

TALES OF THE DAMNED:

Episode 11. - " SERVICE "

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" SERVICE "

TEASER

INT. A LIMOSINE - NIGHT

The door to a limosine opens. The limosine is exquisite as most are with crafted, all white interior.

Inside steps MASON, a very good looking and well dressed man, probably in his early thirties of age.

The privacy window for the limosine driver is down, and the driver turns around, grinning, to greet Mason. The driver is MANDRAKE, dressed in proper chauffeur's attire - even the hat.

Mason's face suddenly turns to a look of uneasiness as he looks at Mandrake's grin. Mason shakes off the weird feeling that has come over him like he doesn't even understand where the feeling came from. Mason grins and gives a quick nod to Mandrake.

MANDRAKE

So, it's the Chamberlain Towers young Sir? You look dressed to impress. I hope the ladies are ready for you.

MASON

I'm afraid it's just one lady in particular. Mister...?

Mason leans forward a bit to try and read the name tag of his new chauffeur for the evening.

Mandrake notices Mason's intentions. Mandrake glances at his name tag a second and taps it once with his left thumb.

MANDRAKE

Ah, yes, sorry. Where are my manners? The name is Mandrake, Sir.

MASON

No, it's quite alright. I'm just very used to having Gerald, my usual driver.

MANDRAKE

Aha. I apologize for his absence in his leave. I've heard I have quite the reputation to live up to when he's gone or out sick like this evening.

MASON

Nothing too serious?

MANDRAKE

No, Sir. He's just got a twenty-four hour virus, I believe. Shall we be on our way to your lady friend then?

MASON

Yes, of course.

MANDRAKE

Very well, Sir. Off we go.

Mandrake turns around, puts the limo in gear and begins to drive them to their destination.

Mason starts smiling as he looks out his right hand window. He looks as if he is thinking of something. He then leans forward a little towards Mandrake.

MASON

You know, I do hear she is quite a go-getter...that she can be a hard one to please.

MANDRAKE

(keeping his eyes on the  
road but speaking loud)

So she's a Taming of the Shrew  
variety, eh? I'm too old for those  
types anymore, myself.

Mason laughs a little.

MASON

No, I don't think she's supposed to  
be that bad. I think I wouldn't  
mind the challenge, though. A lot  
of women I've met in this city are  
just stale...same frigid persona.

MANDRAKE

Well, I wish I had your youth and  
confidence, Sir. I might have  
found myself a better mate. In my  
case I pretty much just do as I'm  
told.

Mason and Mandrake both share a short laugh.

MANDRAKE (CONT'D)

I figure it's all fate. We get  
what we deserve.

Mason forms a wry smirk on his face.

MASON

(whispering)

Yes, they often do.

Mandrake cocks his head a bit as if he actually heard Mason's  
whispering.

MANDRAKE

What, Sir?

Mason looks a bit startled.

MASON

Nothing...just thinking aloud. I  
was just babbling.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHAMBERLAIN TOWERS STREET SIDE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The limosine comes to a stop at the wide sidewalk that is the front entrance to the exquisite hotel, the Chamberlain Towers.

A front door concierge for the Chamberlain Towers comes and opens the passenger door of the limo, and Mason makes his way out onto the sidewalk.

Mason greets and thanks the concierge with a folded cash amount, and the concierge closes the limo's door as Mason begins to walk away.

The front passenger window of the limo rolls down, and Mandrake leans toward it.

MANDRAKE

(shouting to Mason)

I bid you well, Sir, and I thank  
you.

Mason turns to Mandrake in the limo. Mason has an unexpected look about his face but smiling.

MASON

(almost laughing)

Well, thank you.

MANDRAKE

(shouting)

And remember...we get what we  
deserve.

Mandrake grins again.

Mason gets that uneasy feeling and look about him again from Mandrake's grinning.

MANDRAKE (CONT'D)

You'll get what you deserve, too.

The window begins rolling up to the front passenger door. It looks like a shield that gradually hides Mandrake's grinning.

The limosine quickly pulls off into traffic and out of Mason's sight.

Mason takes a deep breath, and he then turns to enter the Chamberlain Towers.

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

The damned...sometimes apathetic,  
even arrogant, living a lifetime  
full of their evil doings...but all  
things come to an end...and the  
punishment gladly exceeds the  
crime.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. CHAMBERLAIN TOWERS - PENTHOUSE LOBBY - NIGHT

Elevator doors open and Mason is the sole person inside. He walks out of the elevator into a small lobby.

The elevator doors close.

Mason can see only one door in the small lobby, and it is wide open revealing a massive, well decorated penthouse with very nice furniture and amazing marble flooring. Mason calmly makes his way through the door while seemingly looking for anyone he can announce his presence to.

From the far end to the right of Mason appears a striking beauty of a lady. She is standing on a balcony and looking at a multitude of city lights. The lady is dressed in an elegant, black, evening gown with shoes to match and near perfect, short, dark hair. She is LYDIA.

Mason seems to stare dumbfounded at Lydia's beauty.

Lydia turns around without surprise and focuses fully on Mason. She is calm, as if she knew he was there the whole time. She smiles briefly.

MASON

I'm sorry. The door was wide open.  
I apologize for just walking in.

LYDIA

As you should. I would never just  
walk in someone's home uninvited.

Mason sighs a bit in laughter. He has a smirk on his face.

MASON

Well, with all due respect...you  
did invite me. No one calls me  
just to talk.

LYDIA

Perhaps. What if you Mother calls you? Do you think she just wants your services?

Mason smiles with an insulted look of defeat. He nods his head a little.

MASON

Touche'. You definitely live up to your reputation...

Mason quickly brings his left wrist up about chest high revealing an expensive wrist watch.

MASON (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

...and in less than five minutes.  
How about that?

Lydia quickly makes her way over and stands in front of Mason. She then SLAPS him across his left cheek.

Mason looks very pissed off. He gradually forms a smile on his face.

LYDIA

Should you ever be so lucky to have me standing in your living room, then you can speak to me as you like. Until then...I demand your full respect.

Mason starts laughing. He quickly grabs Lydia's head and her waist as he pulls her in for a ferociously long, deep kiss.

Lydia fights for only a short moment and then passionately gives in to Mason.

The kiss lasts a good moment.

Lydia finally pushes her upper body away from Mason, but she doesn't step back any. She slightly licks her lips and teeth.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

You...you are good.

Mason grins with an arrogant confidence.

MASON

You don't know the half of it.

Lydia starts to rub Mason's chest.

LYDIA

I don't want just half of it.

The two giggle with sensual tones about them.

CUT TO:

INT. LYDIA'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

It's dark in Lydia's penthouse with the many city lights giving ample light through the many windows.

Mason and Lydia are lying face to face with each other on a couch, and only a thin blanket is covering them from their shoulders down. They each have a look of accomplishment on their faces but in a very business-like manor. Their looks are neither lovelorn nor lustful.

MASON

I take it you've enjoyed my services?

LYDIA

That, or I just used you for them.

MASON

Well then, time will tell. I'll know in how long it takes you to call me back.

Lydia looks surprised at how confident Mason is in himself.

LYDIA

(laughing slightly)  
Who would call you back?

Lydia instantly gets up from the couch and takes the blanket with her to cover herself. She walks over to a pair of glass doors, opens them and steps out onto a balcony.

The sounds of the city whisper inside the penthouse, as does a slightly gusty wind that catches the lower part of Lydia's blanket and flutters many of the penthouse curtains.

Mason quickly searches for anything to cover himself, though he is already wearing briefs. He finds his pair of slacks on the floor and puts them on. He then makes his way over to Lydia on the balcony.

Lydia leans forward onto the railing of the balcony. She is taking in the sight of the city.

Mason leans onto the railing just beside Lydia to her left.

MASON

So, you want a refund?

Lydia starts laughing a little. She suddenly stops but keeps a smile on her face.

LYDIA

Have dinner with me. I want my money's worth. That should include a romantic dinner.

MASON

Name the place.

Lydia turns to look inside the penthouse.

LYDIA

Here is just fine. I'll light candles.

MASON

So...room service?

LYDIA

The hotel kitchen will have just received their shipment of iced foods for tomorrow. The sushi is magnificent. I figure we could sit on cushions in the floor at the coffee table.

MASON

A Japanese style dinner. I approve. I've always admired their customs.

LYDIA

Good. It's settled. You order while I get dressed.

Lydia walks off quickly and out of sight into one of the bedrooms. The bedroom door closes behind her.

Mason turns to take one last good look out over the city. He then goes back into the penthouse and searches for Lydia's phone.

SOUNDS OF CLASSICAL MUSIC are now coming from inside Lydia's bedroom.

Mason notices the music but focuses on looking for the phone. He finally finds a phone on an end table in one corner of the room - an antique looking rotary phone. Mason picks up the receiver and dials a few numbers.

The phone RINGS only three times before someone picks up the other line.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Hello. How may we be of service?

MASON

Yes, I'm in need to satisfy a lovely lady this evening with what she regards as your finest sushi.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Oh, regretfully our lot for the evening has expired.

MASON

Okay, but Miss Beskarov stated...

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

(interrupts)

Miss Beskarov! Of course, I will spare no expense and have our new shipment opened. How much does she request?

Mason pauses a moment in surprise.

MASON

Oh...um...I believe a pound is good enough.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

And sides? To drink?

MASON

Sides...um...

Lydia has snuck up behind Mason and startles him. Lydia is wearing a seductive red gown. She starts to caress Mason in sensual ways.

LYDIA

Noodles. Dry. That will do.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Sir?

MASON

Okay. Just some noodles by themselves. No sauce, please. And to drink...

LYDIA

Something white.

MASON

...a fine white wine will do. I'll trust you to choose one.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Excellent, Sir. I shall have it up momentarily.

MASON

Oh, wait a minute.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Yes, Sir?

MASON

Could you...just send the cart alone in the elevator? I'll make it worth the request.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Of course, Sir. I understand the evening is late. I shall get to your order.

MASON

Thank you. Goodbye.

Mason hangs up the phone.

Lydia is all over Mason.

Mason grabs Lydia and leads her back to the couch where they had earlier been laying.

The two lay down - Mason being on top.

LYDIA

I should really have put on another color, but I figured it would stain.

Mason stops his attack of kissing and looks at Lydia with confusion.

MASON

You didn't order sauce, and a white wine isn't going to stain a red dress that much.

Lydia smirks and sighs a laugh.

LYDIA

No. That's not what I meant.

Lydia QUICKLY GNASHES HER TEETH which are now changed having two pair of sharpened fangs that weren't there before. She reaches her mouth to the right side of Mason's neck and BITES into his flesh. Lydia also rolls them off of the couch and onto the hard, marble floor. Lydia is now on top of Mason.

Mason can't even scream. He is laying pinned beneath Lydia with a look of shock on his face. Mason can only manage to whimper slightly.

Lydia releases her bite and rises to a sitting up position. She is smiling seductively as blood trickles down to her chin and then drops some onto her red gown - the blood doesn't stain the gown as they are seemingly the same color.

Mason's neck is bleeding profusely onto the floor. He grabs his neck with his right hand trying to find and stop the bleeding. He quickly makes a fist of his left hand and THROWS A SOLID PUNCH at Lydia that knocks her head sideways and removes the smile she had. Mason immediately looks scared.

Lydia slowly turns back to look at Mason. She gives him a stern stare and then forms another smile.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

You are worth the money.

Lydia grabs Mason around his neck with her left hand, gets off of him and to her feet, and as she stands up, she also lifts Mason to his feet.

Mason's face is one of pure terror. He is grimacing, trying hard to swallow and struggling to remove himself from Lydia's grasp.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

You really should save your strength.

Lydia smiles. Her eyes are a wildly different color now, and her teeth are stained blood red.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

You're going to need it.

Lydia released her grasp of Mason, and he falls to the ground hard on his ass.

Mason immediately goes to holding his neck firmly again.

Lydia smiles arrogantly and turns her nose up in the air.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Ah, the food's ready.

A DING SOUNDS. It is the elevator in the lobby of the penthouse, and the doors open revealing only a service cart with a fine silver platter and covering.

Lydia grabs Mason's left arm and begins dragging him effortlessly out into the lobby.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Come dear.

Mason is short of breath and seems unable to put up much of a struggle.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Lydia drags Mason all the way to the elevator doors and then releases him falling on his back halfway inside the elevator.

Mason looks spent. He no longer even thinks to hold his neck, but the bleeding has stopped already anyway.

LYDIA

If you would be so kind as to bring that in, then we can eat.

Mason looks exhaustively confused as he lays on his back looking up, seemingly spacing out. He has the look of a man with a million things on his mind and not a single focus.

Lydia leans over Mason. She now looks as normal as before - no fangs - no wild eyes. She just has the blood red stains on her teeth and lips.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Mason...Mason...you can get up now.  
Any day!

Mason immediately snaps back to reality. He grabs at his neck.

Lydia kneels down to Mason and pulls his hands from his neck.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

You're fine. It has healed already. Consider it one of your new benefits.

Mason looks amazed but also apprehensive. Still, he looks Lydia in the eyes.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

(stern)

Now, will you please grab the platter and bring us our meal? I'm hungry.

Mason nods. He swallows hard and still rubs his fingers across his neck a few times.

MASON

Yeah.

Lydia gets up and walks towards her penthouse door.

LYDIA

(softly to herself)

Damned silver platters...they burn  
a bit.

Mason does not hear Lydia. He just gets to his feet and realizes he is standing entirely inside the elevator. He takes a quick look at Lydia, now stopped standing by her penthouse door and giving him a suspicious squint. Mason quickly goes to touch the button to close the elevator doors.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE THE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

IN A SPLIT SECOND INSTANT, Lydia is inside the elevator, grabs Mason around his neck again and slams him against the back wall of the elevator. Lydia then slowly raises Mason up off of his feet a few inches.

Mason is horrified again. He can see that Lydia's fangs are showing again, and her eyes have that wild look to them once more.

Lydia curls her upper lip just a bit.

LYDIA

(angry voice)

You're mine now...get it?

Mason looks like he's struggling to speak.

MASON

(whimper)

Yes!

Lydia instantly looks normal again, and she again drops Mason on his ass.

LYDIA

(arrogantly)

Good.

Mason gets to his feet while rubbing his neck.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I think I'll stand here while I  
watch you carry our food inside.

Mason gives Lydia a slightly threatening look as he grabs the platter of food and begins walking towards the penthouse door.

Lydia just smiles and leans back against the wall of the elevator.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. LYDIA'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Lydia and Mason are sitting Indian-style across from one another on a white bear rug with a small, glass coffee table between them. The platter, uncovered, is on the coffee table, and Lydia is eating some of the sushi with chop sticks.

Mason is just sitting, not eating. He looks to be angry and apprehensive all at once.

LYDIA

(between bites)

You know, from what I had heard in certain circles, you're supposed to have immeasurable manners. Yet, here you sit, sulking and ruining my dining pleasure...very rude of you, Mason.

Mason smirks with his lip curled in disgust.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Whatever.

MASON

I'm thinking about what you are...how to kill you.

Lydia's eyes raise, and she laughs hysterically.

LYDIA

(between laughs)

Well...he speaks.

Mason looks unamused.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

(serious now)

I'm sure you've seen plenty of films, Mason.

(MORE)

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I guarantee you've never seen the real power my kind has. I mean, if we're so easy to kill...

Lydia leans towards Mason and quickly, her fangs and wild eyes appear.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

...then why are we still around?

Mason scoots back in fear. His hands are on the floor behind him to support his leaning back.

Lydia gets back to her proper, upright sitting position. She suddenly looks normal again, and she begins laughing once more.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

(between laughs)

Gosh...I guess I'll have to wait a while...again...to hear you speak.

Mason slowly gets to his feet. He is trying his best to angrily stare Lydia down.

Lydia stops laughing. She puts down her food and chop sticks. She is looking at Mason nonchalantly.

MASON

Everything dies eventually.

LYDIA

Well, let's say you see the death of my form now. You're not prepared to see what I become next.

Mason keeps a poker face.

Lydia smirks a little.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Trust me. I've seen second generations of my kind. They're nowhere near pleasant to look at.

(MORE)

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I suggest you take what you've got  
in front of you.

Mason now looks confused.

MASON

What the hell do you want from me?

Lydia sighs softly. She looks a bit annoyed.

LYDIA

I have chosen you, Mason. After so  
many years...I need a serviceable  
mate.

MASON

(mildly shocked)

You've got to be kidding me?

Lydia stands up and takes a few steps around the coffee table  
to get closer to Mason.

LYDIA

No. I'm not.

Mason gets wide eyed with a sad fear about him.

MASON

I have a life I choose to live my  
way!

LYDIA

Being a whore of a man doing  
whorish things and nothing less?

MASON

I'm nothing of the sort. I give  
women what they need from a real  
man.

LYDIA

Including the blackmail and  
scandals?

(MORE)

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Having them pay you large sums of money so you won't tell their husbands...that doesn't promote whoring either?

MASON

(slightly angry)

I don't know what you're talking about.

Lydia smiles.

LYDIA

I shouldn't have to brag about my heightened senses to you, Mason. Though, I can hear quite well. I had picked up your name in several conversations between women in this city. I've stepped foot inside ballroom galas and heard your name touch my ears tens of times all at once...many women...many times.

Mason is still trying to keep his poker face.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

To most of them, you are heralded as a perfect lover. Only to few are you the con man. Now, I can't exactly be the type of girl to hold a grudge against a man for doing something...wrong...but to hear of a perfect lover roll off of so many tongues belonging to many a beautiful woman...that was certainly intriguing. That is why I've sought you out, Mason. I sought your service...to fill my service.

Mason glances over at the silver platter and then focuses on it. He looks to be deep in thought.

MASON

(sarcastic)

I'm not a one woman type of man.

Mason looks back to Lydia. He still tries to glance at the silver platter and still looks to be thinking of something.

LYDIA

I think I could hold you to it. I would even allow you to court others...but only for the purpose of feeding me. In time I may fully turn you...if you serve me well. Make no mistake, though, you are mine now. You will abide by me.

Suddenly, Lydia turns her attention to her balcony where another woman in an elegant dress is standing.

The woman is a BRUNETTE. She reveals fangs in her teeth and wild eyes. She, too, is a VAMPIRE.

Lydia's fangs and wild eyes appear.

BRUNETTE VAMPIRE

Point proven Lydia. Enough!

LYDIA

You dare show yourself.

Mason takes a few steps over and behind Lydia.

BRUNETTE VAMPIRE

What has he proven to you I could not?

LYDIA

My choices no longer concern you. Remember?

BRUNETTE VAMPIRE

You would put faith in a mortal?

Mason reaches over to the silver platter and grabs the cover and holds it up like a shield.

The Brunette Vampire moves to Mason's side in a split second. She strikes him so hard that the platter cover flies across the room and Mason hits the ground bleeding profusely from the mouth.

Lydia looks normal again. She looks to the Brunette Vampire with a subtle smile of enjoyment.

The Brunette Vampire steps over to Lydia and begins kissing on her neck.

Lydia thoroughly enjoys the kissing. She smiles in a very sensual manner.

Mason slowly gets to his feet. He looks to have a bit of fight still left in him.

The Brunette Vampire turns from kissing Lydia, steps over to and picks up Mason by his neck.

Mason is scared and grimaces.

BRUNETTE VAMPIRE (CONT'D)

(to Lydia)

Would he truly be of service to  
you? Even with his feral tongue?

Mason forms a grimace upon his face looking at Lydia in hopes she agrees the answer is, YES.

Lydia steps over to the Brunette Vampire and begins kissing on her neck and earlobe.

LYDIA

(softly, between kisses)

Not even the best lover in town can  
replace you. Please, forgive me.

The Brunette Vampire raises Mason higher off of the ground, and she begins to make a FEROCIOUS SNARLING SOUND.

CUT TO:

INT. A DIM LIT PUB - NIGHT

Mandrake is wearing a nice, three piece suit and sitting at the bar of a nice pub while a man in LIMOSINE CHAUFFEUR ATTIRE is sitting just beside him.

The name tag of the man sitting beside Mandrake is GERALD.

Mandrake and Gerald are both closely watching the evening news on the overhead TV.

TV REPORTER

...and also, this evening, a bizarre homicide where police found a severed tongue and a man's wallet inside a silver platter atop a service cart. The cart was found in the Municipal Park just after daybreak this morning. This man...

A picture of Mason appears on the TV screen with his full name and information.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

...is thought to be identified as the victim. Police are still...

GERALD

(shocked)

Oh, my Lord!

Gerald gets up and walks away holding himself like he's feeling sick.

Mandrake squints a bit and watches Gerald walk away. Mandrake then turns back to watching the TV and forms a creepy smile on his face.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE