

Black.

ANNIE

Everyone dies.

(beat)

Actually, can I start that again?

(beat)

Everyone deserves a death.

1 INT. THE HOUSE. 2008. NIGHT A. 22:21.

1

Annie stares straight into the camera. Her eyes are fixed, glazed and empty. One pupil dilated. The paramedics work quickly and efficiently, one pounds her chest, one shines a torch into her eyes. Nothing, no response. The paramedic lifts her head and slips an oxygen mask over her mouth.

ANNIE (V.O.)

Whether it's at home.

The pool of blood spreads out from under her head across the wooden floor like a rose blossoming.

2 EXT. BATTLEFIELD. EDGE OF FOREST. DAY C. 1916. 06:16.

2

Mitchell. He's wearing the uniform of a first world war captain. He stumbles out of a forest into a clearing. His uniform is torn, his face streaked with blood.

ANNIE (V.O.)

Or in a war.

Something up ahead makes him stop. A group of men, dressed in the clean crisp uniforms of officers. They look strangely out of place in the carnage and mud.

They are gathered around a body, a wounded soldier. They turn. One of them we will later recognise as Herrick. They spot Mitchell. They grin. And their eyes scorch black.

3 INT. BATTLEFIELD. EDGE OF FOREST. NIGHT C. 1916. 21:04.

3

It's like a painting by Hieronymus Bosch. Blood, mud and body upon body upon body. Mitchell among them. Dead, pale and cold. Just another soldier, just another death.

ANNIE (V.O.)

There's no getting out of it, no coming back.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly his body jackknives and arches. He gasps - huge gulps of air, like someone bursting to the surface from the depths of the ocean.

He looks around, shocked, disorientated. The puncture marks on his neck still just about visible.

4 **INT. THE HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY B. 2008. 15:41.** 4

Various relatives - Owen among them - stand around the kitchen. All in funeral black. Shocked, mute and awkward. Their grief and bodies too big for the tiny kitchen.

ANNIE (V.O.)
You can love if you like.

Annie stands to one side, looking strangely out of place in her t-shirt and jeans among all the black. She pleads with the people in the kitchen, waves her hands, shouts in their faces. No one sees her, no one hears.

4a **INT. LAUREN'S FLAT. BEDROOM. NIGHT D. 2008. 23:06.** 4a

Mitchell, and a young beautiful woman we will later recognize as Lauren. They are having sex.

ANNIE (V.O.)
And if you're very lucky you can
be loved.

Then Mitchell opens his mouth wide. Baring vampire teeth that are long and sharp and wicked. Lauren's body shudders and braces as he bites her. He drinks and drinks.

5 **INT. LAUREN'S FLAT. BEDROOM. NIGHT D. 2008. 23:17.** 5

Lauren is laying face down on the bed. Eyes open, but dead.

ANNIE (V.O.)
But everyone gets a death.

Mitchell is slumped on the floor. Blood on his lips. Tears running down his face. He beats himself with his fists. Whack. Whack. Whack. A slave to his addiction.

6 **INT. THE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY E. 2008. 14:53.** 6

An estate agent shows a young couple - the woman, pregnant - around the house.

Annie, resigned to her condition now, sits dejectedly on the sofa - her middle finger raised at the trespassers.

ANNIE (V.O.)
No one told me there was this.

But it's an empty defeated gesture. The estate agent and the couple, of course, look straight through her.

7 **EXT. WAR MEMORIAL. NIGHT F. 2008. 21:09.** 7

Mitchell stands at the foot of the war memorial.

Mitchell turns away and walks down to his car. And we see the world has moved on a long way from that Flanders field. People. Cars. Neon. Life.

ANNIE (V.O.)
We've driven off the edge of the map but we're still travelling.

He climbs in and drives off.

ANNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
No one told me death sometimes cheats.

8 **EXT. MOORS. NIGHT G. 21:11.** 8

We're looking down at George, on his back, on the ground. He's in shock. Struggling to move, eyes rolling. His coat is shredded at the shoulder and red with blood.

We pull back. Lying next to him is another figure. His neck and chest are gone. Just gone. Torn away.

ANNIE (V.O.)
But there are those that cheat death.

There are sharp flashes of light, and more figures run into frame. One has a shotgun, blasting at something off screen. Another attends to George, writhing on the ground.

ANNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Battered and bloody, they walk away from the train wreck or the big bad wolf.

9 **INT. HOSPITAL. PRIVATE ROOM. DAY H. 11:12.**

9

A brightly lit private room in a hospital. Sunlight washes across George. He sits in a chair, surrounded by flowers and Get Well cards. But there's something fractured about him. Absent.

ANNIE (V.O.)
But what's the cost?

Slowly George stands, walks out.

10 **EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY H. 19:16.**

10

Flat, barren, unforgiving land. George climbs out of his car and starts to walk. It's as if he's in a trance. Or drawn inexorably on by an invisible thread. And as he walks he starts to undress. With difficulty he pulls his jacket and shirt off. His shoulder is still wrapped in bandages.

ANNIE (V.O.)
They're scarred.

11 **EXT. WOODS. NIGHT H. 23:11.**

11

The transformation is horrific. Every bone in George's body breaks as it stretches, contracts and reforms. The pain and the brutality of it tears him apart, eviscerates him.

ANNIE (V.O.)
They're transformed.

The flesh on his face stretches as his jaw distends into a snout. His back arches as his spine and shoulder blades stretch and bow. George screams. Over and over.

12 **INT. HOSPITAL. CANTEEN. DAY I. 11:01.**

12

George in his hospital porter scrubs. He reads the paper, sips his tea. He picks up a mini packet of biscuits and without taking his eyes from the paper, offers them across to the person sitting next to him. Mitchell.

ANNIE (V.O.)
And what happens to these
refugees?

13 **INT. THE HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY J. 16:42.** 13

Annie looks out of the bedroom window at the street below.

George and Mitchell are just arriving, bags in hand. George looks up at the house, looks at Annie.

ANNIE (V.O.)
These flotsam and jetsam of
death.

He double-takes. Did he see something?

It makes Annie flinch and move back out of sight. She frowns. That was weird.

14 **INT. THE HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY K. 12:32.** 14

George and Mitchell are in the kitchen. Talking, laughing. George washes up. Mitchell, bored, flicks bubbles at him. George tries to keep his cool, tries not to laugh. Don't do that. I said don't do that. Stop. Please stop. I mean it.

ANNIE (V.O.)
Maybe, if they still deserve such
a thing as mercy...

Annie watches them, through the crack in the door. Frightened. Mesmerised.

ANNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... they find each other.

She just watches. And watches.

AND WE FADE TO:

15 **BLACK.** 15

Then a sound. The put-put of a moped. A squeak of brakes.

16 **EXT. STREET. AFTERNOON 1. 15:01.** 16

A pizza delivery guy, 17 maybe, climbs off his moped, trudges to a door and rings the bell. It flies open. There's Annie. Beaming.

ANNIE
Hello!

PIZZA GUY
12 inch 'Mess of Meats'?

Mitchell appears, scoops the pizza out of his hands, stuffs some money into his fist and disappears again.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE

Thank you very much.

The Pizza Guy turns to go. But Annie isn't letting him get away that easily.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

So how long have you been delivering pizzas?

PIZZA GUY

Uh. Couple of months?

ANNIE

Could you drive a moped before or did they teach you?

PIZZA GUY

They taught us. We had to drive round and round a car park.

ANNIE

You like my top?

PIZZA GUY

I suppose.

ANNIE

(enjoying the word)

Matalan. Bet you hate pizza. When you get home and your girlfriend asks what you want for your tea, I bet you're like "*Not pizza!*"

PIZZA GUY

I live with my dad.

ANNIE

Yeah? What's your dad's name?

PIZZA GUY

Duncan.

ANNIE

Ha! Madness! I'll seeya later.

She shuts the door. Pizza guy doesn't move. What was *that* about?

Annie turns triumphantly to Mitchell and George, who are sat watching TV. A dozen mugs of tea on the table.

ANNIE

He could see me.

MITCHELL

He could so see you.

ANNIE

(gleeful)

It's happening all the time now.
Not just people like you, but
normal people. Yesterday I was
putting out the recycling and
this guy drove past in a van and
shouted "Slag!"

*
*
*

Mitchell and George nod. Respect.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Right. Who wants tea?

George raises his hand... hold on... then:

GEORGE

The milk's off.

ANNIE

What happened there? What did you
do? Did you just make it go off?

George huffs. Irritated. He doesn't want to discuss this.
Annie looks to Mitchell for an explanation.

MITCHELL

Round the time he changes, his
senses get really heightened.

*

ANNIE

Cool! See? Being a werewolf isn't
all bad!

*
*

GEORGE

No, you're right. I can smell off-
milk. My life is one long Roll-
Over week.

*
*
*
*

George turns to Mitchell, noisily devouring his pizza.
George watches, a little grossed out.

*

GEORGE (CONT'D)

How can you still be hungry? You
just ate a whole box of Golden
Grahams.

*

MITCHELL

Man, *Carbohydrates*. They've
become my blood substitute.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE

You wanna be careful. When my middle sister stopped smoking, she put on 2 stone. We had to padlock the fridge.

MITCHELL

Big girls go mad over me. It's coz I'm wiry. Their worst nightmare.

ANNIE

But don't you need blood to, well, live?

*

MITCHELL

Nah. Just a question of will power.

He raises a glass of water to his mouth. There is a tremor in his hand that makes the glass clatter slightly against his teeth. He moves the glass quickly away, glances around to see if the others noticed.

ANNIE

I'll make some black coffee.
(stands)
What?

GEORGE

What?

ANNIE

You made a huffy sound.

GEORGE

(suddenly raging)
You keep making tea! Every surface is covered with mugs of tea and coffee! I go to make myself some tea and I can't! There's no mugs, there's no tea! It's all been made! And you can't even drink it! You can't drink the tea but you keep making it! It's driving me INSANE!

ANNIE

(shrugs)
I like my routine, it makes me feel normal.

GEORGE

YOU'RE A GHOST!

ANNIE

Yeah so are you finished with these?

George nods. A broken man. Annie gathers up the mugs and trots off to the kitchen. Mitchell stands, starts gathering his things to go.

MITCHELL

Come on.

George stands, pulls out a little sports bag.

ANNIE

You both off?

MITCHELL

Yeah, we've got work, then it's his time of the month.

ANNIE

Oh. Ok.

She moves forward, trying to delay their exit a little

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Tell you what, I don't miss all that. I'd have to sit on the sofa with a hot water bottle and Pride and Prejudice. If anyone said anything, I'd bite their head off!

(beat)

Though I guess in your case that's actually a possibility.

George just looks at her. Thanks. Mitchell sniggers.

MITCHELL

We'll see you later.

And they go. Annie looks around at the house, suddenly empty and lifeless.

The hospital. Patents and visitors and doctors mill about.

MITCHELL (V.O.)

Y'know, you should be pleased for her. She can be seen by other people now, she can step out of the house. That's down to us.

19

INT. THE HOSPITAL. STAFF ENTRANCE. LATE AFTERNOON 1. 15:57 19

Mitchell and George trudge into work. They clock in / sign in / whatever. They lower their voices. *

GEORGE *

Why is she here anyway? Other
people move in somewhere, they
have damp, they have woodlice.
Why do we get Casper? *

MITCHELL *

We've been over this. There must
be something unresolved about her
death. That's what's keeping her
here. *

GEORGE *

It's not fair... *

MITCHELL *

Exactly. Whatever happened to
her, it was unfair. Unjust. *

GEORGE *

No, I mean her being here is
unfair. The amount of washing up
she generates... *

Mitchell rolls his eyes, he isn't getting into this. *

MITCHELL *

So what you gonna do? *

GEORGE *

I'll work for an hour, then say
there's a family emergency and
scoot down to the isolation room
before the moon comes up. *

MITCHELL *

Cool. I'll come and let you out
in the morning. *

There is a gesture between them, a hug maybe, something unspoken. This is a familiar routine now but Mitchell knows the horrors his friend is about to endure.

George peels off. Mitchell is by a couple of screens. Flat grey footage from CCTV cameras dotted around the hospital. Something catches his eye.

One camera looks on to an empty corridor. Lift doors. They open. No one gets in, no one gets out. The empty lift just sits there. The doors close again. Mitchell watches the screen.

(CONTINUED)

20 INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. LATE AFTERNOON 1. 16:04. 20

Mitchell walks down a corridor. It's empty. A patient maybe, wandering along. Mitchell looks around. It's as if he's trying to find the thinnest trace of a scent on the air, or a distant sound.

21 INT. HOSPITAL. WARD. LATE AFTERNOON 1. 16:11. 21

A ward, with private rooms at the end. Mitchell slips down the aisle, past the nurse at the Nurse's Station. There's nothing here. Nothing out of the ordinary. But his eye is drawn to a room, the door firmly shut, the blinds down.

22 INT. HOSPITAL. PRIVATE ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON 1. 16:12. 22

There's one bed in the room, one patient. Deeply asleep, wired up to beeping monitors. And standing over him is Seth. He looks up at Mitchell as Mitchell enters. They keep their voices low.

SETH

Jesus, Mitchell, how are you supposed to find *anywhere* in this place? I followed the signs for Intensive Care, I ended back where I came in!

MITCHELL

What are you doing here, Seth?

SETH

Herrick thinks recruitment should be more tactical. People with money and influence. No more tramps or people who fall asleep on the Night Bus. Our gatherings are starting to look like the seating area in Argos.

(a grin)

You had the right idea with Lauren. 'Least she's easy on the eye.

Seth takes his coat off, preparing to feed.

SETH (CONT'D)

This guy, I think he's on the council or something...

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

Leave him alone.

SETH

What, you want to share?

MITCHELL

No, I've... I've stopped.

SETH

Yeah we've had this conversation.
What blood type is he anyway?

(the chart)

A Positive. Hmmm. A bit Jacob's
Creek-y for me, but there you go.

MITCHELL

Move away from the bed, Seth.

Seth stops, looks at Mitchell. Fuck, he's serious...

SETH

Remember that guy, the student.
When was it? 58, 59? Or you and
Herrick and the girl in the
hotel? What about that couple in
the park? You can't *stop*,
Mitchell. This is what we *are*.

(a grin)

Come on. Just a taste. A sip.

The temptation, the urge to drink, is so strong Mitchell
literally shudders. This is torture. He has to wrench the
words out.

MITCHELL

I *said*... leave him alone...

Seth's grins fades into a sneer of contempt.

SETH

Or *what*? Look at you, when was
the last time you fed? You're
shaking, you're sweating. You
really think you're up to getting
busy with *me*?

Mitchell says nothing. Seth snorts - he thought as much.

SETH (CONT'D)

Now get into character and watch
the door. I've got a job to do.

He pulls the sheet down, exposing the patient's neck.
Mitchell grips Seth by the arm and tries to yank him back
from the bed. Seth swings his arm back, knocking Mitchell's
hand away. Mitchell slams Seth back into the wall.

(CONTINUED)

They face each other, nose to nose. Mitchell clearly had more fight in him than Seth suspected.

MITCHELL

I don't care if the coolest kid in school is suddenly your mate, Seth. To me you'll always be that milky little creep who smells of biscuits. Tell Herrick the hospital is out of bounds.

He lets Seth go. Seth says nothing. Then shrugs, smiles his yellow smile and heads for the door. He stops.

SETH

A word of warning. One 'friend' to another. It's cold out there without us.

Seth leaves. Mitchell takes a deep breath. And another.

INT. THE HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. EARLY EVENING 1. 17:16. 23

George is chatting to a nurse - Becca. She's in her 20s, pretty, but homesick and a little shy. She has an armful of laundry, George pushes an elderly man in a wheelchair

BECCA

Yeah, just outside Leeds. I mean, I loved it, but I thought "if I don't get out *now...*" Coz mates of mine, some are married or with kids, and they've just *stayed*.

They've stopped by a little makeshift shrine. Cards and photos and flowers (withering a little now) are pinned and pasted to a wall. One photo dominates and provides the focal point. A woman in her 20s. Beautiful. Happy. Utterly alive and vibrant. This is Lauren. George looks at the flowers and cards. Becca watches him.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Who was she?

GEORGE

Lauren. Worked in A+E.

BECCA

When did she die?

GEORGE

A couple of months before you started. Heart attack. She was 20, 21? I know, mad, isn't it.

He looks at the main photo. Lost for a moment.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
She was beautiful...

BECCA
Look. They're doing a little
memorial thing. Planting a tree.

Mitchell approaches them quickly.

MITCHELL
George.

BECCA
(beams, smitten)
Hiya, Mitchell.

MITCHELL
Yeah, hi.
(to George)
Shouldn't you be going?

GEORGE
(looks at his watch)
Shit.
(to the old man)
Sorry.
(to Becca)
Shit, I've got to be somewhere.
Kind of now.

He quickly takes the laundry from Becca, pops it on the old man's lap and hands the wheelchair over to Becca.

BECCA
(to Mitchell)
I've got a break in 10 minutes.

GEORGE
(to Becca)
I'll see you around then.

*

MITCHELL
(just GO)
In your own time.

George scurries off. Sneaks a glance back at Becca as he goes.

BECCA
I was saying, I've got a break in
10 minutes.

24

INT. STAIRWELL / ISOLATION ROOM. EARLY EVENING 1. 17:22. 24

George trots down the stairs towards the isolation room. Voices ahead make him stop. Shit, there are people in there... He creeps closer to the door. Two maintenance men are clearing out the battered old desks and boxes.

GEORGE

Hello? Uh, what are you doing?

MAINTENANCE GUY

This is gonna be the site office when they start building the admin wing. You should have seen the state of it! The furniture all smashed, these marks on the walls... They been keeping the mentals in here or what?

George looks at his watch and stumbles back up the stairs.

The other workmen is brandishing a drill. He rams it into the wall. The growl and squeal of the drill is magnified. Then it changes, into a scream of metal and wild creatures. Deafening and painful, like a giant engine grinding and roaring. The kind of sound that swallows your own scream whole.

FADE TO:

Mitchell's face. A brittle smile fixed in place as he tries to ignore the fury of the scream inside him. Something else cuts through the noise. A voice. Insistent.

BECCA (O.C.)

Mitchell... *Mitchell*.

He blinks. Snapped back to reality. Bolsters the smile. The scream fades out and we pull out to find ourselves in...

25

EXT. HOSPITAL. CANTEEN. EARLY EVENING 1. 17:47.

25

Mitchell and Becca having coffee.

BECCA

I said are you Ok? Your hand is shaking.

MITCHELL

Oh. Yeah, I quit, uh, smoking a few weeks ago. I'm still at the twitchy stage. I'm hoping -

BECCA

So are you seeing anyone?

(CONTINUED)

Mitchell laughs, taken aback by her directness.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Ok, that was me trying to be all sophisticated and Marie Clare, but it came out really Special Needs, didn't it. I'm such an idiot. I shouldn't be allowed near people.

MITCHELL

It's fine, it's fine.

Mitchell swills his coffee in his cup. Choosing his words.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

But in answer to your question: no. My relationships have always followed a similar pattern. They've been brief, they... haven't ended well. That has to change. I can't keep hurting people. I just want something good and normal. But there are those who say I can't do that.

BECCA

Who says that? Your friends?

MITCHELL

Not my friends, no.

BECCA

Your family?

MITCHELL

I guess you'd call them that.

BECCA

(solemn, wise)

Families are wankers.

MITCHELL

(laughs)

Families are wankers.

Mitchell looks up. George has scurried into the canteen, his eyes searching frantically for Mitchell. Mitchell stands, excuses himself from Becca and trots over.

GEORGE

The isolation room I transform in, it's full of people! We need to get somewhere, I've got about 40 minutes before I change!

That's all Mitchell needs to hear. They hurtle out.

(CONTINUED)

26 **EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. EVENING 1. 18:07.** 26

Mitchell's car splashes along the country road and comes to an abrupt stop. George scrambles out.

27 **INT. MITCHELL'S CAR. EVENING 1. 18:07.** 27

MITCHELL

George, wait. It's too risky.

GEORGE

What?!

MITCHELL

You haven't had time to find somewhere. You can't just run into some random bit of countryside. You'll *kill* someone.

GEORGE

Well what else can I do?

MITCHELL

Come back to the house.

GEORGE

(appalled)

I'm not doing this in the *house*!

MITCHELL

For God's sake, George, you can't always keep it *separate*. This is *happening*. This is *part* of you.

George bolts into the woods. Mitchell yells after him.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

It's *safe* there! We can *contain* you! George! George!

28 **EXT. WOODS. EVENING 1. 18:09.** 28

George crashes through the bushes and branches, already tugging at his clothes.

29 **EXT. WOODS. CLEARING. EVENING 1. 18:11.** 29

George stumbles into the clearing. Stops dead. There's a family there. Parents and two kids. Camping. A tent and stove. They stare at George.

GEORGE
Hi, how are you?

He turns, crashes back into the woods.

30 **EXT. WOODS. EVENING 1. 18:14.** 30

George scrambles down a bank to a dried up river bed. This will do. He turns. Two men, locked in an embrace, are staring at him.

GEORGE
Oh for fu - Sorry, sorry.

He turns and flees.

31 **EXT. WOODS. EVENING 1. 18:17.** 31

A man doing Tai Chi. Behind him, George sprints past from one side of the frame to the other.

GEORGE
Haven't you people got *homes*...!

The man turns. No one there.

32 **EXT. WOODS. EVENING 1. 18:21.** 32

Another clearing. This time, mercifully deserted. George tries to catch his breath. He starts to pull his shirt off.

VOICE
George Sands.

George spins around. All he can see in the fading daylight is the silhouette of a man, maybe 20 yards away. A thick dark shape in the gathering gloom.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Cutting it a bit fine, aren't you, George?

George is speechless. Frozen with shock. The figure takes a step towards George. It breaks the spell and George scrambles back into the woods.

(CONTINUED)

33 **EXT. WOODS. EVENING 1. 18:24.** 33

George stumbles through the undergrowth. It's like he's running for his life.

34 **INT. MITCHELL'S CAR. EVENING 1. 18:27.** 34

Mitchell peers out of the window. There's George. Pounding back towards the car. He yanks open the door, scrambles in.

GEORGE

No, you're right, let's go back to the house.

MITCHELL

What?

GEORGE

Like you said, it's safer there.

Mitchell is too stunned to move.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So can we go? Like, now?

Mitchell isn't going to argue. He starts the car and speeds off. George looks back at the woods. It's as if he can still feel that shadowy figure watching him.

35 **INT. THE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN. EVENING 1. 18:47.** 35

Annie is in the kitchen, pouring hot water into a line of mugs. Suddenly the front door bursts open and George and Mitchell pile in. Annie walks through to the living room.

ANNIE

Alright, George? What are you doing back? I thought it was your time of the month.

MITCHELL

It is. He's doing it here.

ANNIE

But I've just hoovered!

MITCHELL

George, what do you need?

George is shifting furniture, clearing a space in the centre of the room.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Uh, close the curtains so it
can't see any windows. And put
some music on. Loud.

*
*

MITCHELL

Good idea. We'll say there's a
party going on.
(the music)
Annie.

Annie is being propelled along by events and the boy's
frenzy. She fumbles with the CD player while Mitchell runs
around, yanking the curtains closed.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Anything you don't want broken,
put in your room.

ANNIE

What do we do while he's doing
his thing?

MITCHELL

Get the hell out.

ANNIE

Can I watch?

Everything stops. Mitchell and George stare at Annie.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Just for a bit. I want to see
what happens.

GEORGE

This isn't like when you're a
kid, watching your cat have
kittens. It's private.

ANNIE

You've seen me since I *died*. I
think the rules about privacy
have got a bit muddy.

George looks to Mitchell. This can't be happening.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Please, George. It's not like you
can hurt me.

MITCHELL

Maybe she should. This is what I
mean. It's part of you.

George shakes his head. What the hell. Everyone is crazy.

(CONTINUED)

35

GEORGE
Keep to the kitchen. Stay out of
its line of vision. If it sees
you, I don't know what it'll do.

A shudder runs through him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
It's coming.

36

EXT. THE HOUSE. EVENING 1. 18:49.

36

Mitchell steps outside. Music starts thumping dully through the walls. At least the soundproofing is pretty good. Mitchell locks the front door.

37

INT. THE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. EVENING 1. 18:59.

37

Annie is in the kitchen, looking at George through the serving hatch. George has stripped. He just stands there shivering, his hands over his groin. The atmosphere is tense and tight as a drum. But oddly awkward too. Despite the pounding music. There's nothing to do but wait.

ANNIE
(making conversation)
I see someone's finally moved
into number 18 -

Suddenly George screams and jackknives. It makes Annie gasp and stumble backwards.

38

EXT. THE HOUSE. EVENING 1. 19:24.

38

Mitchell is sat ion the doorstep. Now, just audible under the throb of the music, are George's screams. It makes Mitchell wince and shudder.

39

INT. THE HOUSE. EVENING 1. 19:39.

39

From the expression on Annie's face, the transformation has obviously taken hold. We hear George screams as the curse thunders through him.

From the kitchen, Annie watches. Hypnotized, but horrified. It's awful to watch every shred of George's humanity torn so painfully away. She screws her eyes shut.

40 **EXT. THE HOUSE. NIGHT 1. 19:42.** 40

Mitchell flinches at the roar from inside. He turns and Annie is sitting on the step next to him. She looks distressed and pale. Even more than usual.

ANNIE

He's gone.

Mitchell says nothing. He settles back against the door, getting comfy for the long night ahead of them. Annie sits, hunched and shaken. Through the walls, the dull pulse of the music and, if you listen really hard, the roars and howls of a monster.

41 **EXT. SKYLINE. MORNING 2. 06:52.** 41

The sun peeps over the rooftops. The world stirs and wakes.

42 **INT. THE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. MORNING 2. 06:53.** 42

The front door eases open and Mitchell and Annie peer in.

Imagine the aftermath of the biggest wildest party in the world, then throw a hand grenade into that. What's left wouldn't look dissimilar to the living room now. Everything is upside down. Some of the furniture has been atomized. Even the wallpaper is shredded. And lying amid the wreckage, naked and unconscious, is George.

43 **CUT.** 43

44 **INT. THE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. MORNING 2. 09:57.** 44

Later. Dressed now, George comes down the stairs. He stops and stares. Mitchell and Annie have cleared all the wreckage out of the living room, leaving it cavernous and echoing. George looks around. They've lost so much.

GEORGE

My God. What did it do?

MITCHELL

We've salvaged what we can. But there's about 10 bin bags of crap and wreckage stashed in my bedroom. I'm sensing a trip to Ikea. And you know my feelings about that.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Look, why don't you two go out.
Leave the rest to me. It's the
least I can do.

Mitchell and Annie exchange glances. Mitchell rolls his
eyes. Annie tries not to literally squeal with excitement.

ANNIE

Owen rang.

GEORGE

Owen who?

ANNIE

Your landlord! My fiancée Ex-
fiancee. He's coming over.

*
*

MITCHELL

(looks at his watch)
In about... Now.

GEORGE

He's coming *here*? Why?

MITCHELL

He's over from Saudi for a few
months and wants to meet us.

ANNIE

You're the longest staying
tenants he's ever had.

(proudly)

The others all found the place
strangely unwelcoming.

MITCHELL

You're like one of the villains
in Scooby Doo, scaring people
away from the deserted funfair.

ANNIE

I'd have got away with it too if
it weren't for you meddling kids.

George gestures around at the conspicuously empty room.

GEORGE

Why didn't you put him off?!

MITCHELL

I tried. But *she* kicked me in the
shin. The *shin*, George.

ANNIE

I haven't seen him for 2 years,
and there you were giving it all -
(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE (CONT'D)
(appalling Irish
accent)
"It's not really convenient."

MITCHELL
So I'm French now?

GEORGE
Sorry, can we focus? You don't
mean you're going to be here when
he arrives?

ANNIE
Of course! I mean, I'll hide
obviously, he won't see me.

Annie hands Mitchell a little note pad.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Now then. I've written a list of
questions for you to ask him.

MITCHELL
"Are you screwing Janey Harris?"

ANNIE
Always fancied Owen. When I died,
believe me if she'd known she
would have been here before the
ambulance crew.

MITCHELL
"Has my sister had a baby?"

ANNIE
They've been trying for ages. I
blame her husband. He's called
Robin and works for the Post
Office.

GEORGE
Oh my God, has everyone taken
Stupid Pills? This is Annie's ex
we're talking about. Annie's ex
who *buried* her. She can't *be*
here, she can't be within *ten*
miles of here.

ANNIE
I can't have him in the house and
not *see* him. Christ's sake, we
were *engaged*.

*
*

GEORGE
Can you *imagine* what will happen
if *he* sees *you*?
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

The effect it'll have on him, the
danger it'll put us *all* in.

Annie faces George. Arms folded.

ANNIE

This isn't about our *safety*. This
is about you. You lost *your*
lover, so can't bear the thought
of me seeing *mine*.

GEORGE

(splutters, appalled)
That's... that's totally...

MITCHELL

Ok, look, as long as she stays
upstairs, what's the worst that
can happen?

GEORGE

I'll remind you of that as the
crowds gather outside with
torches and pitchforks. No, I'm
sorry, but we have to protect the
household.

ANNIE

This isn't a good time to take
the moral highground, George. You
just *smashed up* the household.

She has a point. George fidgets. Mutters.

GEORGE

It wasn't me...

The doorbell rings.

MITCHELL

Well. That's that settled. Annie.

ANNIE

Yeah yeah, I know. Remember:
Janey Harris.

GEORGE

Crazy... You are *all* crazy...

*

Annie clomps upstairs. Mitchell looks to George - ready?
George shrugs. Whatever. Mitchell reaches for the door.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Oo! Ask him about the clanky tap.
No, I will. In fact, leave all
the talking to me.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Remember, we're just two guys
renting a house, the most natural
thing in the world. We just have
to be totally and completely
normal.

MITCHELL

Yeah, good luck with that.

Mitchell opens the door.

INT. THE HOUSE. UPSTAIRS LANDING. MORNING 2. 10:01.

Voices from downstairs as Mitchell lets Owen in. Annie
creeps as close as she can to the top of the stairs without
actually tumbling down them.

INT. THE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. MORNING 2. 10:01.

MITCHELL

- and this is George.

OWEN

Hi, how are you?

GEORGE

Yes.

OWEN

Where's all the furniture?

GEORGE

Um. We decided we wanted a more,
uh, minimalist lifestyle. It's so
easy to get seduced by all the
clutter and debris of 21st
century living. To think having
this *sofa* or that, uh, *chair* will
bring you happiness when, really,
shouldn't we be striving for
something more spiritual? More...
zen?

OWEN

Oh. I thought maybe you were
going to redecorate and didn't
want to get the furniture all
painty.

GEORGE

(beat)

Yes, that would have made more
sense.

46

A sound from upstairs. George and Mitchell stare at each other, eyes wide.

MITCHELL

George, why don't you go and see what that was.

George scurries upstairs.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Can I get you a drink, Owen? Tea, coffee, there's a couple of beers in the fridge.

OWEN

Actually I wouldn't mind a beer. I think I'm still on Saudi time.

47

INT. THE HOUSE. UPSTAIRS LANDING. MORNING 2. 10:02.

47

George finds Annie, still skulking on the landing.

GEORGE

(hisses)

What are you doing? We can hear you!

ANNIE

(hisses)

I just want to see him. I can sneak down, I can hide.

GEORGE

Are you CRAZY? He'll see you and... and die of shock!

Annie brightens - even better!

GEORGE (CONT'D)

That. Is not. An option.

48

INT. THE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. MORNING 2. 10:03.

48

Mitchell re-enters the living room from the kitchen, hands Owen a beer.

MITCHELL

Most of the time it's fine. You just let it run and eventually the water comes through. But it's kind of driving George nuts.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

No worries. I'll take a look.
Like I said, it's such a relief
having you guys here.

Mitchell and Owen look around. There's nowhere to sit but a couple of upturned boxes.

OWEN (CONT'D)

It didn't work out with the last
lot of people - oh cheers.

(they clink)

I think they heard about what
happened and let their
imagination run away with them.

(drinks)

You... know? About my fiancée.

*

MITCHELL

A little. Just what the estate
agent said.

OWEN

I've hardly been back since. You
can imagine, it's still kind of
weird being here.

Mitchell lowers his voice, aware of Annie upstairs.

MITCHELL

What happened exactly? If you
don't mind me asking.

OWEN

We'd literally just moved in, we
were still living out of boxes.
It was dark, I hadn't sorted out
the wiring yet. She was at the
top of the stairs and... They
said she must have fallen
awkwardly.

MITCHELL

What was she like?

Owen is a little taken aback by the question. But something about Mitchell, his calm assurance, makes Owen open up.

OWEN

Annie? She was... extraordinary.
She was kind. And funny. Cleverer
than she thought she was...

(a sad smile)

And she was mine.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

(beat)

I believe people can leave an echo, in a place where they were. I know the tenants before us said they could detect something. Maybe that's what it was.

OWEN

They said it was creepy.

MITCHELL

It's not, it's not creepy. It's good. It's happy. We like it.

Owen drinks. He nods. Thank you. George comes downstairs.

OWEN

What was it?

GEORGE

What? Oh a... pigeon.

OWEN

A pigeon?

GEORGE

Must have left a window open.

OWEN

Have you got rid of it?

GEORGE

(beat)

I killed it.

MITCHELL

You killed it?

GEORGE

With a shoe.

Mitchell is positioned behind Owen. He throws his arms up in surrender - *Ok, that's it, I give up.*

OWEN

You know what? I should... I should be going.

MITCHELL

(jumps up)

It was lovely to meet you. Like I said, it's great, we're really happy here.

49 INT. THE HOUSE. UPSTAIRS LANDING. MORNING 2. 10:06. 49

Annie peeps around the corner, down the stairs. She can just about see Owen's feet and legs.

OWEN (O.S.)
Thanks for the drink. Any problems, you've got my number.

MITCHELL (O.S.)
Cool. Lovely to meet you.

50 INT. THE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. MORNING 2. 10:07. 50

Mitchell closes the door and turns to George.

MITCHELL
How'd you do that, stay so calm?

GEORGE
Ok, shut up.

MITCHELL
You're a spy, aren't you. I mean you've clearly had *training*. Because the way you held it together there, it was *chilling*.

Annie has walked down from upstairs. Mitchell and George watch her nervously, as if she might shatter into a thousand pieces at any moment.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
He loved you very much, Annie. The way he talked about you... You made him very happy.

GEORGE
(beat)
Did you ask about the tap?

Mitchell turns imploringly to George - *PLEASE stop talking*.

ANNIE
Is this his?

MITCHELL
What?

ANNIE
This bottle. Was it his?

MITCHELL
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

50

Annie picks up Owen's beer bottle. Touches the rim to her lips. Her lips to his.

51

EXT. THE HOSPITAL. EVENING 2. 19:54.

51

Establishing shot. The entrance to the hospital. Drips and drabs of people going in and out of the hospital. Late visitors and the night shift arriving.

52

INT. HOSPITAL. CANTEEN. EVENING 2. 19:55.

52

The first thing Mitchell sees when he enters the canteen is the crowd of nurses, doctors and porters, gathered around a table, laughing and clapping. He frowns, what's going on?

He draws nearer and his face drops. There at heart of the crowd is Herrick. One of the vampire officers from the World War 1 battlefield.

But this time, we see that Herrick is a policeman.

He's performing some coin tricks. The crowd lap it up.

HERRICK

Now watch. You're not watching.

Cries of 'We are! We are!'

Herrick holds a coin between his thumb and forefinger. A flutter of hands. The coin is gone. Some 'Ooohs' from the crowd. Herrick sweeps his hand across the table, and a shower of coins clatter and bounce from his palm.

Squeals and applause from the crowd.

Herrick watches as some of them scabble around the table and chairs for the coins, his expression a mixture of curiosity and detachment.

He looks up and spots Mitchell watching from the sidelines.

HERRICK (CONT'D)

Ah, sorry, guys. There's my friend.

Cries of 'No!' 'Don't go!' Herrick laughs.

HERRICK (CONT'D)

Will you stop? Another time, I promise.

Herrick and Mitchell watch the crowd disperse, chattering happily about the little show.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

You didn't get my message? This isn't your fucking larder, Herrick.

HERRICK

A social call, nothing more. We're worried about you.

MITCHELL

We're meant to keep a low profile. Coming here, attacking people in their sleep, that's not how we work.

HERRICK

Attacking people in their sleep? Who's attacking people in their sleep?

MITCHELL

Seth said -

HERRICK

"Seth said". Listen. There's something you need to know about Seth.

Herrick puts his hand on Mitchell's shoulder, steeling himself as if about to break terrible news.

HERRICK (CONT'D)

He's an idiot.

Herrick laughs, pats his shoulder - come on - and strolls over to the counter. Mitchell follows.

HERRICK (CONT'D)

But it makes you think, doesn't it. These rules about what we can and cannot do. For instance, here's a thought: suppose the world *knew* of our existence. *Suppose* they had a *choice*...

Behind the counter is a young girl, maybe 19. Gauche. Braces. Spots.

HERRICK (CONT'D)

You do Hot Chocolate?

The girl nods. Herrick turns to Mitchell - you want anything? Mitchell shakes his head.

HERRICK (CONT'D)

One Hot Chocolate.

(CONTINUED)

The girl starts to make his hot chocolate.

HERRICK (CONT'D)
What time did you start?

GIRL
Uh, 2?

HERRICK
Oo, long shift. Who do you get in here mostly, this time of night?

GIRL
Staff mainly. Though we get parents too, of the kids in the children's ward. You can tell them a mile off. They take it in turns and they come in and they order coffee but they don't drink it.

HERRICK
Well. I'm sure they appreciate what you do.

He hands her the money. She shyly waves it away.

GIRL
Actually. It's fine.

HERRICK
Well you're very kind. Take it easy.

He and Mitchell walk away, towards the doors.

MITCHELL
(re. the girl)
What was that? More tricks?

HERRICK
No. Manners.

Herrick and Mitchell emerge into a corridor

MITCHELL
So we declare ourselves. And what then? Start a mass conversion?

HERRICK

Whoa, whoa, one step at a time...
Buuuuut, that's *exactly* the kind
of left-field thinking we need
right now.

MITCHELL

And those that refuse?

HERRICK

As I recall you welcomed me with
open arms.

(sips his chocolate)

This is horrible. Taste it.

MITCHELL

To save the lives of my men.

HERRICK

Yeah, how *noble* of you to take on
the *curse* of immortality so your
friends could wither and decay in
hospitals and old people's homes.

Herrick laughs, gives Mitchell's arm a good-natured slap.

HERRICK (CONT'D)

I'm kidding. I'm teasing you.

INT. THE HOSPITAL. RECEPTION. NIGHT 2. 20:02.

Herrick strolls through to the reception area. Mitchell
skulking uncomfortably by his side.

HERRICK

But I'm willing to bet, you offer
people eternal life, not just for
them but their lovers and
children, and the queues would
stretch a thousand miles!

He leans in closer, his voice is barely a whisper.

HERRICK (CONT'D)

Let's go up to the children's
ward. Those parents she was
taking about, you think a single
one of them would turn us away?

(grins)

You've thought about it, haven't
you.

Mitchell recoils. But not from disgust. Herrick's eyes are
blazing with urgency.

HERRICK (CONT'D) *
They had their chance. We left *
them to tend this paradise, this *
Eden, and look what they did. *

MITCHELL *
You know what I don't understand? *
This interest in me. *

HERRICK *
Look. If things *were* to change, *
having you by my side, like it *
was, back in the day, it would... *
People admire you! *I* admire you. *
Despite your eccentricities. *

MITCHELL
My eccentricities?

HERRICK
Yeah. I mean -
(picks at his
uniform)
- we all have to play a part. But
you... It's like you *like* it.
Plus now everyone says you're On
The Wagon.

MITCHELL
I wouldn't expect you to
understand.

HERRICK
Good. I don't. It's mental.
You're a shark: be a shark.
Besides, I'm sure you've got some
fall-backs in place...

MITCHELL
Fall-backs?

HERRICK
Someone you've been grooming. So
when eventually you *do* fall off
the wagon, you won't have far to
drop.

A crackle of static and voices over his radio.

HERRICK (CONT'D)
I gotta go. Everything's about to
change, and nothing can stop it.
This is nature, it's tectonic
plates shifting. And the only
thing, *the only thing* you and me
get to choose, is what side we're
on when it happens.

Mitchell says nothing.

HERRICK (CONT'D)
Something to ponder.

Herrick smiles and his eyes scorch black - just for a second. He turns and strolls away. Mitchell doesn't move.

INT. THE HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. MORNING 3. 09:34.

The next morning. George is sorting through a linen cupboard, piling stuff into Mitchell's arms.

GEORGE
Listen, I'm going to that thing later. The memorial thing, for Lauren. You want to come?

MITCHELL
Um, I don't know...

GEORGE
Come on, it'll be nice. Well, not 'nice' so much as... 'horrible'. I thought you were friends.

MITCHELL
Not really. A bit. Towards the end.

VOICE
George.

It makes him jump. He spins around. But it's Becca.

BECCA
Hiya. Little jumpy, aren't you?

GEORGE
Yeah... sorry... Hi.

BECCA
I need three pillow-cases.
(to Mitchell)
Mrs Nixon just vommed her Fisherman's Pie.

MITCHELL
Thank you for sharing.

George hands the pillow cases to Becca.

GEORGE
You've changed your shampoo. It's minty. Normally you're vanillary.

BECCA

How did you know that?!

GEORGE

I've just got a good sense of
smell.

BECCA

You like it?

GEORGE

Yes, you smell like a Polo.

They laugh.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Have you got a hole?

And the laughter dies. George winces. Mitchell stuffs a
pillow case in his mouth. Becca just blinks, disconcerted.

BECCA

I'll, uh, see you later, yeah?

Becca walks on. Mitchell turns to George.

MITCHELL

Shit, are you interested in her?

GEORGE

No. I don't know. Why, are you?

MITCHELL

Me? God, no. I mean, she's nice,
but if you're interested in her,
I'll - because it's not like you
get interested in people every
day. I don't want to discourage
it.

GEORGE

(fidgets)

She wouldn't be interested in me.

MITCHELL

I'll ask. You want me to ask?

GEORGE

No! Christ, this is so...
playground.

MITCHELL

Well, welcome to being a bloke.
Believe me, none of us emerge
from this exactly covered in
glory.

(CONTINUED)

55

GEORGE

Why are you so anxious to pair
her off with me?

MITCHELL

I want you to be happy! I'm not
trying to *pair you off*, that's...
that's daft. Let me talk to her.
I'm not like you, I can actually
talk to a woman without weeping
or setting fire to myself.

GEORGE

I don't know. I don't know. Let
me think about it.

George starts to walk away. Mitchell looks down. His hand
is shaking. He stuffs it in his pocket. George has stopped.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. Have you seen my phone?

56

INT. THE HOUSE. MORNING 3. 09:42.

56

Annie is looking at the mobile phone in her hand. She's
typed a text message. It reads:

'Tap in kitchen making very odd noises. Cld u come +
repair? This afternoon good. Hope UR well. From george.'

She presses 'send'. Then swallows. No turning back now.

57

EXT. THE HOSPITAL. GROUNDS. AFTERNOON 3. 13:06.

57

A little square in the hospital grounds. A smattering of
nurses and doctors. A hole has been dug, a tree planted. A
caretaker is shovelling in the last of the earth. A middle
aged couple that must be Lauren's parents watch the
proceedings, still in wide-eyed shock. George hunches up
against the wind.

58

INT. THE HOSPITAL. STAFF TOILETS. AFTERNOON 3. 14:12.

58

George, alone in the hospital staff toilets. He washes his
face, rubs his eyes wearily and looks at himself in the
mirror. Nothing behind him in the reflection but the
opposite wall. He starts tugging off his tie. A hand
touches his shoulder.

LAUREN

Boo.

(CONTINUED)

George almost jumps out of his skin. But the bigger shock is when he spins around and sees who it is.

GEORGE

Lauren...?

LAUREN

Surprise.

She looks amazing. Her eyes glow a brilliant, dazzling green. Her hair is as red as fire. She seems to swirl up out of nowhere, out of shadows. She's grinning darkly. Hungrily. She looks beautiful. Ferocious.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Enjoy my memorial service? Shame Mitchell couldn't make it. Maybe he'll come to your one.

George scrambles back away from her. But he doesn't cry out. Lauren looms over him, moving closer... closer...

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Your face. This must be confusing. Let me explain: Before I died I had this one odd last thought. And now I'm going to make it yours. You know all the things you were scared of as a kid? All the monsters under the bed?

She is barely an inch away from him now, her eyes burning black, her voice a hiss in his ear.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

They're all real.

She stops. Regards George for a moment. Straightens up.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Ok, I'm kind of new to this, but aren't you supposed to weep or scream or wee yourself? I've never loomed up on someone before and I was really looking forward to it.

GEORGE

Mitchell did this to you?

The grin has gone now. She stares at George with cold fury.

LAUREN

You know? You know what he is?

And then something else - a realisation.

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Wait a sec. C'mere.

She tugs George close to her again, studies him.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

She pushes George back. Grossed out.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Ew. Creepy.

She backs away. And she's gone.

INT. THE HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. AFTERNOON 3. 14:27.

Mitchell is mopping a floor. George stomps towards him.

MITCHELL

Do me a favour. There's some
bacon in the fridge at home, it
goes off at midnight, could you -

George punches him in the face. Mitchell staggers back,
more from shock than the blow itself.

GEORGE

Guess who I just saw.

Mitchell rubs his jaw.

MITCHELL

Yoko Ono.

George hits him again.

GEORGE

I *manage* my condition. I hide in
a shitty bloody cellar or the
middle of a forest. But *you*? You
buy a bottle of wine and a packet
of *condoms*! What is the *point* of
us trying to build some kind of
normality when you're attacking
our *friends* and turning them into
monsters? For Christ's sake, we
knew her. You let me go to her
bloody *memorial*!

*

MITCHELL

How the hell do you think I've
survived for the last 100 years?
You can't just avert your eyes
when it suits you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

I didn't hear you complaining when I saved you from those *other* vampires. There's no escape from it. I'm not like you, I don't have days off. *This is what I am.*

GEORGE

Then why are we even *trying*?

They stare at each other. There's nothing more to say.

George turns and walks away. Mitchell is left, winded.

Becca approaches from the other direction.

BECCA

Hey. Oh shit, sorry, can I walk there? Did you just mop that?

MITCHELL

It's fine.

BECCA

So do you want to go out for a drink with me?

Mitchell turns to her - what?

BECCA (CONT'D)

Yep, I've made a decision, no more procrastination. I've been meaning to do it for ages, but kept putting it off. That sounded so much funnier in the Ladies.

Mitchell looks at her for a long time.

MITCHELL

What the hell.

A mirror. The sound of hairspray. Suddenly Annie straightens up and looks at her reflection. Her hair is wild and blow dried. She looks terrifying.

ANNIE

AAHHHHHHHHHHH!

CUT TO:

Later. That's better. She looks like herself again. She adopts a peaceful, celestial expression.

60

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Be not afraid.

She sighs. That just sounds stupid. Pulls a spooky face.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

WoooOOOOooooOOOO.

She slumps and looks flatly at herself. No funny faces, nothing. Just herself. Very frightened.

61

INT. THE HOUSE. GENERAL. AFTERNOON 3. 15:21.

61

Annie's working out the best place to present herself. She stands in the centre of the living room. Sits. Stands again.

CUT TO:

She tries the kitchen, appearing suddenly from behind the door. No, too weird.

CUT TO:

She's gone back to standing in the centre of the living room. She waits. She looks at her watch.

CUT TO:

62

INT. THE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. AFTERNOON 3. 16:02.

62

Bored now, Annie is sat on the floor, leaning against the wall watching TV. 3 or 4 mugs of tea around her.

The doorbell rings. Annie sits bolt upright. Oh Christ.

Silence. Then the doorbell rings again.

Annie stands in the centre of the room and prepares herself. But at the sound of a key in the lock, her courage fails her. She scrambles around the corner and flattens herself against the wall as Owen steps through the door.

OWEN

George? It's Owen. Mitchell?

Annie takes a deep breath. Ok, here goes...

OWEN (CONT'D)

The TV's on.

Annie stops, frowns, who's he talking to?

And we see a woman step through the door behind him.

(CONTINUED)

JANEY

Maybe he popped out.

OWEN

(calls out again)

Hello? I rang the doorbell...!

(to the woman)

You don't have to do this, Janey.

You can wait in the car.

Annie's jaw is on her chest. She mouths miserably to herself - *Janey Harris...*!

JANEY

It's fine. I want to.

OWEN

You think I should turn this off?

Owen is moving towards the TV, towards Annie. She panics. She's trapped. Owen walks into view. Annie gasps. Owen turns and looks right at her, rigid, flat against the wall.

OWEN (CONT'D)

You say something?

JANEY

What?

OWEN

Did you say something?

He's looking right through Annie. He can't see her.

JANEY

You're hearing things... You going to look at this tap?

Owen doesn't move for a moment. Just stares at / through Annie. Then he turns the TV off and walks back towards the kitchen, away from Annie.

OWEN

Yeah. It could take a while.

Really, go and wait in the car.

He disappears into the kitchen. Annie tentatively peers around the corner, watching them.

JANEY (O.S.)

And miss you doing D.I.Y? It'd be like missing an eclipse.

63 **INT. THE HOUSE. KITCHEN. AFTERNOON 3. 16:04. CONTINUOUS.** 63

Owen stands over the sink. Runs the tap. Janey watches him.

JANEY

You alright?

OWEN

Yeah, I suppose. It's weird being here.

Owen crouches, looks at the pipes under the sink. Bangs them a bit. It's all a bit cursory.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I have no idea what I'm doing.
I'll come back later.

The sound of a key in the lock.

64 **INT. THE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. AFTERNOON 3. 16:04. CONTINUOUS** 64

The front door opens. It's George. The first thing he sees as he steps inside is Annie, peeping around the corner of the living room, with a look of frozen wide-eyed horror.

GEORGE

Oh. Hello.

(beat)

What?

He follows her eyes round to find Owen and Janey standing in the doorway to the kitchen behind him. George yells.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

AHHHHhhhhhello!

OWEN

Hi, George, sorry, we rang the doorbell, but no one answered.

George spins a little on the spot, back and forth, looking from Annie to Owen and Janey. *Can't they see her?*

GEORGE

No, no, no, it's fine, it's...

OWEN

I got your text.

GEORGE

My text.

OWEN

About the tap.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

The tap.

OWEN

Yeah. You texted me. About the tap.

GEORGE

(the penny drops)

Riiiiight. "The tap".

(louder, for Annie's benefit)

But how silly of me, telling you to come when *I wouldn't be here*.

OWEN

Sorry, I haven't introduced you. This is my partner, Janey.

That gets George's attention.

GEORGE

Janey...?

JANEY

Harris. Hi.

GEORGE

(ouch)

Right. Hello.

He glances back over his shoulder. Annie is still in plain view but obviously only to George. She's sat back on the floor with her knees up, her head buried in her arms.

OWEN

I think I'll have to come back, take a look at the tank in the attic. When are you, uh, not in? I don't want to disturb you.

GEORGE

Hard to say. There's usually *someone* here.

OWEN

I'll pop by later in the week.

Owen and Janey start moving towards the door.

JANEY

It was nice to meet you.

GEORGE

Yeah. And you.

(CONTINUED)

They take their leave and go. George shuts the door. Annie is still bunched up on the floor.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Annie -

And suddenly she's up on her feet, in the middle of the room. Angry, tearful, punchy.

ANNIE

Look. I just thought if I
explained... You don't *know* him,
you don't *know* how he'd react.
But I *knew* if he saw me again
he'd...

And the tears start and her voice starts to crack.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

But he's got someone else. And
now she gets to kiss him and
watch him shave and laugh and I'm
still in the clothes I *died in*. I
get *nothing*. I get the memories
and a house I can never
completely leave and *you*. SHE
GETS HIM AND I GET YOU.

She slides down the wall opposite, her head in her hands, and weeps and weeps. George doesn't know what to say. He sits down on the floor next to her.

GEORGE

After I got... after I lost
everything, I ran away. I met
Mitchell and we came here and met
you and... I'd just about come to
terms with what'd happened to me.
And then I saw her. My ex. And
she'd found someone else. And it
was so... savage. So I know how
it feels. Like losing everything
all over again.

ANNIE

(beat)

How did it happen?

George is a little thrown. No one's ever asked him before.

GEORGE

We were on holiday in Scotland.
The place we were staying in, was
on the edge of this huge ravine,
and one evening I decided to go
out for a walk.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I've never been so scared. This thing was... Even at the time I remember looking at it and being... *offended*. That thing in this world, it was so... *wrong*. And the smell of it. Like meat and sweat.

ANNIE

And it attacked you?

GEORGE

This other guy, another guest, he'd tagged along as well. He was killed. It literally tore his throat and chest out. I just got bitten. I... 'survived'.

ANNIE

Like me.

GEORGE

Like you. Hooray for us.
(beat)
Why couldn't Owen see you?

ANNIE

Maybe it was the shock of it. Like it... set me back.

GEORGE

Like a relapse?

ANNIE

There's so much about this I don't understand.
(beat)
What did you think of her? Janey.

GEORGE

She's... orange.

ANNIE

She works in the Tanning Salon. She thinks she looks classy. I think she looks like Kilroy.

GEORGE

You're much prettier. And much nicer.

ANNIE

And much deader.

George says nothing. On an impulse, he puts his arm round Annie. She smiles sadly and settles in to his embrace.

(CONTINUED)

64

Her head on his shoulder. And they sit like that. In their living room. Looking at the blank screen of the TV.

65

EXT. HOSPITAL. EVENING 3. 19:45.

65

Establishing shot. Night is falling over the city. Lights are flickering on inside the hospital.

66

INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. EVENING 3. 20:08.

66

George wanders onto a ward, in his hospital scrubs. At the Nurse's Station, an HCA has a phone clamped between her neck and shoulder, she's looking at a patient's chart.

HCA

What does that look like to you?
A 3 or a 5?

GEORGE

A 3?

HCA

That's what I thought. That's Becca's handwriting. So if she gave Mr Davies his meds at 3, then he needs them again now. But if it's a 5, then he won't need them till 10 o'clock.

GEORGE

So ask her.

*

HCA

(the phone)

Not answering her mobile. She's gone out for a drink with your mate.

*

*

GEORGE

(looks up)

What mate?

*

*

*

HCA

You know. Him with the face.

*

*

GEORGE

Where? Where did they go?

*

*

HCA

Christ knows. I would have asked but that might look like I gave a shit.

*

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

The HCA hangs up. She wanders off. George hasn't moved.

67 **EXT. STREET. EVENING 3. 20:21.** 67

George tearing through the streets. He stumbles to a halt, turns one way, then another. Christ, where does he *start*?

68 **INT. BAR. EVENING 3. 20:28.** 68

Mitchell and Becca are in a bar. They are already several drinks down. Becca looks beautiful. She's clearly gone to a lot of effort for this. They're laughing.

MITCHELL

I'm serious. If there's another man there, I can't pee.

BECCA

That's ridiculous!

MITCHELL

And at my age. Now you: something embarrassing.

BECCA

Uhhhh. Ok. It wasn't until 6 months ago I stopped ringing my ex every time I got drunk.

(cringes)

Oh God, I shouldn't have told you that.

MITCHELL

(laughs)

No it's sweet. It's tenacious.

BECCA

Yeah 'sweet'. Me, usually with sick in my hair, going 'Gaviiiiiiin'.

Mitchell laughs. Drinks. That tremor in his hand again.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Oh I meant to ask. How's the not-smoking going?

MITCHELL

Not great. But I'm thinking, once a smoker always a smoker. What's the point of fighting it?

69 **EXT. STREET. NIGHT 3. 20:36.**

69

The city is swamped with drinkers and revellers. George pushes through crowds, diving into bars and pubs. There's still no sign of Mitchell and Becca.

70 **INT. BAR. NIGHT 3. 20:37.**

70

BECCA

So... so would you like to come back to mine? My flat-mate's out. We'd have the place to ourselves.

Mitchell swallows the last of his drink. Everything has been set in motion, and now it will just carry him along. He takes the breath that will say 'yes'. But Becca is looking over his shoulder.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Is that a friend of yours?

Mitchell turns. His face falls. Pushing through the crowded bar, making a b-line for them... is Lauren.

LAUREN

Well lookee here. Mind if I join you?

She plonks herself down into another chair.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Aren't you going to introduce us?

MITCHELL

You can't... you can't be here...

LAUREN

Aw, look at his little face.

(to Becca)

I should explain. Me and Mitchell dated. Just once really. Well it was kind of a date. So where are we up to? With me he did this whole thing about the ancient machinery of the world.

MITCHELL

Please don't do this.

LAUREN

At least he's brought you out. We had to make do with supermarket wine and a packet of Doritos at my place.

(CONTINUED)

BECCA

... I've *seen* you somewhere ...

LAUREN

Well I had my photo in the paper recently.

BECCA

Yeah... I've seen a *photo*...

Mitchell is on his feet.

MITCHELL

Get up.

LAUREN

But I want to see her face when she works it out.

MITCHELL

GET UP.

A few heads turn. Lauren shrugs, stands. Mitchell grabs her arm and marches her towards the door. Lauren calls back over her shoulder to Becca.

LAUREN

You seem nice. Maybe afterwards we can be friends... hang out...

And they're gone. Becca is left, completely bewildered.

EXT. OUTSIDE BAR. NIGHT 3. 20:38.

Mitchell drags Lauren outside. She snatches her arm away from him. Takes out a pack of cigarettes, lights one.

LAUREN

So I saw your furry friend.
(pulls a face)
I was actually going to feed from him, can you imagine? I'd probably need jabs or something.

MITCHELL

What do you want? Did Herrick send you?

*

LAUREN

Yeah but this isn't just about him.

MITCHELL

Then what do you want?

LAUREN

YOU LEFT ME. You brought me into this and then *YOU LEFT ME.* I woke up and I was surrounded by these strangers, and they... It should have been *you* there! And ever since, they've just passed me round, I'm like this *orphan!*

That hit home. Mitchell nods, ashamed.

MITCHELL

I'm sorry...

Suddenly Mitchell grabs her arm.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Come away with me. There are places we can go, where we can be safe from them.

LAUREN

(laughs)

They're not some dopey abusive boyfriend. You think *anywhere's* safe from them?

MITCHELL

They stay away from the smaller towns, anywhere that's exposed -

LAUREN

Wait - oh my God - you think I want *saving?*

MITCHELL

We can save each other, this is what I'm - *we save each other.*

Lauren tips her head back and laughs.

LAUREN

Don't you get it? *I want to kill!* I want to feel their blood run down my chin! I want to see their *faces* when they realize! I want to kill my *lovers, my parents,* I want them to *know!* Herrick's talking about *offering* it first. Christ, just *take it!* *Take* their world! *Tear their children to shreds!*

*

Mitchell stares at Lauren, as if seeing her for the first time.

(CONTINUED)

71

MITCHELL

Thank you.

LAUREN

... What for?

He turns, walks away.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

You can't *do this*, Mitchell, you
can't choose them over us. You'll
lose *everything*. Whatever it
takes, we will *Drag You Back!*

But he's gone.

72

INT. THE BAR. NIGHT 3. 20:41.

72

Mitchell returns to the bar.

BECCA

You alright? What was that about?

MITCHELL

Listen. I'm... I'm gonna go home.

BECCA

(crestfallen)

Oh. Oh, Ok.

MITCHELL

I just think it's best.

BECCA

Was it - Look, that thing I said
about my ex, that's not me any
more -

MITCHELL

(smiles)

I promise. This is about me, not
you.

BECCA

(rueful)

It's the first time I've heard
that *before* a shag. That must be
a record, even for me.

MITCHELL

I'm sorry. Let me walk you to the
taxi rank.

BECCA

There's no need.

(CONTINUED)

72

MITCHELL

Please. I want to make sure
you're safe.

BECCA

Whatever. I just need a pee.

She trails off dejectedly to the toilets.

Mitchell slumps back into his chair. He takes a breath. He
looked over the precipice... and stepped back.

73

EXT. ALLEYWAY. NIGHT 3. 20:51.

73

George is hurrying towards the bar where Mitchell and Becca
are. As he passes the mouth to the alley next to it, he
notices a figure in the shadows. The figure has her back to
George, barely discernible in the darkness. But something
about it, the way she's standing, makes George skid to a
halt. He takes a few tentative steps into the alley. Slowly
the figure turns and looks at him. It's Lauren.

74

INT. BAR. NIGHT 3. 20:53.

74

In the bar, Becca still hasn't come back. Mitchell is
uneasy. He gets up.

75

EXT. ALLEYWAY. NIGHT 3. 20:52.

75

GEORGE

Lauren? It's me, it's George.

She starts moving towards George, out of the darkness. Her
hand flashes out and she has George pinned by the throat
against the wall, his feet kicking in the air. She leans
in, almost nose to nose. All cruel smiles.

LAUREN

Bad dog.

She drops him to the ground and stalks off.

George is flat on his back, winded. He turns his head and
comes face to face with... Becca.

She looks at George, her eyes wide with shock and terror.
Her hands are clamped to her throat. And the blood floods
and pumps through her fingers.

76

INT. BAR. CORRIDOR. NIGHT 3. 20:54.

76

Mitchell is standing by the door of the ladies toilets. A woman steps out.

WOMAN

No, she's not in there.

Suddenly a scream from outside. Mitchell is standing by the fire exit. He swings the door open, out onto the alleyway.

77

EXT. ALLEYWAY. NIGHT 3. 20:54.

77

There's George. He's cradling Becca in his arms.

MITCHELL

Oh Jesus Christ...

A couple of people poke their heads out through the door. One of them screams when they see Becca and the blood.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Call an ambulance!

The women stumble back inside. Mitchell scrambles down onto the ground next to Becca and George. George has his hand clamped over the cut in Becca's throat, but the blood is still coursing through his fingers. Becca blinks up at Mitchell, bewildered and terrified.

BECCA

What's... there's water...

MITCHELL

Becca, it's Ok, it's Ok, it's Mitchell. Come on, baby, that's it, stay looking at me.

BECCA

I'm covered... with water...

And then Lauren emerges out of the darkness.

LAUREN

Now isn't this a touching scene.

MITCHELL

What did you do to her?!

LAUREN

Easy, tiger. What's the problem? You just need to let her drink from you.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

Becca, Becca, look at me.

Becca's eyes are rolling in her head. But they find Lauren, and she makes a sound; a childish, frightened sound.

LAUREN

It's Ok, honey, he'll save you.
He'll make this all go away.

With what little strength Becca has left, she tries to claw back away from Lauren, terrified of her.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

He just needed to be shown, you see, that this whole thing is ridiculous.

GEORGE

Mitchell? *Can you save her?*

MITCHELL

I can't... I can't...

GEORGE

She's losing consciousness...

LAUREN

Yeah, you should get a move on.
She's about two pints away from being an organ donor.

GEORGE

Mitchell, DO something.

Mitchell is weeping. He shakes his head.

MITCHELL

Not another one... I can't...

Even Lauren is a little surprised. She looks at Becca, lifeless and bloody. At George, sick and shocked. And at Mitchell, weeping and cradling Becca in his arms.

LAUREN

You did this.

Lauren steps away, melting back into the shadows.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

You made me this, Mitchell. This is all your fault.

And she's gone. In the distance, the wail of sirens.

77

People have spilled out from the bar now, crowded around the fire exit, watching in shock. George looks on, as Mitchell holds the dying Becca.

MITCHELL

I'm sorry... I'm so sorry...

78

INT. THE HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. NIGHT 3. 21:32.

78

A blood soaked George sits on chairs in the corridor. Further along, Mitchell - also covered in blood and dirt from the alley - is with a group of police, uniformed and plain clothed. A doctor arrives. Shakes his head.

The Police talk among themselves, talk to Mitchell. After a moment Mitchell breaks off from the group and walks towards George. George stands, steeling himself for the inevitable.

GEORGE

Is this how it ends then? They connect her to you, you to Lauren. Everything gets blown open. We lose it all.

MITCHELL

No. They have ways of doing this. Come on.

GEORGE

What do you mean?

MITCHELL

We've been around for thousands of years. You think it's the first time something like this has happened?

He looks back down the corridor at the group of Policemen. One of them is watching Mitchell and George. It's Herrick. And by his side, Seth.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

We have branches everywhere.

79

INT. THE HOSPITAL. RECEPTION. NIGHT 3. 21:57.

79

Mitchell and George wander out through a conspicuously quiet reception.

GEORGE

Wait here. I'll see if I can find a cab.

(CONTINUED)

He scurries out. Mitchell just stands where George has left him, still dazed and shaken.

HERRICK (O.S.)
Hey, Mitchell.

Mitchell looks up. Herrick has followed them out, Seth trailing in his wake. They are standing on a little balcony that crosses reception.

HERRICK (CONT'D)
It's all about to start. We're drawing up lists. It's make your mind up time.

Mitchell thinks for a moment. The next thing he says will determine the rest of his life.

MITCHELL
I choose them.

Herrick's expression remains utterly inscrutable. But his eyes scorch black as he regards Mitchell.

HERRICK
Pity.

He steps back, moving away into the shadows.

HERRICK (CONT'D)
Be seeing you.

SETH
(a sly grin)
And your little dog.

He too turns, strolls back into the darkness.

80 **INT. THE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 3. 22:27.** 80

Mitchell is sat on the floor of the empty living room. His eyes wet with tears. He stares ahead, lost and shattered. His clothes still caked with Becca's blood.

81 **INT. THE HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT 3. 22:27.** 81

Annie and George, in his dressing gown, are watching Mitchell from the doorway to the kitchen. Their voices low.

GEORGE
I'd forgotten what they're like.
The others. They're predators.
Every inch of them.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Just hunger and fury.

(looks at Mitchell)

The energy it must take him,
every minute every day, *not* to be
like that...

ANNIE

You think he should have saved
her?

GEORGE

I think he did.

Annie moves back into the kitchen, starts making tea.
George watches his friend for a moment, then turns.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We should go out.

ANNIE

What?

GEORGE

To the pub. Anywhere. It'll do us
all good.

ANNIE

I don't know... I think I want to
stay in the house.

GEORGE

Let me put some clothes on and -

ANNIE

I want to stay in the house now.

(beat)

Please. I'm sorry. I just feel
safer here. There are monsters
out there. But here, when it's
the three of us, I feel like
nothing can touch us then.

George sighs. He nods. Ok.

Annie smiles, grateful, and walks through to the living
room. She sits next to Mitchell, her arm around him, pulls
him close to her. She looks back to George. Smiles again.

George picks up his blood splattered clothes from a pile on
the floor and dumps them in the sink. He rolls his eyes as
the tap clanks and splutters.

The kitchen window, seen from the street outside.

A figure is watching the house. His face lost in shadows. He steps forward, and the beam of the street lamp illuminates his face. He's handsome, unshaven, with sharp intelligent eyes. He watches George, standing at the sink, oblivious. A predator watching its quarry.

End Titles.