

FADE IN:

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - NIGHT

An elderly man, JACQUE, 50's, rotund, cigarette dangling from his lips, flips a sign from "Ouvrir" to "Fermé" as FRANCIS, 19, wipes down the counter.

JACQUE

(In French)

Toss out the garbage and clean up!

Jacque grabs his hat and leaves, locking the door behind him. FRANCIS flicks him off.

Francis slips on his ear buds. Hits play on his mp3 player.

BACK ROOM

Blood SQUELCHES beneath Francis's boots. He grabs a bucket, filled with bits and blood, and kicks open the back door.

EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - NIGHT

Stars shine out from a cloudy sky.

Francis lazily empties the bucket then goes inside.

From the blood drenched ground rises a human figure.

Gaunt hands claw through animal parts and blood, bone tight skin glistens in the moonlight.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - NIGHT

Francis mops up the floor, head bopping to the music.

The song stops. He looks at the mp3 player to choose another play list.

A twisted shadow crosses his path.

His eyes grow wide.

Before he can scream, the figure lunges at him with impossible speed.

We hear a sickly crunch of bone and slurping of blood.

The mp3 player skitters away, MUSIC blaring. Screams fall silent as blood slowly pools beneath it.

The MUSIC grows louder and turns into:

INT. BLOOD AND VELVET NIGHTCLUB - LONDON - NIGHT

Ancient cathedral meshed with post modern style.

Thumping Club MUSIC. Lights pulse and weave through the hazy air above the packed dance floor. It's Goth Night.

Two gorgeous women, one blonde, one brunette, dressed in leather and lace right out of a Frederick's catalogue, order drinks at the bar.

LINCOLN, 20's, leather pants, tribal white shirt, silver chains, oogles them with bleary bloodshot eyes as he walks towards stairs.

He bumps into SECURITY, ear piece, sleek black suit, dead eyes. SECURITY cocks an eyebrow.

LINCOLN
Sorry man! I'm expected.

MAN pulls his sleeve up, the clubs stamp fluorescing in the lights. Security scans his wrist for the sub-dermal implant with a hand-held scanner.

On the scanner: A photo of Lincoln. A list of items, such as height, weight, blood type.

Highlighted: Property of Kaitlyn. Inner Sanctum Access.

The security double checks his photo, then waives him past.

The two women from the bar, drinks in hand, walk up to Security. He frowns at them.

SECURITY
Members Only.

They walk away, pouting. The look up as a ancient wooden door closes behind Lincoln, still smiling at them.

UPSTAIRS

Cool stone antechamber. Like walking into a crypt. A Scanner blinks at Lincoln. He scans his wrist again.

The door clicks open. Lincoln steps into the

INNER SANCTUM

The MUSIC is instantly softer, but still present. Lincoln scans the room.

A mausoleum filled with walking dead. Stained glass, more stone work.

KAITLYN, early 30's, red hair perfectly coifed, milky white skin tucked into black leather.

Her green eyes flecked with red devour him as she licks his neck. His eyes flutter and go empty, sunken in like a junkie.

KAITLYN

Shall we?

LINCOLN

What ever you want, mistress.

She pulls away, coyly, and leads him past a row of booths that look down upon the dance floor.

FIRST BOOTH: Two women kiss, blood dripping from their passionate embrace.

NEXT BOOTH: Two men, one in a fantastic suit, the other in Gothic nightclub dress. SUIT pulls bloody lips off TRENCH's wrist, licking it off.

NEXT BOOTH: A single man, well groomed, mid twenties. His dark eyes stare into the distance of time. He is GABRIEL MOREAU.

A young girl leans in, looking around. ELISE, 15, jade eyes holding a sadness. She plays with her hair ribbons.

ELISE

You might as well enjoy yourself.

Gabriel ignores her. He rubs his temples.

Beneath the music, heartbeats pulse, voices mutter and moan.

CARLOS (O.S.)

Gabe?

Gabriel returns to the present in a SNAP.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Gabriel?

CARLOS LA SALA, early 30's, eyes much older. His olive skin wrinkles into a concerned grin, his Catalan accent soft with age.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Amic?!

Carlos puts a drink down. Steel CLINKS stone tabletop, spilling crimson drops.

Carlos wipes up the drops and licks them off his finger.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Not feeling like a drink?

He sits down beside Gabriel. One hand has the same drink, the other a beautiful Spanish woman.

Gabriel eyes the drink. Then the woman. The pressure of the pulsing humanity weighs down upon him. Thousands of heartbeats ring in his ears.

Elise leans on his shoulder.

ELISE
It might help, Gabe.

Fighting himself, losing. He gets up.

CARLOS
If that isn't appetizing...

Carlos nods towards the spanish beauty, eyes glazed over, a weak drugged smile on her face. She offers her freshly healed neck.

Voices and heartbeats pile upon each other in Gabriel head. He shakes them off.

GABRIEL
Thanks for remembering, Carlos.

Gabriel spins out of the booth, knocking down Kaitlyn, her drinks flying, crashing to the ground.

She snarls, teeth bared, eyes a fiery scarlet. Wine and blood spread across the floor.

ELISE
Gabe! Manners!

With a growl, Gabriel quickly leaves. Carlos grabs Kaitlyn before she chases after.

KAITLYN
What's his fucking problem?

CARLOS
It's his birthday.

GABRIEL

Taking the VIP stairs two at a time. He pauses at the bottom, a slight sheen of red sweat on his face.

It is almost too much for him.

The Music is gone, replaced by thousands of deafening heartbeats crying out to him.

Elise's voice bursts though the noise.

ELISE
Can't we stay? Please?

She twists and turns into the dance floor. Gabriel frowns and keeps moving.

EXT. BLOOD AND VELVET NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Gabriel bursts out the front door, startling a couple about to enter.

The BOUNCER gives Gabriel a questioning look.

BOUNCER
Sir, are you alright? Shall I call
you a cab?

Gabriel frowns a NO. He scans the street, then walks off briskly. Carlos opens the door and watches Gabriel disappear into the night.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)
Everything alright, Mr. La Sala?

A gaggle of women surge past the velvet rope. Carlos' eyes follow Gabriel briefly, then lock onto the women.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)
Should I make a call?

CARLOS
No. Leave him alone.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Gabriel walks down the street, eyes closed, ignoring the calls from the hookers, street venders.

Elise walks a bit behind, sulking.

ELISE
Still not hungry? I'm ravenous.

They head down into Elephant and Castle Station.

INT. TUBE STATION - NIGHT

Gabriel and Elise wait for the train on the empty platform.

A shambling deformed homeless man sleeps near by.

Gabriel contemplates him briefly, then hops on the newly arrived train.

As the train pulls away, the homeless man's eyes pop open and follow Gabriel intently.

INT. TUBE TRAIN - NIGHT

Gabe sits alone, the train almost empty. The CLICKING of the wheels and flashing of LIGHTS monotonous, hypnotizing.

It pulls into Kings Cross Station.

The train SQUEALS to a stop. A Young Couple, clearly intoxicated, stumble on.

Gabriel stares at them briefly.

ELISE
Don't be jealous. It doesn't suit
you.

EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH - NIGHT

Gabe and Elise walk through the dimly lit park. The drunk couple a bit ahead.

ELISE
Can't we take a cab for once?

GABRIEL
I thought you liked the park.

Gabe steps on an old cup, spilling the coins it held. He looks at an old homeless man, bundled up against the cold, face haggard behind a dirty beard.

Elise looks down at the man sadly.

ELISE
He reminds me of father. What
happened to him?

GABRIEL
Same as everyone else, sis. He died.

Gabriel puts the cup upright, and slips a fifty into it.

A horse and carriage trots by. Gabriel is suddenly whisked to the past:

FLASHBACK

EXT. OLD DIRT ROAD - DAY

The driver stares back with no eyes, just bleeding holes.

The horse is gaunt and skeletal. It's breath puffs of black smoke.

INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gabriel closes the front door with a BANG. Punches in the security code in the nearby beeping keypad. At last, calm and quiet.

Elise hangs up her coat as Gabriel throws his coat at a chair. He kicks off his muddy shoes.

ELISE
You've been on edge lately. A good meal would help.

GABRIEL
I know.

Outside, a police car wails. It's blue flashing lights stop down the street.

ELISE
Expecting anyone?

GABRIEL
No.

Gabe hurries down the entryway as if the voices were still chasing him to the

KITCHEN

Sleek stainless, almost brand new.

At a side closet, Gabe slides a part of the wall aside, and types on a keypad. With a BURST of air, a refrigerator door rolls open.

ELISE
I mean a real meal.

Elise lounges on a kitchen stool.

GABRIEL
Sorry we left so early.

ELISE
That's fine. The music there was pretty horrible.

Inside an austere alabaster interior sits crimson bags.
Beautiful, deep red pints of life. They all say: BOVINE
blood samples.

Elise pokes her head around door.

ELISE (CONT'D)
But we never go out. If you ate
better-

GABRIEL
Sis! Leave it alone.

He grabs one, tears it open with his teeth, and chugs it.
The voices fade away, settling into a slight murmur.

The door buzzer rings.

ELISE
Company? At this hour? How Exciting!

Elise bounds away.

Gabriel turns to his security monitors in the wall.

On the one labels STREET: A CSI van stops, as well as another
police car.

FRONT DOOR monitor: Two POLICE stand, one male, one female.

GABRIEL
Christ. What do they want?

On PATIO 1 screen: Nothing.

PATIO 2: Nothing.

ROOF 1 and 2: Empty.

GARDEN 1: Empty.

GARDEN 2: Empty. Suddenly, a brief flutter of movement, and
it's gone.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
What the hell?

He hits a button. The screen turns to Infra-red. The image
rewinds, and slows at the flutter.

It stops on a white outline of a tall man.

The door BUZZES. He hits the intercom button.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
Yes? Can I help you?

A man's voice crackles in the speaker.

OFFICER
Sir, may we speak to you?

GABRIEL
About?

OFFICER
There's been a body- I mean, an
incident.

Gabriel contemplates the GARDEN screen.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Two officers stand, waiting, breath puffs of air.

DETECTIVE CONSTABLE CYNTHIA HASTINGS,

London Metropolitan Police. Early 30's, blond hair stuffed
into her cap, attractive in her blue constable uniform.

She stares angrily at:

CONSTABLE DAVIS BROWN, Metro Police. Late 20's, didn't get
buy on his looks, but not the sharpest tack. He is rubbing
his arm.

CYNTHIA
Bullocks. Never say body!

DAVIS
Sorry, it's late. Or early. Coffee's
worn off.

The door swings open, startling both Cynthia and Davis.

Gabriel stands there, his eyes taking everything in. Police
cars, Officers, Van.

GABRIEL
Body?

CYNTHIA
Sorry to disturb you so late, sir, I
am Detective Constable Hastings, and
this is Constable Brown. My I have
your name, sir?

GABRIEL

Gareth Lyon. How can I help, officers?

CYNTHIA

We'd like a copy of the surveillance footage from your cameras.

GABRIEL

I will call my security company. Be at your office by the morning.

DAVIS

Sir, have you been home all night?

GABRIEL

No. I was out with friends at The Blood and Velvet.

Cynthia notices a smudge of what could be blood on Gabriel's sleeve. Gabriel catches her.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Bit of an insomniac. Finishing up some wine when you rang.

CYNTHIA

After you got back from a walk?

DAVIS

Walk?

CYNTHIA

The mud on your shoes is fresh.

GABRIEL

I walk to help clear my mind. Get the creative juices flowing.

CYNTHIA

Do you live here alone?

GABRIEL

Yes.

CYNTHIA

And what is it that you do, Mr. Lyon?

GABRIEL

Writer.

DAVIS

Wait. Not *the* Gareth Lyon?