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Night Junkies

By Lawrence Pearce

You already know how they are
the vampires' movies.
They are very sexy.
That is to say, everything talks each other about the sex.
It is this pure energy
and sexual of the vampire...
... the shades, the dark eyes
and penetrating...
... sinking his teeth of pearls
in the soft, sweet and juicy skin.
The bad boy ruining
to the good virgin girl.
That is to say, it is the classic one
sexual temptation: not?
The girls like the danger.
The vampires are sexy.
Do you see?
You agree.
Yes.
But we do not like
the bad boys all the time.
Sometimes we like
the tender boys as you...
... that speak of being only villains...
... but they are only boys
affectionate and vulnerable...
... those who would like to take care.

But:

are not they like those of the movies?
How is if they are only normal persons...
... those that they made them suffer
more than to the bad boys?
Do not be dumb.
The real vampires do not exist, Vincent.
Yes.
Only it was playing.
Stella?
This is my name, fondness.
Do not spend it.
You want to go to take chocolate
warm with fairy cakes?
Vincent.
Yes?

I feel it.
Your credit almost is finished.
We have already happened for this.
You know that I cannot do that.
Yes. But...
... would you like to go?
Not.
Good night, Vincent.
He waits, hopes a second.
Your credit was finished, affectionate boy.
- I must go away.
- Only a thing earlier, please.
Say to me.
Say to me that your name
she is Stella seriously.
" NIGHT JUNKIES "
Ruby, Ruby, Ruby.
I am afraid.
All with his faces
disfigured or struck.
You need this place.
Certainly, I take care of you, Ruby.
Other girls of this one of Europe
prostitutuan in the streets.
They were prostitutes for 25 cents.
You believe that the police
is he looking for it?
Carajo.
Good, only it chases the women more
vulnerable with weak character.
The police see it as a cleaner
street superstar.
They do not seem very hard!
Ruby.
Bomboncito.
I always took care of you.
You have energy.
A lot of energy.
And little sex.
Only he remembers...
... I am everything what you have.
Not all the girls live...
... and they are employed at the safety of this one...
... I shelter.

Now, go out...
... and it gains your place.
It shows a little of appreciation.
I am only another addict
in the streets of London.
I happen my days looking,
using, or planning my next dose.
Once I have it...
... I begin to prepare oneself for the next one.
It is like the meal or the sleep or the sex.
Unless once you have eaten,
slept or fucked...
... you can forget that
up to the next time...
... that you feel tired
or with famine or warm.
But for an addict?
You can never forget your need
of this next dose.
Miss?
Miss, I heard that it offers other services.
Yes?
I heard that they are 150 pounds sterling per hour...
... all the times that he wishes.
Excuse.
Good, I understood that this was the service.
Good, I do not offer this service.
I understood that this was the service of the house,
that all ... girls...
Good, it heard evil, gentleman.
I can play at being aggressive,
but this is everything what I can do.
Not, not. I heard...
It does not matter for me what it heard. Is it well?
So I say to the glutton...
... that the prostitution
it is not illegal, stupid.
To ask the prostitutes for services
it is illegal, clear.
If I publish my services.
" Juicy kitten, 150 pounds sterling the hour ... "
" Call Sam the sensual one to 0-800
absorb it to me ".
Good, skylight, that is illegal.

But to fuck for money is not illegal.
Let's say...
. . . that you came to see me to moi.
And then you offered me 200 pounds sterling.
Well. 150 pounds sterling to fly away the brains.
It is well because I did not need it.
You offered it.
And this way it happened.
Was not it like that?
Not...
... did you already do it?
Maxie is growing impatient.
Still not.
I do not want that you do it.
Good, it does not talk each other of
what you want, or: yes?
Do not begin with this one " I am
a damned woman " again.
Good, I am a proprietor of my body.
If desire to do it, I will do it.
They are all prostitutes.
That is to say...
... they live of that.
You might not fuck for money,
anyway.
- Who says it?
- It is not in you.
If I want to gain more money, I will do it.
I am not afraid.
Not. Not.
You are not afraid.
Only that not...
... you are a prostitute.
Do not fuck with him, please.
That is to say...
... only ... it fucks with me.
Do not fuck with me for money.
It fucks with me because...
... good, because ... you want to do it.
There is something very bad with you.
Yes! Carajo! Fuck with me!
But do not dare
to lumping it for money...
... saying to me stupidities,

trying that finishes earlier...
... this way you can steal my money from me...
... and then to put yourself on your dirty sneakers...
... because what is between your legs
it is cooling down.
Fuck me...
... because you wish it.
Please.
Make me love.
It would fuck any bare guy...
... fat person, traspirado, married,
of medium age, here free...
... before touching you.
Do you have any son?
Not.
Family?
Not.
I am free as a bird, fondness.
In addition to Maxie and Leroy.
Who are?
Leroy takes care of me.
And Maxie...
That is quite on them.
What bundles?
Do not fuck me, affectionate boy.
First the money.
Now.
Leroy!
Excuse.
Does he forgive?
How does it go?
- Well, thank you.
- Yes?
I am purified.
What are you doing?
I will see my fianc.
Yes.
Good, it is big and strong, you know.
The bottom would stamp on you.
Yes, that is true.
So...
... adnde you will be
with this imaginary fianc?
Farewell.

Hello, fondness. Excuse that I came late.
Me follow the crowd a little: yes?
Damned men.
Without offending.
I do not take offence.
It has already gone away.
Well. Thank you.
Waiting.
Why do not you remain with me?
Will not you give me anything?
I cannot support any more that this night.
Perhaps be able to sit down
and to speak for a little bit.
So not at all. Is it well?
It is well. So,
what will I receive this night?
Hello. I am Ruby Stone.
Who are you?
I am Vincent Monroe.
Seriously.
Is this your name?
It sounds to star of cinema.
Indeed?
It is my name.
Is your name Ruby Stone really?

So:

I have a warm chocolate
with well-worn cream
and...
... a fairy cake of bilberry.
Rich what. I believe that I will ask for the same.
She is a good worker.
Many clients for losing.
If only we could do that it improves
his skills of attention to the client...
... we and she might
to do a damned fortune.
It brings to us problems.
She is a prostitute.
Good, you say it as if it was slightly bad.
She is a good prostitute.
He does not accept any thing.
Peace, popper, Charlie, scourges,

old Mr. Brownstone.
I hope that it should not cross
with this maniac.
Or with the newspapers.
I do not want that Ruby is the number 14.
That is to say, I am not an angel.
If it had a damned aureole,
it would take it from me...
... and it would use her as dogs' necklace
for one of my bitches.
Do you know what I want to say?
But this type...
Do not misinterpret me.
I am not against
of the old woman ultra violence.
But with me, it is rapid.
As setting dogs to sleep.
A short blow and that is quite.
But this type...
It is necessary to entertain.
He is a psychopath.
A tongue threatens.
It wants to extract me of the business, the damned one.

But:

... are not they like those of the movies?
What raisin if they are only normal persons
those that they made them suffer...
... and are not they only bad boys?
You are pretty.
A little strange,
but definitively pretty.
Do you have fianc?
Well. A or B, then.
Cats or Transformistas?
- Cats.
- Good boy.
The best way of defending yourself.
To give the first blow or to flee?
Not to be there first of all.
Do you listen or wait to speak?
I like listening more.
I am trying to improve.
I believe that I wait very much to speak.

Equal I.
Sex in the bed...
... or sex on the stipend of the kitchen?
In the house of your parents
when they are in the room...
... of nearby on the verge of catching you.
In the birthday of your fiance.
What do you buy to him?
Flowers or chocolates?
It depends. That is to say: he likes
the flowers and the chocolates?
All the girls like
the flowers and the chocolates.
Then I buy to him both.
How do I go?
Very well for the time being.
Can I do to you any questions now?
Not.
Do you have fianc?
I never said to you...
... that you are the most surprising girl
what has ever known?
You met me only four hours ago.
Then it is already time to say it to you.
You are the most surprising girl
that has never known.
Are you crazy?
Madman?
Do not you feel a pity?
... egoist ... not...
... it interferes...
The feelings interfere.
Only...
... it kills.
Without fondness.
I know...
... intelligent.
- What raisin?
- I feel it.
I feel it. I did not want.
What have you done?
I cannot avoid it.
I cannot believe it.
Allow me to explain. I did not want.

Stay remote.
You are a monster!
Waiting.
Ruby.
Ruby, Ruby.
And have you been?
It was with a client.
Your first client?
Congratulations.
Wonderful.
How much did the idiot pay to you?
He did not pay to me.
He did not pay to you.
So when courtsmante you said to him
that is paid in advance...
... and he rudely refused to pay...
... what prevented from saying " Arrivederci "...
... exactly 10 seconds later
and were you turning?
The first time. Eh...
She was not sure of how doing it.
For seven hours?
We speak.
I thought that you it realized well.
You are right.
I feel it, I ruined it.
We go.
A little warm.
And without great sense.
Put on them.
Forward.
Prove them to yourself.
With your big bottom,
I will not have left well.
He remembers.
It is your last opportunity, Ruby.
Behave.
Or I will become bad.
Do not forget to use corset.
It covers this injury until it goes away.
Hello, Vincent.
How does it go?
Well.
The man grows up to where they leave it.

There is something that to learn
in every thing that we do...
... and in every thing that they do to us.
What have I learned?
That to be addicts is
essentially human.
We all have an addictive nature.
But we can justify...
... to ignore or to laugh at the majority
of the addictions.
That we have more serious addictions...
... we frown and look
for below to those ... weaknesses...
... when privately,
in our hearths...
... we lodge our own ones with hypocrisy...
... be already drugs, money...
... sex.
My addiction...
... it is...
... what is.
Truth.
Yes, miss.
Have a short rest in this couch.
This way, miss?
It wants to drain the blood...
It wants to drain the blood of me
body without value, miss?
Miss?
Have a short rest, useless pig!
Open these cheeks!
I will give you something that not
you have had from the school...
... bad-mannered child.
Miss.
For God!
Awake, awake, small Ruby.
You have disappointed me.
You disappointed me.
You are like an investment as which it goes badly.
The favorite...
... that falls down to the last thing.
Good, this night...
... it is time to return your investments...

... even if I have to support
your open well legs.
I will straighten her up, chief.
You always liked this.
Always the fighter.
Good, we go. Do it.
Give him your best shot.
We go.
You can make it better, a sweetheart.
Do you remember the slap that is distant to me?
He thinks that it was something like that.
We go!
Show me the hard thing that you are.
I love the pain. I love it.
Excite me. We go.
Provoke me an erection.
The hoary man knew
that had turned me.
But it had more reasons
to die than I.
I am hoping to die...
... to be with my love again.
It has spent so much time.
I know what you are...
... even if you not.
It bites.
It bites.
And this way a sacrifice was consolidated.
I gave him my life.
He gave to me his.
My first meal.
My last friend.
This way it were where everything began.
Whenever I keep on living...
... I remember it.
... to whisper...
First you, eh?
Nightmares?
You will get accustomed.
What have you done to me?
Consider it as that you have developed
a blood need.
An addiction.
But ... my neck ... and your doll.

Our white globules
they work ten times more rapid.
Are we immortal?
Not.
Skylight that not.
And the holy water is not burning hot
our meat.
Only it wets us.
And the garlic does not do anything to us,
only that our breath infects with the plague.
And the sun?
For some reason, now I am
allergic in view of the sun.
It does that my skin toasts...
... and I stung myself.
Something like eczema, I suppose.
A stake in the heart?
Yes.
That would kill us.
But also a bullet in the head.
Relax, Ruby.
You have turned now...
... and you have to feed...
... every day.
A stripper.
Bitch! It raises damned that one
stage and move!
Here you have, friend...
a toy wetted to fuck.
Every hole is an attempt.
Scallop, bottom, mouth.
Even his ears.
I adjoin and slowly or last.
He loves everything.
You miss his mouth when you finish,
he savours it and it it spits at the flat...
... saying, " Thank you, papi ",
between every lick.
She is a small prostitute she absorbs pricks, fucked,
with enormous nipples, aggressive, submissive...
... I come up oppressive, that dances in his skirt
and it is opened of legs.
And the best thing: it is cheap!
Again!

You are mine!
Mine!
Your shift, love.
Only I want to forget everything.
Vaymonos of London.
I need to do it.
For us.
Only he writes the direction.
Then we will leave
and we will begin of zero.
I bet that this guy is crazy, Leroy.
So allow me to say it to yourself directly.
You come to my place
and you make me anger...
... for a ballerina.
You are crazy, man.
Yes, you are crazy.
Once I saw a documentary...
on this type.
Eh ... how is his name, Leroy?
Timothy Carey.
Timothy Carey.
So this guy says
that our farts...
... they break the wind...
... they cut the cheese...
... they are a bomb,
or since you want to call it...
... for a reason.
It is to liberate toxins...
... that of another form they would poison
our bodies.
It is true.
And that every fart that ... we retain...
... it takes five minutes of life from us.
Now, the people in the civilized society...
... it retains his farts ... for being polite.
It is a fact.
They are killing themselves slowly
only to be polite.
Also, this Greek doll...
... the type of the triangle, eh...
- Pitgoras.
- Pitgoras.

Also he believed that we were losing
something of our souls...
... with every blow of the ancient wind.
So not only we are killing ourselves...
... but also sticking
to our souls.
Who wants a soul?
You...
... you are...
... a fart.
And I love you out of my bottom.

So:

You want that he promises you
that I will leave them to you and to Ruby in peace...
... so that they have lives happy?
This is what I want.
What do you see, son?
I see the guy that hurt our baby.
I see the guy that hurt the sensual girl.
Good, what bad luck.
Vincent?
That is for the sensual girl.
That is for me.
My direction.
Ruby's letter is so bad as
his taste for the men.
It has gone away.
You killed it.
It did not have the intention.
Only it happened.
The things ... only they happen.
This is for Ruby.
So you throw them here.
Yes. A small community that
he rests at the bottom of the Thames.
Do not speak this way. It is not pretty
or sweet. It is horrible.
Yes, I know it, but...
... what can do on this matter?
Unless you want to leave a track
of bodies that lie everywhere...
... so that the children are stumbled.
He would be like a drug addict

that throws his needles to the street.
Are you ready?
Why?
For your first time.
You must be joking.
Only I tell jokes when
the public is drunk.
You can feel it...
... that one famine?
You can hear it also: not?
So ... you are here alone
at this hour of the night.
Something says to me that you have a history.
Yes?
What happens?
Not at all, fondness.
Not at all.

Then:

Probably fucking
with one of his amiguitas.
In the fifth flat.
On his office, perhaps.
I hope that he should be enjoy it.
Do not worry, fondness.
It does not hurt already so much.
I already overcame it.
Only I feel numb.
Vincent, we go.
I am so boring.
So boring.
I have forgotten of how feeling.
Only I want to feel something.
Any thing.
Forgive, lady, but we must go away.
Vincent.
Ruby.
Sultame.
You might kill me if you take too much.
I feel it.
I will not be the addicted one, Vincent.
I it will not be.
I feel what it spent to you then.
But this is different.

We do not want this.
We need it.
As the oxygen.
We need the blood.
How do you know it?
Have you tried to leave it?
You are an addict. Instead of to the heroine,
to the blood, that is quite.
I will leave it.
Only you are spending an evil
moment with the nightmares.
You will get accustomed to them.
I have already done it.
I will leave it.
And I want that you do it with me.
So we enter a pharmacy.
I went to the deposit...
... and I found Valium and other drugs
that are given to the persons...
... so that they overcome his addictions.
These are the drugs
accepted by the society...
... to that we can be addicts.
Of a form or other one,
we needed something...
... to liberate us of the quakes
and pains in the future nights.
This had already made earlier.

Vincent:

Yes, Ruby, baby?
How did they turn you?
What? I speak seriously.
I want to know it.
Was it pretty?
How do you know that she was a woman?
Was she a woman?
Yes.
She was a woman.
He did not know her. It was...
It was drunk in a bar of Soho.
He was meeting some persons,
but I cannot remember whom.
I cannot remember anything of my life

before this night.
But I remember this jezebel
that nothing appeared of.
What happened later?
I do not know it.
The only thing that I remember,
the fact is that I was crawling...
... for the alley of nearby.
It was much...
... sexy.
And then?
And then...
Then it ruined my life.
Vincent.
I love you.
Vincent?
Might you to be this one, Ruby?
Attempt to feed of those
without dear or dependent beings
or those whom they will not miss.
Sometimes we cannot be selective.
I know what I am.
I know what I have to do.
And I do it.
I feel it.
Vincent?
Vincent?
Not!
Vincent?
What happens to you?
It was afraid. What...
For God.
I can smell it.
I can smell it in you!
Do not say anything. Do not say anything!
Damned liar!
You cannot flee of what you are.
This is not what I am!
This is into what you turned me!
You!
I feel it.
Good, you should feel it.
You have ruined my life!
As they ruined yours.

You are not better than she.

Not, that is not just.

Then:

Is it just what you did to me?

It is just that I am trying it so much
and have you done this?

I do not know what to say to you.

It is what I am!

Ruby!

Hello, it surprises.

How does it you go this night?

You again.

It does not worry your mother
what do you walk on the street so late?

To my mother

a carajo does not worry him.

I can look after only.

So ... how is your fianc?

It is well, thank you.

Yes?

You see, he does not like: what?

Not, not, not. It becomes the difficult one.

You know how it is.

It cheated you.

Say to him what you said to me bring over
from yesterday until the night.

Yes, yes, yesterday to the night.

I was in a trio of the strangest thing.

Two warm sluts.

It could not stop them.

They loved what the man
it had for them.

Do you want a little, also, fondness?

They gave me affectionate bites.

You like the bites

affectionate, fondness?

We go, it continues.

Enter!

Vyanse.

Hear! Tongue calientapijas!

You like playing with the men: yes?

Or you want...

Leave me alone!

I warn them!
Do you warn it to us? Veto the carajo!
We go! We go!
Carajo! Tongue... We go!
You are intoxicated: not, me...
... bomboncito?
You are sweet.
But perhaps your mother did not teach you
what is better not to be a prostitute?
You like becoming the difficult one: not, bitch?
This is what you gain now...
... that we play at making to ourselves the difficult ones.
You will be third this night!
Do you believe in God?
I believe that it exists.
Of some or another form He intervenes...
... I do not believe it.
I believe in God.
I believe that he observes everything what we do.
I want to be a good person.
Am I a good person?
The good thing and the bad thing does not exist.
Only gray in the way.
Now...
... in your arms...
... I feel myself more safe than never.
I will not trump you again, Ruby.
Do you promise it?
I promise it.
It does a pair of years,
I met another addict.
He said that he was looking for a woman
to that he had listened to speak.
He said that he could treat our addictions.
Something medical.
A priest.
Where is it?
In some place in Edinburgh,
it is everything what I know.
It did not have a reason
then like now.
I will look for some provisions
before going away.
Valium.

Money for the gasoline.
I will not feed again, Vincent.
It is not important for me what it happens.
I feel that I die.
You are not dying.
Do you promise it?
I am not afraid to the death.
To a lost life only.
If for any reason I do not return...
... I want that you go and
find this woman...
... search this remedy.
It is well.
And do not throw my body to the Thames. Yes?
Perhaps in the Sea of the North
or in the Atlantic Ocean.
Not in the damned Thames.
Crikey.
We had to divide in this moment...
... or to wait to the next night.
It is a trip of 8 hours to Edinburgh.
And 8 hours and a half were absent
for the dawn.
Why do not we divide directly?
I do not know it.
Why does an addict do what it does?
As he said Of Niro once...
" Your brain turns into pure ".
Not.
We need provisions.
I will not eat.
I will not disappear.
But if I do not return...
... fondness, sees and find her alone.
You know that I am a liar...
... the tricky one...
... and an addict.
Do not go.
But if I return, then you will know that...
... I love you more than to nobody.
Please do not leave me.
We need these provisions.
If not, we will not achieve it.
I will not leave you.

I will go for you.
How are you, Vincent?
We go. Here. Allow me to help.
God, you are absolutely...
We go, Vincent.
We go.
You must help me a little.
You are very heavy.
We go.
I can do it only.
It was trying to help you.
Yes, good...
... get into your things.
Go out of here.
Vincent, there is no need
of being rough with me.
I feel it.
I did not want to be rough.
Adivine adnde I will go now, gentleman.
I will visit Ruby.
Do you believe that it will be glad to see me?
Do you believe that he will receive from me little?
Veto the carajo.
It is sure that I will find a form
of obtaining a regalito.
Not...

"Not":

Do not I fuck with her?
Do not I violate it?
Do not I kill her?
Or perhaps do three things.
Now, do not hope to see her again.
What?
Do you want more?
Yes.
- Hello.
- Hello.
Hello?
Do not worry, mother.
I was wrong of door.
Does he forgive?
I said that there was no problem, idiotic old woman.
I was wrong of door.

I was wrong of door,
sick and flatulent old woman.
Duncan! Are you?
Yes. Yes, I will be Duncan.
Listening, I will say to you what I will do.
I will disappear a little bit,
and when it returns...
... you and I will amuse ourselves...
... and I will fuck well with you.
You were lucky of that someone
it will call to an ambulance.
Hello. Neighbor.
He forgives. Mistaken.
Mistaken?
- Seriously do you live here?
- Do not believe me?
Not. I will call the police.
Leave me alone!
He forgives. Absorbing the sap of the life.
We go, fondness.
He attends.
Please he attends. We go.
Shit!
Damned prostitute!
Ruby.
Is she Ruby?
Allow me to enter!
As he would say the wolf...
... small piglets, allow me to enter.
Not, not for the hair
of our barbillitas.
Then I will breath heavily...
... and I will blow...
... and I will demolish the damned door.
Not!
Not, please, gentleman wolf!
Veto the carajo.
Dirty slut.
It costs you...
Is it difficult to you to breathe?
Yes? Is it difficult to you to breathe?
Good, do not worry...
... because ... very soon...
... you will not have to do it.

Very soon you will not have to do it.
We go.
He thinks. He thinks. He thinks. We go.
I feel it. I feel it.
I feel it....
I feel it.
I feel it so much. I did not want to do it.
I feel it. I feel it.
I feel it so much. Do not cry please.
I feel it....
It cheated me.
He thought that it was there for
to spend a good moment, and...
... for the first time, someone loved me
and he loved me very much.
Animal magnetism: do you know?
Good, the first thing that I did
when I returned in me...
... it was to look for another alley...
... another slut...
... I bit and allowed biting her
before he was dying...
... and I kept on laughing, also.
And I continued...
only I kept on doing it.
Hoping to find her again...
... to take revenge...
... to give to this slut something something of yes
same, literally, you know.
The first one was...
... it was the worst. It was difficult.
But then it turned...
... more and easier...
... till now.
Good, it is ... it is easy.
I killed the slut three weeks ago.
It was the seventh one.
But it is ... it is like a waste time.
You know already, once you get accustomed,
to putting it so many times.
That is to say, you will never be happy
if only you masturbate...
... with vamosmistetas. com.
Do you know?

You...
... you will be the number 16, Ruby.
Sweet...
... 16.
And you will be the most sweet...
... for far.
Because you...
... you are the worst type of slut.
You are a sadistic slut.
The type of sluts those who like
to break hearts and pricks!
You broke mine.
Does it matter for you?
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful.
Sweet.
I will excuse you that one because
this is what I want. Do you know?
Where was it?
Yes. It is well. He forgives.
For God!
You are full of surprises.
You are one of us.
I wonder how
it will be to fuck with my daughter.
You are just as I.
I am not...
... equal...
... that you!
I am not just as you!
I am not...
... equal...
... that you!
Not!
Carajo.
Please do not go away.
Please do not go away.
I love you.
Feed. Feed.
Feed.
Do not stop. Please.
Do not stop.
I also love you.
I love you. I love you.
Edinburgh, there I go.

The first stop...
... The Atlantic Ocean.
I am only another addict
in the streets of London.
I happen my days looking,
using or planning my next dose.
Once I have it,
I begin to prepare oneself for the next one.
It is like the meal ... or the sleep...
... or the sex.
Unless once eaten bundle
or slept or fucked...
... you can forget it
up to the next time...
... that you feel tired or
with famine or warm.
But an addict...
... he can never forget
of his next dose.