night is my lover.
Sleep, a cruel flirt.
I'm wired when the world is dreaming.
And when the sun rises, I vanish into sheets.

ME (V.O.)
So I write. '
Over and over,
words like lifelines.
Stories like spells.

Montage: Her typing faster. Paper scattered on the floor. Coffee gone cold. Lips mouthing words.

ME (V.O.)
I write and write and write
and write and write and write
and write and write and write-

A long silence. Then a breath.

ME (V.O.)

My mom thinks I'm a vampire.

She looks at herself in the mirror, eyes ringed with shadows,
lips pale, but glowing softly with something more than blood.

FADE OUT.