

The VAMPIRE of COLCHESTER

EPISODE 1
"When In Rome..."

WRITTEN BY ROBERT KELLY

An original series, based on real historical events

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FADE IN

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER : THE FOLLOWING CONTAINS REAL HISTORICAL EVENTS.

The text fades and after a moment is replaced with:

SUPER : GLANUM, GAUL 292ad. AS RECORDED BY CAPTAIN MARIUS AVIENUS, CAPTAIN OF THE TOWN MILITIA.

FADE TO

INT. ROMAN CREMATORIUM CIRCA 292 A.D - DAY

To one side is an open furnace with an open coffin containing a VAMPIRE LADY, dressed as a wealthy Roman, seeming dead.

NOTE: Statues and decor is pre-Christian, pagan gods only.

ROMAN MOURNERS (professionals paid to grieve) somberly wait.
RELATIVES - Romanised Gauls - watch sadly as a few SLAVES arrive and load the coffin into the flames.

The Mourners WAIL sadly and the Relatives mutter sadly.

As the coffin catches alight the Vampire Lady's eyes flick open, she SCREAMS and THRASHES as she is engulfed by fire.

The Slaves back away, afraid. The Mourners gape, the Relatives begin to FLEE the room, all females SCREAM.

FUZZY FADE TO

INT. JOHNNYS FLAT MODERN COLCHESTER - LATE PM

Shared and messy - dirty plates, a BONG, litter. An OPEN FIRE of old pizza boxes is being lit in the hearth by CONNER SMITH. Conner is 20, a scruffy student with an Essex Accent.

JOHNNY BECKRIDGE sits on a heavily stained sofa reading a book entitled 'EARLIEST RECORDED SUPERNATURAL SIGHTINGS'. Johnny is 21, geeky-looking with a big nose and always in dark clothes - another student and 'goth'.

He sits beside PAUL PAGE aka 'POCK', 21, another student, in baggy clothes and 'bling'- he is white but thinks he is black. He has an ashtray with a nearly finished JOINT.

Music plays in the background from a small stereo.

MUSIC CUE: LOVESICK FOR MINA (by Cradle of Filth)

CLOSE UP on the hands of Conner as he struggles with his lighter. He pours LIGHTER FLUID over the fire and this suddenly BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

PAN OUT FROM FIRE to show whole scene.

POCK

(alarmed)

Hey Conner man! I said 'light my fire'
- not stoke the 'fires of hell'!

Conner retreats from the blaze, blowing the singed hair on his hands and CHUCKLING, too stoned to be worried.

JOHNNY

(reading aloud, to all)

This was one of numerous unexplained
'cremation incidents' that occurred
across the Western Empire between 250
and 350a.d, a spreading trend.

(pauses, annoyed)

Are you even listening Pock?

Pock takes a drag and passes the joint to Connor.

POCK

No mate - I'm not. I don't know what
is worse - your music or this boring
shit. Jon dude - how do they let you
even do a project on the living dead?

Connor COUGHS and stamps-out the joint.

JOHNNY

Why not? It's all factual? There's a
lot of stuff in history that people
have forgotten. Interesting stuff.

Pock SNATCHES the book from Johnny and flicks through.

POCK

I've not heard one interesting word
coming from your head. Just 'cos it's
in a book doesn't mean it's true.

JOHNNY

(irritated)

I need to get my assignment finished
by Tuesday, but I need a steer on what

to edit out and what bits are good.

POCK

I'd edit the lot and start again.

JOHNNY

Woodsie is doing his on 'Isambard Kingdom Brunel'. You're lucky he's not here waffling-on about that rubbish.

POCK

It's not luck - I'd move out. There's only so much crap I can take.

Pock hands back the book to Johnny, unimpressed. Conner picks up the BONG and tries to light it, but struggles.

POCK

Woodsie is coming over then? That 'lanky mother' owes me some 'draw'. He has done for weeks now.

Johnny flicks through his book to find his place.

JOHNNY

Yeah - it's 'rock night' - remember?

POCK

Rock night? Man I forgot... At least you 'Goths' will be out of my hair.

Conner hands Pock the broken bong as Johnny resumes reading.

JOHNNY

Where was I...?

CUE MUSIC - MUSIC FADES WITH SCENE

FUZZY FADE TO

INT. SEATING AREA IN ROMAN VILLA, CIRCA 301 A.D - AFTERNOON

A luxurious Villa in Londinium with chaise-lounges, murals and mosaics. A couple of SLAVES wait with heads bowed. MARIUS AVIENUS, FLAVIUS METELLUS, CALVUS VESTA, HADRIANA and AELIA are seated together, drinking wine.

Marius, 45, is rugged and handsome, of Italian heritage. He is dressed in a plain tunic. He has a slight limp.

Flavius, 55, is a wealthy Roman, overweight and balding.

Vesta, 50, is dressed like a Roman Senator.

Hadriana, 35, wears silks and jewellery and is very sultry.
She is wife to Vesta but flirts with Marius.

Alelia, 14, is more modestly dressed than Hadriana her
mother. She seems very shy and is not used to wine.

SUPER IMPOSE : LONDINIUM 301 A.D

VESTA

Tell me good Marius, how does our city
strike you? I always think we need
more statues... And bigger gardens.

MARIUS

I've only been here a day Vesta. But
it is good to see things running so
smoothly after 'the troubles'.
Admittedly I always thought 'Eboracum'
was the capital of Britain?

VESTA

Not since the rebellion. The Emperor
made that the capital of the North,
Londinium is now capital of the South.

FLAVIUS

Yes, and much to your advantage Vesta?

VESTA

At least 'some' loyal Romans have
benefitted from the political
turbulence of recent times.

HADRIANA

I hope you don't blame my husband for
Camulodunum being overlooked during
the imperial rebuilding plan?

FLAVIUS

Of course not Hadrianna. Though in
truth it annoys me that Emperors
always favour their own faction and
family and ignore local politicians.

VESTA

(half joking)

Careful Flavius - there are still
rumors of sympathisers for the
pretender 'Carausius'.

Flavius looks coldly at Vesta.

MARIUS

It seems I am out of touch here.

Vesta CLICKS his fingers and Slaves scurry forward to refill the goblets. (No-one pays the slaves any attention).

VESTA

No apologies necessary... I doubt anyone takes much notice of Britannia since order is re-established.

FLAVIUS

Indeed - things are almost 'sleepy again'... Almost. I reside at the old Capital - Camulodunum. Not as glorious as it was, but it still has its charm.

MARIUS

The city founded by Claudius? Is the temple of Claudius still there?

FLAVIUS

It is, I had it rebuilt several years ago, with a new reception area added.

HADRIANA

Tell me Marius, how is Gaul? Have you met any of those ferocious Franks?

MARIUS

Indeed I have my lady. A tribe are now my neighbours just north of my villa.

Hadriana recoils theatrically, mainly as an excuse to adopt a sexy pose and draw attention.

HADRIANA

How frightful?! To have barbarians living on your very doorstep?

Flavius and Marius eye up Hadriana for a moment. Alelia SIGHS - annoyed by her mothers cheap theatrics.

MARIUS

It now seems 'the norm'. And I'm hopeful they deter Germanic raiders.

VESTA

I think it's a disgrace for Rome to

have permitted them to settle within our boundaries at all.

FLAVIUS

You'll have no arguments there Vesta. Marius and I shed our blood for the Empire - only to find a weak Emperor bargaining bits away!

MARIUS

The Empire is not as it once was.

VESTA

It is setting a dangerous precedent if you ask me. Like turning a blind eye to those troublesome Christians.

FLAVIUS

(sipping wine)

They are such a nuisance! I wish the Emperor would crack down on them. I've enough to worry about as it is.

MARIUS

'Worry about' Flavius?

FLAVIUS

Oh? Those 'cremation incidents' I mentioned... And these last months there have been reports of deceased citizens seen walking the streets at night, even visiting their relatives.

HADRIANA

I heard about that too. How frightful!

Alelia and Hadriana both cringe at the thought of this.

VESTA

Such things are no longer confined to Camulodunum - a similar incident was reported here last month. I have written to the Emperor for advice.

MARIUS

This reminds me of my experiences back in Gaul, when I was in the militia.

VESTA

Flavius mentioned the work you did over there. In truth this was part of

my reason for inviting you.

Marius looks questioningly at Flavius.

FLAVIUS

Although it is always nice to catch up with old comrades, of course.

VESTA

Both Flavius and I would be curious to know your thoughts on the matter?

FLAVIUS

Yes - we would be keen to learn the methods you used in Gaul?

MARIUS

(sips wine)

Well... My 'methods' as you call them were very simple really...

FADE TO

FLASHBACK BEGINS

Colour should be more sepia in tone.

INT. ROMAN TOMB CIRCA 290 A.D - LATE PM

Stone and windowless, pre-Christian carvings. A SARCOPHAGUS made of lead on a central altar with closed lid. Inside is THE VAMPIRE - a Roman male, 55 and still 'fresh' looking, traces of dried blood down his chin but unseen initially.

PITCH BLACK until the stone door is pulled open from outside.

4 X TOWN WATCH GUARDS enter, carrying fiery torches. These are males with basic armour and weapons. One has an amphora of OIL, another an IRON SPIKE. They fan out and look nervous.

Marius enters behind them, accompanied by FLORIANUS.

Florianus is a Roman/Gallic aristocrat, about 24 with neatly trimmed hair and a short goatee beard.

Marius is dressed as an Officer of the Town Watch and is several years younger here, his limp is worse as fresher.

MARIUS (V.O)

Around ten years ago I was summoned to assist a young politician named

'Florianus'. There had been reports of his uncle wandering the graveyard at night, which coincided with a strange sickness sweeping the town. His uncle had died nine months previously!

Town Watch Guards open the lid of the coffin as Marius and Florianus approach and look down at the sleeping vampire.

MARIUS (V.O)

We opened the tomb and found the body still fresh, as though having died recently. No signs of decay at all...

Florianus is upset to see his dead uncle, he tries a gentle shake. Parts of rotting clothing crumble away in his hands. Disgusted Florianus brushes his hands and steps away.

MARIUS (V.O)

The men commented how cold the tomb was, saying it felt 'unnatural'.

FLAVIUS (V.O)

Sounds very unnerving Marius?

VESTA (V.O)

What did you do next?

Marius nods - a Town Watch Guard POURS OIL over the vampire and steps away. Florianus watches unhappily.

MARIUS (V.O)

I remembered hearing that headstones were invented to pin bodies down - so I did the same, but with a spike.

Two of the guards hold the spike over the vampires chest and prepare to hammer it. Marius nods to them.

The Spike is driven into the vampire with A SICKENING CRUNCH, impaling and pinning it down. The vampires eyes open and it SCREAMS, clawing helplessly at the spike, trying to rise.

MARIUS (V.O)

As the spike was driven home the corpse awakened - somehow yet alive!

Florianus and the Town Watch Guards flee, terrified.

MARIUS (V.O)

Florianus and the men fled, but I

remained and burned what remained.

Left alone Marius retrieves a dropped fiery torch and lights the thrashing vampire. The coffin becomes an inferno! The vampire SCREAMS as it burns and writhes.

FADE TO

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. SEATING AREA IN ROMAN VILLA, CIRCA 301 A.D - AFTERNOON

As before as Marius concludes his tale. Hadriana seems overly interested in what Marius has to say, whereas Aelia YAWNS.

HADRIANA

Thank the gods the Empire still has
brave men such as yourself, Marius!

Vesta glances disapprovingly at Hadriana for a moment.

VESTA

Lately I've heard similar reports from
several provinces.

FLAVIUS

And all since tombs and graves became
fashionable - thanks to followers of
these new 'Eastern Cults'.

VESTA

Yes, another break with good Roman
Tradition. And see what happens?

MARIUS

Graveyards in Gaul are overflowing
now. The living will have to give up
their land for the dead at this rate.

Aelia GIGGLES - Hadriana looks at her sternly.

Vesta CLICKS his fingers, Slaves rush to refill his goblet.

HADRIANA

Marius - will you do us the honour of
staying here during your visit?

Hadriana smiles seductively at Marius, Aelia rolls her eyes.

VESTA

And Flavius too, naturally?

MARIUS

I'd be honoured, thank you.

FLAVIUS

As would I Vesta. Thanks.

MARIUS

(to Flavius)

I also hope to see your 'Ludi'? Is it true that you have female gladiators?

FLAVIUS

Yes Marius - and a Pict. New games begin here tomorrow - nothing big though as per time of the year but a few of my warriors will be there.

VESTA

Competing against my champions. I am also official 'Editor' of the games.

MARIUS

Then thank you both - I look forward to this contest with relish!

Marius glances at Hadriana, who smiles back seductively.

FUZZY FADE TO

EXT. NIGHTCLUB, MODERN COLCHESTER - EARLY EVENING

A run-down nightclub with the BOOM of a loud bass. A QUEUE OF GOTHs outside, being searched by BOUNCERS as they enter. The Goths are dressed in an array of black, latex and leathers and band t-shirts. The bouncers are large and menacing.

Johnny is in the queue with his friends DAN WOODS 'WOODSIE' and JON PIKE 'PIKEY', EMMA NOAKES and CASSANDRA aka 'CASSIE'.

Woodsie, 20, is lanky with long blond hair and a beard. He is dressed in a black leather trench-coat and dark clothing.

Pikey is another student, late teens, he wears a RAMONES band t-shirt, a UK SUBS belt buckle and has spiky hair.

Emma is about 25, frumpy and overweight, in an unflattering mini-skirt. She is Woodsies girlfriend and in good cheer.

Cassandra aka 'Cassie' is 21, strikingly pretty but quiet. She wears fishnet stockings and has facial piercings.

Johnny is dressed as before but now has a leather jacket.

Emma bops and hums happily, almost bumping into Johnny.

JOHNNY

You seem in a good mood Emma?

EMMA

My divorce came through at last. Now
me and Dan can think about marriage!

WOODSIE

(unconvincing)

Yeah - it's great...

Emma gives Woodsie a dirty look. Cassandra checks her mobile.

PIKEY

(to Johnny and Woodsie)

Did you hear about that girl they
found dead in the river?

Cassandra shows Emma her 'phone, they whisper to each other.

JOHNNY

Yeah - the second girl in two weeks.
'Unexplained' they're calling it.

PIKEY

There's nothing 'to' explain - they
just need more bridges in this shit-
heap they call a town.

WOODSIE

Ok Pikey, 'whatever'...

Woodsie observes Emma is turned and bending slightly.

EMMA

(to Cassandra)

Oh - Mikes not coming? O.K.

Woodsie pinches Emma's backside. She turns and scowls angrily
for a moment, then hugs him. He grins and pulls her closer.

PIKEY

(looking at Johnny's clothes)

You could have made an effort? There's
some 'hot looking babes' here tonight.

WOODSIE

Yeah - and that 'arsehole bouncer' is here too. The one funny about boots.

PIKEY

He said 'get kicked in the balls with big boots and it hurts'. So I said 'surely it will hurt anyway'?

Everyone in the queue shuffles-up a few paces as some enter.

JOHNNY

You think I'm bad? Look at that tramp up ahead - he's got no chance!

Johnny points to the front of the queue. Cassandra, Emma, Pikey and Woodsie look but are uncertain who he means.

EMMA

Who are you talking about Jon?

JOHNNY

(pointing)

That guy up there! See?

Woodsie and Pikey look again to where Johnny points.

In the queue near the entrance is a man in stylish but retro early 1970's dark clothing. This is Marius - the Roman as seen previously - other than clothes he is unchanged.

PAN to show Marius standing in the queue.

ZOOM and CLOSE UP into Johnny's staring eyes.

POV From Johnny. Marius is in rags and a tattered cloak, bent-up and deformed - elongated fingers, bat-like facial features and pointed teeth. This is his 'MONSTER FORM'.

NOTE: Johnny alone sees Marius in his true form.

JOHNNY (O.S)

Ugly bugger! Look at the state of him!
Can't you see him standing there?

WOODSIE

You what Johnny?

PIKEY

Who do you mean?

CLOSE UP OF JOHNNYS STARING EYES - and Zoom out.

JOHNNY

Even uglier than Pocks ex!

Woodsie, Pock, Cassie and Emma look around uncertainly. Again no-one see's Marius as a monster - he is human again here.

Marius turns and looks straight back at Johnny.

JOHNNY

Oh shit - he saw me staring!

Marius stares suspiciously at Johnny, his gaze intense.

PIKEY

Don't worry, your 'arsehole bouncer'
will protect you!

Fortunately the queue starts to move and the Goths shuffle along. Marius is forced to turn and step towards the door.

WOODSIE

He is a bit retro I suppose - but
girls like that sort of thing.

PIKEY

If I were a girl I'd screw him.

WOODSIE

You'd screw anything, dirty bastard!

Emma and Cassandra glance disapprovingly at Pikey and Woodsie. Pikey grins and WINKS at them.

Marius is now front of the queue. The bouncers examine him for a moment, then laugh and nod at some unheard comment.

JOHNNY

There's no way he's getting in!

PIKEY

People in glass-houses mate...

The bouncers step aside and Marius enters the club. Cassandra SNIGGERS at Johnny's failed prediction.

JOHNNY

What the hell?!

PIKEY

Ha! Told ya!

WOODSIE

If anyone's not getting in tonight
Jon, it will be you.

FADE TO

INT. NIGHTCLUB IN MODERN COLCHESTER - NIGHT

A wide dance floor surrounded by tables and chairs with a bar at one side. Numerous Goths dance and mosh, a few are seated and drink from plastic glasses. Emma and Casandra are 'dirty dancing' together on the dancefloor. Woodsie is dancing erratically - his lanky limbs everywhere, his coat gone. Johnny and Pikey are seated together drinking.

NOTE: All have to SHOUT at each other over the music.

CUE MUSIC : SHADES OF GOD (by Paradise Lost). This continues from the last minute or so, fading-in with the scene.

PIKEY

(shouting to Johnny)
There are some hot bitches here
tonight! I need some action... Did you
see the one with giant big tits?

JOHNNY

(shouting back)
That one that looks like 'Elvira'?

ELVIA EDWARDS 22, with dark hair and a large chest is wearing a flowing gothic dress and carrying a lace FAN. She glides towards the dance floor, SMILING at Johnny as she passes.

PIKEY

I think you're in there mate?!

JOHNNY

(sarcastically)
Yeah right!

Elvira begins dancing near Cassandra but glances at Johnny.

PIKEY

You should try to buy her a drink...
He who hesitates masturbates!

JOHNNY

Well you should know Pikey.

CUE MUSIC : the track ends and is replaced by NYMPHETAMINE (Jezebel Deva Fix - by Cradle of Filth).

Marius in MONSTER FORM glides past several dancing Goths towards Elvira. She turns to look at him and smiles. Everyone ignores Marius - to them he is normal, to Elvira handsome.

Marius makes an old-fashioned BOW to Elvira, then kisses her hand. She seems impressed by his old-world charm.

PIKEY

Bad luck Jon! Your 'tramp friend' has just beaten you to it!

Elvia and Marius begin to dance together. Marius moves awkwardly - his limbs have twisted over the centuries.

JOHNNY

What the hell does she see in him?

MUSIC FADES with scene.

FADE TO

INT. NIGHTCLUB TOILET IN MODERN COLCHESTER - NIGHT

Disgusting - blocked urinals, broken cubical doorss, vomit. POSTERS on walls advertise gigs, one depicts a ROMAN ARENA with caption 'BATTLE OF THE BANNED!', Music is heard from the next room but muffled.

CUE MUSIC: KNOW YOUR ENEMY (Rage Against The Machine).

A few male Goths are entering and exiting, sweaty from moshing. Johnny and Woodsie stand side-by-side at the urinal.

WOODSIE

That DJ is good - can't beat a bit of classic 'Rage Against The Machine'.

JOHNNY

Yeah, a lot of 'old school' stuff.

WOODSIE

I saw your tramp friend earlier, heading outside with that Elvira girl.

JOHNNY

Lucky ugly bastard! What does she see
in him? He must be rich or something.

WOODSIE

Don't worry mate, plenty more fish in
the sea.

Johnny gazes up at the ROMAN ARENA POSTER on the wall which
is face-height above the urinals.

ZOOM IN on poster - this shows GLADIATORS fighting.

MUSIC FADES WITH SCENE.

FUZZY FADE TO

INT. THE ARENA, ROMAN LONDINUM CIRCA 301 A.D - AFTERNOON

The Roman Arena is overlooked by rows of seated CITIZENS -
mostly Romanized Celts. A 'box seat' at either end, offering
the best view. One box for Vesta, Hadriana and their rich
relatives. The opposite box has Flavius and Marius and a few
wealthy citizens. Below in the arena SLAVES are dragging out
a corpse and re-surfacing the sand to soak-up blood.

MARIUS

(enthusiastic)

I must admit when I saw how plain this
arena looked I didn't have high hopes
- but it's been good so far.

FLAVIUS

How does the fighting compare to Gaul?
Are the fighters here as good?

MARIUS

Much the same really, only back home
we have the well known villains and
champions. Here I don't know anyone.

GLADIATOR #1 enters the arena and waves his sword at the
crowd. This is a Murmillo known as 'Maximus' - a large
muscular man wearing very little but has a helmet, a large
square shield and a gladius sword.

FLAVIUS

(pointing)

Speaking of champions, here comes the
local favourite - Maximus!

MARIUS

A Murmillo? Ah - very good!

CITIZENS

(chanting and clapping)

Maximus! Maximus! Maximus!

FLAVIUS

Not just any Murmillo either - a
veteran from Rome! Brought over by
Vesta at great personal expense.

Vesta - seeming to sense he is the topic of conversation -
smiles and nods to Flavius from his box opposite. Flavius
waves politely back, but mutters under his breath.

FLAVIUS

I'll show him, the stuck-up buffoon...

CERRIDWEN and GLADIATOR #2 arrive in the arena and wander
about waving to the audience - many citizens cheer, some boo.

Cerridwen is a 'Gladiatrix'. 25, tall and toned with long red
hair and BLUE CELTIC WAR PAINT. She is dressed in skimpy
leathers and has two silver swords covered in runes.

Gladiator #2 is a 'Retiarius' - a tall black man with a
weighted net and a trident-spear. He is about 30 and dressed
in light armour covered with decorative fish motifs.

The 3 X Gladiators stand side-by-side before Vesta and salute
him with their weapons. The CHEERING grows louder.

CERRIDWEN / GLADIATOR #1 / GLADIATOR #2

(together, to Vesta)

Those who are about to die salute you!

Vesta nods respectfully to the gladiators. They spread out
and face each other. A hushed silence falls among the crowd.

MARIUS

That one is a woman? I've never seen a
woman fighter before.

FLAVIUS

Yes - she is 'my' champion. The likes
of which have not been seen in Rome
since the time of Nero, but female
fighters are still popular over here.

The gladiators begin to fight - Gladiator #2 attempts to

'net' his adversaries and stab them, Gladiator #1 has to get close to use his short sword and knocks them back with his shield. Cerridwen is more light-footed than both - as she fights it is clear she is highly skilled and very acrobatic.

FLAVIUS

Cerridwen is not only a member of the Iceni tribe, she is said to be a direct descendant of Boudica!

MARIUS

(watching, impressed)
Really? Is she a slave then?

FLAVIUS

No, she signed herself over for two years. Said she wanted to kill as many champions of Rome she possibly could. Here in the arena of course, killing Romans is perfectly legal.

After a few moments pass the net of Gladiator #3 is cleaved in half and he is defeated and killed by Cerridwen.

MARIUS

(growing excited)
She is very good! One down already...

From their boxes Flavius and Vesta smile to each other, each expecting victory and planning to gloat later.

Gladiator #1 manages to knock Cerridwen over with his shield but she rolls over to avoid his stabs. She leaps up and kicks him away. She swirls her blades in an impressive display.

MARIUS

(more excited)
Magnificent! Just look at that!

FLAVIUS

(grinning)
A few more wins and I can bring her to Rome, to fight the best of the best.

The Citizens GASP and CHEER as Gladiator #1 and Cerridwen exchange blows - neither having a clear advantage.

Gladiator #1 finally lurches towards Cerridwen. She pivots to evade his charge and SLICES his back and legs. He collapses face down - badly wounded and immobilised.

The crowd falls silent as Cerridwen stands above him, ready to deliver a final blow as she looks up at Vesta.

Vesta appears greatly vexed as he stretches out his hand, wanting to give a thumbs-up. The Citizens chant otherwise.

CITIZENS
(chanting loudly)
Death! Death! Death!! DEATH!!

MARIUS
(joining-in excitedly)
Death! Death!! DEATH!!

Flavius grins and makes a point of WAVING to Vesta, who glares back and reluctantly points his thumb downward.

CLOSE UP of Cerridwens sword chopping the fallen Gladiator.

The crowd CHEERS in a deafening roar.

FUZZY FADE TO

INT. JOHNNYS KITCHEN, MODERN COLCHESTER - MIDDAY

Disgusting - dirty plates, spoiled food, litter. 3 grubby plates with soggy vegetables wait in readiness as Pock stirs a jug of thick gravy and Johnny CHOPS a joint of BLOODY BEEF.

PAN OUT from the meat and its bloody juices spurting.

POCK
You sure dat's cooked? I don't want
food-poisoning, I got stuff to do.

JOHNNY
Yeah Pock, it will be 'f-i-i-i-ne'...

POCK
Throw some of this on... Good gravy
hides all ills, my old Nan would say.

JOHNNY
You sure adding mayonnaise was right?

FADE TO

INT. JOHNNYS FLAT MODERN COLCHESTER - EARLY PM

More messy. Conner is seated and watching the news. The TV shows a plain News Studio office with REPORTER #1 facing the

camera. The News Reporter is a smartly dressed man, about 50.

REPORTER #1 (V.O)
 (from TV, continuing)
 ...a student last seen at the
 Hippodrome Nightclub last night.
 Police are appealing for witnesses.

An internal door opens and Pock and Johnny enter, each carrying a plate of dubious-looking 'roast dinner'.

POCK
 (to Conner)
 Dinner Conner. A roast like no other.

JOHNNY
 Eat at your own risk!

Conner staggers up towards the kitchen, licking his lips.

PAN TO TV SCREEN, to...

INT. NEWS STUDIO OFFICE, MODERN DAY - CONTINUOUS

As seen on the TV. Reporter #1 is concluding his report. In the background is the image of Elvira, now wearing glasses and more dressed plainly and sporting a cheesy grin.

REPORTER #1
 Elvira Edwards, twenty-two years old,
 found by joggers at the bank of the
 River Colne early this morning.

PAN AWAY FROM TV SCREEN, to...

INT. JOHNNYS FLAT MODERN COLCHESTER - CONTINUOUS

As before only now Johnny, Pock and Conner are seated and eating their dubious dinners, all watching the TV.

POCK
 (chewing reluctantly)
 Where's the remote at?

REPORTER #1 (V.O)
 (from TV)
 Police suspect that these deaths are
 connected and warn that a serial
 killer may be involved...

JOHNNY

Hold on - I saw her last night! Her name really is 'Elvira'?

POCK

(taking remote from Conner)
You what, Johnny-boy?

JOHNNY

It was her I saw at the club - I've seen her around a few times.

Pock rudely changes the channel with the remote.

POCK

News is depressing.

Conner takes a bite of meat and looks disgusted.

PAN TO TV SCREEN

The TV shows an old Hollywood ROMAN EPIC akin to 'Sparticus'. A trail of WAGONS proceed along a long Roman road, with Slaves walking alongside. In the distance is a Roman Town surrounded by fields. The set and costumes not convincing.

FUZZY FADE TO

EXT. ROMAN ROAD TO CAMULODUNUM, CIRCA 301 A.D - EARLY PM

The long road leading to the walled town of Camulodunum, with fields around and a small British aqueduct. WAGONS head in and out via the Balcerne Gate. A convoy of waggons travels towards the town, one has GLADIATORS including Cerridwen, who sits at the rear and has removed her war-paint. In the last waggon sit Flavius and Marius. Marius has a FAT BLOODY LIP.

NOTE: This scene mirrors the previous scene on the TV.

PAN TO MARIUS AND FLAVIUS.

FLAVIUS

I warned you she was feisty Marius.

MARIUS

Feisty? Ferocious! I only asked about the runes on her swords.

FLAVIUS

She hates Romans - ALL Romans. Even me I expect.

MARIUS

What more can you tell me of her?

FLAVIUS

Not much. Usually she is in a better mood after killing - but I hear she has some 'family problems' of late.

MARIUS

Family problems?

FLAVIUS

Her father is deeply in debt - perhaps another reason she became a gladiator? I hear he owes money to a notorious gambler named 'Lucius Servenus'.

MARIUS

They say gambling is for fools, but I myself play an occasional game.

FLAVIUS

I wouldn't bother in this town - most games are rigged and run by Servenus. Since 'the troubles' we are over-flowing with villains like him.

MARIUS

Well I see at least the fortifications of Camulodunum look in good order?

FLAVIUS

Yes, the Iceni rebellion is still something that haunts our memories. My villa is through the Balcerne Gate on the Eastern side - the nicer area.

The procession near the Roman gateway into the town.

FUZZY FADE TO

EXT. HOLE IN THE WALL PUB, MODERN COLCHESTER - EVENING

Present day. The Hole-in-The-Wall is a pub in Colchester built onto a Roman wall and tower, with the ruins of the Balcerne Gate just nextdoor.

PAN OUT from the ruined gateway to the modern Pub.

FADE TO

INT. HOLE IN THE WALL PUB, MODERN COLCHESTER - EVENING

Decor has a 'Roman' vibe - pictures of Roman vases, Roman villa's and Julius Caesar. Johnny, Pock, Pikey and Woodsie are seated, drinking. Their jackets and coats on the backs of chairs. A few STUDENTS are in the background chatting, one is female. There is a juke box with music playing.

CUE MUSIC: VODOO DUST (by The Devils Blood).

JOHNNY

They said the descriptions I gave
"don't tie up with previous reports",
but thanked me for my time.

POCK

Told you 'dem' pigs are all useless.
They only care about da rich.

WOODSIE

At least you tried. Can't have foxy
babes just being bumped-off, there
aren't exactly loads in Colchester.

PIKEY

(grinning)
You're alright - you've got Emma!

Woodsie SIGHS and sips his beer.

POCK

(to Johnny)
So John-boy, you saw 'dis geezer as a
tramp? 'Weird-looking' - but everyone
else saw 'dem' as normal?

JOHNNY

That's how it seems Pock, yeah.

PIKEY

Maybe you need to go to 'Specsavers'?!

All CHUCKLE, even the Students nearby, apart from Johnny.
Pikey looks the student girl up and down as she GIGGLES.

WOODSIE

Another round? Pay day was the other
day, although work puts me off pizza.

JOHNNY

Thanks.

Pock nods as he sips. Woodsie rises and heads to the bar.

PIKEY

Not for me mate - think I'll call it a night. Got to finish an assignment.

WOODSIE

Ok Pikey. See you later?

Pikey nods, stands and pulls on his jacket.

POCK

Watch out for more tramps though!

PIKEY

Yeah, whatever Pock...

FADE TO

EXT. COLCHESTER STREET WITH ALLEY, MODERN DAY - EVENING

A grotty street, with a dark alley branching off behind run-down shops further ahead. Cheap cars ZOOM along and a few inbred-looking LOCALS wander aimlessly. Street-lights are on.

MUSIC CUE: music continues from the previous scene.

A BUS is about to pull away as Pikey walks towards it, his headphones on. He checks coins from his pocket then gives up on the bus and continues walking. The bus pulls away.

A PROSTITUTE in skimpy attire slinks past Pikey, he looks her up and down happily. She glances at him and crosses the road.

Disappointed Pikey continues towards the alley and notices something laying on the ground, by a wheelie bin.

POV from Pikey - ELVIRA's FAN is here. Pikey's hand reaches for the fan and he picks it up.

PIKEY (O.S)

(to self)

Don't see many of these about. This thing looks expensive...

BACK TO SCENE

Pikey is examining the fan, this seems high quality.

There is RATTLE of empty bottles from down the alley. Still carrying the fan, Pikey proceeds into the alleyway.

QUICK FADE TO

EXT. COLCHESTER ALLEYWAY, MODERN DAY - EVENING

Poorly lit with wheelie bins and rubbish. At the end is a derelict 1930's industrial building, mostly boarded-up. A rusty chain on the entrance hangs broken, the door is ajar.

CUE MUSIC: music continues from the previous scene.

Pikey approaches the building and peers through the door - all looks very dark and ominous inside.

PIKEY
(to self)
Buggered if I am going in there?!

Pikey turns to leave, but there is a MOAN from inside - SALLY GOLDSMITH is having an intense orgasm. Pikey turns off his I-pod and removes his headphones to listen closer.

CUE MUSIC : music stops as Pikey presses his button.

Sally is about 22, a blond barmaid with a revealing dress and a strong Essex accent.

SALLY (O.S)
(moaning, heard inside)
Oh yes... More...MORE!

Pikey grins, discards the fan and sneaks inside the building.

FADE TO

INT. DERELICT BUILDING, MODERN COLCHESTER - LATE EVENING

A former workshop, most windows boarded. Light from an old metal RUBBISH BIN with burning litter and a few tea-tree CANDLES on a wonky table, on which 2 x TIN CANS with water.

Sally is embracing Marius who has his hand up her dress. He is in human form, in his retro clothes. His voice is more resonant and seductive here (as a vampire).

Pikey is sneaking in from outside. He crouches behind a pile of old crates to watch Marius and Sally. After a few moments of passion Sally pulls away from Marius, panting and flushed.

SALLY
Stop! You turn me on too much!

Marius withdraws, allowing her to recover.

MARIUS

As you do me, my darling.

SALLY

I just need a minute...

(looking around)

Your home is so lovely. Just as I
imagined it. And I love open fires.

Sally nods to the burning bin.

MARIUS

I have an appreciation for tradition,
I distrust gas and electricity. Would
you care for some champagne Sally?

SALLY

Oh yes Marius, I'd love some!

Sally picks up a rusty tin and sips. Instead of disgust she
seems to enjoy the tepid water.

SALLY

You're not having some too?

MARIUS

I'll drink shortly... You go ahead.

Sally sips more water as Marius moves closer and begins to
caress her shoulders and neck, licking his lips.

Pikey shuffles closer - Marius glances in his direction.
Pikey crouches low and holds his breath - growing nervous.

SALLY

Everything all right love?

Marius smiles to himself and turns back to Sally.

MARIUS

Of course Sally. Everything is just as
it should be...

SPECIAL EFFECT - BLURRING as though perception is changing.

BLURRY FADE TO

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT, MODERN COLCHESTER - CONTINUOUS

Beautifully decorated. An open fire burning, a walnut table with antique chairs. On the table is a crystal decanter, wine glasses and a flickering candelabra.

NOTE: Furnishings are positioned in the same equivalent places as furniture in the previous scene. In the same relative positions too are Sally, Marius and Pikey. The tin cup in Sally's hand now a glass of wine.

Pikey is behind a chest-of-drawers, he looks around startled and confused - now also inside the illusion.

Marius begins to kiss Sally's shoulders and neck.

SALLY

Oh Marius - I want you!

Sally undoes her dress which drops to the floor. Marius lifts her onto the table, she pulls him closer with her legs.

SALLY

Take me Marius, take me!

Pikey watches - nervous but finding Sally attractive.

Marius raises his head up to the ceiling, his mouth SPLITS OPEN to reveal a mass of FANGS. His eyes blaze red.

Pikey stares in horror, not believing his eyes.

Marius bites down onto Sally's neck - she GASPS in ecstasy as Marius slurps and feeds like a wild beast. A trickle of BLOOD drops down onto the floor and rolls towards Pikey.

SPECIAL EFFECT - Establish BLURRING again.

BLURRY FADE TO

INT. DERELICT BUILDING, MODERN COLCHESTER - CONTINUOUS

The drained husk of Sally DROPS to the floor, a wound on her neck. She is still in her underwear and her dress lays nearby. Marius has somehow vanished.

Pikey is turned away, hiding and rubbing his eyes. He looks around - confused to be 'back'. He peers over at Sally.

He takes a deep breath then begins to sneak away. Floorboards CREAK as he heads to the exit. He finally reaches the door. Suddenly the door opens - and Marius stands before him.

MARIUS
Leaving so soon?

Pikey GASPS and staggers backwards. He quickly rummages under his shirt and pulls out a GOTHIC CRUCIFIX on a chain.

MARIUS
(accusingly)
You and your little friends have been
spying on me haven't you? Telling
stories about me - to the Police!

Pikey holds the cross out at Marius.

PIKEY
Get back! Get back, you devil!

MARIUS
(very amused)
Looks like someone has been watching
too many old movies?

Marius SNATCHES the cross and crushes it to pieces.

MARIUS
Superstition and folklore cannot save
you now. But... I offer you a choice.

PIKEY
A choice?
(thinks a moment)
Oh - like 'Lestat' in Anne Rice?

Marius looks puzzled.

MARIUS
I do not understand you? But your
choice is a simple one. Tell me the
names and addresses of your friends,
those who think they know about me and
be spared a great deal of pain.

Pikey turns and flees, nearly stumbling over the corpse of Sally. He reaches an internal door but Marius suddenly steps-out before him yet again. Pikey stops and gapes.

MARIUS
(annoyed)
Do not test my patience! Believe me
boy - you are beyond doomed. Tell me
what I want and your demise shall be

swift. Continue to annoy me however
and I will still learn what I need,
but it won't be... 'pleasant'.

The eyes of Marius BLAZE RED with unearthly light.

FUZZY FADE TO

EXT. ROMAN MARKET PLACE, ROMAN COLCHESTER CIRCA 301 A.D

A courtyard overlooked by brick buildings, packed with stalls selling goods from across the Empire. TRADERS and CITIZENS haggle over prices. The Citizens are mostly Romanised Celts, tribal so with similar features. The Traders are more diverse-looking, some Asian and an even African.

Flavius and his wife LUCRETIA are wandering the stalls, looking at the wares.

Lucretia, 30, is glamorous and curvy, dressed in skimpy silks and wearing glittering jewellery. Flavius seems proud to be seen publicly with his 'trophy wife'.

A short distance behind them is a SUDAN CHAIR and 2 X SLAVES waiting who double as bodyguards, both big and burly males.

Making a bee-line through the crowd towards Lucretia is ZEALOT #1 - a stern-looking man in monk-like robes.

FLAVIUS

(gazing up at the sky)
How pleasant it is! Such glorious
sunshine. Look Lucretia - new silks
from China just over there.

Lucretia examines the silks as they chat.

LUCRETIA

How did Hadriana seem? I heard she has
put on weight.

FLAVIUS

Can't say I really noticed. My
attention was mainly on Marius.

LUCRETIA

Where is Marius anyway? I know he is
your old comrade-in-arms, but he seems
so serious and austere all the time.

Lucretia pulls a silk dress against herself to look.

FLAVIUS

Over at the Town Watch, telling
Captain Marcus his strange tales... I
told him to find us afterwards.

Zealot #1 arrives and accosts Lucretia.

ZEALOT #1

(to Lucretia)

Sinful woman! Have you no shame?

The Zealot tears the dress from Lucretia, who backs away
nervously. Flavius is shocked and backs away also.

ZEALOT #1

God will punish sinners like you!

LUCRETIA

Get away from me! How dare you?!

The 2 X Slaves hurry and seize the Zealot, forcing him down
to his knees. Nearby Citizens and Traders turn to stare.

FLAVIUS

(outraged)

By the gods, more Christians?!

(to slaves)

Teach this madman some manners!

ZEALOT #1

(ranting to Lucretia)

You will be judged! The scourge of
heaven is coming! It is foretold!

Lucretia is distressed so Flavius gives her a hug.

FLAVIUS

There-there Lucretia, this crazed
zealot cannot harm you...

Marius arrives and pushes through the crowd until he reaches
Flavius. He looks questioningly at Zealot #1 who the Slaves
are starting to kick. Flavius adds a quick kick also.

MARIUS

Flavius! What happened?

FLAVIUS

Another 'mad Christian' that's what!
This one laid hands on my poor wife.

MARIUS

These fanatics are everywhere...

FLAVIUS

Springing-up like weeds in a garden.

(to slaves)

Have him whipped in the town square!

Despite being kicked the Zealot stares up defiantly.

FLAVIUS

(to slaves)

Actually - take him to the gaol
instead. I'll deal with him later.

LUCRETIA

(wiping her eyes)

Good Marius, if only you arrived
sooner, you might have been able to
apprehend this madman yourself?

Marius NODS as the 2 X Slaves nod and drag the zealot away.

MARIUS

You allow Christians to 'run wild'
here? I hear they have caused much
trouble in the Egyptian provinces.

FLAVIUS

I show tolerance to all faiths - as
long as they behave and obey the law.

FUZZY FADE TO

INT. CHEESY FAKE CASTLE, 1970'S FILM - NIGHT

The set of a low budget horror film. A DRACULA-LIKE CHARACTER
in a cape sporting rubber fangs is pursuing a BUXOM LADY
around a table. He moves his hands to make strange gestures.

DRACULA-CHARACTER

Obey... You must obey... OBEY!

The Buxom Lady stops running and becomes hypnotised. She
steps closer to the Dracula figure and begins to unbutton her
dress - which the camera ZOOMS-IN on eagerly.

QUICK CUT TO

INT. JOHNNYS FLAT MODERN COLCHESTER - CONTINUOUS

It is night but the curtains are still open. Johnny sits alone watching the 70's horror film as per the previous scene. He looks bored, despite the cleavage on screen.

Johnny fails to see A SHADOWY FORM pass the window, offering a brief glimpse of Marius in his monster form.

A moment later a NOISE in the back room, glass breaking.

Johnny hits the MUTE button on his remote control.

JOHNNY
(calling)
Is that you Pock?

Silence - pause.

JOHNNY
Pock? Connor? Guys??

Silence.

Johnny turns off the TV and heads to the internal door.

FADE TO

INT. POCKS BEDROOM, FLAT IN MODERN COLCHESTER - NIGHT

DARK initially. A messy bedroom with posters of nude ladies and rap artists. Now a BLOOD BATH - furniture trashed, bedding and clothing shredded. The window smashed from outside. POCKS BODY has been ripped-apart and pulverised.

The door opens and in walks Johnny, he puts the light on.

Johnny gapes - shocked. Blood on the lightbulb makes things look worse. He finally doubles over and is violently SICK.

FUZZY FADE TO

INT. ROMAN TAVERN, ROMAN COLCHESTER CIRCA 301 A.D - EVENING

Like a pub, with tables and chairs and a bar. On the walls are painted pictures depicting bar-room scenes with saucy jokes in Latin. A few Citizens are chatting and drinking. One is VOMITING into a bucket, like Johnny in the previous scene.

CLOSE UP of the Citizen vomiting and PAN OUT.

The Citizen shrugs apologetically at those around him and sheepishly exits, carrying his bucket under his arm.

MARCUS SEXTUS and 2 x Town Watch Guards are at the bar, watching the sick Citizen leave.

Marcus is Captain of the Town Watch, 45, slender and grey. He and the Guards have hoods and cloaks to hide their uniforms.

At a table sits LUCIUS SERVENUS and THE HENCHMAN, opposite Marius and a couple of Citizens.

Lucius Servenus is about 30, slim and weaselly-looking.

The Henchman is a big brute of a man, with scars over his face. He is a thug and an enforcer for Servenus.

Marius wears slightly different Roman clothes here.

Servenus SLAMS down a wooden cup onto the table, containing dice made from animal bone. He grins at Marius.

MARIUS

Odds!

SERVENUS

Odds again friend? You're sure?

MARIUS

Yes Servenus - but the stakes are greater than you realise. I'm betting it will be a two and a five.

Servenus and The Henchman exchange worried glances. Servenus raises the cup to reveal the dice showing 2 and 5.

MARIUS

You need more weighted dice to play with, 'my friend'.

Servenus sneers and The Henchman stands and draws a DAGGER.

The Henchman lunges but Marius grabs his wrist and pulls him onto the table. The dagger CLATTERS to the floor - all Citizens stop chatting and turn to look. Suddenly Marcus and the Town Watch throw back their hoods and draw swords.

Servenus stands and draws his own dagger, looking around.

SERVENUS

The Watch! It's a set-up!

Citizens abandon their drinks and begin to flee, all trying to escape the authorities for various reasons.

The Henchman recovers and SMASHES a nearby bottle. He moves to attack Marius and cut him. Marcus dives forward and grabs the Henchman from behind and holds him firmly.

MARCUS

No you don't 'Big Man'! Surrender and we'll go more easy on you.

MARIUS

Good timing Marcus - thanks.

Servenus tries to flee but the door is blocked by escaping Citizens. Marius retrieves the dropped dagger and thrusts this into Servenus's back - who SQUEALS and collapses.

SERVENUS

(gasping, dying)

You've done me!

Marius wipes the blood from his hands on a bar towel.

FADE TO

INT. ROMAN BATHS, ROMAN COLCHESTER CIRCA 301 A.D - NOON

A steam room in a larger bathing complex. A few Citizens lounge here sweating - woman and men wearing little or nothing. A couple use hooked instruments and scrape sweat from each other. Cerridwen is spread out on a bench, nude and drenched in sweat - she dabs herself with a towel.

PAN OUT from towel dabbing, similar to the previous scene.

Marius enters in just a towel, he sits beside her.

MARIUS

For someone who hates Romans, I am surprised to find you at the baths?

CERRIDWEN

It is Romans I hate - not cleanliness.

MARIUS

Fair enough.

CERRIDWEN

For a Roman though Marius, I admit you seem better than most. Lucius Servenus was a blight on this town for years. You have done us a great favour.

MARIUS

His tricks were not very original,
I've seen similar in Gaul. Perhaps you
Britons are just not as aware?

CERRIDWEN

You are from Gaul? Why are you here?

MARIUS

Your Dominus is my old comrade from
the Fourth Legion. I was injured - but
to cut a long story short I owe him.
Plus I have an interest in gladiators.

CERRIDWEN

(pleasantly surprised)
You like gladiators do you?

MARIUS

I'm a lifelong fan. I even sponsored a
few in Gaul. Other than seeing his
champions in action I promised to look
into some 'strange incidents' here...

(quieter)
Flavius thinks Christians are
involved, but I'm not so sure.

CERRIDWEN

(angry)
Christians? 'Women-haters' who fear
sex? They are worse even than Romans!
(calming)
Oh - meaning no offence.

MARIUS

None taken. And I am glad you hate
someone more than we Romans.

A few of the Citizen bathers look disapprovingly at Cerridwen
for a moment but she ignores them.

CERRIDWEN

I do not hate you Marius. In fact, I'm
starting to find you agreeable.

(pause)
If you would like, I could perhaps
assist in your investigation? My
family have sway over local people.

MARIUS

That would be very helpful actually.

Yes - thank you Cerridwen.

Marius runs his eye over the attractive figure of Cerridwen. She smiles coyly back at him.

FADE TO

EXT. WOODLAND NEAR ROMAN COLCHESTER CIRCA 301 A.D - PM

Woodland bordering fields with the town in the distance. Among trees is a shallow trench filled with decomposing BODIES - barbarian Celts with tartan clothing. The females are few but wear dresses and shawls with broaches. ALL DECAPITATED, their severed heads lay near each body.

Marcus and Marius crouch to examine the bodies (fully dressed). Near them stand a few Town Watch Guards.

MARIUS

What happened here?

MARCUS

Some strange Celtic ritual I'm guessing? Perhaps their druids have been stirring things up again?

The sound of HOOVES - Cerridwen arrives through trees on a white horse, followed by ICENI WARRIOR #1 and ICENI WARRIOR #2. They have less impressive horses but are large and muscular, with similar hair and features to her (same tribe).

CERRIDWEN

(half-joking)

I heard that, Marcus Sextus.

(looking at bodies)

These people are indeed Celts, but none from my tribe. Their clothing suggests they are Brigantes.

MARCUS

Brigantes would be days away. Why bring corpses all this way when they have burial grounds of their own?

MARIUS

Perhaps they are fearful of this particular group of dead? Don't Celts favour cremation, as we Romans do?

Cerridwen dismounts and her Warriors do the same. The warriors examine the bodies and the Guards watch

suspiciously. She steps closer to Marius.

CERRIDWEN

I have a Nephew up at Rigodunum - I will get word to him, get him to make enquiries for me.

MARCUS

That will take weeks - or longer.

(to Marius)

Could this be a way to spread infection South perhaps? Do they plan a revolt or rebellion?

CERRIDWEN

The Brigantes are collaborators and cowards, they would not dare displease their Roman masters.

MARIUS

Why cut off their heads? Their relatives, their friends and neighbours?

CERRIDWEN

Such things are reserved for enemies.

MARCUS

Were they criminals perhaps?

CERRIDWEN

Not that either. We burn our worst criminals as an offering to the gods. Unless you Romans get to them first.

MARCUS

Were their heads removed after they died or was this the cause of death?

MARIUS

Hard to say, birds have been at them. I can't see any obvious signs of plague... A few are tied, so my guess is they were brought here and killed.

Iceni Warrior #1 WAVES to Cerridwen. She approaches and Marius and Marcus follow behind. Both Romans cannot resist a glance down at her swaying backside in tight leathers.

CERRIDWEN
 (to Iceni Warrior #1)
 What have you found 'Lud'?

The Warrior lifts a severed head and shows them - this is of a barbarian man with a rock in his mouth.

MARCUS
 Another one with a blocked mouth?

CERRIDWEN
 Hold it steady, let me see...

She pulls out the rock - the head has SHARP FANG-LIKE TEETH. All look at the fangs and exchange puzzled glances.

FUZZY FADE OUT

INT. DENTISTS SURGERY, MODERN COLCHESTER - DAY

Emma is on the Dentist chair, the sound of DRILLING as she grips the arms tightly.

The DENTIST is a sadistic dark-haired lady, from Bulgaria. Next to her stands THE NURSE, a young black lady with glasses who operates a suction tool periodically on Emma.

Woodsie sits opposite - here to offer comfort to Emma but mostly checking his mobile. His hair in a ponytail here.

CLOSE UP and PAN OUT from Emma's teeth, her mouth open and the drill of the sadistic dentist at work.

WOODSIE
 (to Emma)
 All the horrors in the world, a killer
 in town and you're scared of Dentists?

The Dentist really goes for it now, drilling with great enthusiasm. The Nurse rolls her eyes.

WOODSIE
 You're just lucky it's my afternoon
 off, most boyfriends won't do stuff
 like this for their girlfriend. I'd
 rather be at home listening to music.

Emma TAPS the arm of the chair angrily - disagreeing.

WOODSIE
 Er - ok - 'fiance' I mean.

(checking phone)
 There's still no reply from Pikey or
 Johnny. Even Connor is awol - but
 that's usual for him. I won't bother
 asking Pock, that nobber who is white
 as snow but thinks he's black.

The Nurse glances angrily at Woodsie.

WOODSIE
 (pressing buttons)
 I'm guessing you don't want to hear
 about the new pizza menu at work?

Emma raises her hand as if to shrug.

WOODSIE
 Oh - that Paradise Lost album turned-
 up at last. Should be great on vinyl.

Emma gives a thumbs up, although she is trembling. The
 Dentist leans into her, grinding harder with the drill.

WOODSIE
 That gym up the road does offer
 student discounts. I'll pop there the
 weekend - like you said. Anythings
 better than Wing-Chun with Cassie...

POV from Woodsie - he uses his phone to find a website about
 'Hercules Gym - Colchester'. We see a picture of a modern
 gym, contact details and opening hours and links to classes.

FUZZY FADE TO

INT. ROMAN GYM, ROMAN COLCHESTER - DAWN

Part of the complex with sauna. A bust of Hercules in the
 corner. Items of clothing on nearby benches, including
 Cerridwen's swords. The 2 x Iceni Warriors and Cerridwen are
 practicing fighting with wooden weapons on a central mat, all
 striped-down and sweaty. Iceni Warrior #1 has a shield and
 sword, #2 has a spear, Cerridwen has two swords.

PAN OUT from the bust of Hercules as they fight.

A SLAVE GIRL approaches. She is about 18 with dark hair and
 simple attire. She has a pot of soapy water and cloth,
 although cleaning she stops to watch the combat, impressed.

Cerridwen moves with grace and speed, blocking blows and

weaving in and out. In a flash she knocks the spear from the hands of the Iceni warrior #2 and trips him over.

She focuses on Iceni warrior #1. She feigns a counter attack and trips him over and points her wooden sword at his throat. The two male warriors lay dazed, but both are impressed.

The Slave Girl moves to touch the silver swords. Cerridwen wheels round and THROWS her wooden sword like a dart at the girls hand. She GASPS and steps away.

CERRIDWEN

(to slave)

No one touches my swords but me!

The Slave Girl rubs her injured hand and bows nervously, expecting to be beaten. Cerridwen approaches her.

CERRIDWEN

I will not punish one lower than I -
for I am no Roman. But know these
blades are blessed by my peoples
druids - imbued with powerful magic.

Marcus enters, accompanied by one of the Town Watch Guards.

MARCUS

Cerridwen! Sorry to interrupt, but
there's been a development. Marius
suggested I come and find you.

FADE TO

EXT. ROMAN STOREHOUSE, ROMAN COLCHESTER CIRCA 301 A.D - DAWN

A brick building on the outskirts with an open doorway - no windows. A few Citizens gathered by the door. A few Town Watch Guards with nearly burnt-out torches stop them entering. Marius, in his usual attire is by the entrance.

Marcus and Cerridwen approach, pushing past spectators. She has her two sheaved swords. Iceni Guard #1 follows behind her (he is unarmed but now fully dressed also).

NOTE: Bearing arms under 'Pax Romana' law is not allowed.

MARIUS

Cerridwen! Good you're here - and
armed too I see?

CERRIDWEN

Special dispensation for helping the Town Watch. I hope this is important Marius - I need to finish my training? What is this nonsense about my cousin?

MARIUS

Whoever he is, he is trapped inside.

MARCUS

My men found him wandering the graveyard, just before sunrise. He seems confused and violent. We chased him in here.

MARIUS

(to Cerridwen)

A couple of early Traders setting-up swear it is Drustan, your cousin.

CERRIDWEN

Impossible! Drustan is long dead. I will find the truth of this myself!

(to Iceni Guard #1)

'Lud' - wait outside for me.

Iceni Guard #1 bows as Cerridwen steps towards the entrance, peering inside. She snatches a torch from a Town Guard.

FADE TO

INT. ROMAN STOREHOUSE, ROMAN COLCHESTER - EARLY MORNING

Dark, no windows. A store for farming equipment. A huddled figure in the corner - DRUSTAN. He is 30, facially similar to Cerridwen but with gleaming EYES and dressed in a burial shroud. A few Citizens outside peer in through the door but are kept back by the Town Watch Guards.

Cerridwen enters, carrying a torch. She steps towards Drustan, who doesn't react. Marius follows behind her.

CERRIDWEN

Drustan? Is that you?

Drustan seems half-dead and struggles to move.

DRUSTAN

(wheezing)

Cerridwen! Yes - it is I...

Marius draws his sword.

CERRIDWEN

(shocked)

By all the gods! How is this possible?
I saw you buried with my own eyes!

Cerridwen throws the torch to the where it casts eerie shadows. She steps closer to Drustan cautiously.

MARIUS

(to Cerridwen)

Don't get too close - he may not be
who he seems to be!

CERRIDWEN

Drustan - what happened to you? How
can you yet be alive?

DRUSTAN

I am tired. So tired Cerridwen...

Marius squints in the darkness. Drustan stares back at him - his eyes gleam like a cat.

MARIUS

Look at his eyes! He is a demon, the
likes I have seen before in Gaul.

CERRIDWEN

Leave this to me, this is my family
Marius - my business. Not yours!

(turning to Drustan)

Drustan - please answer! Let me help
you! How is it you're still alive?

DRUSTAN

There was a woman... A beautiful
woman... I could not resist her.

CERRIDWEN

A woman? She did to you?

DRUSTAN

I am tired... So tired...

Drustan slumps down in his corner and doesn't move.

DRUSTAN

(muttering)

Tired... So very tired...

Marius backs towards the gate and sunshine. Cerridwen steps towards Drustan, her hands the hilts of her undrawn swords. He leans and seems to SNIFF her like an animal.

CERRIDWEN

Let me help you?! What do you need?

DRUSTAN

Need? What do I need?

(pause)

I need the blood! THE BLOOD!

(ranting)

Blood is the life! BLOOD IS THE LIFE!!

Cerridwen SIGHS and turns away, moving towards the doorway with her back to him. She shakes her head sadly.

PAN IN ON CERRIDWEN - focusing on her head and shoulders.

CERRIDWEN

(to Marius)

He is Drustan, but I do not understand how. He seems to have lost his mind.

MARIUS

Be careful Cerridwen!

DRUSTAN

(SCREAMING insanely)

THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE!!

Drustan leaps up at Cerridwen, grabbing her shoulders and moving to bite her from behind. He stops dead.

PAN OUT

Cerridwen has drawn her swords and aimed behind her - Drustan has just impaled himself. He GASPS and gurgles, shocked.

Cerridwen SPINS around pulling her swords out of Drustan's torso and CHOPPING his head off. The headless corpse flops to the ground as the head rolls to the doorway. As the sunlight touches the head it BURSTS INTO FLAMES! The Citizens outside GASP and retreat. Marcus enters, his sword drawn.

MARCUS

By the gods! What is this creature?

CERRIDWEN

I know not Marcus - but it seems that this is my cousin no longer.

MARCUS

I heard all outside. It's a shame this wretch would not share his secrets.

Cerridwen spins her swords and sheaves them fluidly.

MARIUS

Perhaps there is some clue to be found on the body? Let us search him?

Marius and Cerridwen search the headless body - they accidentally TOUCH HANDS and pause to look at each other, mutually attracted. Cerridwen continues searching and finds a SMALL WOODEN CROSS with a circle.

CERRIDWEN

Look - some sort of talisman?

MARIUS

Is that the symbol of Venus?

MARCUS

No, a Christian symbol I think. They steal their ideas from other faiths.

MARIUS

This creature was no normal Christian. I have seen many die in the arena, ripped apart by beasts. They had no magic powers, their god did nothing.

CERRIDWEN

No relative of mine would be a Christian! We honour the old gods, the old ways and gods of our forefathers.

MARIUS

Perhaps the Christians did this to him? Somehow made him like this?

MARCUS

Jupiter's balls! I hate Christians.

FUZZY FADE TO

INT. JOHNNYS MUMS LIVING ROOM, MODERN COLCHESTER - MORNING

The Living Room is comfortably furnished but old-fashioned. A decorative WOODEN CROSS hangs on the wall. JOHNNY'S MUM is watching a rather small TV as she sits on the sofa.

Johnny's Mum is 55, overweight, with dyed-blond hair. She is wearing jogging-bottoms and a baggy-cardigan.

CLOSE UP OF WOODEN CROSS and PAN OUT.

She flicks through channels with the remote, a brief glimpse of a BBC programme about Roman Aqueducts, an interview with the actor who was the Dracula-Character moaning about type-casting, singer DANI FILTH about to sing in his microphone.

She stops on the news - the same news channel seen before.

PAN TO THE TV

INT. NEWS STUDIO OFFICE, MODERN DAY - CONTINUOUS

As seen on TV. The Studio Office as before. REPORTER #2 is concluding a report. She is a smartly dressed News reporter. Behind her a PHOTO OF POCK appears, in the style of a passport photo - here he looks almost presentable.

REPORTER #2 (V.O)

Paul James Page was an engineering student at Colchester University, found dead earlier today in his shared apartment. Police believe all deaths are connected and have issued the following statement earlier today...

EXT. POLICE STATION, MODERN COLCHESTER - CONTINUOUS

As seen on TV. The Police Station is run down and dated. There are a couple of uniformed POLICE in the background including PC EDWARDS - a younger officer.

In the foreground is THE POLICE INSPECTOR. He is 55 with a moustache and is reading out a pre-prepared statement.

Clustered around him waving microphones and holding TV cameras are THE PRESS. They look sleazy and scruffy.

INSPECTOR

The manner of death in which Jon Pike and Paul Page were killed suggests that all were murdered by the same person or persons. The latest victims discovered just hours apart in the same vicinity. We believe that the killer is likely to reside in the Colchester area, someone with a good knowledge of local streets...

PAN AWAY FROM TV, TO...

INT. JOHNNYS MUMS LIVING ROOM - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Johnnys Mum is watching TV. The Police Inspector from the previous scene is seen on the screen and still talking.

INSPECTOR (V.O)

(from TV)

Additional officers from the Metropolitan and Suffolk Police have been redeployed to assist with our investigation. A curfew between ten pm and six am is now being considered to ensure public safety.

Johnny's Mum's MOBILE PHONE begins to ring loudly, she turns down the TV and The Inspector can now barely be heard.

JOHNNY'S MUM

(to her 'phone)

Johnny - thank god! Yes - I've just seen the news! Where are you??

INSPECTOR (V.O)

At this stage I have no further details, but a further statement will be made at three o'clock today.

JOHNNY'S MUM

(shocked, to 'phone)

You're at the Police Station?!

FADE TO

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM, MODERN COLCHESTER - MORNING

Dull décor in a 1960's building, a battered table and chairs and an old recorder fitted to the table. PC Edwards is standing guard by the door. Seated are Johnny and The Inspector. Johnny is dressed in a 'loaner' track suit, he looks tired and unhappy. The Inspector is scruffy here.

JOHNNY

I've told you again and again - I don't know!

INSPECTOR

Alright, alright... I think we've covered all we need. We have tracked down your other housemate - Conner

Smith - lurking in the changing rooms of 'Swim Essex' of all places. He is safe and making a statement. Do you have anywhere to stay tonight?

JOHNNY

Yes - over at my mums.

INSPECTOR

(glancing at notes)

That would be on Derwent Road?

JOHNNY

Yes. I gave the address three times.

INSPECTOR

Doctor Williams says you're in good health, but should you have any trouble sleeping it might be worth consulting your GP. Post Traumatic shock is very common in cases like this and nothing to be ashamed of.

JOHNNY

So I can go?

INSPECTOR

Of course. We've taken the samples we need and have your full statement. We will be in touch in a day or two.

PC EDWARDS

(jokingly)

Just don't leave the country.

Johnny and the Inspector rise and head to the door.

JOHNNY

I was worried you might want to keep me here? As a suspect or witness?

INSPECTOR

Of course not. This isn't the dark ages you know!

There is a HISS of steam from a faulty radiator which Johnny glances at as he passes.

FUZZY FADE TO

INT. GAOL CELL, ROMAN COLCHESTER CIRCA 301 A.D - AFTERNOON

Stone-walled with bars and a rack with TORTURE IMPLEMENTS. The WAILS of unhappy prisoners echo. Zealot #1 is chained, his robes torn, lash-marks and welts across his body. Marius and The TORTURER are at work. The Torturer is very ugly.

CLOSE UP OF ZEALOT #1 BEING BRANDED BY A HOT-IRON by The Torturer. The Zealot SCREAMS and writhes, his skin sizzles.

PAN OUT FROM HOT BRAND and smoking flesh. The Torturer stops.

MARIUS

Your choice is simple - tell me what I want and save yourself unpleasantness.

ZEALOT #1

I will tell you nothing, Roman! The Lord will give me the strength to resist your wickedness.

MARIUS

Co-operate zealot - I bare you and your god no ill will. But you will tell me, one way or the other...

(nods to Torturer)

My friend here is very accomplished.

The Torturer CHUCKLES evilly and readies a spike.

ZEALOT #1

May god forgive you poor sinners...

MARIUS

(to Torturer)

Do whatever it takes... But I want answers - and I want them quickly!

The Torturer NODS and grins an evil grin.

FUZZY FADE TO

INT. WOODSIES BEDROOM, MODERN COLCHESTER - NIGHT

Cheap furniture and tacky. Band posters on the walls. Woodsie is in bed asleep next to Emma, he in flamboyant boxer-shorts, Emma in a night-gown with logo "I'm great in bed and can sleep all day". It is initially DARK with the lights off.

PAN OUT from SPINAL TAP poster 'bitch school' depicting S+M.

There is a CRASH sound like glass breaking downstairs.

EMMA
(sitting up)
Did you hear something Dan?

WOODSIE
(waking)
I was asleep. What is it 'now'?

EMMA
Something downstairs? Didn't you hear?

Emma turns on the bedside lamp, illuminating the room.

WOODSIE
(covering his eyes)
I was having a great dream, I invented
a new pizza topping... Got rich.

EMMA
I definitely heard something!

FADE TO

INT. WOODSIES LIVING ROOM, MODERN COLCHESTER - NIGHT

Small and run-down. A door leads to ascending stairs. The room is dark but light comes from upstairs.

Woodsie descends and flicks the light-switch. For a brief moment the bulb illuminates then POPS - and the room returns to darkness, the bulb broken. In this moment a brief glimpse of Marius in MONSTER form is seen in the corner, not noticed.

WOODSIE
(to self)
Oh great? Bloody bulbs gone too?!

Woodsie sleepily flips the light-switch several times. He then rummages on a shelf and finds a TORCH and a new bulb.

WOODSIE
Do this, do that... Why doesn't she do
something for once?

He turns on the torch, pulls a chair below the light and climbs up. Holding the torch he replaces the bulb.

WOODSIE
Some of us have work in the morning...

Having left the switch on there is blinding light for a

moment. Dazzled Woodsie squints and removes the new bulb. Unseen by him in this moment Marius is now right behind him.

It is dark again - there is the sound of Marius breathing.

WOODSIE

Bugger! Must have left it on...

Woodsie climbs down - not realising his imminent doom.

FUZZY FADE TO

EXT. ROMAN GRAVEYARD, ROMAN COLCHESTER CIRCA 301 AD - LATE PM

On the outskirts of town - tombs and gravestones (mostly pagan). Hiding behind a tomb are 6 X Town Watch Guards, Marius, Marcus and Cerridwen. They watch ZEALOT #2.

Zealot #2 has a grey beard and robes like the other zealot.

PAN OUT from Zealot #2 as he lights a crude torch. He glances around furtively then pushes the door of a tomb open. He disappears inside, sliding the door closed.

CERRIDWEN

(whispering)

Look! He entered that tomb.

MARIUS

(whispering)

His friend was telling the truth then.

MARCUS

(to guards)

Two of you wait outside, arrest anyone you see. Let's go men!

The Town Watch Guards, Marius, Marcus and Cerridwen approach the tomb together and examine the stone door.

FADE TO

INT. CATACOOMS, BELOW ROMAN COLCHESTER - EARLY EVENING

The catacombs lead underground, with wooden posts like a mine and burning lamps. Many alcoves and niches here but empty other than a few with CORPSES in burial robes like Drustan.

Marius, Marcus, Cerridwen and 4 x Town Watch Guards proceed quietly along the tunnel, exploring. A couple of the guards carry fiery torches for additional lighting.

MARCUS

I had no idea this was down here... I thought it was just a normal tomb.

MARIUS

The Christians must have burrowed here for months... But why?

MARCUS

The gods only know...

Cerridwen draws her two silver swords.

CERRIDWEN

Hush! There is something up ahead!

MARIUS

(whispering to self)

There is something 'evil' down here. I can feel it...

All pass a fresher-looking corpse in a niche. Unnoticed by all, the hand of the corpse begins to twitch and move.

FUZZY FADE TO

EXT. COLCHESTER ROAD, MODERN COLCHESTER - NIGHT

A typical road in modern Colchester, terraced houses with wheelie bins and parked cars. Houses have lights off as it is late. Hiding in the shadows, drumming his clawed fingers on a car roof is Marius in MONSTER form. He seems almost a shadow.

PAN OUT from the drumming fingers of Marius.

Emma FLEES down the road away from him, in a state of panic. She wears impractical BUNNY SLIPPERS and an open dressing gown over her nightie that flows out behind her.

Emma waves to an approaching CAR but this speeds past.

EMMA

(screaming, terrified)

Please help me! Someone help me! HELP!

Marius seems to melt away into the shadows and disappears.

Lights in houses turn on and bedroom curtains twitch. There is a lit lamp-post up ahead. Emma runs here and pauses, gasping for breath. She rummages in her dressing-gown pocket and finds her MOBILE 'PHONE. She fumbles the buttons.

Unseen by Emma the shadowy figure of Marius is now ahead of her and shuffling quietly towards her from the darkness.

FADE TO

INT. JOHNNYS MUMS LIVING ROOM, MODERN COLCHESTER - NIGHT

Johnny is in his 'loaner tracksuit' sitting on the sofa, his boots off nearby. He is on his mobile. The TV is on - MUTED but there are subtitles and the news is seen on screen.

On the screen News Reporter #1 is seated in the News Office, concluding a news report. As he speaks subtitles appear.

REPORTER #1 (MUTED)

(subtitles on TV)

...early Christian relics have been discovered in catacombs beneath a carpark in Colchester. Experts believe the site dates back to the 2nd Century AD and will provide a valuable insight into the first Christians of Britain.

A landline phone is RINGING in the next room. There is a muffled conversation between Johnny's Mum and the caller.

Johnny's attention however is on his own call.

JOHNNY

(to Emma, on mobile)

Emma calm down! I don't understand?

EMMA (V.O)

(upset, from mobile)

Help me Johnny! Help me! For gods sake, help me!!

JOHNNY

(to Emma, on his mobile)

The Police Emma! Call the police!

EMMA (V.O)

(from mobile phone)

No.. NO... KEEP AWAY!!

(screaming)

Aaaaaaargh!

The call ends abruptly.

JOHNNY
 (to his phone)
 Emma?! EMMA!!?

Johnny tries to call back to no avail. Johnny's mum enters from the adjoining room, her brief call also ended. She is now wearing a fluffy dressing-gown.

JOHNNY'S MUM
 Johnny - the Police just called.
 They're sending a car to pick you up
 just as a 'precaution'.
 (pause)
 What's wrong?

Johnny puts away his phone and begins to pull on his boots.

JOHNNY
 Emma called - she needs my help!

JOHNNY'S MUM
 Wait - don't go out, there's a lunatic
 on the loose! You might be in danger!

Johnny hurries past his mother into the entrance hall.

PAN TO TV SCREEN - as The News continues.

This shows footage of THE CATACOMBS seen previously - these however are partly caved-in, the alcoves now filled with remains of ancient skeletons. Modern electric lights on tripods illuminate all. A lady steps towards the camera, facing the screen - DR MARY DE-LAINE (aka MARY MAGDALENE) - a suited alluring older lady, about 37, Jewish, strangely pale.

REPORTER #1 (MUTED)
 (subtitles on TV Screen)
 Prominent international archaeologist,
 Doctor De-Laine, was interviewed
 earlier today about her find..

FADE TO

INT. UNDERGROUND HALL, CATACOMBS, ROMAN COLCHESTER - NIGHT

The hall is connected to several corridors. A stone ALTAR with a large CROSS and numerous candles. Zealot #2 is here, along with several other ZEALOTS, all kneel in prayer. On the altar is a large wooden cup - THE HOLY GRAIL. At the altar stands a woman in white robes - MARY MAGDALENE. As glimpsed on TV her long dark hair is loose and her eyes gleam.

Before her kneel 2 X ROMAN GIRLS, both about 20, from wealthy Roman families. The girls tip their heads back and open their mouths as Mary steps closer with the Grail-cup. She pours a drop of blood into the first girls open mouth.

MARY

Receive the blood of our Lord and
Savior Jesus Christ!

The girl GASPS as though swallowing burning liquid - she begins to writhe on the floor, thrashing and panting.

The second girl looks apprehensive but remains kneeling.

ZEALOTS

(chanting together)

The Blood is the Life! His will be
done! The blood is the life!

Mary approaches the second girl, holding the Grail-cup above her mouth.

MARY

He who beliieth in me shall will rise
again and shall live forever!

ZEALOTS

(chanting more excitedly)

The blood is the Life! His will be
done! The blood is the Life!

Mary drops blood into the mouth of the second girl, who also begins to thrash around. The first Girls writhing becomes more sexual, as though she is enjoying her experience.

ZEALOTS

(chanting louder)

His will be done! BLOOD IS THE LIFE!

Soon both girls seem to be having 'sexual seizures'. Some of the Zealots glance lustily up at them.

Marius, Marcus, Cerridwen and 4 X Town Watch Guards enter, weapons drawn. The Zealots hear them and angrily clamber up.

ZEALOT #2

Non-believers!

MARY

Blasphemy!

MARCUS

This is your last night of
perverseness! Arrest them!

The Guards subdue the Zealots and seize them. One Guard roughly grabs Mary and holds his sword to her throat. She seems amused and glances down at the two girls.

One of the Zealots resists - he draws a knife and lurches towards Cerridwen. She CUTS HIM DOWN with ease. The zealot collapses and oozes a pool of BLOOD on the rocky floor.

Marius snatches the grail-cup from Mary.

MARIUS

Your trinkets and strange rituals will
not save you now, Christian scum!

MARY

How dare you touch the Grail?! This
contains the blood of our Lord!

The Zealots cannot help themselves from chanting again.

ZEALOTS

(chanting together)

The Blood is the Life!

The Roman Girls become deathly pale and stop moving. Marcus looks and Marius look down at them.

MARCUS

I know these girls - they're from
wealthy families in town. What have
you done to them, you witch?!

Suddenly - from the corridor which Marius, Marcus and Cerridwen arrived from - 3 X GHOULS enter. Ghouls are walking corpses - a cross between vampires and zombies wearing burial shrouds over decaying skin. The Ghouls look hungrily down at the puddle of blood - one stoops to lap it up like a cat.

The Town Watch Guards turn and stare in horror at the Ghouls. The Zealots seem delighted and wrench themselves free.

ZEALOT #2

Praise be - the resurrection!

Two Ghouls lurch at the Town Watch Guards, although slow they have super-human strength. They overpower the guards easily.

Mary pulls away from the Guard holding her and lifts him with one hand by his neck and SNAPS his neck. Throwing the dead Guard aside she turns to Marcus, her eyes BLAZING RED.

Zealots pull-out small daggers from their robes and attack the remaining guards and Marius, helping the ghouls.

The 3rd Ghoul stops licking the bloody puddle and pounces on a Guard, pinning him down and biting. Cerridwen HACKS at the feeding ghoul but her swords have little effect.

Marcus chops at Mary - but her wounds instantly heal and she smiles evilly at him. He stares in disbelief.

MARY

Fool! You have no comprehension of the powers 'he' has bestowed on us.

The eyes of the two Roman Girls flick open. Both rise behind Marcus, propelled up by some unseen force. They are now VAMPIRE GIRLS - pale with gleaming eyes. They grab Marcus from behind and bite his neck! He cannot break free.

MARY

(to Marcus, smugly)
Meet my latest disciples - as you see
they are quick to learn.

Marius is out-numbered by approaching Zealots - luckily an enraged ghoul attacks them, in a frenzy of killing.

The Ghoul Cerridwen attacked has finished feeding and turns towards her with gore dripping from its fangs. She holds her swords out like sheers and CHOPS OFF its head.

CERRIDWEN

(to headless ghoul)
Back to the pit of hell - demon!

The headless Ghoul drops to the ground, still twitching.

As the last of the guards are overwhelmed Marius retreats to a tunnel and calls over to Cerridwen.

MARIUS

Quickly Cerridwen! This way!

Marius and Cerridwen flee down a corridor, him still holding The Grail. Marcus and all Guards are dead, the ghouls feast.

FUZZY FADE TO

EXT. COLCHESTER ROAD, MODERN COLCHESTER - NIGHT

Emma is by the lamppost with her mobile phone in her trembling hand. More lights in nearby houses are on. She stares as Marius shuffles towards her, in his MONSTER form.

Emma SCREAMS, drops her phone and FLEES down the road.

Marius continues his slow shuffling walk in pursuit.

SPECIAL EFFECT - as Marius moves away from the lamp-post into darkness he somehow fades like a shadow.

Emma runs. To her horror she finds herself running straight into Marius who materialises from the darkness before her.

Emma stumbles backwards, staring. She trips over in her bunny-slippers, landing heavily on her backside. Marius steps closer, his long clawed-fingers outstretched, fangs gleaming.

QUICK FADE TO

EXT. ANOTHER ROAD IN MODERN COLCHESTER - NIGHT

Another typical road, numerous parked cars and wheelie bins. Johnny is JOGGING down the road with his jacket and shoes on and his borrowed track suit. Street lights are going out.

There is a DISTANT SCREAM from Emma - around the corner.

Johnny PUFFS and runs faster, towards the corner.

QUICK FADE TO

EXT. COLCHESTER ROAD, MODERN COLCHESTER - NIGHT

More lights in houses on now and a few annoyed LOCALS peer out of their windows. There is no sign of Emma apart from a BLOODY PUDDLE by a lamppost and a pair of BUNNY SLIPPERS.

Johnny arrives from around the corner and jogs down the road, panting and looking around. Johnny spots the slippers.

JOHNNY

(out-of-breath, to self)

Emma?! I got you those last Christmas!

2 X POLICE CARS arrives at the end of the road.

The first zooms closer and pulls over near Johnny, two uniformed Policemen exit - PC Edwards and POLICEMAN #1.

PC EDWARDS
(calling to Johnny)
Stop right there!

Johnny however turns and runs, the Policemen give chase.

The second Police Car turns on its lights and speeds further up the road to head Johnny off. Johnny however turns and flees down a passageway between two dingy houses.

QUICK FADE TO

EXT. RUBBISH-FILLED PASSAGEWAY, MODERN COLCHESTER - NIGHT

A passage between houses, full of junk and rubbish. A light shines from an upper window. Johnny runs down the passage, stumbling as he goes. PC Edwards and Policeman #1 chase him.

PC EDWARDS
Stop! You're only making it worse for
yourself! Come back!!

Johnny reaches the end of the passageway but THE CLAWED ARM OF MONSTER MARIUS reaches out of the shadows and GRABS him. Other than his arm Marius is not seen as to one side.

SPECIAL EFFECT - Johnny is quickly COCOONED in the ragged cloak of Marius and both fade into the darkness, vanishing.

PC Edwards and Policeman #1 arrive along the passage. They look around, puzzled to see Johnny is gone. PC Edwards pulls out a torch to search but this is faulty and flickers.

FUZZY FADE TO

EXT. ROMAN GRAVEYARD, ROMAN COLCHESTER CIRCA 301 AD - NIGHT

Now darker. 2 X Town Watch Guards are by the tomb, the stone door ajar. One carries a torch, the other is dozing-off.

PAN OUT from flickering torch.

There is a RUSTLING NOISE near some headstones. The more awake guard squints and raises the torch. He moves to investigate but finds nothing but shadows.

Unknown to both the door of the tomb opens. The more awake guard returns and gawks as the 2 X Vampire Girls glide out.

One girl caresses her hands over the shoulders of the sleepy guard, the other girl begins to unfasten her buttons to

entice the more awake guard to move closer.

PAN TO THE WALL OF THE TOMB

SCREAMS of the Guards are heard as BLOOD SPLATTERS across the wall of the tomb. The Vampire Girls have found new victims.

FADE TO

INT. FURTHER CATACOMBS, ROMAN COLCHESTER - NIGHT

This stretch of tunnel heads further underground, with no candles or lamps. Towards the end is a central wooden support beam. Cerridwen and Marius quickly approach.

Marius is carrying a small lamp and has his sword in the other hand. In his belt is tucked The Grail.

CERRIDWEN

This is not the way we came?

MARIUS

I know - but keep going, I still hear them following. We must get away!

CERRIDWEN

Watch out Marius!

Emerging from the darkness ahead are SEVERAL GHOULS, snarling with arms outstretched like ravenous zombies.

Cerridwen dives at them, HACKING and slicing, the sheer speed of her attack halts their advance.

MARIUS

(gazing past Ghouls)

I see more coming behind them! Hold them off - I have a plan!

Marius KICKS the WOODEN SUPPORT BEAM, bits of rubble starts to fall down on all present.

MARIUS

When I say now, leap back and hurry the way we arrived... Ready?

CERRIDWEN

Yes. Say when?

Cerridwen keeps slicing at the Ghouls as Marius KICKS the wooden beam a few more times. It buckles.

MARIUS

NOW!

The beam topples with a CRASH. Cerridwen and Marius rush back as the Ghouls lumber foolishly after. The ceiling COLLAPSES and buries the Ghouls, sealing the tunnel.

FADE TO

INT. PART COLLAPSED TUNNEL, CATACOMBS - NIGHT

At one end rocks and falling rubble. More wooden support beams here. Cerridwen and Marius are dusty and COUGHING as they move away from falling rocks behind them.

Several ZEALOTS with knives drawn are approaching from the opposite side but are nervous of the cave-in.

CERRIDWEN

(points to Zealots with sword)

Mortal men to fight? Better odds!

Cerridwen adopts a fighting stance with her two swords, waiting for the Zealots to come closer. They seem nervous.

Marius puts his lamp on the ground and pulls out the grail-cup from his belt. He moves to one of the support beams behind Cerridwen and starts to KICK it down.

MARIUS

(to Zealots)

Don't come closer - or I destroy your relic! I'll bury it and all of us too!

The Zealots hesitate - all nervous and unsure.

Mary arrives from behind the Zealots, they step aside to allow her past. She moves gracefully and calm, eyes gleaming.

MARY

Surrender Romans - return what is ours and I promise your end will be swift?

CERRIDWEN

Never! And I am no Roman!!

Cerridwen launches at Mary angrily, leaping through the air with swords outstretched to strike.

CERRIDWEN
 (screaming)
 BY LIYR AND AGRONA!!

In a blur Mary shoots forward and snatches Cerridwen mid-air and hurls her against the wall - faster than humanly possible. Cerridwen's swords CLATTER harmlessly to the ground.

MARIUS
 (distraught)
 Cerridwen? No!

Cerridwen lays battered and broken, dying.

MARY
 (smiling down at Cerridwen)
 So very mortal... So very weak.

Marius frantically kicks the beam. This topples and bits of rock begins to rain down on all. The Zealots cower away but Mary steps calmly towards him through the debris.

MARY
 You still don't understand, do you?

MARIUS
 That you are a lunatic and demon?!

Part of the roof behind Marius collapses. He THROWS the grail-cup into this where it is quickly buried by Cerridwen.

He turns back and is surprised to find Mary immediately before him - having moved in the blink of an eye. She GRABS him and effortlessly raises him in the air with one hand.

FADE TO

INT. CATACOMBS NICHE, CATACOMBS UNDER COLCHESTER - NIGHT

A niche within rocks, large enough for someone to stand in. Marius is THROWN here by Mary, he GASPS and lays stunned. She glides closer in a blur, moving her face close to his.

MARIUS
 (weakly)
 You will be stopped! Cerridwen will be avenged - I swear it by all the gods!!
 You cannot oppose the might of Rome!

MARY
 Small-minded fool! Soon I shall

control Rome - control the world! I
alone know the true nature of man and
god. The path to everlasting life!

MARIUS

You are as mad as you are evil!

The 2 X Vampire Girls return and move behind her, ready to
assist. Mary glances at them and they BOW to her.

MARY

Although a pagan and a sinner, I will
show you mercy, as the lord our
saviour once taught me... 'The truth'
shall be revealed to you!

Mary holds Marius's head aside to bite him.

MARIUS

(gasping)

But your special cup is gone?

MARY

It was just a symbol. 'His' blood now
resides in me - I am now the source!

Mary bites his neck. He struggles but is overpowered. A
moment passes and she stops - 'satisfied' and panting.

Marius is pale, with fresh neck-wound. Mary smiles and BITES
her wrist. She moves her bleeding wrist to his mouth, holding
his hair with the other hand. Blood drips in his open mouth.

MARY

I condemn you to life eternal and
countless centuries of darkness!

Mary snatches her wrist away and steps back, blood is around
Marius's mouth. He begins to judder and convulse.

MARY

As long as men dwell in the Town above
you may never leave its boundaries! As
your sire, this I command of you!
(to the vampire girls)
Seal him inside!

Mary steps away and the vampire girls dart forward and
obediently begin to brick-in the alcove, rapidly sealing
Marius inside and moving at super-human speed.

MARY

Remember my words - as long as mortal
men live above, you may never leave!

Soon the last of the stones are added, hiding Marius from
view - sealing him inside the alcove.

MARY

Welcome to your eternity!

FUZZY FADE TO

INT. DERELICT BUILDING, MODERN COLCHESTER - NIGHT

About 4 a.m, a handful of candles and the fire in the bin for
light. Johnny is chained to the wall, unconscious. He awakens
and looks slowly around.

Marius - in monster form - shuffles closer from the shadows.

JOHNNY

What are you? Who are you??

Marius puts his misshapen face close to Johnny's. When Marius
speaks it is laboured - he struggles to remember words.

MARIUS

Forgive... my talking... I have not
truly... spoken... with another for...
many centuries.

JOHNNY

Pikey - Pock - Woodsie - Emma? You
killed them? And the other victims?

MARIUS

I barely noticed... Mortal life is...
so... so very... fleeting.

JOHNNY

But why am I here? Why me?

MARIUS

You are ... 'gifted'. You have...
Powers... unique gifts, abilities...

JOHNNY

What do you mean?

MARIUS

I have... not... encountered one such

as you for many... centuries... Most
see what I choose... Hear my voice in
their mind but I do not... speak.

JOHNNY

I still don't understand?

MARIUS

You can resist my... mind-tricks. For
I am... an immortal, some might call
me... a miracle... others a demon. I
am of the night... Eternal.

JOHNNY

You're telling me you're a "vampire"?

MARIUS

I will not 'tell you' - Johnny
Beckridge... I shall SHOW YOU!

Marius grabs Johnny's head and turns this to one side.

JOHNNY

No! Stop!! Get off!! NO!!!

Marius's eyes gleam red for a moment and his mouth SPLITS to
reveal multiple fangs. He BITES DOWN on Johnny's neck.

Johnny WAILS and struggles helplessly as Marius grunts and
slurps like a wild beast - draining Johnny's blood.

FADE TO

END CREDITS AND OUTTRO

BLOOD OF ANOTHER (Paradise Lost) is suggested during credits.

END OF EPISODE 1