

# **the vampire at the door**

## Chapter One: The Kid and the Deal

Written by

Tom Gregory

*'The meaning of life is that it stops. Anything that has real and lasting value is always a gift from within. A first sign of the beginning of understanding is the wish to die.'*

- Franz Kafka

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The violin of Dirk Powell's version of folk classic --

***'Wayfarin' Stranger'***

EXT. THE NORTH SEA - NIGHT

We're rushing over a still, dark sea, waves cresting in the moonlight, toward a soft yellow GLOW. Closer and closer until we find ourselves ashore, the light coming from a solitary house on the shingle beach --

It's a modern-build with lots of glass looking out across the water but it blends into the rugged island surroundings.

We pause considering the house before fading back to BLACK.

INT. THE HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

A traditional sitting-room of warm leather and oak. Octogenarian, ANDREW WASDALE, wakes with a coughing-lurch.

A fireplace of glowing embers sparkle in his watery eyes and his waking mind tries to remind him why he's in a HOSPITAL BED at home --

His Granddaughter, BETH -- 16, geeky, mixed-ethnicity, is curled up in an armchair next to him, sketching in a pad with a novel on her lap. She's the only other one awake, worried about her Grandpa. She reaches for the oxygen mask.

BETH

Gramps?

He holds up a hand and in the remains of a cockney accent --

WASDALE

I'm okay, Beth, just had a dream I was being chased...

She smiles sympathetically.

WASDALE (cont'd)

What are you still doing here? I told you to go. Where's your mum?

BETH

She's sleeping upstairs. And what are we supposed to do, just leave you alone on your sad little island, like a hermit?

WASDALE

Yes! You heard the Doctor, there's nothing they can do for me now.

BETH

Don't say that.

WASDALE

You shouldn't be here. Especially not now. It's not safe.

BETH

(frowns)

What do you mean?

He spots the novel and her sketch, changes the subject.

WASDALE

Couldn't you find anything better to read?

BETH

Well, no wi-fi, obvs... and none of your books have illustrations, so I thought I'd give it a go.

WASDALE

Which one's that?

She holds up the tattered old novel. One of his. A genuine **'Andrew Wasdale'** classic piece of PULP FICTION.

BETH

*'Curse of the Vampire'.*

She shows a pencil sketch vampire in a COMIC-BOOK style.

WASDALE

Oh, that's very good. Did you figure out what the vampire's curse is?

BETH

(shrugs)

I don't know... I think I'm okay at the drawings but I could never come up with stories, not like you.

WASDALE

Someone's going to have to carry on the family business when I'm gone.

BETH

Oh no, *Gramps*... I couldn't.

WASDALE

It's simple, you just write the truth. Or *draw* the truth...

BETH

The truth? This one is about vampires and demons... that's *fiction*.

WASDALE

There's a difference between what's real and what's true... *Truth* is in the eye of the beholder. You must write what is true to you.

(a beat)

What made you pick that one?

BETH

It was your first wasn't it? I thought I'd start at the beginning.

WASDALE

The beginning...?

He trails off with a look to the front door. Beth worries he's drifting but a POP from the fireplace snaps him back.

WASDALE (cont'd)

(serious)

I can tell you what *really* happened, but if I do, you have to promise me that you and your mum will go home.

BETH

(half a laugh)

What, why?

WASDALE

I'm serious. Being with me is becoming more and more dangerous by the day. Promise me.

BETH

Okay. I promise, but... I don't understand.

WASDALE

You want the truth? Then we've got to go all the way back to 1946. London among the rubble of war to be specific...

We transition back in time via a **COMIC-BOOK SKETCH** of a 15-year-old Andrew Wasdale standing in the doorway of a Victorian office building.

He's tall and scrawny and is in a similarly ROUGH condition to the surroundings which still bear the scars of the blitz.

His older self continues in VO --

EXT. LONDON OFFICES 1946 - DAY

The comic-book sketch dissolves to the real thing.

WASDALE (V.O.)

Now, my mum always told me that, if I were facing a bully at school, I should befriend someone who was bigger and stronger than the bully.

The hungry young Andrew pushes through the front door --

INT. LONDON OFFICE - DAY

It's dim inside as he wends his way through the hallway and up a narrow staircase --

WASDALE (V.O.)

Of course, yours truly took her advice a bit too literally because when Dennis Vincent bopped me on the nose for having the temerity to be funnier than him in the playground, I went and charmed the pants off the biggest, most vicious monster I knew: Our headteacher, Mister Kirtland. Two packs of cigarettes and poor Dennis Vincent couldn't sit down for a week.

Young Andrew finds himself on the third floor at the door to the offices of '**HAWKSWORTH DETECTIVE AGENCY**'.

WASDALE (V.O.) (cont'd)

I was about your age when my mum went missing. I don't blame the Police for not believing my story. I'm not sure I really believed what happened myself. But I was desperate. And in my naivety I went back to her advice and decided to enlist the biggest monster I could find to help...

INT. HAWKSWORTH DETECTIVE AGENCY OFFICE - DAY

Poor 'Orphan' Andrew is out-of-place as he steps into a small waiting room. He's caught staring at a well-dressed but oddly HAIRLESS MAN who raises an eyebrow mound.

PEGGY (O.S.)  
Can I help you, young man?

Andrew is shaken from his amazement, summoned by MARGARET "PEGGY" HUDSPITH, a strong but friendly secretary in her 50s. He approaches her desk. Nervous. He spots a plaque on the wall with a Hawk emblem:

HAWKSWORTH DETECTIVE AGENCY **ESTABLISHED 1866.**

ANDREW  
You've, er, been here a long time.

PEGGY  
Well, not me personally...

ANDREW  
But Hawksworth...?

PEGGY  
Mister Hawksworth is with a client at the moment. What can I do for you?

ANDREW  
He's good at finding things...?  
*People?*

PEGGY  
(smiles)  
Well, he wouldn't be much of a detective otherwise, would he?

ANDREW  
(darkly)  
What about things that... aren't...  
*human?*

Her face changes. Suddenly cautious.

PEGGY  
Why are you here?

Andrew gulps, but he's interrupted by a WELL-TO-DO WOMAN bursting forth from Hawksworth's office in tears. As she rushes past she drops a pearl of wisdom through the upset.

## DISTRESSED CLIENT

Don't seek the truth. You can never  
un-know it...

Andrew frowns and the Hairless Man's eyebrow mounds crumple like caterpillars colliding. As the woman leaves, Andrew turns back toward the open office door and gets his first glimpse of DETECTIVE JOHN HAWKSWORTH --

His office is dark and he sits upright behind his desk. A lamp throws shadows so the peaks of his high-back chair look like wings. He looks around 40, white, with pale skin, dark slicked back hair with shocks of white at the temples.

He stares at a transfixed Andrew with a HAUNTED otherness --

## WASDALE (V.O.)

Now, at this point I'd been  
scrounging on the streets for weeks,  
so I wasn't exactly up to date on the  
laundry anyway, but the first time I  
laid eyes on John Hawksworth, I  
swear, I nearly soiled my underpants.

Peggy breaks the tension.

## PEGGY

Mister Furman? You can go in now.

The hairless Mister Furman thanks her with a comical flick of his eyebrow mounds and trots into the office --

## PEGGY (cont'd)

Now then, young man, why don't you  
tell me why you're really here?

All the colour has drained from Andrew's face.

## ANDREW

Er, no, I'm sorry. I've made a  
mistake.

He turns to leave. Peggy looks like she's figured it out.

## PEGGY

Oh, I see, your little friends dare  
you to come and get a glimpse, did  
they?

Andrew's reaction suggests otherwise as he flees.

EXT. LONDON OFFICE - DAY

As the day wears on, Young Andrew sits folded up under his coat to keep warm in a doorway across the street, a BRIGHT RED SCARF wrapped around his neck.

WASDALE (V.O.)

I don't know what made me stay. I  
felt like running far away. But I  
just kept thinking about the night  
mum was taken.

FLASH ON

INT/EXT. YOUNG ANDREW'S HOME - NIGHT

Through a rainy window Andrew can see two DARK FIGURES in hats and long coats manhandling his mother toward the back of an expensive car --

He rushes to the front door --

EXT. YOUNG ANDREW'S HOME - NIGHT

Andrew jumps the steps to the pavement and tries to grab his mother but he finds himself strangely impelled to stop --

His grasp is locked around his mother's red scarf and it comes away in his hand as they bundle her into the car --

He locks gaze with a man in the back seat -- an older, well-groomed gentleman, with receding hair and DEMONIC EYES --

Frozen to the spot, Andrew watches, helpless in the rain as the car drives away down the street.

EXT. LONDON OFFICE - DAY

Andrew's attention is drawn as Hawksworth exits the office.

WASDALE (V.O.)

As scared as I was, seeing Hawksworth  
for the first time, I knew he was the  
only one that could help me...

Andrew keeps himself hidden but frowns, wondering why, on this overcast day, Hawksworth is dressed as he is:



A long MILITARY STYLE COAT with the collar pulled up high meeting a FEDORA pulled down low, plus GLOVES and SUNGLASSES to boot. He's almost completely sheltered from the daylight.

Andrew follows him from a distance along several streets --

EXT. BUTCHER'S SHOP - DAY

Andrew stops on the corner and watches Hawksworth enter 'WELFORD & SON' butchers.

He can just about see through the window display of dead animals and finds Hawksworth is led through to the back --

Andrew creeps down the alley at the side of the shop and finds an old milk crate to stand on so he can see over the wall into the yard, being careful not to be seen --

EXT. BUTCHER'S SHOP BACK YARD/ALLEYWAY - DAY

Hawksworth is shown to a chicken coop by the butcher's son. He picks one and hands over an envelope of cash --

The butcher's son yanks the chicken from its coop and in one fell swoop, hangs it by its feet and slits its throat --

As the blood funnels into a bottle beneath, Andrew turns away, suddenly green, stifling the urge to vomit. He ducks down, holding his hand over his mouth so as not to be heard.

WASDALE (V.O.)  
I considered myself pretty  
streetwise. But that didn't prepare  
me for the realisation that there was  
a whole other world out there, hiding  
in plain sight.

Andrew gathers himself and slowly peeks back over the wall.

-- BOO! --

Hawksworth is standing stock-still like a gargoyle, directly on the other side of the wall. Andrew gasps in fright and falls backwards off the crate --

He scrabbles to his feet and flees down the alleyway looking behind him in terror, but as he does he can see a LIGHTNING-QUICK SHADOW twist and speed over the wall and past him --

He whips his head back to the front as he reaches the main street, only to find --

EXT. STREET OS BUTCHER'S SHOP - DAY

He runs directly into Hawksworth's clutches --

Andrew is so scared his legs almost give way.

Hawksworth peers at him over his sunglasses.

A moment.

Then, in a gruff, world-weary voice --

HAWKSWORTH

You know, you'd probably find it  
easier to follow someone if you were  
to wear your spectacles.

Andrew frowns, tries to pull away but has no chance.

HAWKSWORTH (cont'd)

Who are you?

Andrew swallows hard.

HAWKSWORTH (cont'd)

What do you want?

He musters all the bravery he has --

ANDREW

My name is Andrew Wasdale and... I  
know what you are.

He's scared but defiant.

Hawksworth frowns at him. What does this kid know?

HAWKSWORTH

So?

ANDREW

I want to hire you to find my mother.

FREEZE ON

The scene in a COMIC-BOOK STYLE --

Animals in the butcher's shop stare through dead eyes at  
Hawksworth holding Andrew up by the lapels.

DISSOLVE TO:

NT. THE HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Wasdale takes off his spectacles and gestures with them to Beth, another glasses-wearer.

WASDALE

You've got my side of the family to thank for these I'm afraid.

BETH

(she likes them)

That's okay. How did he know you wore glasses?

WASDALE

Well, there are a great many things to tell you about John Hawksworth but, if nothing else, he was a sublime detective.

BETH

But you're trying to tell me he was an actual whole-ass *vampire*?

WASDALE

I don't think you're taking this seriously. Come on...

He climbs out of bed, slowly shuffling across the room.

His distinctive WALKING STICK has a HAWK EMBLEM in a Japanese style and tassels hanging from the handle --

INT. WASDALE'S WRITING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is a writer's dream with a big old walnut desk and a comfy leather chair where Wasdale takes the weight off. No windows in here.

He grips the walking-stick and nods to the opposite wall which is a mini-library --

WASDALE

Have a clamber up those steps. Top shelf. You should find a book on folklore and myth.

Beth climbs the small steps and finds the tome he's talking about. She takes it to the desk, sits on a stool next to her Grandfather and reads the cover aloud --

BETH  
 "Micklewhite's *Truth in Myth*"...

WASDALE  
 That's easy for you to say.

BETH  
*"A guide to the facts behind popular folklore and legend"...*

WASDALE  
 Crazy old Maurice did have a way with words.

BETH  
 (raises eyebrows)  
 An old writing buddy?

WASDALE  
 He was no friend of mine. But he was one of the best non-fiction writers around...

He flips through the pages settling on one with line diagrams of VAMPIRES and DEMONS.

WASDALE (cont'd)  
 And you should take his findings as a warning. What does that say?

Beth skims it, skeptical.

BETH  
*'Legends of supernatural creatures have existed for millennia; cultures such as the Mesopotamians, Hebrews, ancient Greeks, and Romans fascinated with tales of demonic entities and blood-drinking spirits long before the modern European folk tales named them vampires.'*

WASDALE  
 Blood drinking. That explains the chickens.

BETH  
 Oh come on, there must be a more scientific explanation? Maybe it was a nutritional thing? Mum has a right cocktail of supplements after she does Zumba...

Wasdale is definitely a believer.

WASDALE  
What about their aversion to garlic?

BETH  
*I'm allergic to peanuts...*

WASDALE  
What else does it say?

BETH  
*'The Pagans believed powerful,  
vampire-like demons could be summoned  
to do one's bidding...'*

He's apprehensive --

WASDALE  
You needn't concern yourself with  
that.

BETH  
(sarcastic)  
Well, we'll be alright here, won't  
we? It says they can't cross salt  
water...

Wasdale looks anxious and catches a coughing fit.

BETH (cont'd)  
Gramps?

He holds a hand out, pours himself SCOTCH from a decanter.

BETH (cont'd)  
Is that the best idea?

WASDALE  
Listen. All these things - garlic,  
stake through the heart... It's all  
trivial. There's only one thing that  
can kill a vampire.

BETH  
What? Daylight?

He shakes his head solemnly & knocks back the scotch.

WASDALE  
Another vampire...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PUB - LONDON 1946 - DAY

An aging back-street pub called 'THE GHOST TRAIN'.

INT. PUB - LONDON 1946 - DAY

Hawksworth likes this place -- it's gloomy as hell and he's been able to take off his hat, gloves, coat and sunglasses.

He sits at a small table in the corner with Andrew who is nervous but not so scared he won't scoff the Ploughman's lunch before him.

There are a smattering of other patrons, including two obnoxious young Police Constables in uniform who are bothering the timid barmaid, Barbara --

ANDREW

What do you need those for?  
(the sunglasses)

HAWKSWORTH

I'm sensitive to sunlight. Why didn't you go back to the bakery for your glasses this morning?

ANDREW

(spitting food)  
What? How do you know I wear glasses?  
And how do you know I left them at the bakery?

Hawksworth wipes a speck of food from his pale cheek. His eyes focus hard on the boy. His VISION zooms in far beyond normal human capacity, to microscopic levels --

HAWKSWORTH

The buttonhole on your jacket is frayed from where you hang them and I can see the bread crumbs from the bakery on you...

(looks deeper)

...in fact, that's a very *specific* yeast. Eastern European. You're doing deliveries for *Yuri the Baker*?

ANDREW

That's... incredible, you've got a eyes like a haw...

Hawksworth interrupts him.

HAWKSWORTH  
So, Yuri told you about me?

Andrew nods nervously. Hawksworth motions to the Police Officers with his eyes. They're still bothering Barbara --

HAWKSWORTH (cont'd)  
Why didn't you go to the Police?

ANDREW  
I've tried everywhere. They wouldn't believe me. Said she'd probably just taken off with a new fella after dad died in the war. The authorities just put me in an orphanage and wiped their hands of me. I almost gave up, then Yuri told me about you.

HAWKSWORTH  
I hope he's paying you well... how much have you set aside to engage my services?

ANDREW  
(proudly)  
Five shillings.

The PCs are getting a little more *rambunctious* with Barbara.

HAWKSWORTH  
*Five shillings?* He didn't tell you my hourly rate?

ANDREW  
Well how long *will* that buy me?

HAWKSWORTH  
I'll tell you what, I'm feeling charitable. For five shillings you get me for the rest of the day. But, let me ask you something. Why someone... *like me?*

Hawksworth smiles a loquacious smile, baring his fangs to Andrew for the first time. Andrew is scared. Unsure --

ANDREW  
Because... the person that took her...

He's interrupted by a SHRIEK from Barbara as the persistent Police pests get overly familiar --

HAWKSWORTH

(sighs)

Excuse me. Perhaps we can kill two  
birds with one stone...

Hawksworth stands and almost glides across the room to the  
bar. He ignores the two Policemen. One of them is sitting  
(PC YOUNG), the other standing (PC BIDDALL).

HAWKSWORTH (cont'd)

(to Barbara)

Do you have a telephone?

The two coppers eye him with wry smiles. Barbara nods.

HAWKSWORTH (cont'd)

Great. Would you call Crossways  
Police Station and ask for Inspector  
Tottle? Tell him I'll be paying him a  
visit this afternoon to discuss the  
behaviour of two of his officers  
whilst on duty.

The cops really have their heckles raised now.

PC YOUNG

'Ello, what have we got here then?

PC BIDDALL

A real hero by the look of it...  
grassing us up to the Inspector.

HAWKSWORTH

Gentlemen. A simple apology to the  
lady and they'll be no need for any  
punitive action.

PC BIDDALL

(laughing)

*Punitive action?*

HAWKSWORTH

Let's not make this more painful than  
it needs to be.

PC YOUNG

Painful? You having a laugh?

Hawksworth smiles ruefully, baring his fangs.

HAWKSWORTH

Do I look like I'm joking?



PC Biddall's face drops with recognition. He changes tack.

PC BIDDALL  
'Ere, listen, I'm sorry. We didn't  
realise it was you...  
(to Barbara)  
Miss, please accept our apologies and  
we'll be going...

He makes to leave but PC Young is confused and stops him.

PC YOUNG  
Hang on a minute, what are you doing,  
you big fanny?

PC BIDDALL  
(gritted teeth)  
It's *him*. Hawksworth. You've heard  
the rumours. He's a...

PC YOUNG  
A what?

PC Biddall comically mimes flapping bat-wings.

PC YOUNG (cont'd)  
A pigeon?

PC BIDDALL  
He's a *vampire*.

PC YOUNG  
(laughs)  
Give over. You don't believe all  
that?

HAWKSWORTH  
Constable, it seems my reputation  
precedes me. Perhaps you should heed  
your colleague's advice and take your  
little selves off...

PC YOUNG  
*Little?*

PC Young slowly stands up from his bar-stool to his full height. He's an absolute GIANT. Over PC Young's shoulder, Hawksworth takes a slight pause -- uh-oh.

Across the room, Andrew's chair scrapes as he stands. Hawksworth holds out a prohibitive hand and Andrew feels once again strangely FROZEN to the spot --

Hawksworth turns back to face PC Young's chest, his eyes traveling up to meet his face. He smiles again, then *fakes* a look at the front door --

HAWKSWORTH  
Inspector Tottle! Speak of the  
devil...

Of course, he's not really there, but PC Young buys the fake and is distracted just long enough for Hawksworth to strike -- a full-blooded gut punch that would floor most.

Unfortunately, PC Young just smiles like a big tree --

PC YOUNG  
This bloke? Some kind of monster?  
Really?

A huge headbutt sends Hawksworth across the room, sliding to a halt at Andrew's feet --

WASDALE (V.O.)  
*Immortal* or not. That must've hurt.

Hawksworth takes a weary breath while Andrew strains against his invisible bonds --

ANDREW  
I can help...

Hawksworth shakes his head then climbs to his feet, takes another breath and launches himself at PC Young --

Andrew can't understand it. Hawksworth clearly has exceptional power but he seems to lack the motivation and just accepts the beating --

PC Biddall joins in, Hawksworth's reputation no longer holding him back. They rain punches and kicks with little in the way of return --

Hawksworth finds himself on his knees being pulverised. He releases the spell over Andrew just before a final hammer blow sends him to the floor --

While the two PCs contemplate their next move, Andrew creeps up and smashes a chair over PC Young's back --

But he picked the wrong bobby as the giant copper turns and takes the handcuffs from his belt, shaking his head --

Hawksworth looks at Andrew blankly from behind a bloodied face and they're both cuffed.

EXT. CROSSWAYS POLICE STATION - DAY

Robert Peel's finest come and go about their business.

INT. CROSSWAYS POLICE STATION CUSTODY BLOCK - DAY

Luckily for Hawksworth the cells here have no windows. He and Andrew sit shoe-less in adjoining cells. Andrew studies Hawksworth's face through the bars --

WASDALE (V.O.)

I wasn't sure I trusted my own eyes anymore, but I swear it looked like his bruises had come and gone in the short time we'd been locked up.

Hawksworth looks back out of the corner of his eye.

ANDREW

You could've taken care of those two, couldn't you?

HAWKSWORTH

It's not always prudent to reveal your hand. Things aren't always as they seem.

ANDREW

Like?

HAWKSWORTH

You're not as stupid as you look.

ANDREW

(incredulous)

Oh, ha-ha. So, why, then? Why did you just take a beating?

HAWKSWORTH

I don't know if it was *all* that one-sided.

ANDREW

But it was you who stopped me, wasn't it? Why didn't you use your *powers*...

HAWKSWORTH

Better to stay silent and be thought a fool, than to open one's mouth and remove all doubt.

ANDREW

(frowns)

But you've ended us both in here.

HAWKSWORTH

Precisely. We're here now, the  
Inspector will *have* to deal with us.

ANDREW

What?

HAWKSWORTH

Look, if I'd simply asked for an  
appointment we'd have been fobbed off  
for weeks and you'd never find out  
what the Police *really* know about  
your mum.

ANDREW

So you took a beating... for me?

Hawksworth keeps a poker face.

HAWKSWORTH

*Time* is more painful than any fist...

Andrew's face asks questions, but they're interrupted --

INSP TOTTLE

*Captain Hawksworth*, to what do I owe  
this dubious pleasure?

They both look up to see the uniformed INSPECTOR RICHARD  
TOTTLE -- a short, sturdy, wild-eyed Londoner in his 40s.  
He's wary of Hawksworth --

HAWKSWORTH

Not Captain anymore, Inspector, I've  
gone back to private detective work.

INSP TOTTLE

And you couldn't *detect* a better way  
of getting my attention than picking  
a fight with the Met's heavyweight  
boxing champ?

HAWKSWORTH

They started it...

INSP TOTTLE

Who's the kid?

HAWKSWORTH

A client.

(introductions)

Andrew Wasdale... Inspector Richard  
Tottle.

INSP TOTTLE

Nice to meet you.

(still wary)

So, if I let you out of there are you  
going to play nicely?

Hawksworth stares directly into his eyes. Hypnotic.

HAWKSWORTH

That depends. Will you tell us  
everything you know?

INSP TOTTLE

(monotone)

I will tell you everything I know.

Andrew looks curious as Hawksworth smiles, bearing fangs.

HAWKSWORTH

Then I'll do my very best to be *nice*.

Tottle snaps out of it and blinks, unsure what happened.

INT. CROSSWAYS POLICE STATION INSP. TOTTLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Inspector Tottle's office is a mess of paperwork.

Hawksworth sits patiently in the corner, letting his pocket  
watch swing from his finger gently like a pendulum, while  
Andrew paces up and down --

HAWKSWORTH

Are you sure this is what you want?

ANDREW

To find out what happened?

HAWKSWORTH

It's not all it's cracked up to be.

ANDREW

What, the truth?

HAWKSWORTH

There's a difference between truth  
and fact.

ANDREW

Are you always this damn cryptic?

Hawksworth can't help it, but Tottle bustles in and plops himself down behind his desk and lights his pipe --

INSP TOTTLE

Right then. I've done a bit of digging, made some calls, although God knows what possessed me to do all this for you.

Andrew and Hawksworth share a glance.

INSP TOTTLE (cont'd)

You said your mother was Rosalind Wasdale, and it's been getting on for a month since she went missing?

ANDREW

Twenty-seven days.

INSP TOTTLE

And your father...?

ANDREW

...died storming the beach at Normandy...

INSP TOTTLE

And you've no other family? You were put into care of local authority?

HAWKSWORTH

Bloody hell, Dick, get on with it.

Inspector Tottle looks anxious.

INSP TOTTLE

Alright. Look, sit down, will you?

Not good news, but Andrew sits across from Tottle --

INSP TOTTLE (cont'd)

The thing is, I've checked around and no-one has any record of any missing persons report.

ANDREW

Did you try her maiden name, Fulsome?

INSP TOTTLE

That's the thing, the only file we do have is this.

He holds a flimsy, taupe file.

INSP TOTTLE (cont'd)

It's in the name of Rosalind Alberta Wasdale, nee Fulsome, born 18th of December 1910 in Peckham. Is that correct?

ANDREW

Yes.

INSP TOTTLE

It says she was working for a cleaning firm?

ANDREW

Yes it was called, er... *Gleam*.

INSP TOTTLE

And she was working at the Kensington residence of The Earl of Redoaks?

HAWKSWORTH

(menacing stare)

He told this all to the Police at the time and no-one took any notice. What's in the file?

INSP TOTTLE

(warily)

There was an accident. At her place of work. I'm sorry you weren't told, but the form in here confirms it.

ANDREW

What accident? What form?!

INSP TOTTLE

It's a form four-fifteen.

ANDREW

(desperate)

A *four-fifteen*, what's that?

Inspector Tottle looks away in shame.

HAWKSWORTH

It's a record of a sudden death...

INT. THE HOUSE WASDALE'S WRITING ROOM - NIGHT

Beth sits staring at her Grandad in disbelief.

BETH  
Holy shit. What happened to her?

WASDALE  
Some sort of industrial accident  
while cleaning they said.

BETH  
Blimey. At least when dad died we all  
had time to say goodbye.

WASDALE  
Yeah... Though Kafka said *The meaning  
of life is that it ends...*

BETH  
Kafka?! You lost *both* your parents  
before you were even an adult, that's  
so sad, Gramps.

WASDALE  
Death comes for us all eventually.

BETH  
Don't say that. I don't want to lose  
you. What am I going to do without  
you?

WASDALE  
Friends. Family... my dear. That's  
how we live on. Through our  
relationships with other human-  
beings.

BETH  
But I haven't got any friends. And  
*mum*... we're just too different.  
You're the only one who gets me.

WASDALE  
That's because we're the same you and  
I. We're both story-tellers...  
(serious)  
But now you know what happened... you  
need to go.

BETH  
What? No, not when you're in this  
condition.



WASDALE  
I told you, it's for your own good.

Suddenly --

MEERA (O.S.)  
What's for her own good?

They both look up with a start to see Beth's mum in the doorway -- MEERA WASDALE, 40s, British-Indian, in her PJs.

BETH  
Mum! You scared the crap out of me.

WASDALE  
Yeah, my heart's not what it was, my dear, you nearly finished me off.

MEERA  
Well, I'm sorry to break up the party but what are you two rabbiting on about?

WASDALE  
I'm trying to get through to Beth that there's nothing you two can do for me now, you're better off going home.

BETH  
We're not leaving him like this.

WASDALE  
Beth, you promised me.

MEERA  
Maybe it's not such a bad idea. You've got exams to think about.

BETH  
What? Who cares about exams?

WASDALE  
Your mother's right, dear. Life has to go on.

BETH  
Why are you both giving up so easily?!

WASDALE  
It's not giving up, sweetheart...

MEERA

And we can't stay on this rock  
forever.

BETH

(desperate)

So let's take him with us... back to  
the mainland. We can find a better  
Doctor. We can save you, Grandad...

Old Wasdale's tone changes. Sternly --

WASDALE

Bethany Juniper Wasdale... that's  
*enough*.

There's a tense pause. Beth looks away in anger.

WASDALE (cont'd)

Meera? I'm sorry you and I haven't  
always seen eye to eye. But  
truthfully, a man couldn't ask for a  
better daughter-in-law.

MEERA

Thank you... *dad*.

They share a weak smile.

WASDALE

Will you help me to back to bed...  
and promise me that you'll both be  
gone first thing?

MEERA

If that's what you want, of course.

Meera helps him up and he crosses the room slowly, leaving  
the walking-stick leaning against the desk. Beth's crushed.

MEERA (cont'd)

You ought to get some sleep too,  
young lady. Long trip home in the  
morning.

Beth sits in silence. Devastated.

Wasdale looks back from the doorway, opens his mouth to  
speak, but Beth looks away. He turns and leaves --

EXT. THE HOUSE PRESENT DAY - NIGHT

Waves crash against the rocky shore as dark clouds begin to shroud the moon --

INT. THE HOUSE WASDALE'S WRITING ROOM - NIGHT

Beth sits at Wasdale's desk, her mind racing. Unable and unwilling to go to bed --

Micklewhite's Guide lies open on the desk as she furiously scribbles a pencil sketch of dark stream-of-consciousness, her fear of DEATH spilling onto the page --

She curses as the lead of her pencil breaks and she flings it in anger, her arm knocking over her Grandfather's walking stick --

The fall reveals a SAMURAI BLADE concealed within the ornate cane. She frowns as she studies it intensely --

The hawk emblem feels familiar and her investigation reveals a SMALL KEY hidden among the tassels at the hilt --

Scanning the room she discovers an old trunk which bears the same hawk emblem. She tries the key and it unlocks with a satisfying CLUNK --

Beth lifts the lid and then lifts her eyes to check she's still alone before taking a good look at the box of treasures before her --

It's filled with Wasdale's secret belongings, including a big stack of tatty old journals --

She carefully searches through, until she finds the one she's looking for:

'The Journal of Andrew Wasdale, aged 15 & 3/4 , Dec 1946'

She carries it carefully back to the desk and sits, flipping through the pages until she finds her place in the story --

DISSOLVE TO:

A COMIC-BOOK sketch of the scene:

Hawksworth, in his outdoor getup, strides away from the Police Station as a distraught young Andrew looks on --

EXT. CROSSWAYS POLICE STATION/STREET - DAY

Hawksworth is back in his full daylight regalia: coat, hat, gloves, sunglasses. Now it's Andrew who is filled with rage as he watches him walk away.

It's all too much to take and he chases after Hawksworth --

ANDREW

Is that it?!

Hawksworth stops, turns as if to say something, but holds his tongue and spins around, carrying on his way --

ANDREW (cont'd)

That's it? That's all the legendary,  
superhuman detective, John  
Hawksworth, has to offer?

Hawksworth carries on walking.

HAWKSWORTH

What did you expect for five  
shillings, kid?

ANDREW

I... I wanted some answers! I  
wanted... my mum back.

HAWKSWORTH

I warned you. Sometimes the answer  
you're looking for isn't the one you  
receive.

Hawksworth stops. Andrew looks at him red-eyed.

HAWKSWORTH (cont'd)

Death is a part of life. At least now  
you know. You should count yourself  
lucky...

Andrew's incensed. He swings a PUNCH, but in one deft move, Hawksworth catches his wrist and twists it up his back.

Andrew gives up struggling and slumps down against a wall --

HAWKSWORTH (cont'd)

I'm sorry, kid. It's just, when  
you've been around as long as I  
have...

Hawksworth sits down next to him.

HAWKSWORTH (cont'd)  
I've seen more people come and go  
than you've had hot dinners, you  
know?

Andrew wipes away tears. A moment.

ANDREW  
How old are you?

HAWKSWORTH  
*Old...*

ANDREW  
Why do you do it? The detective work?

HAWKSWORTH  
Got to make a living.

ANDREW  
Seriously. You've been blessed with  
these powers, why bother?

HAWKSWORTH  
Blessed? Or *cursed*?  
(a confession)  
Look, I lost my wife, okay? I had a  
decision to make. Hurt people or help  
them...

ANDREW  
What was she like, your wife?

HAWKSWORTH  
(philosophical)  
Like... the *other half* of me...

ANDREW  
Me and mum were like two peas in a  
pod. What happened to your wife?

HAWKSWORTH  
She was taken. I couldn't save her.

ANDREW  
Who took her?

HAWKSWORTH  
Someone older than me. And far worse.

ANDREW  
That's who took my mum!

HAWKSWORTH

Not possible.

ANDREW

I swear, it was someone like you!

HAWKSWORTH

There was only one other left like me  
and it can't be him.

ANDREW

Why not?

HAWKSWORTH

Because I killed him.

Andrew contemplates, shakes his head -- determined.

ANDREW

Something strange happened to my mum,  
I know it... And you said my five  
shillings got you *all day*.

HAWKSWORTH

(wry smile)  
You drive a hard bargain...  
(thinks aloud)  
Have you got something of your  
mother's with you?

ANDREW

This scarf was hers...

Hawksworth focuses deep into the fibres of the red scarf  
with his amazing eyesight, but nothing --

HAWKSWORTH

Hmmm. I think we're going to need a  
nose.

Hawksworth gets to his feet --

ANDREW

Where are we going?

HAWKSWORTH

To a place where they know things the  
Police don't... and we can get a  
drink.

A COMIC-BOOK SKETCH of the two misfits as Hawksworth extends  
a hand to help Andrew to his feet --

EXT. DARKERAGE GENTLEMENS' CLUB - DAY

Hawksworth presses the doorbell to a door in a windowless building with a polished plaque on the wall:

**'Darkerage'**

HAWKSWORTH

Darkerage Gentlemen's Club. You will not find a more eccentric bunch of oddballs and lunatics. And they gossip worse than a sewing circle. Just try not to stare...

Before Andrew has a chance to worry, a small slot in the door opens and in a deep voice the doorman asks:

DOORMAN

Job, four-fifteen?

HAWKSWORTH

*A spirit glided past my face and the hair on my body stood on end.*

With a CLANG and a weighty CREAK the door opens --

INT. DARKERAGE GENTLEMENS' CLUB - DAY

Hawksworth and Andrew enter the foyer which is atmospheric and in keeping with the rest of the club -- all creaking leather and aged wood-paneling.

The doorman is in a uniform and has so much facial hair, he's almost WOLF-LIKE. Andrew tries not to stare as Hawksworth signs the attendance register --

He quickly runs the rule along today's attendees and notes one in particular:

**'The Colonel'**

Hawksworth removes his coat and hat --

DOORMAN

The boy?

HAWKSWORTH

He's my valet. Hang those up, lad, chop-chop.

Andrew disappears under the coat thrown at him. He quickly hangs the attire in the cloakroom and rushes to keep up --

INT. DARKERAGE GENTLEMENS' CLUB MAIN SITTING ROOM - DAY

The room is arranged around a central fire place which is open on all sides with a free-standing chimney above.

Butlers bustle to and fro serving the ECLECTIC patrons --

Some sit solo, reading and smoking. Others in small groups, chatting and smoking. A lot of smoking.

THE COLONEL is sat in a prime position in a big leather armchair right next to the fire. He's white, 60s, his WWI uniform straining at the seams --

Andrew can see The Colonel holding court with a pint of stout and a tiny lapdog looking over his shoulder which starts yelping at Hawksworth.

THE COLONEL

(without looking)

By jingo! There's only one creature in God's great menagerie to provoke such a reaction from Mungo. What do you say, boy? Shall I set you loose on John?

He threatens to set the tiny, shaking animal free --

HAWKSWORTH

(saluting)

Colonel.

(narrows eyes)

Mungo...

(to Andrew)

Don't be fooled, he loves me really. Stop staring...

Andrew can't help it, his jaw hits the floor as he realises the dog isn't looking over the Colonel's shoulder, it's ATTACHED TO HIM. Literally an extra head.

Hawksworth tugs at a staring Andrew to sit --

THE COLONEL

It's been a long time, John. A long time.

(inspects him)

Although unless my eyes doth deceive me, you don't appear to have aged a day.



HAWKSWORTH

Must be the cataracts. You still  
keeping your average up?

(to Andrew)

The Colonel's the best test batsman  
in County cricket.

The Colonel swigs his stout and Mungo licks the dregs from  
his whiskers --

THE COLONEL

Ha, you old flirt. I could do with a  
runner for those cheeky singles. What  
about you, girl? You look quick. How  
much is he paying you?

Andrew's still in shock. Doesn't correct him.

ANDREW

Five shillings...

THE COLONEL

An hour? What's going on, John, you  
win big on the geegees?!

(calls out)

Begley!

A butler rushes over. He's in a custom uniform that fits his  
frame -- because they're CONJOINED-TWINS.

BEGLEY/BEGLEY

Yes, Colonel/What can we do for you?

THE COLONEL

Drinks! A ginger ale for the girl, I  
think, and a bloody mary for John.  
*Extra* bloody.

BEGLEY/BEGLEY

Right away, sir/Certainly.

The Colonel absent-mindedly feeds Mungo a snack --

HAWKSWORTH

Colonel, a *client* of mine has asked  
me to look into something. A woman.  
Police say she died doing cleaning  
work for an agency called Gleam.

THE COLONEL

I did fear this wasn't a visit for  
pleasure.

HAWKSWORTH

We have got something of hers.  
Perhaps Mungo could...?

THE COLONEL

Oh good idea, bring it here then.

Hawksworth grabs Andrew's mother's scarf but it's still around his neck so he's pulled cheek-to-cheek with Mungo --

THE COLONEL (cont'd)

I know, you're probably wondering...  
He's a Pomeranian.

Andrew smiles politely as Mungo sniffs at the scarf --

THE COLONEL (cont'd)

Good boy, Mungo. What is it?

Mungo's finished and Andrew sits back. The dog yelps --

THE COLONEL (cont'd)

What? Speak up! What are you  
blathering on about? I don't  
understand. What's honey got to do  
with it?

Hawksworth's heart sinks at the mention of 'honey'...

HAWKSWORTH

Oh no... I was really hoping to avoid  
that.

HONEY

Aww, now that's not very nice, is it,  
*Ducksworth?*

Hawksworth realises his arch-nemesis, CAPTAIN THOMAS HONEY, has been sitting in a seat almost back to back with his own.

HAWKSWORTH

Hello, Honey.

Honey rises and shakes Hawksworth's hand --

HONEY

No, don't get up, Duckie.

THE COLONEL

Have you met Captain Thomas Honey  
before, girl? These two are old army  
pals, aren't you?

Andrew is bewildered. Hawksworth and Honey stare.

HAWKSWORTH

What do you know, Honey?

HONEY

I don't know what you're talking about.

HAWKSWORTH

Mungo's nose doesn't lie, why can he smell the woman on you?

HONEY

This is a turn up for the books, isn't it Colonel? The deserter returns and now he's asking me for help.

Hawksworth bristles but sees Andrew looking hopeful.

HAWKSWORTH

Alright, Honey, you win. What's this going to cost me?

HONEY

Pride, my dear boy, *pride*.

Hawksworth sighs, Andrew frowns in confusion but the news has got The Colonel excited --

THE COLONEL

Hurrah! At last, this place was getting dreadfully dull. Come along, Mungo, to the games room!

INT. DARKERAGE GENTLEMENS' CLUB GAMES-ROOM - DAY

Andrew sits with The Colonel and Mungo. The room has billiards, dartboards and table-top games and is decorated with exotic armour and battle-dress from around the world --

Everyone is gathered around the main draw -- Hawksworth and Honey dressed in full FENCING WHITES on a central strip.

Begley and Begley have started a book and plenty of money is changing hands. The Colonel is having a ball --

THE COLONEL

Who've you got your money on then, young lady?

ANDREW

Oh, I, er, I'm a boy... and I don't really have any money.

THE COLONEL

Ah. I'll cover you. Begley, put the lad down for ten pounds on...?

Andrew looks at the contestants. Considers his options --

ANDREW

...Hawksworth?

THE COLONEL

Ha! That's the spirit! Twenty to one underdog, but I like your style. In fact, damn it all to hell, put me down for a hundred on Hawksworth too!

Honey overhears as they prepare for their duel.

HONEY

Colonel! Oh ye of little faith...

HAWKSWORTH

This is ridiculous.

HONEY

Yes, well how do you think I felt standing alone in front of command?

Hawksworth looks guilty.

HAWKSWORTH

You know I had to leave. My wife...

HONEY

We all left people behind, John. You want this intelligence, you're going to have *indulge* me.

HAWKSWORTH

Well, how is this going to work?

HONEY

Oh very simple, Duckie. Best of five. Winner takes all.

HAWKSWORTH

Takes all?

HONEY

You win, I'll tell you what I know.

HAWKSWORTH  
And if you win?

HONEY  
You say sorry...

HAWKSWORTH  
Say sorry? Is that it?

HONEY  
And you give up your medal of honour.

Hawksworth turns his gaze to Andrew, who looks so hopeful, then nods to Honey and pulls on his face-mask. Honey smiles and does likewise.

The pair face-off. Begley and Begley double as referee.

BEGLEY/BEGLEY  
Gentlemen, we want a good clean  
fight/Best of five/Only strikes to  
the torso score points/And no  
extraordinary abilities/Understood?  
(nods from both)  
En garde/And... fence!

The two start in a flurry of sabers. Honey is clearly better practiced and soon wins the first point. Hawksworth steps back and takes pause --

HONEY  
What was that? Was that a sorry?

Honey smiles and they're soon back at it. Hawksworth is on the defensive, desperately parrying but he gets lucky as Honey slips and Hawksworth sneaks the point --

HONEY (cont'd)  
Lucky point, though your defence is  
getting better old man.

HAWKSWORTH  
Lets get on with it.

BEGLEY/BEGLEY  
And... fence/fence.

Hawksworth lunges straight in on the first Begley's 'fence'.

HONEY  
Referee?! How did you miss that,  
you've got four eyes?!

Begley and Begley look to The Colonel, who nods in approval.

BEGLEY/BEGLEY  
I'll allow it/The point is good.

HONEY  
Oh, I see how it is. Alright, no more  
mister nice-guy.

They go again and Honey is as good as his word. Absolutely  
beguiling. Hawksworth tries valiantly to keep him at bay but  
suddenly there's a voice in his head --

HONEY (V.O.)  
Oh dear boy, you don't think you're  
going to be able to impel a mind as  
strong as mine do you?

Hawksworth tries but can't force Honey to freeze --

HONEY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
You know vampires aren't the only  
ones with powers...

Honey casts MIND-ILLUSIONS. The crowd see them simply  
fencing, but to Hawksworth he's fending off the striking  
tail of a SCORPION --

Hawksworth falls, clutching his heart, his mind telling him  
he's been stung as Honey taunts him, repeatedly striking him  
to the chest --

BEGLEY/BEGLEY  
Woah/Woah/Woah.

HONEY  
Sorry old boy. Just making sure. I  
definitely got *that* point, yes?

BEGLEY/BEGLEY  
Yes/It's all even/This is the tie-  
breaker. Winner takes all.

Hawksworth wearily climbs back to his feet. Honey smiles  
without grace. Across the room, Andrew couldn't be any more  
wide-eyed and desperate --

The duelists confront each other for the final time.

BEGLEY/BEGLEY (cont'd)  
Ready?/En garde.../Fence!

Honey strikes aggressively. Hawksworth parries, awaiting Honey's dirty tricks. He starts to gain the upper hand --

HONEY (V.O.)  
Not bad old chap. But maybe you'll  
enjoy another little sting.

The scorpion is back, but Hawksworth grits his teeth, bats it away, won't fall for the same trick twice --

Honey is on the defensive now, Hawksworth pushing him back.

HONEY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
You're learning... But I know what  
your weakness is... you care.

Hawksworth is about to strike the winning blow, when he finds himself frozen. Because Honey has gone. Replaced in his mind by the image of his dead wife, Anneka.

ANNEKA (V.O.)  
John? John, is that you?

Hawksworth stumbles backwards. Anneka steps towards him, holding out a hand --

A moment. Hawksworth reaches out. She lifts her arm up and brings it down. It feels like slow motion. This is it...

But he hears another voice --

ANDREW  
Hawksworth!

He looks and sees the desperation in Andrew's eyes and the illusion is broken --

He throws up his saber to block and finally gives in to his PRIMAL INSTINCTS. His eyes flash like a WILD ANIMAL and with a final, FEROCIOUS combination he pushes Honey back --

Lightning quick swordplay causes Honey's saber to fly from his grasp and he stumbles onto his backside --

Hawksworth pulls off his mask and gently pushes his saber against Honey's torso for the win.

He holds a hand out to Honey --

HAWKSWORTH  
(sincerely)  
*I am sorry.*

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, DARKERAGE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - NIGHT

Honey and The Colonel have adjourned with Hawksworth and Andrew to a small, private meeting room.

They sit at a round table with a crystal ball in the middle, among other OCCULT ARTIFACTS --

Clouds form in the centre of the ball. Honey stares at it as they all await his pronouncement. A beat, then he pushes the crystal ball aside --

HONEY

Sorry, do you mind, that's really distracting...

Andrew frowns. Hawksworth rolls his eyes. Mungo yelps --

THE COLONEL

(in agreement)

I should coco. Come on, man, spit it out.

HONEY

Alright... Colonel, do you remember that '*normal*' who came in researching a book?

THE COLONEL

Yes, Lanky fella with spectacles.

ANDREW

What kind of book?

HONEY

A reference book on folklore and myth. He was interested in the occult, so he ended up here. Though, I'm not sure how he found out about this place.

HAWKSWORTH

Probably Yuri the Baker.

Andrew looks sheepish as Hawksworth gives him a look.

HONEY

So, this writer, Micklewhite... Maurice Micklewhite. He was obsessed. Said he'd heard about some *spell* to summon a demon with the ability to prevent death.



HAWKSWORTH

(reprimands him)

Honey, you know the code. What did you tell him?

HONEY

Nothing... At first. But he was really insistent. Some sob story about a sick child.

HAWKSWORTH

So you gave him the evocation?

HONEY

Yes, but I warned him that making a deal like that comes with consequences.

HAWKSWORTH

When was this?

HONEY

Just over a month. I didn't think any more of it until a week or so later. He asked me to come and visit him where he was staying while he was in London...

HAWKSWORTH

Kensington?

HONEY

Yes. I was told it was the residence of The Earl of Redoaks, but I've never heard of him.

HAWKSWORTH

So what did he want with you?

HONEY

Hard to tell. When I got there, he seemed on edge, kept asking me about *your* kind...

He means Hawksworth, who frowns --

HAWKSWORTH

What about the woman?

HONEY

I don't know. I saw lots of staff coming and going.

(MORE)

HONEY (cont'd)

The house was busy, what with the master returning *and* everyone coming back from St Jude's.

THE COLONEL

Lovely church, St Jude's. Patron Saint of Lost Causes, you know?

Andrew fears the worst.

ANDREW

A funeral?

HONEY

It was all a bit awkward actually. When the staff came into the kitchen they told me I was sitting on an apron belonging to the deceased.

Mungo lets out a howl.

THE COLONEL

Mungo's nose never lies...

Andrew is crestfallen.

HAWKSWORTH

What about Micklewhite?

HONEY

Said he would be leaving as soon as practicable. His child had made a miraculous recovery and was heading home to Cornwall to finish the book.

HAWKSWORTH

Just like that?

Honey looks at him nervously. Hawksworth sets him a stare --

HONEY

Alright, alright... Look, all I know is, when I looked into his mind the first time, the only thing that scared him was losing his child.

HAWKSWORTH

And the last time?

Honey looks scared himself.

HONEY

There was something else...

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

The wind whips up a STORM as clouds shroud the moon and waves crash against the rocky shore --

INT. THE HOUSE WASDALE'S WRITING ROOM - NIGHT

The GRANDFATHER CLOCK bongs. 3am. Beth looks up from the journal, wide awake, adrenaline coursing through her veins.

She looks around, mind racing. Her eyes settle on Micklewhite's Guide which sits open on the desk, inviting, nay, *begging* her back in --

She studies the book intensely, finds exactly what she's looking for. A page on summoning demons --

'Evocations. Many cultures believed that demons could be summoned to do ones bidding: exacting revenge on a rival, bestowing a specialist skill or often saving a loved-one from harm or even death himself.'

Micklewhite has included illustrations with a list of what's required and instructions on how to carry out such a spell.

Beth scoops up the Guide as well as the journal and heads out to prepare --

INT. THE HOUSE SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Beth watches her frail Grandfather sleep. His wheezing breath sounds almost like a DEATH RATTLE and the oxygen tank and bedside table full of pills breaks her heart --

BETH  
(whispers)  
I'm sorry, Gramps.

She turns and kneels at the fireplace where she has Micklewhite's Guide open as instruction --

She has a PENTAGRAM drawn on the slate with a candle burning in each corner. She crushes lavender and sage into a bowl of water --

Beth looks up above the fireplace. Family photos. She focuses on one of herself as a laughing toddler on her Grandfather's shoulders --

A deep breath, then she steals herself, and calmly slices the palm of her hand with a knife and squeezes the blood into the water.

She looks to the book and recites the incantation --

BETH (cont'd)  
*Spiritu transita Sinite, videamus ea  
 virtutis Princeps nexu Sciatis nos  
 tanta communicare.*

A moment of tension as she looks around expectantly, then suddenly... *nothing*.

She sighs, not sure what she was expecting, but she listens as she can hear the wind outside whipping wind-chimes into a frenzy --

Suddenly a window swings open in the storm, blowing out the candles and she's left in DARKNESS --

Her Grandfather gasps for air and she uses the light from her phone to see. As he moans and writhes, struggling for life, she administers oxygen --

Wasdale slowly returns to normal and what she fears could be his last sleep. Beth turns on a lamp and closes the window. She gazes out across the stormy sea. Hoping for a MIRACLE --

But nothing comes.

She settles back down in the armchair next to her Grandfather and opens his journal once more --

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

The COMIC-BOOK sketch of the scene:

Andrew and Hawksworth sit in the detective's jet black Wolsely car. It's cold and misty. They're on a side street facing away from ST JUDE'S CHURCH for a quick getaway.

DISSOLVE TO:

The real thing. Hawksworth spells out the plan...

HAWKSWORTH  
 Look, whatever happens here, you know  
 I can't get involved beyond tonight?

ANDREW  
 But I've got money from The Colonel  
 now. I can pay you.

HAWKSWORTH  
It's not about the money.

ANDREW  
What do you want, then? I thought you  
said you vowed to help people...?

Hawksworth remains stoic.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
...because of your wife.

Hawksworth's eyes flit to the wing-mirror where he can see  
HEADSTONES in the church graveyard.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
You want to be with her, don't you?

HAWKSWORTH  
Death is a mercy.

ANDREW  
So you believe in life after death?

HAWKSWORTH  
It doesn't matter what I believe,  
does it? The only way a vampire can  
die is at the hands of another  
vampire. And I'm the last of my kind.

ANDREW  
What if you're not?

Hawksworth looks at him sternly.

HAWKSWORTH  
Then we're all doomed...

Hawksworth exits the car and fetches a shovel and crowbar  
from the boot. Andrew takes a deep breath and follows him.

EXT. ST. JUDE'S CHURCH GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Silhouetted against a waxing moon, Hawksworth is digging up  
a grave while Andrew is perched in a nearby tree.

ANDREW  
Shouldn't you be up in the tree  
keeping a lookout, Hawkeye?

WASDALE

Oh, I'm sorry, would you prefer to be down here, *digging up your own mother's grave?*

ANDREW

No... It's just cold. And what am I even looking out for anyway?

HAWKSWORTH

I don't know... just hoot like an owl if you see anything unusual.

ANDREW

But what if you hear an actual owl?

HAWKSWORTH

Listen. If this all goes south and you see an opportunity, you run, okay? Better yet, get to the car and drive.

MONTAGE

Time passes as Hawksworth digs to the rhythmic folk of Richard Thompson's --

***'My Soul, My Soul'***

Andrew tries to stay awake and vigilant in his tree --

He spots some eyes glowing in the moonlight, creeping between the gravestones.

He lifts his hands, cupped to his mouth, about to give the owl-hoot warning, but stops himself as he realises it's just a curious fox --

He looks back to Hawksworth toiling away and admires the man's grit --

END MONTAGE

EXT. ST. JUDE'S CHURCH GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Hawksworth has dug so deep Andrew can just see the earth being thrown from within the grave. His eyes are heavy now but the DULL THUD of shovel on wood jolts him awake --

Andrew makes to climb down but looks out across the graveyard and sees three more sets of GLOWING EYES --

He squints to make sure it's just more foxes, but something's not right. The eyes have a red glow and they're higher and moving differently. He lets out a warning hoot --

ANDREW

Whoo-whoohoo!

Hawksworth's head peeks over the edge of the grave. Andrew nods in the direction of the three intruders, who are stalking toward them --

Andrew senses something in him he hasn't before now: FEAR.

Andrew looks back and sees why. The glowing red eyes belong to three humans, or at least they once were. They now look half-dead and ferocious.

We'll call them '**Soldiers**' --

Andrew looks at Hawksworth for guidance and gets a stern hand telling him to stay there. Hawksworth grips the shovel and holds fast, allows the Soldiers to come to him --

As they reach the edge of the grave he launches himself out like a lightning quick shadow and in one movement swipes the shovel at the first Soldier, knocking it to the ground --

Andrew witnesses a VICIOUS FIGHT.

The other two Soldiers close in from the flanks. They aren't your usual zombie horde. They might not have Hawksworth's speed but they have superhuman strength --

Hawksworth jabs at one with the handle of the shovel but the other slams him to the ground by the throat --

On the floor he struggles but now all three Soldiers are on him, clawing, scratching, biting. He tries to shadow-move but they have him pinned --

He defends his face and neck and musters all his strength, roaring like an animal as he throws them off as one and gets back to his feet --

They soon regroup and Hawksworth uses all of his mind power to impel them to stop and while he struggles to keep them frozen he orders Andrew --

HAWKSWORTH

Go! Run! I can't hold them.

Andrew jumps down from the tree and starts to run.

Hawksworth is straining to keep them at bay --

But as Andrew runs he sees his mother's coffin exposed through the dirt. The pull of the heart is too much, he can't help it --

The Soldiers fight against Hawksworth's mind-powers and his hold weakens as Andrew jumps into the deep grave --

Andrew uses his hands to remove the last of the mud.

The Soldiers finally break their invisible bonds and descend upon Hawksworth --

Andrew jams the crowbar into the wood of the coffin --

Hawksworth is becoming over-powered. On his knees, blow after blow rains down upon him.

Andrew can hear the sounds of bones breaking as he works around the coffin --

Two of the Soldiers hold Hawksworth captive while the third drives a STAKE through Hawksworth's heart --

-- He closes his eyes. He may be immortal but he still feels pain. He zones out, collapses --

BLACK

Andrew feels the silence. Looks out over the grave to see the three Soldiers stalking towards him as Hawksworth's body lies limp on a TOMB --

Andrew tightens his grip on the crowbar as they approach.

Hawksworth is still motionless... except for a twitch of his eye like he's dreaming --

FLASH ON

Hawksworth's wife appears to him.

ANNEKA

John...

He feels so vulnerable.

ANNEKA (cont'd)

I know you're in pain. But you have to stop running from who you are.

She drifts away. He reaches out...



## HAWKSWORTH

Anneka...

He opens his eyes. Grits his teeth and lets out a HOWL from beyond the grave. The power of BLOOD courses through his veins and his eyes glow a blinding white --

He pulls the stake from his chest and launches it like a javelin into the neck of one of the Soldiers --

Hawksworth shadow-moves and is on it in a flash, twisting the stake until its head pops off --

One jumps on his back and another comes at him. Hawksworth uses his mind power to hold the one in front of him, the rage flowing through him causing the Soldier's glowing red eyes to bulge then burst in their sockets --

He struggles with the Soldier on his back, swinging it high above his head, then slams it down onto a headstone, leaving its decapitated head looking out across the graveyard --

Hawksworth looks at the final Soldier, staggering and blind. He sneers and approaches, taking it by the shoulders and bares his FANGS to sink into its neck --

Andrew's gone back to his mother's coffin and with the sound of the final Soldier's death-scream he creaks open the lid.

Then silence.

Andrew gazes into the coffin. It's empty.

He sits down on his haunches, trying to process, all at once relieved and even more scared...

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Then Hawksworth appears at the edge of the grave, beaten, bloody and battered, his right arm hanging limp at his side. In his left hand hang the SEVERED HEADS of the three Soldiers --

HAWKSWORTH (cont'd)  
(sternly)  
I told you to run.

Andrew's eyes widen. He looks up at Hawksworth and back at the coffin.

ANDREW  
It's... *empty*.

He tosses the heads into the open coffin making Andrew jump.

HAWKSWORTH  
Not any more. Close that lid.

Andrew shuts the coffin with a thud and allows Hawksworth to pull him up out of the grave.

HAWKSWORTH (cont'd)  
We need to go, there might be more of them.

ANDREW  
More of them? What the hell were they?

HAWKSWORTH  
Come on.

ANDREW  
Mum's scarf...

He makes to get it from where he left it in the grave, but Hawksworth stops him.

HAWKSWORTH  
Leave it.

ANDREW  
It's all I have left of her!

Hawksworth sighs.

HAWKSWORTH  
Go and start the car, I'll get it.

Andrew does as he's told this time...

INT. HAWKSWORTH'S CAR - NIGHT

Andrew climbs in the drivers seat and starts the car.

EXT. ST. JUDE'S CHURCH GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Hawksworth clambers wearily out of the grave with the scarf and limps across the graveyard, through the archway and onto the street where he's cut off by a familiar voice --

THE EARL  
Hello, John...

Hawksworth lifts his eyes and his heart sinks.

Through the mist is the same being that Andrew saw in the car the night his mum went missing. He's old, but not weak.

He wears a floor-length coat and hat and leans on a cane.

Hawksworth can't believe it --

HAWKSWORTH  
No. No, it can't be.

THE EARL  
You didn't really think you'd killed me, did you?

Hawksworth really thought he had.

THE EARL (cont'd)  
What are your intentions here, John?

He deflects.

HAWKSWORTH  
Nothing. Favour for a friend.

THE EARL  
*Really?*

HAWKSWORTH  
Yeah, so I'll just be on my way...

Hawksworth tries to move, but he's stopped in his tracks, impelled by The Earl --

THE EARL  
Oh, I don't think so. You weren't very kind to my Soldiers.

HAWKSWORTH  
(straining)  
They'll get over it.

THE EARL  
You always were funny, John.

HAWKSWORTH  
What have you done with the woman?

THE EARL  
Well, that's just it. I can't have  
you snooping around my business...  
Not this time.

The Earl pulls a sword from his cane and approaches.  
Hawksworth strains against his invisible bonds --

THE EARL (cont'd)  
Finally ready to see Anneka again?

Hawksworth braces himself as The Earl raises his blade...

A moment.

Then, bursting out of the mist, Andrew SLAMS the car into  
The Earl sending him flying down the street --

The spell on Hawksworth is broken and he and Andrew share  
their shock as they look at the slumped form of The Earl  
illuminated by the headlights through the mist --

A beat, then Hawksworth dives in through the drivers door,  
shoving Andrew across to the passenger seat and they take  
off in a squeal of rubber --

EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

Hawksworth's black Wolseley rushes through the MISTY NIGHT --

INT. HAWKSWORTH'S CAR - NIGHT

They sit in silence, Hawksworth driving with his one good  
arm, frequently checking in the mirror --

Andrew eventually breaks --

ANDREW  
Enough, stop... stop! Stop the car.

Hawksworth relents and pulls the car into an alleyway.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
What's going on?! Where are we going?

Hawksworth looks at him.

HAWKSWORTH

It's time for you to go home.

ANDREW

Home?! What home? We can't stop now,  
my mum is still out there...

HAWKSWORTH

You don't know what you've got into.  
She might not be in the ground but  
trust me, she's gone.

ANDREW

What? Tell me what's going on! What  
were those things? Who was that?

HAWKSWORTH

*Basically...* the devil himself. And  
if that man is responsible for your  
mum's disappearance, then trust me,  
you're better off forgetting it all.  
Let it go. Start a new life while  
you've got the chance.

Andrew drops his head, defeated, no-where else to turn.

ANDREW

I never had you pegged as a coward.

He clunks open the car door and steps out. Hawksworth can't  
look at him. He closes the door, stands and watches  
Hawksworth drive away...

Except brake lights illuminate the alleyway and the car  
comes to a halt. Andrew frowns then walks to catch up. He  
opens the passenger door and looks in at Hawksworth --

HAWKSWORTH

Thank you. For stopping him.

ANDREW

(angry)

I thought you wanted to see your wife  
again...?

HAWKSWORTH

I do. But not like that. I couldn't  
face her knowing I've failed.

ANDREW

So what now? We're supposed to just forget about it and run away?

HAWKSWORTH

(sighs)

You know that being *like this*... it's like being a genie in a lamp. Great power, but it's also a prison.

Andrew looks away into the night. A moment. He looks up at the street-light above. A bulb above his head as a solution presents itself --

ANDREW

I'll do it.

HAWKSWORTH

Do what?

ANDREW

You take this case, help find my mum... and then when you're ready to see your wife again, I'll do it.

HAWKSWORTH

But that means...

ANDREW

(nods)

*I know*... deal?

Andrew holds a hand out...

FREEZE ON

The scene as a COMIC-BOOK sketch:

The two shake hands through the open car door as the lights illuminate the misty alleyway --

INT. THE HOUSE SITTING ROOM - DAWN

The sun threatens to break the horizon through the window but it's Wasdale that makes Beth jump --

WASDALE

Beth, what have you done?!

She looks up from the journal to see her Grandfather staring at the remains of her spell at the fireplace.

BETH  
I'm sorry, Gramps, I just thought,  
maybe...

WASDALE  
Thought what? I warned you about that  
book! How did you know...?

Her eyes dart to the journal and she clutches it tightly.

BETH  
I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to...

Wasdale grabs the journal from her.

WASDALE  
I should never have told you about  
all this. I told you to go!

She has tears in her eyes --

BETH  
I'm sorry. I thought there was a way  
I could save you.

WASDALE  
Save *me*? You and your mother...  
*you're* the ones who need saving.

She sees absolute FEAR in her Grandfather's eyes.

BETH  
Save us from what, Gramps?

A long, tense pause.

Silence but for the stark TICK of the clock.

Broken by a heavy, deliberate --

**knock-knock-knock**

Beth and her Grandfather's eyes dart to the front door.

FREEZE ON

A COMIC-BOOK sketch of the pair looking to the door in  
terror...

**the vampire at the door**