

Colony

By Olivia Nolan

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

IVY, a petite girl with long red locks and freckles lining her cheeks, sleeps in bed. The sun makes its way through a gap in the curtains. The rays flutter in Ivy's eyes and awaken her from deep sleep. She bats her eyes heavily.

Rising from her bed, she rubs her eyes and stretches her arms. She winces and lowers her arms with pain in her face as if everything was hurting.

INT. KITCHEN- DAY

Ivy stands in the kitchen, the kettle is boiling and she stands in front of the counter staring out the window.

The morning sun is cold and white. Steam accumulates from the kettle and the kettle clicks. She stares out of the window not noticing the boiled water.

On the counter there is a crumpled piece of paper. The reflection of the light from the window bounces off her dead eyes.

INT. METAL CLUB- NIGHT

Ivy and EVAN, a slender young man, dance in the midst of a small crowd. They are dancing raucously. The band is thrashing around on stage. People are smoking and smashing against each other.

The song ends and the crowd bellows out in admiration. In amongst all these large men Ivy is small.

Ivy stares up at Evan who is a head taller than her. He stares back down at her.

EVAN
That was insane!

Ivy giggles.

IVY
Yeah, oh my god.

Evan flicks sweaty hair from his brow.

EVAN
Do you want to get a drink?

IVY
Sure, yeah.

Ivy turns and faces into the crowd. They make their way to the bar slowly. Once there Evan leans exhausted on the counter.

EVAN
Phew, what do you want?

IVY
Oh, um.... just a cider.

Ivy turns to look for her wallet. Upon opening it, instead of grabbing money, she accidentally grabs a somewhat ruffed-up piece of folded paper. She scowls. Then reshuffles the papers within her wallet.

She retrieves R30 from the wallet's sleeves and hands the cash to Evan.

IVY
There you go.

Evan adds his own money to the pile.

EVAN
Sweet, thanks... yeah hey man...

Ivy listens to the conversation but cannot focus on Evan's words. Instead her eyes glaze over and focus only on his neck, right bellow where his ears meet his jaw. This stare continues until Evan suddenly turns with drinks in hand.

EVAN
There ya go, cheers.

They clink bottles and take a sip, Ivy timidly, Evan taking a large swig.

Ivy's eyes go blank again and she sways. Evan does not notice until Ivy begins to fall.

He stabilizes her by the shoulders. Ivy tries to refocus her eyes.

EVAN
Hey hey hey, Ivy, are you ok? You cool?

IVY
Uuuh... um, yeah, that just went straight to my head.

Evan chuckles.

EVAN
From one sip of cider?

Ivy blushes.

IVY
Don't laugh at me.

Evan abruptly stops chuckling and looks attentively at Ivy.

EVAN
No, what? I'd never laugh at you.

Ivy does not look Evan in the eye, she stares at the feet of the others around the bar and looks at their faces instead of his.

Evan looks around desperate for a distraction.

EVAN

Hey, let's go outside for some air, yeah?

Ivy still refusing to look at him raises and lowers her shoulders apathetically.

EVAN

Come on, it'll be good.

Ivy looks up at his face but only using her eyes.

IVY

Ok. You lead the way.

Ivy smiles slyly. Evan, with an uneasy grin, stretches upright and takes her hand. He moves through the crowd, shoulder first, with Ivy closely behind him.

They reach an airy corridor where smokers hang out. Ivy notices Evan is aiming to head outside instead of into a separate club right next to the exit. She pulls back on his hand. With a huff she holds him there. Evan looks back thrown off balance.

EVAN

Ouch, hey, what?!

Her eyes look dead back at him. Evan's expression goes from one of annoyance to one of confusion and dread. He smiles nervously.

EVAN

Wha-What do you want... sweet stuff?

Ivy

I... want... to go inside... please?

Ivy smiles sweetly at Evan for a moment. Evan's expression is still perturbed. He nods rapidly.

EVAN

Ok, yeah of course, yeah ok. Let's go.

He turns away from her still holding her hand. They make their way towards the entrance of a much darker club. The air is musty and wet. There are motorbike gangs and ladies with fangs. They proceed to the dance floor, making eye contact with fellow patrons. The music is loud and grungy.

Evan takes a swig from his bottle and smiles at Ivy. Ivy returns the gesture with a wink and hair flip. She brings the cider up to her mouth and looks around. Nobody is on the dance floor except for them. There is a level of privacy between the bar and the floor. Everyone being at the bar, Ivy and Evan were alone.

Ivy takes a sip from her drink and keeps her eyes on Evan. He dances with his head down, hair covering his face. He stops for a moment and leans in to Ivy.

EVAN
I'm having a lot of fun.

IVY
Well, that's a shame.

Ivy focuses on the timing of his head going up and down. She picks a moment. Her eyes widen. She releases the bottle of cider. Her hands are poised in a feral manner. She lunges towards Evan, plowing her canine teeth deep into his soft neck tissue. Evan screams a muffled scream, but his cry is drowned out by the loud music. She knocks him onto the dance floor, his bottle rolls away.

She releases her grip on his neck. A single drop of blood falls from her canines. She looks down at him and breathes heavily.

EXT. PARK- DAY

Ivy sits on a bench wearing a frilly yellow dress and red locks flowing freely. She is reading a book.

A pair of black boots crunch gravel as they walk towards her.

DIDO appears, wearing black tights, a red skirt, a white vest and black denim waistcoat. Her hair is shaven on one side and dyed a pastel purple.

DIDO
I didn't make you wait long did I?

Ivy looks up from her book, she smiles a toothy smile at Dido. She closes the book and Dido walks towards the bench.

IVY
Not at all, I've been enjoying the breeze and the leaves.
Dido chuckles.

DIDO
That's so cheesy.

Ivy's smile fades into a scowl and she looks away at the ground.

IVY
Don't laugh at me.

Dido stops chuckling.

DIDO
Ah come on I.V. I'm just teasing you. You're my life support, I need you.

IVY
That's the cheesiest thing I've ever heard. You are a hypocrite.

DIDO
Ok, come on now. Let's start over and get going. It's really hot out here.

Ivy looks at up Dido with only her eyes.

IVY
You lead the way.

DIDO
Let's stick under the trees, they're pretty right?

Ivy rises from the bench with book in hand and puts it in a satchel which she has slung over her shoulder.

Dido begins walking down a pathway. The trees are dropping autumn leaves. Red, yellow, brown and orange and Dido's purple threads and Ivy's ginger mop.

Dido begins to pick up the pace, she takes larger and larger strides and begins trotting. Ivy begins trotting too, however, she cannot keep up with Dido's long strides.

IVY
Wait up, I can't run that fast.

DIDO
Come on, keep up.

Ivy begins running, trying hard not to pant and puff.

Ivy closes her eyes, running as fast as she can. She smashes nose-first into the back of Dido who stops abruptly mid-trot.

DIDO
We are here.

She says this in a monotone voice and Ivy rubs her nose and winces

IVY
Ouchie... was that necessary?

Dido snorts.

DIDO
We got here quicker didn't we?

Ivy opens her eyes and beholds a mini market in front of her, stalls and stalls of farmer's market food and arts and crafts.

IVY
Oh my word, this looks so sweet!

Dido looks down at Ivy.

DIDO
It does doesn't it?

Her eyes linger on Ivy. Ivy puts her hands down and places her hands around her bag strap.

IVY
Well, let's take a look, shall we?

Ivy makes a start towards the market stalls. She stops by a fruit stall to look at the apples.

Dido does not move from where she stands. She puts her hand in her pocket and the sound of paper moving and crumpling can be heard. She sighs and then makes her way to Ivy's side. Once there, Ivy turns to her. She raises an apple to Dido's eye level.

IVY

Look! Isn't this the reddest apple you've ever seen?

Dido returns a weak smile.

DIDO

Yeah, it's really shiny.

Ivy turns towards the vendor, an old man.

IVY

Yes, thanks. I'll take it.

Ivy begins to walk onwards towards more market stalls. She closes her eyes and takes a bite.

IVY

Yummy.

Dido's eyes are blank. She walks slightly behind Ivy, staring at an exposed part of her neck, where her ear meets her jaw.

DIDO

Looks good.

Ivy crunches her apple and looks around. She stops as she spots a jewelry stall.

IVY

Ooooooh! Look at that!

Dido keeps her eyes locked on Ivy as Ivy heads for the stall.

Ivy approaches the counter and looks at the jewelry still eating her apple. She spots a large shiny ruby necklace.

IVY

Oooh, Di, come look at this.

Ivy removes the necklace from its hook and turns to show her friend. The necklace glints in the sun and catches Dido in the eye. She winces.

DIDO

Ah!

Ivy clasps the necklace still.

IVY

Di, I'm so sorry! Are you ok?

Dido opens her eyes a sliver. She squints towards the sun.

DIDO

It's pretty hot, could we take a shade break for a sec?

Ivy smiles.

IVY

Sure!

The couple make their way to the shade between market stalls. They sit down on the ground next to each other.

IVY

You sure you're ok?

Dido stares blankly in front of her.

DIDO

Yeah... I'm ok... It'll be ok...

Dido puts her hand in her pocket and clenches her fist around a letter. She rips her hand from her pocket and shoves the letter into Ivy's hands. As Dido leans in, her fangs protrude deep into Ivy's freckled neck. Ivy lets out a small shriek, not loud enough for any market goer to hear.

The letter falls into Ivy's lap, her legs lying flat down on the ground. The letter reads "I'm sorry for doing this. You'll understand later."

CUT TO BLACK