

Black.

ANNIE

Everyone dies.

(beat)

Actually, can I start that again?

(beat)

Everyone deserves a death.

1

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

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

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)

3

Suddenly his body jackknifes 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

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

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

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

6

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

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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-

*
*

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. Patients 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.

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.

20

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

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

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

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. Hmm. 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

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.

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)
Hi ya, 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

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 mental s 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

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)

25

26

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

26

27

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

28

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

29

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

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

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

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)

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

36

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

37

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 jackknifes. It makes Annie gasp and stumble backwards.

38

38

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

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.

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)

*
*

(CONTINUED)

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)

44

(
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.

45

45

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.

46

46

MITCHELL

- and this is Ge 21n tnm8 Tc (MITCHELL) e0.96 554.16 Tm -

Yes tnm8 Tc (MITCHELL)374.16 Tm -0.16 Tc (OWEN) Tj 1 0 0

easy to get seduced by all the
clutter and debris of 21st

sofa uh, chair will
bring you happiness when, really,
shouldn't we be striving for

zen?tnm8 Tc (MITCHELL)194.16 Tm -0.16 Tc (OWEN) Tj 1 0 0

want to get the furniture all
painty tnm8 Tc (MITCHELL)122.16 Tm -0.192 Tc 5GEORGE

(beat)

Yes, that would have made more

(CONTINUED)

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

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

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

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

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

51

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

52

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.

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...
Buuuut, 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.

54

54

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 warden's

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

55

55

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

GEORGE

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 Tj 3 0 1 2.185 Tc Tj 16626.16 Tm -

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

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.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Wait a sec. C'mere.

She tugs George close to her again, studies him.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Oh my God.

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

AAHHHHHHHHHH!

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)

Woooo0000oooo0000.

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

61

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

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.

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.

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 deadier.

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

(CONTINUED)

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

65

65

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

66

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?

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

67

67

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

68

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

69

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

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.

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)

MITCHELL

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

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

74

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

75

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.

SnEHe r ALLEYWag (She Lss. He1 0 0 1She dround anded) Tj ua590u0the

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

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

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

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.

