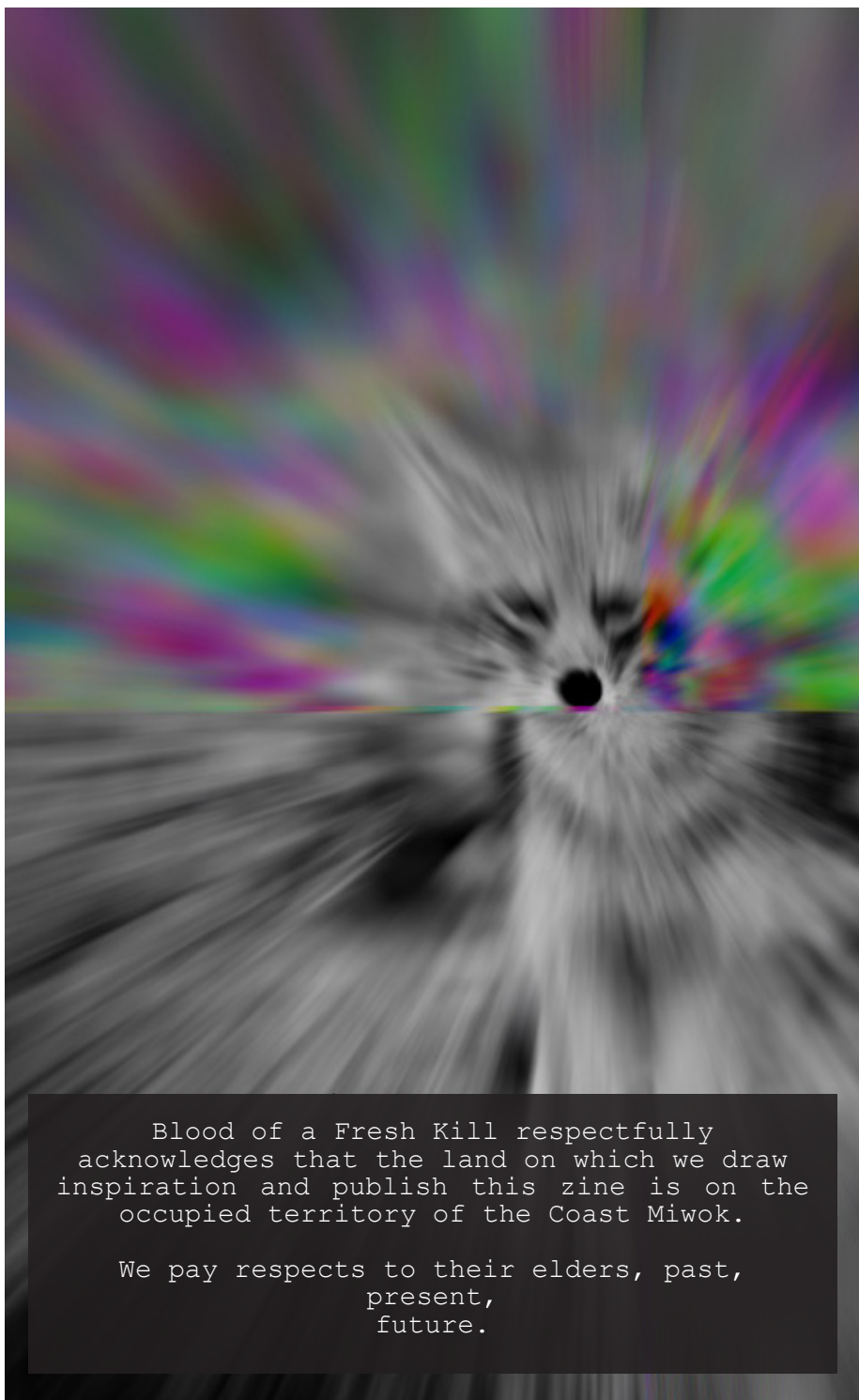


BLOOD OF A FRESH KILL

VOLUME IV

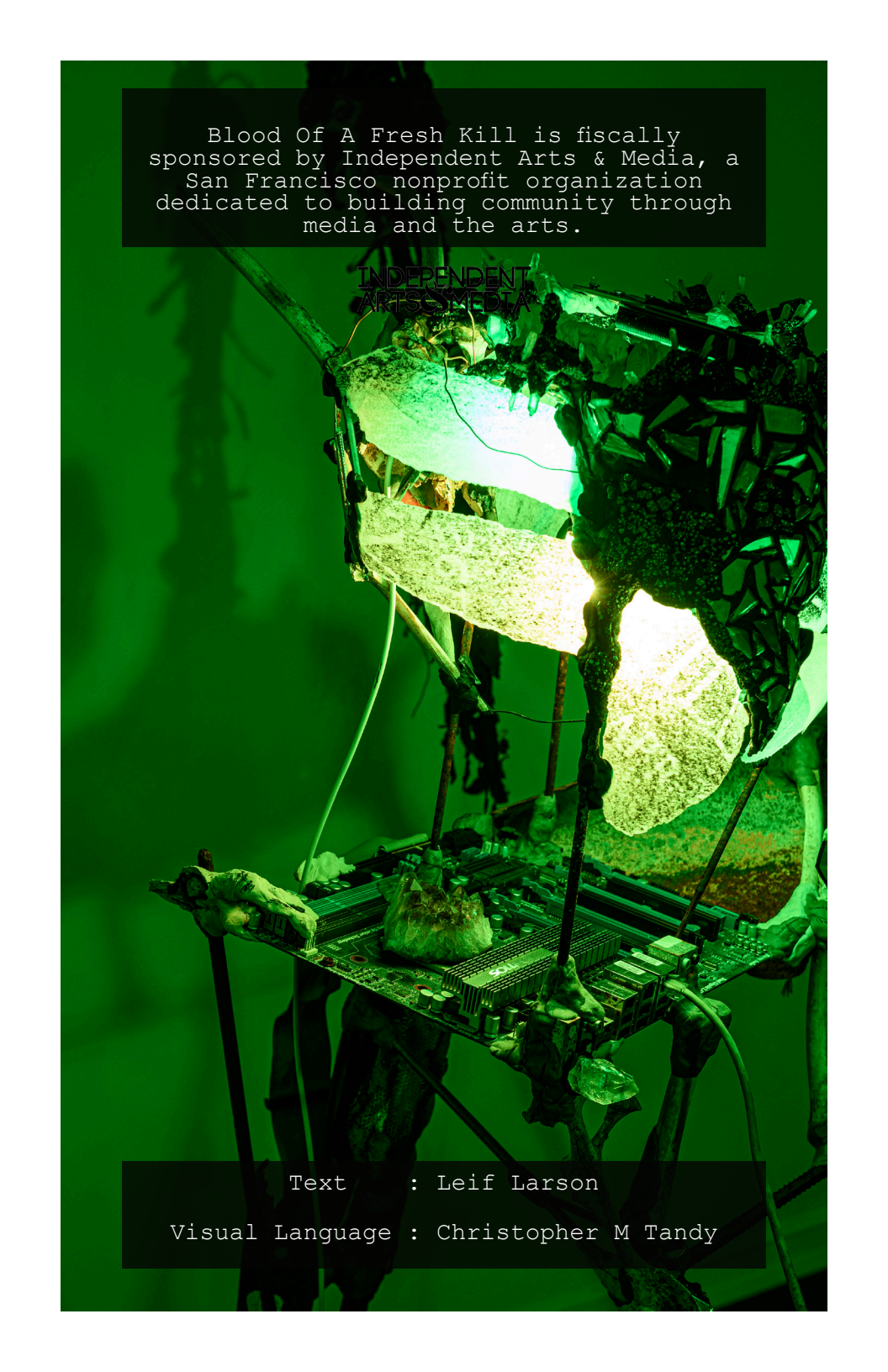






Blood of a Fresh Kill respectfully  
acknowledges that the land on which we draw  
inspiration and publish this zine is on the  
occupied territory of the Coast Miwok.

We pay respects to their elders, past,  
present,  
future.



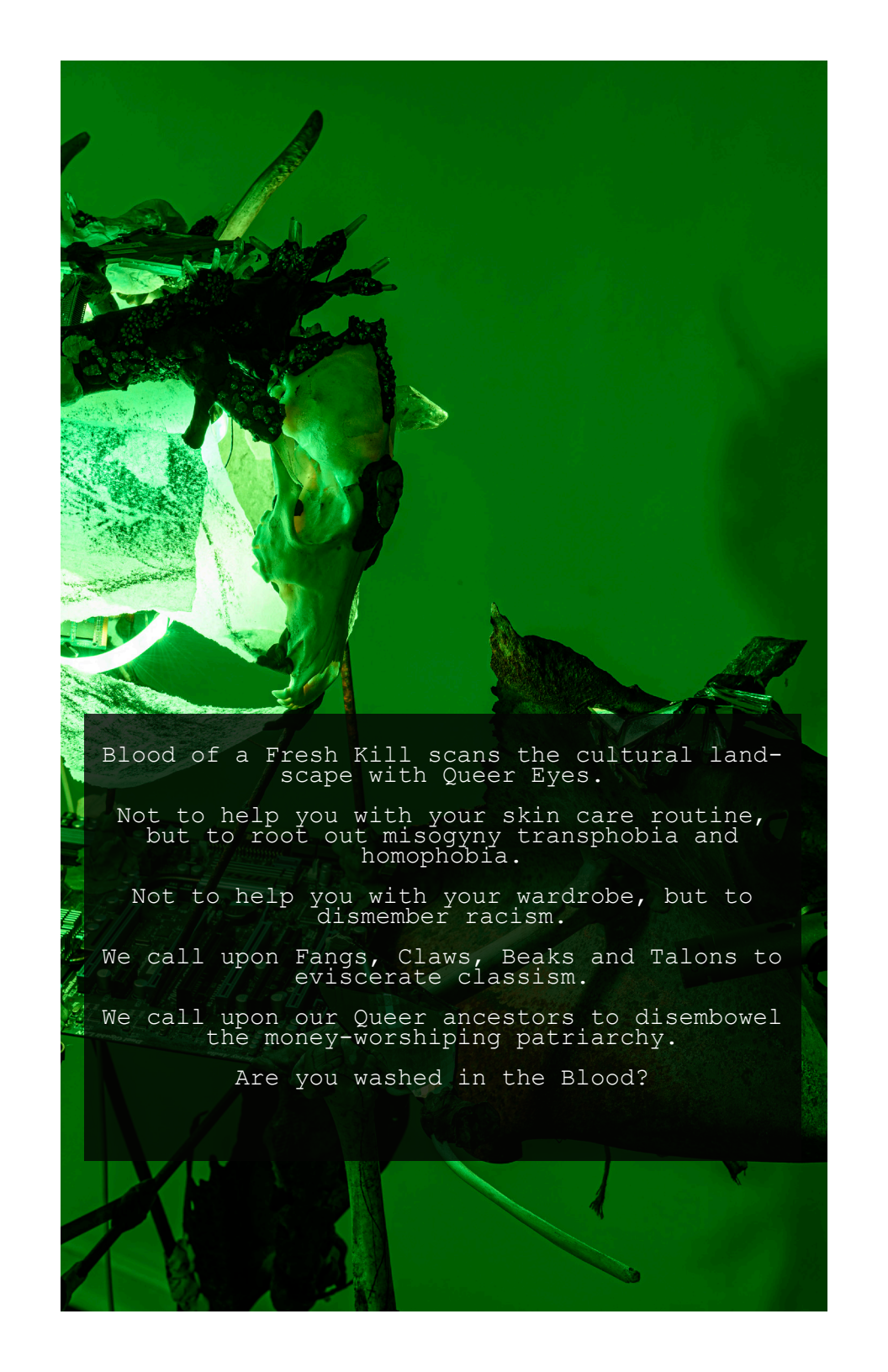
Blood Of A Fresh Kill is fiscally  
sponsored by Independent Arts & Media, a  
San Francisco nonprofit organization  
dedicated to building community through  
media and the arts.

INDEPENDENT  
ARTS & MEDIA

Text : Leif Larson

Visual Language : Christopher M Tandy



A dark, atmospheric photograph of a skull and antlers, possibly from a moose or elk, set against a deep red background. The skull is positioned in the upper left, with its antlers extending upwards and to the right. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the textures of the skull and the sharp points of the antlers. The overall mood is somber and mysterious.

Blood of a Fresh Kill scans the cultural landscape with Queer Eyes.

Not to help you with your skin care routine,  
but to root out misogyny transphobia and  
homophobia.

Not to help you with your wardrobe, but to  
dismember racism.

We call upon Fangs, Claws, Beaks and Talons to  
eviscerate classism.

We call upon our Queer ancestors to disembowel  
the money-worshipping patriarchy.

Are you washed in the Blood?



## The TV Room

A two act play to be serialized in upcoming Blood of Fresh Kill volumes.

## The TV Room

*I would rather be dead than go on for an eternity as what I am. What I've become.*

-Barnabas Collins

### CHARACTERS

Each actor plays two roles- that of their character, and their corresponding *Dark Shadows\** character (in italics).

<b>DAVID/</b>	13-ish
<b>DAVID COLLINS:</b>	Heir to the Collins estate
<b>VIKKI/</b>	17
<b>VICTORIA WINTERS:</b>	David Collins's governess
<b>LYRA/</b>	30's. David's mom.
<b>BARNABAS COLLINS:</b>	Distant Collins family relative
<b>MARYANN/</b>	30's, Vikki's mom
<b>CAROLINE STODDARD:</b>	David Collins's cousin

*\*Dark Shadows* is an American Gothic soap opera that originally aired between 1966 and 1971. It was syndicated in late night reruns from 1975-1990. The show depicted the troubled lives of the wealthy Collins family of Collinsport, Maine, as seen through the eyes of Victoria Winters, the family's new governess.

**PLACE:** Mountain View, California

**TIME:** Spring, 1981

*Notes on the set:* The stage is divided in two: the TV Room and Kitchen. A door connects the rooms. The TV Room has a small curtained window. The Kitchen also has a door to the outside, and a blind hallway leading to the rest of the house. The TV screen is positioned away from the audience, and has a glow emanating from it.

In Act I, scenes alternate between The TV Room and Kitchen.

In ACT II, there is simultaneous action in both rooms.

## ACT I

### PROLOGUE

*In progress when the house opens:*

**The Kitchen** doors are closed, and the room is dark.

**In The TV ROOM -**

**DAVID** lays on a dirty shag carpet in a paneled den. He is in his domain, positioned between an ugly couch and a 70's model television.

He watches TV while the audience is seated.

The lights dim - the story begins -

### SCENE 1 - THE TV ROOM

VICTORIA (O.S.)

My name is Victoria Winters.

Today is the dawn of a new journey.

A journey that will bring me to strange and dark places. A journey that begins when I meet a lonely boy. A boy who at first exists only as a faint shadow, but whose pall will soon comes to darken my days and haunt my nights.

David turns his attention to MUFFLED HOWLING coming from behind the closed door.

The knob TURNS, the door CREAKS open. The HOWLING get louder.

David sits up. Alert.

**VIKKI** appears in the doorway- an angular figure in black jeans, "The Damned" t-shirt and leather jacket.

DAVID

Don't let the dogs in!

VIKKI

What? --



DAVID

The dogs! Shut the DOOR!

*David grabs A LOOPED ANTENNA from beside him and jumps up.*

VIKKI

What dogs-?

*Vikki steps into the room. David closes the door behind her. The HOWLING fades.*

DAVID

If you're looking for the bathroom,  
it's back out-

VIKKI

I don't need the bathroom.

DAVID

What are you looking for?

VIKKI

Who says I'm lookin' for anything.

DAVID

Who are you?

VIKKI

Who are *you*?

DAVID

David.

VIKKI

I didn't see any dogs out there, *David*.

DAVID

What's your name?

*Beat as she gives him the once over.*

VIKKI

Vikki.

DAVID

That your real name?

VIKKI

Is David yours?

DAVID

Is it short for Victoria?

VIKKI

Gross.

DAVID

But Vicky is --

VIKKI

It's just Vikki.

*David backs up as Vikki takes a few steps into the room.*

DAVID

Do you know Mom?

VIKKI

I don't know. Do I?

DAVID

Her name is Kelly.  
But she goes by Lyra.

VIKKI

She some kinda schizo?

DAVID

What's a skitso?

VIKKI

Forget it.

DAVID

Who's your mom?

VIKKI

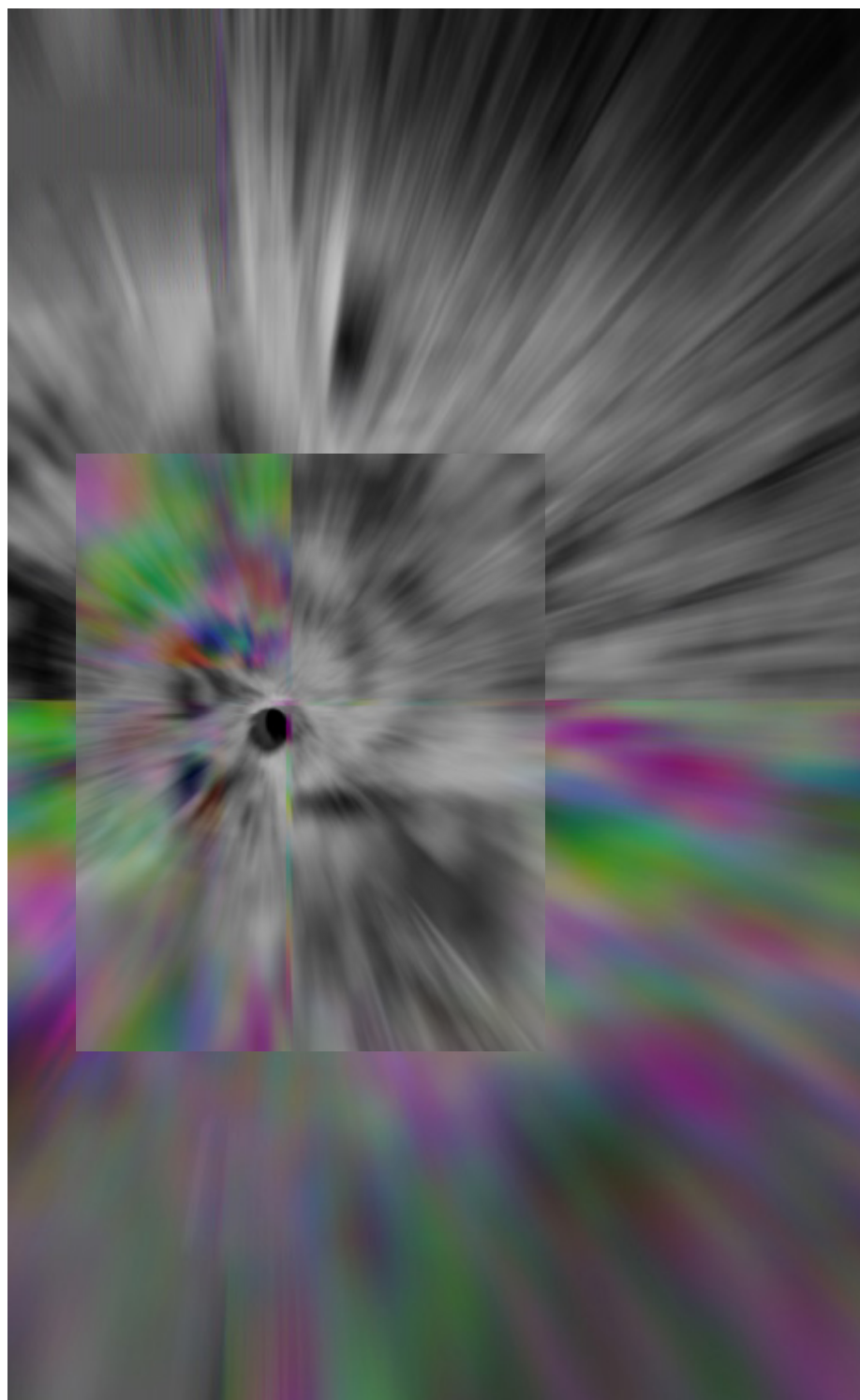
My mom's a lying bitch.

*David nods toward The Kitchen.*

DAVID

Ha. Is she out there?







VIKKI

Yeah. Our moms are *old friends*.

DAVID

Mom doesn't have any friends.

VIKKI

Neither does mine.

DAVID

Were they sitting?

VIKKI

What?

DAVID

Out there. Were they *sitting* together?

VIKKI

I dunno-- why?

*David grips the LOOP in both hands in front of him and draws it to his chest - as if to help him see.*

DAVID

Are you gonna be staying here--

VIKKI

Huh?

DAVID

You and your mom.

VIKKI

No-- what?

DAVID

*(opens eyes)*

Are you moving in?

VIKKI

We're just passing through, kid.

*Vikki sits on the couch. David stares at her.*

VIKKI

*What?*

DAVID

Nothing.

VIKKI

--?!

David turns back to the TV.

DAVID

*Forget it.*

A beat as they watch the screen--

VIKKI

(re TV)

What is this crap?

DAVID

*Dark Shadows.*

VIKKI

(mocking)

*Dark Shadows?* Looks lame.

DAVID

You just don't know what's going on.

VIKKI

How am I supposed to know what's going on when I can't hear anything. Turn it up.

DAVID

I can't.

VIKKI

Why not?

DAVID

(shrugs)

It's broken.

VIKKI

Broken?

DAVID

Uh-huh.







VIKKI

The sound is *broken*?

DAVID

(*shrugs*)

Uh-huh.

VIKKI

You have a tell.

DAVID

What?

VIKKI

When you lie.

Your shoulders do a thing--

DAVID

(*shrugs*)

I'm not lying--

VIKKI

That thing.

DAVID

That's not-- It's my Suba-cromial  
Bursitis.

VIKKI

Your suba -what?

DAVID

S.B. It's a rare nerve condition.  
You probably haven't heard of it-

VIKKI

I've heard of B.S.

*David makes a show of shrugging his shoulders.*

DAVID

Doctor Bombay says moving my  
shoulders is supposed to help with  
the pain.

VIKKI

Doctor Bombay?

DAVID  
My pediatrician.

VIKKI  
Mm.

*David turns back to the TV.*

VIKKI  
You must watch allota TV in here,  
huh, kid?

DAVID  
Doy. This is the TV room.

*Vikki watches the screen with reluctant boredom.*

VIKKI  
Who's the loser?

DAVID  
That's Victoria.

VIKKI  
*Victoria?*

DAVID  
Victoria Winters.

VIKKI  
What's her damage?

DAVID  
Her mom dumped her in a cardboard box  
after she was born. Left her on the  
street.

VIKKI  
*Boo-fucking-hoo.*

DAVID  
She was brought up in a foundling home.

VIKKI  
*Boring and lame.*  
Who's the gaylord.

DAVID

What?

VIKKI

*(nods to the TV)*

Little Lord Fauntleroy.

DAVID

That's David.

VIKKI

*David?*

DAVID

David Collins.

VIKKI

Pff-

DAVID

Vicky was just hired to be his governess.

VIKKI

You really expect me to believe this  
shit?

DAVID

What--?

VIKKI

That they have the same names as us?

DAVID

They do.

VIKKI

Fuck off.

DAVID

Vicky never believes David, either.

VIKKI

What else is on?

DAVID

He's trying to warn her.





VIKKI

Warn her 'bout what?

DAVID

About Barnabas.

VIKKI

*Barnabas?*

DAVID

The vampire. He lives down at The Old House.

VIKKI

*(mocking)*

*Oooh. The Old House.*

Sounds like David needs a shrink,  
not a governess.

DAVID

David just needs her to believe him.

VIKKI

Then maybe *David* shouldn't tell lies all  
the time.

*Beat.*

DAVID

Where did you say you were from, again?

VIKKI

I didn't.

DAVID

But you drove here- you and your mom?

VIKKI

--

DAVID

From where?

VIKKI

From None Of Your Fucking Business,  
alight.

DAVID

I'm just curious is all.

VIKKI  
That's your problem.

DAVID  
I like hearing about other places.

VIKKI  
(scoffs)  
--

DAVID  
What's wrong with that?

VIKKI  
It was nowhere special.

DAVID  
Maybe it's special to me.

VIKKI  
(scoffs)  
--

DAVID  
(smile)  
--

VIKKI  
Santa Monica, okay?

DAVID  
Santa Monica? Wow!  
Is that where you grew up?

VIKKI  
(mocking)  
*Where I grew up.*

DAVID  
Were you anywhere near The Hacienda  
Palms?

VIKKI  
The what?

DAVID  
The Hacienda Palms--

VIKKI

No.

DAVID

It's where Jack, Janet and Chrissy live.

VIKKI

Who?

DAVID

They're roommates.

VIKKI

--?

DAVID

I know what you're thinking:  
Two girls? *One guy?!*

VIKKI

I wasn't--

DAVID

But, it's not like that.

VIKKI

Like what?

DAVID

Like-- there's no- hubba-hubba-  
Because, you know--  
*(whispers)*  
*Jack is gay.*

VIKKI

So?

DAVID

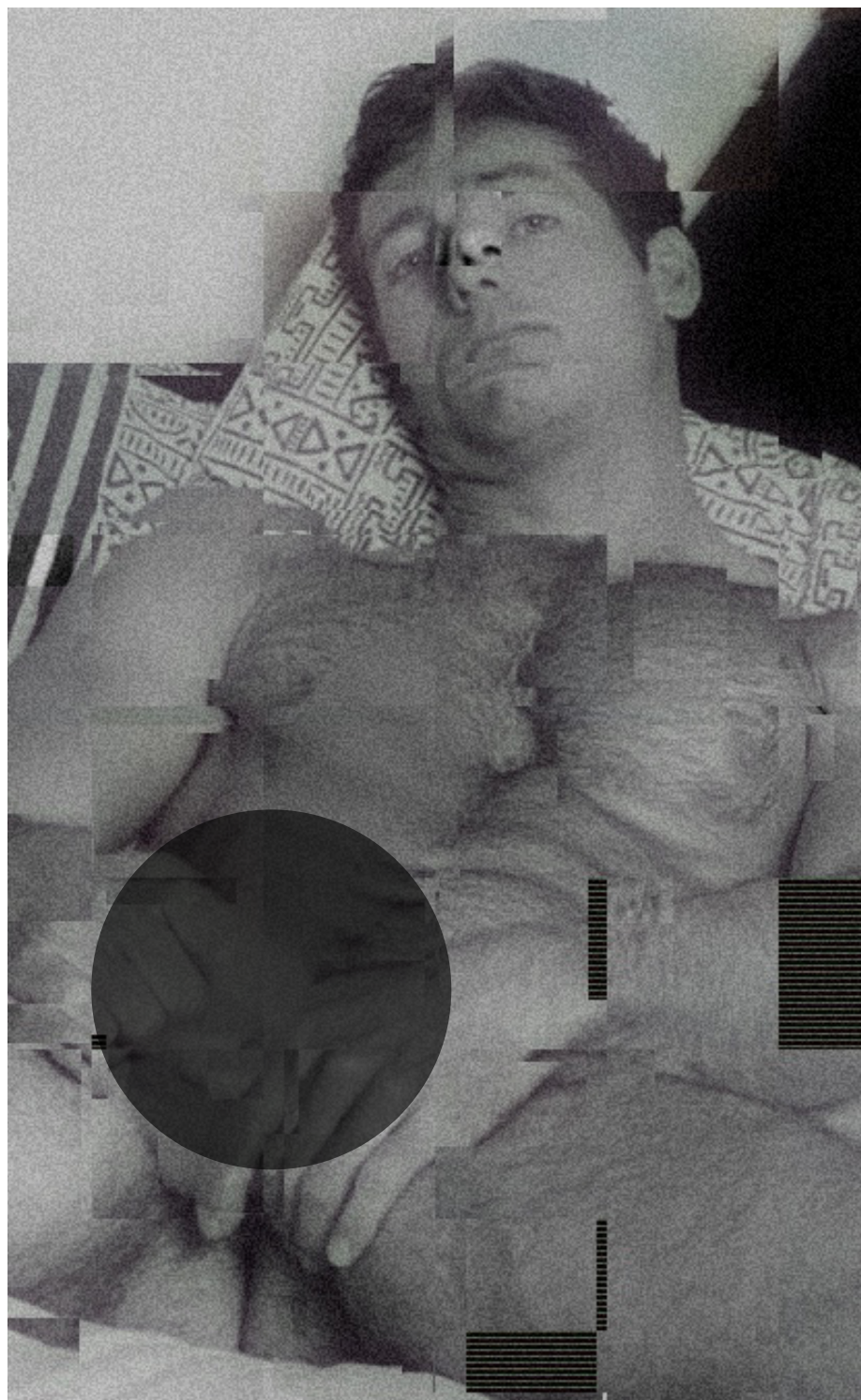
You know--  
*(rings an imaginary tiny bell)*  
--gay.

VIKKI

Good for him.

DAVID

Gay as in *homosexual*.



VIKKI

Gay as in *who cares?*

*David considers this.*

DAVID

Were you living in a bungalow?

VIKKI

Pfft-

DAVID

Were you by the beach?

VIKKI

We were in a shit-hole by the freeway,  
okay? Enough questions.

DAVID

Just you and your mom?

VIKKI

I said enough.

DAVID

I mean, do you have any brothers or  
sisters-

VIKKI

Do you?

DAVID

No. Mom had her tubes tied.  
You know, right after I came out.

VIKKI

Oh. When did you come out?

DAVID

What?

VIKKI

(oops)  
I mean--

DAVID

Right after I was born.

VIKKI

Oh.

DAVID

It's called a Postnatal Tubal Ligation.

*David is alarmed by something he sees on TV.*

DAVID (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

VIKKI

What?

DAVID

He shouldn't be here.

VIKKI

Who?

DAVID

He's supposed to stay at The Old House.

VIKKI

(mocking)

He's the *vampire*.

DAVID

He's looking for Vicky.

VIKKI

Probably wants to fuck the new nanny.

DAVID

She's a governess.

VIKKI

If ol' Barney tried his shit on me, I'd kick him in the nads so hard they'd come out his mouth.

DAVID

You would?

VIKKI

His fangs'd be bitin' on his own balls.



DAVID

*(amused)*

Ha- that's gross.

VIKKI

I'm not into that vampire shit.

DAVID

Would you stake him through the heart?

VIKKI

Yeah, man. Whatever it takes.

*Vikki, sleepy, plulss a blanket over her.  
A few beats pass.*

DAVID

You have to promise me something.

VIKKI

No.

DAVID

It's important.

VIKKI

I don't do promises.

DAVID

Promise me you won't sit with them.

VIKKI

What?

DAVID

Don't sit with them.

*Vikki sticks her head out from the blanket-*

VIKKI

Who?

DAVID

*(nods to the door)*

Them.

VIKKI

What do you mean *sit*--?





DAVID

When they ask you-

VIKKI

Ask me what--?

DAVID

To sit! Don't do it.

VIKKI

Why? What's wrong with sitting?

DAVID

*(unnerving)*

Just-- promise me you won't do it.  
Please--

VIKKI

Hey. I can take care of myself,  
alright? I'll promise you that.  
Now, keep it down. I need some  
shut eye.

*Vikki goes back under the blanket. The lights  
fade, leaving only the flickering glow of the TV.*

*A few beats pass.*

*David closes his eyes, too, just as-*

**BARNABAS** appears. He's an ominous shadow with a  
popped collar.

*His voice, tinged with Old World, seems to come  
from the television.*

BARNABAS

Ah! There she is!

*David sits up.*

DAVID

Barnabas!

BARNABAS

She's perfect!

DAVID

What are you doing here?

BARNABAS

This is it! This is what we've been waiting for!

DAVID

Barnabas, no! Why are you here?

BARNABAS

What do you mean?

DAVID

You need to go back.

BARNABAS

Back?

DAVID

(points to the TV)  
Where you belong.

BARNABAS

I belong here.

DAVID

You belong at The Old House.

BARNABAS

David. This *is* The Old House.

*David pulls his ANTENNA in close.*

DAVID

No! This is The TV Room.

BARNABAS

You're not making any sense, David.

DAVID

This is the TV Room, and if my mom finds you here, she'll-

BARNABAS

She'll what?

DAVID

She'll stab you in the heart with one  
of her wooden spoons.

BARNABAS

Oh, no! Not a wooden spoon!

DAVID

Then she'll cut you up with a --  
a chainsaw!--

BARNABAS

Oh, my.

DAVID

--and feed you to the dogs.

BARNABAS

*(laughs)*

Tell me, David. When's the last time you  
saw Kelly? Hm? When's the last time she  
bought you an ice cream? Took you for a  
walk? Asked about your nightmares?

DAVID

I mean it, if she finds you here--

BARNABAS

She's not coming back, David.

DAVID

Yes, she is.

BARNABAS

She's dead.

DAVID

No, she's not.

BARNABAS

She might as well be.

DAVID

Don't say that.

*Barnabas's shadow looms closer to Vikki.*





BARNABAS

Why obsess over the dead, when this radiant creature over here is so very much alive.

DAVID

No! Leave her alone, Barnabas!

BARNABAS

*Miss Victoria Winters.*

DAVID

That's not her name.

BARNABAS

A name like a ray of sunshine.

*David stands between the his shadow and Vikki.*

DAVID

Her name is not Victoria. It's Vikki.

BARNABAS

All the way from the Hammond Foundling Home, can you imagine that.

DAVID

Vikki's from Santa Monica.

BARNABAS

Your new governess.

DAVID

She's not my governess! She's just-- some girl on a road trip. She'll be gone tomorrow.

BARNABAS

Some *girl*? On a road trip?

DAVID

She's just passing through.

BARNABAS

David, what is this -- fantasia? You're not making any sense.

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Have you been reading more of those strange comics books?

DAVID

She's not who you think she is.

BARNABAS

I know who she is.

DAVID

Forget her, Barnabas. She's nobody.

BARNABAS

She's your new friend.

DAVID

She's not my friend.

BARNABAS

Someone you can tell your stories to, hm? You've probably already started.

*David grabs his UHF Loop and brings it in close. Armed, he makes a step toward Barnabas.*

DAVID

Go! Get out of here! This is the TV Room. You don't belong here, Barnabas, go away!

BARNABAS

You threaten me with a chainsaw. Scream alarming absurdities at me. Should I be concerned?

DAVID

Go back to the Old House, Barnabas!

BARNABAS

I'm going to have to speak to your father about this.

DAVID

No.







BARNABAS

I'll tell him that your behavior is getting increasingly-- unsafe.

DAVID

He won't listen to you

BARNABAS

With these violent outbursts, it might be time to find you a more-- secure home.

DAVID

I'll tell Vikki everything.  
I'll tell her who really are.  
What you're trying to do to her.  
And when she finds out, she'll run out of here so fast, you'll never see her again.

BARNABAS

Ha! Tell her whatever stories you've concocted. I'm sure she'd love to hear them.

*The soft light of dawn starts to come in from the window.*

*David gestures with the loop.*

DAVID

The sun's coming up!

Barnabas peeks out the window.

BARNABAS

David, do you know how to turn an enemy into a friend?

DAVID

Go away.

BARNABAS

We eat them.

DAVID

I'm not like you.



BARNABAS

One day, very soon, we'll sit and  
watch the sun rise together-  
    *(to Vikki's belly)*  
-all of us.

DAVID

Go!

*Barnabas drifts back into the shadows.*

*Spooky theremin cords play something you'd hear  
before a commercial break, before the TV turns  
off, leaving the room in darkness.*

**END SCENE**

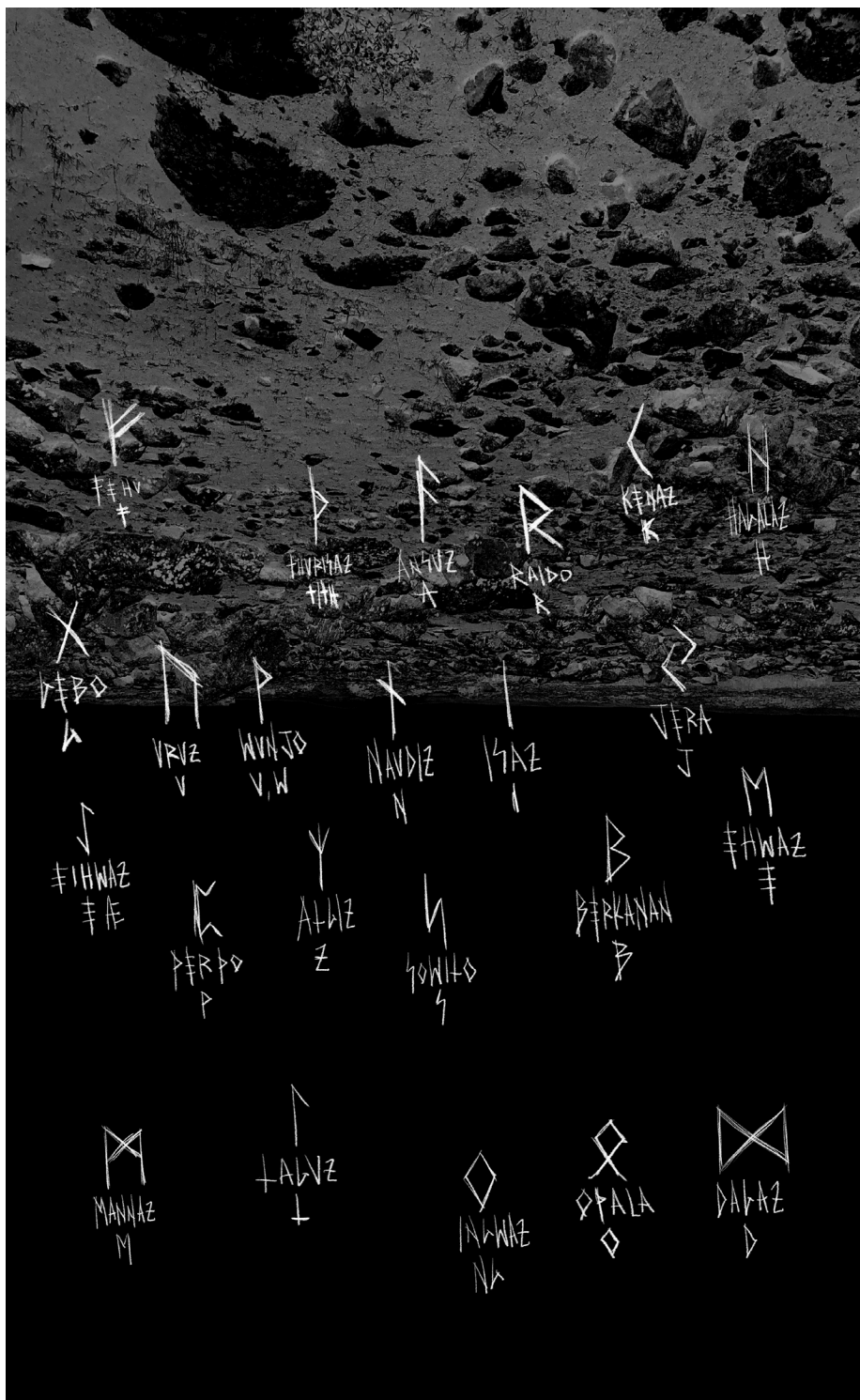
The Futhark date back to 200bc and were the main system of writing throughout Northern Europe. The runes also carry a mystical symbolism to them and were used by völva in rituals concerning time, sight, harvests, life and death.

The Hávamál is a collection of Norse poems attributed to the god Odin and gives us further insight into the origin and true purposes of the Futhark. Philosophies throughout Eddic Poetry present a position that hate and prejudice grow from isolation and ignorance. We hope that this will encourage you to explore the many lost, erased, and refused languages of our ancestors.

141.

*Hidden Runes shalt thou seek and interpreted signs,  
many symbols of might and power,  
by the great Singer painted, by the high Powers fashioned,  
graved by the Utterer of gods.*





From the editors:

If you are reading this, no matter how you came across our modest publication, we want to thank you for making some space in your life for it, and for getting blood on your hands.

Our brand of Queerness is all inclusive., and we aim to collaborate with other visual and literary artists around the world. Please contact us at

[bloodofafreshkill@gmail.com](mailto:bloodofafreshkill@gmail.com) if you are interested.





