

# FLASH FILM

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BRIDPORT'S FILM FESTIVAL  
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## **Vampires** by John Glenday

What you looking at? he says. What you gawp-gawping at? He's checking me in the mirror in case I get sick because it's a windy road and I'm at the reading again. What you reading Missy? I say Book, pretending not to look up. Vampires and that. Vampires! he says and laughs and makes the car go faster to go past another car. It toots behind us and he does the f word and v sign and Mum says really softly I'll drive if you like, Dave. And he says Me Tarzan. Me drive. You Jane. You shut it. She looks out the side window towards the scenery going past. Away over the cow fields big white grey towers leaking steam like big coffee mugs. He says I could kill a fag. Fancy a fag, love? He slides a finger in and out his mouth and then twizzles it in her right ear. Smiley smile for Daddy. Mum flinches cause he's all feisty again and he once did it with a real one. She has a mark still. He goes What? What you twitching about at? She keeps looking away, like she's watching things pass. Then I make this vampire noise and he looks at me in the mirror and says What you looking at? Go on. Read your effing book. I make like I'm reading my book again. He's stopped on at Mum now, which is good. Guess what. My book isn't about vampires. It's about something else.