

THE VAMPIRE OF BARON HILL

(draft 2 - Kordelia 'top heavy' verion)

By Robert Kelly

Inspired by FRIGHT NIGHT and VAMP and 80's horror movies

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FADE IN

EXT. BARON HILL MANSION, ANGLESEY, WALES - NIGHT

Ruins of a gothic mansion on a hill. Lit by moonlight.

PAN TO shadowy doorway - something seems to be inside.

EYES appear in the shadows - it is a black CAT. The cat SCAMPERS away, spooked by something it senses.

TRACK CAT running downhill, past crumbling walls, to...

EXT. THE MEMORIAL AT BARRON HILL, ANGLESEY - CONTINUOUS

Like a ruined crypt with colonnades, amid trees.

The CAT slows as it senses something and crouches to sneak. It creeps towards a dark doorway, ready to pounce.

Suddenly SARAH LEWIS stumbles out through the doorway, waving a torch keyring. Sarah, 27, is dressed for a date that never happened. She has a heavy SCOUSE accent.

The CAT is startled by her and hurries away out of sight.

SARAH
(startled, to self)
Bloody hell! Stupid cat.

Sarah steps away from the building and LIGHTS A CIGARETTE. She PUFFS as she pulls out and checks her smart-mobile.

SARAH
(to self)
Baron Hill dating? The only thing barren is the customer service. No replies, and no refunds either.

POV FROM SARAH looking at mobile. A website of a dating agency, parts in Welsh, images of hearts and cherubs. The main caption reads: "Asiantaeth Dyddio Barron Hill".

BACK TO SCENE

SARAH
I knew I should have checked with Trading Standards. What a joke.

A RUSTLING SOUND from nearby trees and bushes.

Sarah turns and shines her torch. A bird FLAPS OUT and flies away. She GASPS and drops her mobile. She takes a deep breath, annoyed with herself, then picks it up.

SARAH
Please don't say it's broken?

She presses buttons on the 'phone, not seeing THE VAMPIRE MONSTROSITY fly above her - a glimpse of a bat-like creature.

Music starts from her 'phone, triggered by mistake.

CUE MUSIC: suggested LOVE NEVER DIES (Theatres Des Vampires)

SARAH
This isn't my playlist?

She presses more buttons but can't turn off the music.

THUD! Something big has landed behind trees nearby. Sarah turns, waving her torch nervously.

SARAH
What the hell was that? I hate Wales.

She heads towards where the noise was, gripping her faulty mobile (still playing music) and torch.

SARAH
Anyone there? Hello? I warn you - I know origami!

Someone ducks behind some bushes - a glimpse of BETHAN DAVIES (she looks 23 and wears 1960's looking hippy attire).

SARAH
Come out of there - I saw you!

Sarah steps around the bush where Bethan should be - no-one is there. Sarah is puzzled and shines her torch around.

Suddenly A CLAWED HAND grabs her throat from behind and lifts her! She struggles and GASPS, dropping the mobile and torch.

The hand belongs to the Vampire Monstrosity - a bat-like humanoid vampire - only clawed hand is seen here.

Sarah's feet FLAIL above her 'phone. A droplet of blood falls onto the glowing screen. She falls silent and becomes still.

FADE TO

OPENING CREDITS AND THEME TUNE

The 'phone music could fade or become the opening theme. During credits shots of the Baron Hill ruins might be used.

FADE MUSIC as opening credit sequence concludes, to:

INT. FAKE BEDROOM, CHEESY FILM STUDIO - NIGHT

Illuminated by fake moonlight from a fake open window. Decades ago, with 1980's decor. Actors play a married couple and lay in a double-bed - PERCY BLANCHARD-BEVAN and KORDELIA.

Percy is aged 31 here, in retro yellow pyjamas, SNORING.

Kordelia is 24, her ample figure squeezed into a nightie, her dark hair up in rollers. She dozes.

PAN OUT from open window and fake mansion glimpsed on a hill.

A LIGHTNING FLASH and a RUMBLE of thunder (all fake).

Kordelia awakes and looks nervously around the room.

An unconvincing VAMPIRE BAT flaps through the window (on a fishing line). Kordelia SQUEALS and pulls up the blankets, WHIMPERING. Percy half-awakens as the bat FLAPS above them.

PERCY

Oh don't go on dear... I'll put the new fly screen up tomorrow.

He rolls over to sleep as Kordelia cowers and cringes.

PAN OUT FROM THIS AS SEEN ON A TV SCREEN, TO

INT. A CHEESY FAKE GRAVEYARD, CHEAP STUDIO - NIGHT

An even lower budget set with fake headstones. Kordelia is early 50's, lounging by a TV showing the previous scene, on this the bat dives into her younger-self's cleavage.

Older Kordelia's cleavage heaves in her black dress, she wears 'gothic' makeup, a knock-off Elvira with Welsh accent.

PAN OUT from TV Screen, older Kordelia is unimpressed.

KORDELIA

(to camera)

Well folks, that was probably the highlight of this stinker. You may

have noticed the attractive young actress, but it's downhill from here.

A different fake bat SWOOPS down from another fishing-line. Older Kordelia waves it away, her big chest heaving.

KORDELIA
Not you again. Shoo! Go away!

PAN OUT TO ANOTHER TV SCREEN, TO

INT. GERAINT'S BEDROOM, GERAINT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Messy, old horror film posters and MONSTER memorabilia. A cheap TV and DVD player with pile of horror DVDs. The previous scene on TV - Kordelia dive-bombed by a fake bat.

GERAINT EVANS lays on bed in his boxers. He is 20, curly hair and WELSH accent. His attention is on his laptop, conversing via TEAMS with his fellow student POCK aka PAUL PAGE.

Pock is on the laptop screen, 20, spiky hair, pimples, he has an ESSEX accent and an annoying nasally voice.

PAN OUT FROM TV to Geraint arguing with Pock on his laptop.

POCK (V.O)
(From laptop)
Come on Geraint... You can jerk off another night. It's Friday dude!

KORDELIA (V.O)
(from the TV)
After a break the Midnight Matinee continues with 'Fangs for the Memory II - Vamps that suck'. So stay tuned for more horror from beyond...

A gothic tune briefly heard from the TV show.

CUE MUSIC (from TV) : something along the lines of THRONE OF DARK IMMORTALS (by the Theatres Des Vampires)

After 20 seconds the music changes abruptly to:

CHEEK TO CHEEK (by The Sensational Alex Harvey Band)

Percy's older voice is heard (about 60 now - doing adverts).

PERCY (V.O)
Do YOU suffer from haemorrhoids? Well

now your problems are over - with new
'Wedge It', for fast acting relief.

GERAINT
(To laptop)
Hold on Pock, I'll turn down my TV.

Geraint grabs a remote control - sound on the TV is muted.

CUE MUSIC : the music and Percy stop abruptly.

POCK (V.O)
What are you watching? More porn?

GERAINT
No, the Midnight Matinee - Kordelia.

POCK (V.O)
Then that's another reason to come -
she goes to that club all the time.

GERAINT
What? She does?? No way!

POCK (V.O)
Yes way dude. Loads of celebs go.

GERAINT
What about Connor? He loves Kordelia.

POCK (V.O)
Says he's busy. I'll look a complete
'tard' if I go alone. Look mate - I'll
get the first couple of rounds in.
There will be loads of babes there.

GERAINT
OK Pock, Ok. I can be there in forty
minutes. Are students are half price?

POCK (V.O)
Yep - but don't call me 'Pock'. Have
you joined that website yet?

GERAINT
That dating one you go on about?

POCK (V.O)
The one pack with Welsh 'hot honeys'.

GERAINT
No then. It looks expensive.

POCK (V.O)
Jesus dude - you're not turning gay
are you? Don't you want to get laid??

FADE TO

INT. KORDELIA'S DRESSING ROOM, CHEAP STUDIO - NIGHT

Small, cluttered and aged, rather like Kordelia.

CLOSE UP of a glass of a 'Bloody Mary'. Suddenly a stick of celery PLOPS in then wiggles in a circle, stirring.

PAN OUT as Kordelia stirs and gulps some of her drink.

IVAN puts a gothic shawl on her shoulders and makes adjustments. He is camp and willowy with a Russian accent.

KORDELIA
This is better. I want depth -
authenticity. Not just show my tits.

IVAN
But Larry wants you to wear less.
Didn't he suggest a bikini last week?

KORDELIA
(loudly, annoyed)
LARRY CAN KISS MY ARSE!

The door opens and a large gentleman enters cautiously. LARRY the producer is fat and sleazy-looking with American accent.

KORDELIA
(grinning amiably)
Oh hi Larry. Talk of the devil.

Larry waddles closer and forces a polite smile.

LARRY
(unconvincing)
Great show tonight Kordelia, as
always. The camera still loves you.

KORDELIA
Thank you, I try... In fact - some
might say I'm 'very trying'?

Ivan grins. Larry stifles a weary sigh.

LARRY

I see you're busy so I'll get straight to it. 'Baron Hill Dating' has offered to sponsor the show - on condition you do a couple of small publicity things.

KORDELIA

How small - and what are they paying?

LARRY

One short advert... And another in six months or so. And a few publicity events around Wales. All expenses paid and I'll add thirty percent on top.

KORDELIA

Don't talk to me - talk to my agent. He's the number cruncher, not me.

LARRY

I heard he is off with stress... What is that cloth-thing by the way? It reminds me of my grandmother.

IVAN

Some new costume for the show. Kordelia thinks it offers depth.

KORDELIA

Kordelia thinks you can shut it.
(to Larry)

Sorry Larry, please excuse 'Ivan the Terrible Assistant'. This advert - will it on Amazon and social media?

LARRY

Everywhere, yes. And another, er, 'big name' has been signed. Your co-star from yesteryear Percy Blanchard-Bevan.

KORDELIA

Not dear old Percy? Wow. Not seen him since we did that awful zombie flick.

(pause)

Is it a gay dating site? Why Percy?

LARRY

Money of course. Percy is very popular with ladies of a certain age. 'Baron

Hill Dating' thinks you two paired-up again will be fantastic publicity.

KORDELIA
(sips drink)
Well... I'll think about it Larry.

Kordelia GULPS the remainder of her drink as she CLICKS her fingers to Ivan. He hurries to remove her shawl.

LARRY
They need an answer by Tuesday. Are you off out? Not tired after the show?

KORDELIA
(wiping mouth)
No, I'm hyped. I need a real drink.

Kordelia shoves the empty glass into Ivan's hands and pushes past him and Larry, heading towards the exit.

KORDELIA
Don't wait up boys!

FADE TO

EXT. STREETS OUTSIDE GERAINTS HOUSE, CARDIFF - NIGHT

Geraint's semi-detached house is in the run-down Cathay area. Next-door is empty, with a sign 'LET BY HARRIS-KIDD'.

Geraint exits his house, now wearing a leather jacket and dark attire. He passes next-door as a shadowy figure watches from upstairs. Geraint looks as the figure ducks away.

Geraint SHRUGS and continues walking away.

FADE TO

INT. MAIN HALL, GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A former church. A sea of bodies on the dance floor - GOTHS - mostly with long-hair, dark attire and band t-shirts. Some bop, some mosh. All drinks are served in plastic glasses.

CUE MUSIC: suggested is NAKED BIRTHDAY (Switchblade Symphony)

Seated at a table near the dance floor are Pock and Geraint.

Geraint has left his jacket elsewhere. Pock wears dark attire and has black eye makeup here, his hair even more spiked-up.

NOTE: characters have to speak LOUDLY over the music.

GERAINT

Some of those questions were weird - I
had to guess blood type. No dates yet.

POCK

What did you put down for hobbies?

GERAINT

Heavy metal, gaming and horror films.

POCK

That's why then. Chicks hate that. I
said I like nature walks and 'mewing'.

GERAINT

Mewing? What's mewing?

POCK

Tongue exercise - actors do it to
improve tone. Vincent Price did it.

(wagging eyebrows)

Thought tongue-muscles might appeal?

GERAINT

Isn't that dishonest? Your only
exercise is getting off the bus.

POCK

Nah, everyone does it. It's about
getting laid, not commitment. I've a
hot date already set for next week.

GERAINT

You have? What's she like? Blind?
Deranged? Or a 'she-male'?

POCK

Dunno, but her her profile looks good.
Her name is 'Josie'. She just started
college, even has rich parents.

Several Goths hurry past and the dance-floor is thinning-out.

POCK

And she drives. I'll scab some lifts.

GERAINT

Maybe you can get her a discount at
Kwik Fit? Fit her cheap tyres?

POCK
 You should get a part-time job too,
 then you can get more rounds.

GERAINT
 My course is more than enough.
 (gazing around)
 Is something happening here?

POCK
 Probably that grumpy guy from 'Cradle
 of Filth' arriving. Let's take a look?

CUE MUSIC : track fades with scene

FADE TO

INT. REAR HALLWAY, GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

CUE MUSIC: along the lines of ERASED (by Paradise Lost)

Stairs, a back entrance, a doorway to a roped-off seating area. KORDELIA's FRIENDS (models dressed as Goths) sit waiting eagerly. Real Goths are gathering nearby to watch.

Pock and Geraint push through the crowd as Kordelia arrives through the back door, escorted by a BOUNCER and THE MANAGER.

The Bouncer is big and brutish, he wears an earpiece.

The Manager is a tall bald black man, suited, about 45.

KORDELIA
 (To nearby Goths)
 No autographs! No autographs!

The Bouncer looms over the Goths to clear the way. The Manager opens the rope, the 'Friends' WAVE happily as Kordelia joins them. Goths gape, as do Geraint and Pock.

THE MANAGER
 Your own seating area, with a private bar and balcony just above.

Kordelia reaches the seats and gazes around, unimpressed. Tacky plastic skull-lamps, a stained carpet and worn seating. Her 'Friends' grin at her - hoping for free drinks.

KORDELIA
 (To self)
 Oh god... How far have I sunk?

FADE TO

INT. MAIN HALL, GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

MUSIC continues from the previous scene

Geraint and Pock are returning carrying fresh pints. The dance floor is beginning to get busy as Goths return.

POCK

They're even bigger in real life!

GERAINT

Yeah, she must be top-heavy. Connor really missed-out, he loves Kordelia.

Geraint and Pock take their seats and sip their beer.

JOSEPHINE BERKELEY aka JOSIE strolls past and begins to dance nearby. Josie is 19, pretty with long dark red hair.

GERAINT

Some nice looking girls this week.

Geraint is about to rise but Pock clamps his hands on his shoulders to pull himself up, using Geraint for support.

POCK

Yeah - and I saw her first mate!

Pock leaves his pint and struts towards Josie. Geraint SIGHS.

FADE TO

INT. KORDELIA'S BAR, GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

A balcony above the dance-floor, Goths dance below. An overweight BARMAN squeezed behind a small bar. Kordelia is buying a cocktail but the card reader rejects her card.

MUSIC CONTINUES from previous scene.

The Barman smiles awkwardly and hands back her card.

KORDELIA

(To Barman, lying)

But it's never happened before?

Unnoticed by her DR HARVEY POWELL approaches. He looks 50, sideburns, a SIGNET RING and dark suit from the 1970's.

She turns and NEARLY BUMPS into Harvey.

KORDELIA
Oh excuse me. Are you a waiter?

HARVEY
Certainly not. I am DOCTOR Harvey
Powell. A great admirer of your work.

CUE MUSIC - the current track concludes and is followed by something along the lines of BLACK BLIZZARD (Die So Fluid)

KORDELIA
(disappointed)
How did you get past security?

HARVEY
Oh I have my means.

Harvey pulls out his wallet - it is brimming with CASH. Kordelia eyes it and smiles sweetly at Harvey.

HARVEY
Perhaps I can get that for you?

KORDELIA
The age of chivalry is not dead.

Harvey hands £50 to the Barman - he works the till.

HARVEY
(To Kordelia)
We're too dependent on technology.

Kordelia glances Harvey up and down and sips her cocktail.

KORDELIA
'Old school' still has its perks, yes.

FADE TO
INT. MAIN HALL, GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Geraint is drinking alone. Pock is dancing erratically next to Josie and waggling his eyebrows. She is unimpressed.

CUE MUSIC : music continues from previous scene.

Pock BUMPS his bum into hers. She scowls and stomps away.

Pock sighs and rejoins Geraint. He gulps his beer, annoyed.

GERAINT
Shot down in flames?

POCK
Probably a dyke. Looks familiar
though... Can't think where from.

GERAINT
I'll try getting an autograph for
Connor. Don't see a big star everyday.

POCK
'Scream Queen' - not star. Kordelia
only gets parts because of her tits.

GERAINT
She's been in some classics though.
And that cheesy secret agent series.

POCK
Kordelia's out of your league mate -
even for an autograph.

GERAINT
Mum always says "Everyone needs
someone". Even the rich and famous.

POCK
Yeah, but not someone like you.

IRENE BOWEN approaches, she seems to glide across the dance-floor seductively, Goths gaze at her as she passes.

Irene looks 25, blond with a 'Betty Page' hairstyle and a 1950's burgundy dress that shows her cleavage and legs.

Pock stares lustily at Irene as she begins to dance nearby.

POCK
Now that's more like it!

Irene glances at Pock and smiles - her TEETH gleam white.
Pock GULPS some beer and straightens his clothes.

POCK
Right - I'm going for it again.

Pock rises and struts towards Irene, grinning like an idiot.

GERAINT
 (calling to Pock)
 I'll give you an 'A' for effort!

MUSIC FADES WITH SCENE

FADE TO

INT. KORDELIA'S SEATING AREA, GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The seating area by rear entrance. The 'Friends' loiter with empty glasses, hating the music. Harvey and Kordelia sit opposite. Kordelia seems tipsy, Harvey's drink untouched.

CUE MUSIC: suggested is NEMPTHAMINE (Cradle of Filth)

KORDELIA
 (Finishing drink)
 So you're a doctor Harvey?

HARVEY
 Yes, but I've not practiced for years.

KORDELIA
 Practice makes perfect I hear?

Kordelia crosses her legs seductively.

HARVEY
 (Nods to Friends)
 Perhaps your friends can get one in?

KORDELIA
 Oh these aren't my friends, I pay them
 to be here. Part of my public image.
 (louder, to 'friends')
 Filthy parasites the lot of them!

Kordelia's Friends smile sheepishly back at her.

HARVEY
 I'm a huge admirer. And you haven't
 aged a day since your last film.

KORDELIA
 Really? You like my work then?

HARVEY
 I've seen them all - 'Fangs for the
 memory', 'Werewolf Woman of the West
 End', 'Chainsaw Rampage at Bikini

Beach' - classics one and all.

KORDELIA

I'm in talks about a possible sequel
for 'Vamps That Suck'. They're calling
it "Suck and Suck Again".

HARVEY

Sounds Great. I dabble in showbiz
myself actually.

KORDELIA

(suddenly interested)

You do, Harvey? Tell me more?

HARVEY

I'm part of a small production
company, right here. We just sold a
documentary on Feminism to the BBC.

KORDELIA

The Beeb love lefty crap like that.

HARVEY

We're on the lookout for a presenter
for our new series. Someone known but
not 'too big'. Ideally someone Welsh.

KORDELIA

I tick those boxes. And as it happens
I might even be available fairly soon.

HARVEY

(Feigning surprise)

Really??

FADE TO

INT. MAIN HALL IN GOTHIC MANSION - NIGHT

Goths dance. Geraint is drinking alone. Pock is dancing by
Irene who seems strangely amenable to his quirky charms.

MUSIC CONTINUES from previous scene

Pock hurries to Geraint as Irene continues dancing.

POCK

I'm in there. Says her name is Irene.

GERAINT
Really? Bring her over then?

POCK
And have you blow it? Forget it.

Unnoticed by Pock, Irene glides behind him. Pock follows Geraint's gaze and turns to see her - surprised she appeared.

POCK
Oh? Er - this Geraint Evans, my old school mate. Geraint this is Irene.
(whispers in Irenes ear)
He's got a learning disorder.

GERAINT
Can I get you a drink Irene?

IRENE
No thank you Geraint. I'm careful what I drink when out in public - one hears so many strange stories.

She leans closer, offering a glimpse of her cleavage.

GERAINT
Well... You are what you eat.

IRENE
I couldn't agree more.

She sits beside Pock, both opposite Geraint. Pock turns to Geraint and mouths his next words at an angle she can't see.

POCK
(mouthing - not spoken)
FUCK - OFF - AND - GO - AWAY!

Geraint stands, flustered and nearly spilling his drink.

CUE MUSIC : When the current track fades it is replaced by a track along the lines of GOTHIC GIRL (The 69 Eyes)

POCK
(feigning surprise)
Oh? Are you off already Geraint?

GERAINT
I'll... er ... Just look for Kordelia again. Try again for that autograph.

Geraint steps away, his half empty glass in hand.

POCK
 Knock yourself out.
 (adding)
 If her bouncers don't do it first.

Irene drapes her legs over Pock and caresses him. He grins.

GERAINT
 (calling back)
 It was nice to meet you Irene.

Geraint glances back as he wanders away, ruffled.

FADE TO

EXT. REAR OF GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB, CARDIFF - NIGHT

A poorly lit carpark. MUFFLED MUSIC continues, mainly BASS. BIG MIKE leans on a 1980's LIMO, waiting. He wears a drivers uniform, big and brooding. He checks his silver pocket-watch.

Harvey and Kordelia exit the club and head to the Limo. Big Mike tips his hat and opens the passenger door for them.

KORDELIA
 You have a Limo Harvey? Wow!

HARVEY
 An older model. I'm surprised it still runs as well as it does... Like me.
 (smiles)
 Good evening Mike. Thank you.

Big Mike GRUNTS as Kordelia gazes inside the Limo.

KORDELIA
 Very roomy inside.

She enters and Mike closes the door and moves to the drivers seat as Harvey enters the car from the other side.

Geraint exits the club, still looking for Kordelia.

GERAINT
 (to self)
 Bugger - just missed her.

The Limo REVS then pulls away.

The Manager exits the club hurriedly, BUMPING past Geraint.

GERAINT
Oh sorry. Excuse me?

He ignores Geraint and tries to get the number plate - annoyed. He notices Geraint and smiles politely.

FADE TO

INT. MAIN HALL, GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Geraint returns to his table carrying his almost empty glass, Pock and Irene have gone also. He looks around, puzzled.

MUSIC CONTINUES (clearer and louder as back indoors).

Geraint wanders, searching. He heads to the bar where and observes the queue of Goths waiting to be served. After a few moments Geraint returns to his table, annoyed.

GERAINT
(to self)
Maybe he just went for a slash?

CUE MUSIC : music fades with scene

FADE TO

EXT. GOTHIC MANSION, CAERPHILLY - NIGHT

An old gothic Mansion with courtyard, just outside Caerphilly along Mountain Road, a short drive from Cardiff.

The Limo pulls up and parks at the main entrance.

Big Mike exits and opens the door for Kordelia. She slides out and gazes at the building as Harvey exits the other side.

KORDELIA
Nice place you have here Harvey.

HARVEY
Oh I don't own it, it's shared with friends. I'll give you a quick tour?

Kordelia smiles and nods. He takes her arm and leads her.

FADE TO

INT. MAIN HALL IN GOTHIC MANSION - NIGHT

Oak panels, antique furnishings, stuffed animals, ancient portraits. A drinks-cabinet and a few internal doors. DARK.

Harvey leads Kordelia through and CLICKS his fingers.

Wall sconces and lamps burst into flame, illuminating all.

KORDELIA

Nice trick. Just like on 'Zombie-Vampires From Venus'.

Harvey leads Kordelia towards a far door and drinks cabinet.

KORDELIA

So tell me more about this TV series?

HARVEY

It's about the castles of Wales.

KORDELIA

Oh - like this place?

HARVEY

No, this is mostly 17th Century, built over an abbey. But Wales is full of castles - built by the English to keep us under control. Do you like history?

KORDELIA

I have castles in most of my movies. Always good to see the real thing.

She glances for a NOD of approval from Harvey then begins to mix herself a 'White Russian' at the carinate.

HARVEY

It's a shame few take interest in our past... Despite so much now available in our new 'digital age'.

KORDELIA

Most use the net just for porn. There's stuff of me on there I'm not happy about either... Got any cream?

Harvey finds a flask of cream and pours this in her glass. He NODS to a faded portrait labelled ELEANOR DE MONTFORT CIRCA 1278. Eleanor, 21 is in period clothing, pretty yet sombre.

HARVEY
Eleanor De Montfort. The only known
portrait to still exist.

Kordelia looks at the painting, unimpressed. Harvey opens a secret part of his ring and POURS powder into her glass.

KORDELIA
Is that supposed to mean something?

She turns from the painting, snatches her drink and GULPS it.

HARVEY
She was the last Princess of Wales.

KORDELIA
I thought that was Diana?

HARVEY
Hardly. Eleanor's family built the
foundations of this building in the
13th century, but little remains now.

Kordelia considers mixing another when her stomach GURGLES.

KORDELIA
(embarrassed)
Oh excuse me. Must be my diet pills.

HARVEY
Perhaps I can offer you a bite?

KORDELIA
Actually... I feel light-headed...

Kordelia STUMBLES and drops her glass - Harvey GRABS her as she passes-out. He lifts her gently and seems very strong.

FADE TO

INT. MAIN HALL, GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

About 02.45. Goths are leaving, many already gone. Geraint sits alone. BRIGHT LIGHTS flicker on as STAFF begin to tidy.

CUE MUSIC : suggested is CALL ME LITTLE SUNSHINE (by Ghost)

Geraint tries his mobile, SIGHS then he sends a text.

GERAINT
(to self)
Still no reply? Where are you??

He tucks his 'phone away and SIGHS and waits a moment.

GERAINT
I hope she bites it off, bastard.

Geraint rises and wanders towards the exit, disappointed.

CUE MUSIC : music fades with scene

FADE TO

EXT. CLOSED-DOWN FAIRGROUND, CARDIFF - NIGHT

About 03.00. Dark and secluded, boarded-up for decades. No-one about. Pock is walking with Irene, groping her bum.

IRENE
I used to come here when I was young,
it's a shame to see it run down.

POCK
I don't remember it ever being open.

Irene pulls Pock into a doorway of a kiosk, he glances at a sign above for giant HOTDOGS. She in doorway, kissing him.

POCK
I've an 'impressive sausage' too.

Irene slides to her knees, facing Pock, his back to the camera in the doorway. He GASPS happily as she UNZIPS.

POCK
Oh yes. Yes - that's it - OH YES!

She wraps her hands around his backside and bobs.

SPECIAL EFFECT: Her fingers TRANSFORM TO CLAWS, she becomes the Vampire Monstrosity aka Monster-Irene (obscured by Pock).

POCK
No! No!! NO!?

A NASTY CHOMPING SOUND. Pock SHRIEKS. He is YANKED through the door, both vanish into the dark of the kiosk.

FADE TO

INT. DRAB TV STUDIO NEWS OFFICE - DAY

Seen on TV. A cupboard with desk. BARRY RYAN is facing the camera. A logo "Web-Net News - news you can trust".

Ryan, 45, has a moustache, an Irish twang, apparently wearing a smart suit but his lower half is not seen here.

Behind him a photo of Sarah appears in a Burger King uniform.

RYAN

...missing a second week. Miss Lewis was last seen driving her Skoda Fabia along the A55 towards Anglesey. Police are still appealing for witnesses.

The background picture changes to Kordelia, her hair down, a frumpy jumper, no makeup and a large pimple on her nose.

RYAN

Also missing is Bronwyn Jones, better known as Kordelia - star of The Midnight Matinee Show. The Manager of the nightclub where she was last seen made a formal statement earlier today...

QUICK FADE TO

EXT. REAR OF GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB, CARDIFF - MORNING

Seen on TV. No cars or music. Ryan shoves a microphone into the face of The Manager who is surrounded by REPORTERS.

POV from MATTHIAS - a cameraman filming behind Ryan. He is black and has deadlocks (he is seen later).

THE MANAGER

Police have taken our CCTV footage. The Crypt-Kickers Club remains the safest club in Cardiff, with only two stabbings in as many years.

CUT TO

INT. DRAB TV STUDIO NEWS OFFICE - DAY

As before, but the previous scene is paused on the screen.

RYAN

Police sources suggest foul play is not suspected and that Kordelia's

disappearance is a publicity stunt.

PAN OUT TO

INT. LIVING ROOM, GERAINT'S HOUSE - DAY

On the TV is the previous scene. Mrs Evans is packing her swimwear. Geraint is dressed casually, checking his mobile.

RYAN (V.O)
And now - time for the weather.

CLICK! The TV is turned-off by Mrs Evans.

MRS EVANS
Still no reply or text from Pock?

GERAINT
I'll kill him on Monday. This always happens when he meets a girl.

MRS EVANS
How about coming for a swim? That always helps me unwind.

Geraint SIGHS and nods.

FADE TO

INT. DUNGEON CELL, GOTHIC MANSION - DAY

A small barred window, basic furnishings. One wall is bars with metal door. Kordelia lays on bed, bitemark on her neck.

She awakens and looks around, rubbing her neck.

KORDELIA
(to self)
What happened last night? Where am I?

She winces from the light then finds the metal door is locked. She moves to the window and pulls herself up by the bars to see outside. Outside is a huge unkept garden. Quiet.

KORDELIA
This isn't the first time I've woken up somewhere weird... *Cachiad!* *

*NOTE : Welsh for shit

HER HANDS SMOKE - burn in sunlight. She lets go and drops

down, waving and blowing her hands. Her hands rapidly heal.

KORDELIA
What the hell??

Confused, she tugs at the metal door. She pauses to think.

KORDELIA
What would Cynthia St Clair the sexy
super-spy do in this situation? Aha!

Kordelia THRUSTS her bosoms between the long bars that make the wall and heaves her chest. She strains - nothing happens.

FOOTSTEPS from the corridor - someone coming. She TUGS on the bars - realising she is stuck in the bars by her chest.

KORDELIA
(to self)
Oh bugger...

The JINGLE OF KEYS and the cell door opens. Harvey enters, looking quizzically at her and carrying a doctors bag.

HARVEY
Not a suicide attempt I hope?

POP! Kordelia pulls herself free and rubs her chest.

KORDELIA
Er, not exactly. So - you drugged me?

HARVEY
Yes, I'm afraid you must remain our
prisoner here for a week or so.
Afterwards you will be released.
(pause)
I'm pleased you appear so calm?

KORDELIA
This isn't my first dungeon... Or the
first time being detained by a weirdo.

She tries to RUN to the door but Harvey moves quickly and grabs her arm, holding her firmly (he is fast and strong).

HARVEY
Sorry - but you really must remain,
for the safety of others as well now.

KORDELIA
You sound just like my detox doctor.

HARVEY
I really AM a doctor, as I said. And
I'd like to examine you if I may?

KORDELIA
Ha! I bet you would.

He releases her and LOCKS the door. He puts down his bag and pulls out a stethoscope. She SIGHS and nods.

KORDELIA
Ok, ok... Is there any breakfast here?

HARVEY
After my checks I'll bring some.

He puts on the stethoscope and listens to her chest.

HARVEY
I know it's not by choice, but you are
doing something noble here - helping
those who suffered many years. Deep
breath in for me please?

She co-operates and he continues to examine her.

HARVEY
And out... Good.

KORDELIA
My agent isn't behind this, is he?

He returns the stethoscope and pulls out a small torch.

HARVEY
No. You were selected because you are
descended from the same family of, er,
the leader of the group I'm with.

KORDELIA
So... Is this a cult thing, is it?

HARVEY
I can't explain until you're further
along. Please believe me - we have no
evil intentions. Tongue out?

She sticks her tongue out at him sarcastically - he shines a

torch into her mouth and studies her mouth closely.

KORDELIA
(lisping, as tongue out)
Further along? What is happening?

HARVEY
Think of this as a metamorphosis, a
change. I am here to ensure there are
no unforeseen problems along the way.

KORDELIA
Well... If you're here to help me then
I suppose then I should be nice?

HARVEY
'Nice' works for me. I need to check
your blood-pressure next?

Harvey pulls out an old-fashioned blood-pressure arm-band. As he turns away she unfastens her upper buttons and adopts a sexy pose. He turns back and notices her heaving chest.

KORDELIA
I'm happy to co-operate - if it means
I'll get away from here sooner?

HARVEY
Well the timings are out of my hands,
but, er... I...

She smiles and leans, Harvey is distracted. She KNEES him!

Harvey GAPS and doubles, she shoves him head-first into the wall. He collapses, dazed. She plucks the KEYS from his belt.

CUT TO

INT. DUNGEON CORRIDOR, GOTHIC MANSION - DAY

A dark windowless corridor with at least two barred cells and ascending stairs at the far end. Very dark.

A cell door unlocks and Kordelia exits, holding the keys.

KORDELIA
(calling into cell)
No-one ever believes I can put on an
act, do they? Bye Harvey!

She locks the door and heads for the stairs, pleased. A face

appears at the bars of another cell - Sarah, pale and sickly.

SARAH
HEY WAIT! Please get me out of here!

KORDELIA
Who the hell are you?

SARAH
Sarah Lewis - I've been here over a week. Please can you let me out?

Kordelia seems uncertain but reluctantly starts trying keys on the cell door to release Sarah.

KORDELIA
Did they bite you? I seem to have the hickey from hell after last night.

SARAH
No, they hook me up to medical machine. They have been taking...
(trails off and GASPS)

Sarah GAPES. Kordelia turns and sees Monster-Irene approaching silently, about to grab her, eyes blazing!

FADE TO

INT. CANTEEN AT COLLEGE, CARDIFF - MIDDAY

A drab canteen. STUDENTS in the background, chatting and eating awful food. Josie is buying food from A LARGE LADY at a till. Josie is a student and wears thick GLASSES.

In the foreground sit CONNOR RYAN and Geraint, students here. Connor, 21, has long greasy hair and he speaks with an Irish twang. Facially he is much like Barry Ryan (his uncle).

Connor SPITS out some undercooked meat from his lasagne.

CONNOR
Eargh! How can every week get worse?

GERAINT
Well you get what you pay for. The macaroni cheese seems edible.
(chewing suspiciously)
As I was saying - his Mum didn't know either, said she's not heard from him.

CONNOR

I'll have a word with my uncle - the reporter from Webnet News. Didn't Pock vanish at the same time as Kordelia?

GERAINT

Yeah... They're getting that woman from 'East-Enders' to do her show.

CONNOR

(chewing reluctantly)

It won't be the same though.

GERAINT

The thing that annoys me is there's all this hype about Kordelia and that scouser woman, but nothing about Pock.

CONNOR

Pock isn't good looking. I wonder if his Kwik-Fit job is up for grabs?

Josie wanders past Connor and Geraint with her meal.

GERAINT

No-one seems to care about him.

(waving theatrically to all)

Stop the press : student Paul James Page is missing! REPEAT : MISSING!

A few Students glance over. Josie stops and turns back.

JOSIE

Sorry - did you say 'Paul James Page'?

GERAINT

(embarrassed and surprised)

Er - yes?

JOSIE

He's a student here?

GERAINT

Yes. Or when he turns-up.

JOSIE

He stood me up! I was suppose to be meeting him the other night.

CONNOR

Ha! That's Pock for you - all talk and

no action.

GERAINT

How do you know Pock? Er, Paul Page?

JOSIE

(nodding)

Through a dating app - 'Baron Hill'.
Do you know him?

CONNOR

Oh we know him alright... He has
breath that you can never forget.

GERAINT

He's been missing since Kordelia. We
were at the same club the same night.

JOSIE

I was there too. I don't get out much
though - Daddy 'disapproves' of clubs.

GERAINT

I'm Geraint - this is Connor.

CONNOR

Hi there!

JOSIE

I'm Josie... Josie Berkeley-Williams.

GERAINT

You seem familiar. Do you normally
wear those glasses Josie?

JOSIE

Not out clubbing. But I'm as blind as
a bat without them.

CONNOR

No-wonder you had a date with Pock.

FADE TO

INT. BETHAN'S ROOM, GOTHIC MANSION - DAY

Like a room from 1969 - throws, drapes, lava-lamps, a hookah
and joss-sticks. Kordelia lays on the couch, WAKING. A record
is playing. Bethan is picking through vinyl records, choosing
between THE DOORS and JEFFERSON AIRPLANE.

CUE MUSIC : suggested is L.S.D (The Pretty Things)

Kordelia awakens with a start and sits-up. Bethan smiles and approaches, swaying to the music.

BETHAN
Chill! You're fine - mellow out.

Kordelia looks around as Bethan passes her a joint that was burning on a nearby ashtray.

BETHAN
Try this - you'll feel better.

Bethan takes a puff then hands Kordelia the joint.

KORDELIA
For a moment I thought I was back on
Harvey Weinstein's casting couch.

Kordelia takes a drag and COUGHS. Bethan smiles and NODS then takes the joint back for another puff.

BETHAN
I'm Bethan - and normal. Which is cool
as I can still enjoy things like this.

She PUFFS again and moves to the window, she opens the curtain slightly and waves her hand in the sunlight.

BETHAN
Betty got miffed earlier, but she's
ok. Just don't try to escape again.
Chill out - you're in no danger. I've
known the people here a long time.

Kordelia winces and looks away from the sunlight - Bethan smiles and pulls the curtains closed again.

KORDELIA
I don't understand what's happening?

BETHAN
Well if you stop attacking poor Harvey
for a minute, I'll explain...

Bethan sits with Kordelia and opens her mouth to continue.

MUSIC FADES WITH SCENE

FADE TO

EXT. STREETS OUTSIDE GERAINTS HOUSE - EVENING

The sun has set and it is FOGGY. Geraint is walking home, his college bag over his shoulder. Very little traffic. Outside his neighbours is the LIMO, but hard to see until he walks closer. The Limo ENGINE REVS menacingly.

The lights come on and the car ZOOMS towards Geraint! He DIVES into a hedge as the car just misses and speeds away.

GERAINT
Watch out, you lunatic!

Geraint scrambles out of the hedge, flustered and shaken.

A HAND CLAMPS his shoulder. He spins around and is shocked to find himself face-to-face with Pock. Pock is strangely pale, still in his clubbing clothes with SUNGLASSES.

POCK
Bloody foreign drivers. You alright?

GERAINT
Pock!? Where have you been?

POCK
Chill dude. I was staying with friends... Having a good time.

The fog begins to disperse, rapidly becoming less foggy.

GERAINT
Friends? You don't have friends??

POCK
(sarcastically)
Oh cheers... Dude.

The front door of Geraint's house opens, Mrs Evans is in the doorway in a dressing gown and towel-turban on her head.

MRS EVANS
Thought I heard voices? Oh hello, er Paul. Geraint - dinners in the oven.

GERAINT
Thanks mum. That bloody limo from next door nearly knocked me over!

MRS EVANS
Are you alright?

GERAINT
Yeah. I'm light on my feet - luckily.

Pock and Geraint step towards her and the door.

POCK
Hello Mrs Evans. You're looking nice.

POV FROM POCK - looking Mrs Evans up and down slowly.

MRS EVANS
Thanks. Is your mother feeling better?
Ready for another Pilates class?

POCK (O.S)
Much better now... So maybe.

MRS EVANS
You're looking pale. I hope you have
nothing catching?

BACK TO SCENE

POCK
Nah I'm fine - like a stallion.

MRS EVANS
Heck - I left the tap running. See you
later then, *hwyl**!

* NOTE: Welsh for 'bye'.

Mrs Evans withdraws into the house leaving the door ajar.
Pock stares at her backside as she retreats.

POCK
Dude, your mum's a milf.

GERAINT
Haven't you had enough 'lurve'?

POCK
Not till it drops off mate. And even
then I'll want more.

Geraint heads to the front door, glancing around.

GERAINT
Wasn't it foggy a minute ago?

POCK
It's Wales - either foggy or rain.

It STARTS TO LIGHTLY RAIN. Pock glances up, amused.

POCK
There you go - right on cue.

Pock follows Geraint but does not enter the house.

POCK
So can I pop in?

Geraint loiters in the doorway.

GERAINT
Why didn't you reply to my texts?
Connor asked his uncle to find you,
that reporter from TV.

POCK
Find me? Its only been a few days.

GERAINT
Your mum didn't know where you were,
even your girlfriend was worried.

POCK
My girlfriend?

GERAINT
Josie - from that dating site.

POCK
Oh her? I've never actually met her,
she's still on my 'to screw list'.

GERAINT
Why are you wearing those shades?

POCK
I'm naturally cool. So - can I come
in? Your mum is looking extra tasty.

Geraint reaches for the door. Pock grins.

GERAINT
Not tonight. Bye 'dude'.

Geraint SLAMS the door in Pocks face.

FADE TO

INT. CONNOR'S BEDROOM, SHARED FLAT, CARDIFF - DAY

Filthy and cluttered. Doubles as a 'Kordelia shrine'- posters of her films, her DVD's, a Kordelia bobble-head, a life-sized cardboard Kordelia. Connor is chatting on his mobile.

CONNOR

(to mobile)

Yeah 'Unc', Pock just sent a text
about some bimbo he'd been with.

RYAN (V.O)

(from mobile)

I'm glad you called, I have a special
job for you... Something right up your
alley, with a few quid in it.

CONNOR

Oh god - not your gutters again?

RYAN (V.O)

No - a snoop job. Something discreet.

CONNOR

But we found Pock already?

RYAN (V.O)

Not Pock - Kordelia. That has-been
horror star with nice tits.

Connor glances fondly at his many posters of Kordelia.

CONNOR

Oh? I think I know who you mean.

FADE TO

INT. SAUNA AT SWIMMING POOL COMPLEX - EVENING

Josie is in a swimsuit, no glasses. Sat opposite in trunks and sunglasses is Pock. He grins as he eyes her up.

JOSIE

Sunglasses in a sauna? Subtle.

POCK

I'm light-sensitive.

Josie sighs and sits up, closing her sweaty legs.

JOSIE
Have we met somewhere before?

POCK
(a broad grin)
Hey babe - that's one of my lines.

Josie scowls, stands and exits, SLAMMING the door. He SIGHS.

FADE TO

EXT. CARPARK AT MODERN FLATS, CARDIFF - DAY

Geraint and Connor are behind bushes, snooping at cars.

GERAINT
But I've course-work to do?

CONNOR
I helped you with Pock, you owe me.
And you want to save Kordelia, right?

GERAINT
Save her? The cops say it's a hoax.

CONNOR
My uncle says her car was seen here,
and her credit cards have recently
been used. We just need to keep watch.

GERAINT
Celebrities vanish all the time.
Wasn't Elvis spotted in a chip-shop in
Bangor a few years ago?

CONNOR
That was just a trick to sell chips.
Just think how grateful Kordelia will
be - if she really is in danger?

GERAINT
Ah... Free autographs you mean?

A black CADILLAC arrives, with a personalised plate "HOT-B1TCH" and rock decals. Driving is Ivan. He parks and exits.

CONNOR
Look - that's her car!

Connor and Geraint duck to hide and watch as Ivan faffs about retrieving several bags of shopping from the boot.

GERAINT

That's not her though - unless she's
really different without her makeup?

CONNOR

Could be her kidnapper?

Ivan passes them with his bags, not spotting either as he capers to the door of a nearby flat. He unlocks and enters, juggling bags. He leaves the door ajar behind him.

FADE TO

INT. IVAN'S FLAT, CARDIFF - PM

Filled with new gifts - effeminate male clothing, gadgets, toys, bottles, electronics, all frivolous items. Ivan is adding new clothes and gifts from his bags to a pile.

Connor BURSTS IN through the ajar front door, reluctantly followed by Geraint. Ivan turns and SQUEALS in fright.

CONNOR

We're here about Kordelia!

Ivan drops his shopping and raises his hands.

IVAN

Are you the Police? C.I.D? MI5??

CONNOR

No, but they're just a call away.

Ivan collapses on the sofa, deflated.

IVAN

Ok, ok... I confess. I confess!

GERAINT

You confess?

IVAN

Her credit card, the rainy day fund,
the car. I hoped no-one would notice.

Geraint and Connor exchange puzzled looks.

IVAN

I have bills to pay. It's not my fault
I can hardly scrape by with what she
pays. I was going to pay it back...

GERAINT
Tell us about her disappearance and
perhaps we can keep this 'our secret'?

IVAN
You won't tell her? But why?

CONNOR
We're... er... with Webnet News. One
hand washes the other with us.

IVAN
Ok lads - it's a deal. I'll talk!

FUZZY FADE TO
FLASHBACK BEGINS - IVANS TALE
NOTE : Sound other than the Voice Over is MUTED.
INT. KORDELIA'S DRESSING ROOM, CHEAP STUDIO - EVENING
Ivan is tidying and cleaning the room, in a pinny.

IVAN (V.O)
I'm Ivan, her PA. I was worried at
first - but it wouldn't be the first
time Kordelia ran off with cultists,
or locked herself away in rehab.

Larry enters the room, accompanied by a tall spindly man in a
cheap suit - THE AGENT. Ivan grins and greets them, fawning.

IVAN (V.O)
Andy Andrews her agent and Larry
Ramsbottom her producer were getting
twitchy, talking about finding a
replacement, but I stalled them.

Ivan acts out what he is telling them - like charades.

IVAN (V.O)
I spun a yarn then about her getting
The Clap and going for treatment at a
private clinic in the sticks.

TIME EFFECT - fast-forward as Ivan acts (Benny Hill style).

Ivan dances to suggest clubbing, he mimics drinking, sways,
vomits, makes thrusting motions, pulls faces to suggest he is
ill and finally - seems repentful and recovering.

END EFFECT - speed returns to normal, Ivans charade ends.

Larry and The Agent nod, convinced. They smile and leave.

IVAN (V.O)

They believed every word, even said
the hype was great publicity.

QUICK FADE TO

INT. CRYPT IN GOTHIC MANSION - EVENING

A crypt beneath the Gothic Mansion, a few candles are burning. A stone sarcophagus and a few coffins are here.

CLOSE UP and PAN OUT from the newest Coffin.

The lid opens to reveal Kordelia inside. She is pale and dressed as per her nightclub/tv gear, less the shawl.

IVAN (V.O)

Soon after they'd left she called. It
was late and a bad signal, sounded
like she was in a cave or something...

Kordelia rises in the manner of Nosferatu. She steps out of the coffin and pulls out her mobile and speaks (MUTED).

IVAN (V.O)

I even remember her exact words...

Kordelia's words SYNC with Ivan who impersonates her.

IVAN (V.O)

"Don't worry Ivan, I'm
having a wonderful time with
some old friends I ran into.
Try to keep everyone happy
while I'm away. And don't
touch my credit card!"

KORDELIA (MUTED)

"Don't worry Ivan, I'm
having a wonderful time with
some old friends I ran into.
Try to keep everyone happy
while I'm away. And don't
touch my credit card!"

Kordelia ends the call and tucks away her 'phone into her ample cleavage. She heads towards the crumbling stone stairs.

FUZZY FADE TO

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. IVAN'S FLAT, CARDIFF - PM

As before, Ivan concludes his tale to Geraint and Connor.

GERAINT
So she isn't really kidnapped?

IVAN
Oh no, the people she's with are
sponsoring her. Its publicity before
this big advertising thing starts.

CONNOR
You don't have an exact address?

IVAN
Er... Just an old mansion in
Caerphilly. Said she'll be back next
week so I'll report her cards
'stolen', she'll be none the wiser.

GERAINT
Well... Thanks for explaining.

CONNOR
Rather an anti-climax.

IVAN
Anything to help a couple of fans. And
such big strong lads you both are...
(waggling eyebrows)
How about a little 'drinkie-boos'?

Connor and Geraint exchange questioning looks.

FADE TO

INT. JOSIE'S BEDROOM, BERKELEY MANSION - EVENING

Large with expensive decor. Signed posters and pictures of
old horror films and horror actors. A cd is playing quietly.

Josie is wearing her student attire and glasses and is seated
at her desk, talking with Geraint via her laptop.

CUE MUSIC : along the lines of JUST LOOKING (Stereophics)

GERAINT (V.O)
(from laptop screen)
Tell him you're 'going Dutch' or he'll
dash off and leave you to pay.

JOSIE
I just hope he turns up this time.

Lavinia BERKELEY-WILLIAMS is about 50. She is heard only in this scene and has an upper-class Welsh accent.

LAVINIA (O.S)
(screaming from next room)
Give it to me! Yes - OH YES! MORE!

GERAINT (V.O)
What was that strange noise?

JOSIE
'Mother' is entertaining. I'm sure she forgets I'm sometimes in the house. I try to drown it out with music.

GERAINT (V.O)
Listen Josie, I was wondering...

JOSIE
I said I'll get that Vincent Price boxset back to you next week, ok?

GERAINT (V.O)
No rush, and not what I meant. If things on your date don't go well, I was just wondering... Er... Well...

There is the DING DONG of a doorbell downstairs.

Josie sighs wearily.

JOSIE
That's the front door. Got to run.

GERAINT (V.O)
It's 'all go' at yours. Bye Josie.

CUE MUSIC : music fades with scene.

FADE TO
INT. MASTER BEDROOM, BERKELEY MANSION - EVENING

The master bedroom. Percy Blanchard-Bevan is in bed with Lavinia, writhing. He is about 60 - in his boxers, he has a toupee and is much more chubby. His tracksuit lays nearby.

Lavinia is about 60 but tries to look 30, frizzy died hair and lots of makeup. She is in her underwear, kissing Percy.

A LOUD KNOCK on the bedroom door.

PERCY
Christ! Is that your husband?

LAVINIA
Quick Percy - hide!

Percy grabs his tracksuit and climbs out of the window, dangling down out of sight and gripping the sill.

LAVINIA
Yes? Who is it?

The door opens - it is Josie.

JOSIE
Sorry to disturb Mother, there's a reporter from Webnet News downstairs.

LAVINIA
Don't you know better than to burst in when I'm "entertaining"?

JOSIE
(wearily)
You gave Gladys the evening off.
Someone had to answer the door.

LAVINIA
What does a reporter want with me?

JOSIE
No idea. Maybe he heard about your 'giving personality'?

FADE TO

EXT. BERKELEY MANSION, CARDIFF - EVENING

A modern mansion. A VAN with 'WEBNET NEWS' is parked near a vintage car. Ryan is at the front door with Matthias (filming), Ryan's lower half is Bermuda-shorts and flipflops.

The front door opens - Lavinia stands in the doorway, now in a dressing gown. Matthias steps closer for a better shot.

LAVINIA
Hello?

RYAN
(glancing at her attire)
I hope I'm not disturbing you?

POV from TV CAMERA as operated by Matthias

LAVINIA

Of course you're bloody disturbing me.
Who are you and what do you want?

RYAN

Barry Ryan, Webnet News. I called
several times but no-one got back to
me. It's to do with the fracking.

LAVINIA

The what?

RYAN

The Fracking madam. Your family are
lobbying the Welsh Assembly to lift
the ban. We're covering the debate
until the big vote next week. We
wondered if you or your husband would
like to make an official comment?

BACK TO SCENE.

LAVINIA

Frack off!

Lavinia steps back inside and SLAMS the door.

RYAN

(to Matthias)

Well that went as expected.

Ryan and Matthias head towards their van, Matthias spots
movement and resumes filming. Percy is hastily climbing down
the drain-pipe. He drops his tracksuit to the ground.

RYAN

Keep rolling Mathias!

POV from Matthias as he films Percy climbing down.

PERCY

Oh bugger me!

Percy SLIPS and falls - he lands in a bush with a THUMP.

BACK TO SCENE

RYAN
 (whispers to Matthias)
 Keep filming. This stuff is gold!
 (to Percy)
 You alright? Let me give you a hand?

Ryan helps Percy up, who is more worried about correcting his toupee than anything else. Ryan picks-up the tracksuit.

PERCY
 Thank you, I was just... er... mending
 the drainpipe. For a friend.

Percy brushes himself down, embarrassed.

RYAN
 With no clothes on? Oh, aren't you
 Percy Blanchard-Bevan? The actor?

PERCY
 Why yes. Yes I am.

RYAN
 Star of 'Vampires That Suck' and
 "Nosferatu The Musical"?

PERCY
 I do a lot of Shakespeare nowadays.

RYAN
 I'm sure you will have heard your
 former co-star is missing. Any
 thoughts on what happened to Kordelia?

PERCY
 Er... We don't keep in touch these
 days. No comment. Please excuse me?

Percy grabs the tracksuit and hurries towards the vintage car but Ryan and Matthias hurry after him, still filming.

RYAN
 Is it true you were to reunite with
 her - for a new advertising campaign?

Percy hunts for his keys in his tracksuit bottoms.

PERCY
 I said 'no comment'.

RYAN
 If you were to answer a question or
 two, we could delete our earlier
 footage? As if you were never here.

Percy stops rummaging.

PERCY
 You would do that?

RYAN
 Discretion is our watchword.

Matthias - still filming - gives a THUMBS-UP to agree.

FADE TO

EXT. BERKELEY MANSION, CARDIFF - EVENING

Percy sits in the vintage car now in his tracksuit. Matthias is filming as Ryan holds a microphone.

POV from Mathias's camera (facing away from the mansion).

PERCY
 Bronwyn and myself, er - 'Kordelia' to
 you - have recently been engaged to
 promote 'Baron Hill Dating Agency'.

RYAN
 And you think this agency is somehow
 involved with her disappearance?

PERCY
 I'm not saying that, not at all.

RYAN
 Sorry Percy - what ARE you saying?

PERCY
 Kordelia is away readying herself for
 our advertising campaign. Acting
 classes, health clinics, a voice coach
 - consummate professional that she is.

RYAN
 So you've heard from her recently?

PERCY
 I had a text just yesterday, saying
 she is looking-forward to working with

me again after so many years.

RYAN

So there will be new adverts - with the both of you for this dating site?

PERCY

Yes indeed, plus guest appearances on TV, signings and promotional events across Wales. Starting next month.

RYAN

Why, with respect, two aging stars?

PERCY

Horror Fans will be delighted to see us paired-up again, parodying old roles. Plus Baron Hill is about 'Welsh love' and unity, and we're both Welsh.

RYAN

Thank you Percy, we look forward to seeing the two of you reunited again.

PERCY

Anything to lay public fears to rest.
(to the camera)

And Baron Hill Dating Agency is THE Welsh dating site. *Paid â bod yn swil!*

Scene ends abruptly - the TV screen turned-off by the viewer.

STARK CUT TO

INT. POSH RESTAURANT, CARDIFF - EVENING

A gaudy restaurant. Rich CUSTOMERS gorge themselves in the background. Pock sits alone at a table, unusually smartly dressed, hair re-spiked and no sunglasses (or eye makeup).

Some CLASSICAL MUSIC plays softly in the background.

Josie enters in the manner of someone blind. She is wearing a posh dress and has her hair tied-up, but no glasses.

POV from Josie - everything is BLURRED.

THE WAITER is tall and smartly dressed with a moustache, due to Josie's visual impairment he looks like a fuzzy penguin.

THE WAITER
Can I help you miss?

JOSIE (O.S)
Table thirteen. I'm meeting someone.

THE WAITER
Would you care to follow me please?

The blurry penguin leads Josie to where Pock is sitting.

THE WAITER
This way... Allow me?

The Waiter pulls out the chair and helps Josie sit.

THE WAITER
I'll fetch the drinks menu.

The fuzzy waiter-penguin wanders away.

The hands of Josie put on her GLASSES - Pock comes into sharp focus, he is sat opposite and he grins inanely.

BACK TO SCENE

JOSIE
Oh no - not you again?

POCK
Is that any way to talk to your date?

JOSIE
YOU are Paul Page? I thought you were
just some weirdo following me?

POCK
Not at all. I am very selective when
it comes to my stalking.

JOSIE
Well I'll be eating then leaving. I've
some course-work I need to finish.

POCK
Fine by me, I'm mainly here for the
'steak tartare'. And you look
different with your glasses on.

JOSIE
And you look different with yours off.

Are your eyes usually that bloodshot?

POCK
Only when seeing you babe, you're a
sight for sore eyes.

JOSIE
(unimpressed)
How sweet.

POCK
How about a little wine?

JOSIE
I was just thinking I might need
something stronger... Ok - why not?

Pock makes an annoying WHINING SOUND - Customers gaze over disapprovingly. Josie SIGHS and folds her arms - unimpressed.

MUSIC fades with scene

FADE TO

INT. KORDELIA'S BEDROOM IN GOTHIC MANSION - EVENING

A guest bedroom with big mirror, medical gear and a dialysis machine. Harvey is examining Kordelia who sits in her black underwear as he shines a torch into her eyes.

KORDELIA
Must you do that Harvey?

HARVEY
Hold still... Yes, very good.

He smiles and NODS then begins packing his medical tools into his doctors bag. She SIGHHS and stands.

KORDELIA
Well I don't feel 'very good'. In fact
I feel as knackered as I did before.

HARVEY
That's because you're now cured. The
process works perfectly.

KORDELIA
It would be nice to get. You might
look forward to old age, incontinence
and dementia, but I don't.

Harvey pulls out two small vials, one normal blood and one darker - vampire blood. He holds them up to compare.

HARVEY
See how different your blood is now?
To think one drop of this infected
blood would quickly reverse it.

Kordelia suddenly DIVES for the vampire blood, but Harvey lifts it higher out of her reach.

KORDELIA
Hand me that blood!

HARVEY
I beg your pardon?

She grabs Harveys GROIN and squeezes as hard as she can.

KORDELIA
Hand it over! Doesn't this hurt?

Harvey CHUCKLES - he much stronger than her and unhurt.

HARVEY
Actually it tickles. But keep doing it
if it makes you happy?

She SIGHS and lets him go.

KORDELIA
Not being a vamp really sucks. Not
strong or fast, just indigestion.

HARVEY
Perhaps you can become a thrall? I've
been one forty years... Was waiting
for the 'Big V', but I suppose that
will never happen now.

KORDELIA
Forty years? You should work for my
agent, he moves as quick as you do.

The sound of a car door SLAMS outside.

HARVEY
Speaking of thralls, sounds like Mike
is back with the new-boy. I hope he
did better this time, for his sake.

FADE TO

INT. BATHROOM, GOTHIC MANSION - NIGHT

Everything 1930's. Irene is washing in the bath (naked).

The bathroom door bursts open and Pock enters, freshly returned from his date with Josie.

POCK
 Good evening Mistress.
 (gaping)
 Harvey said you wanted to, er, see me?

IRENE
 I hear things did not go very well?

POCK
 She is playing hard to get. Don't worry - she can't resist much longer.

Irene climbs out of the bath - naked and dripping. Pock looks her up and down, eyes bulging.

IRENE
 Don't just stand there - get me a towel. Even undead feel the cold.

Pock has a choice of two towels - he opts for the small one and passes this. She dabs herself, annoyed.

IRENE
 I knew you were no gentleman.

POCK
 And I know you're not a natural blond.

Irene SNAPS her fingers and points to the floor - Pock is compelled to drop to his knees, head bowed.

IRENE
 Much better, my thrall.

Irene pats his head, rather like a dog.

POCK
 It's not my fault she's a muff-diver!

Irene takes the bigger towel and resumes drying.

IRENE
Do you have any useful suggestions?

POCK
How about promotion, so I'm level with
Harvey? If I had a little power...

Irene SNARLS ANGRILY at 'power', but Pock continues.

POCK
We both know I was chosen by mistake.
Help me to help you. It's win-win.

IRENE
Not by mistake - because of your lies.

POCK
So I exaggerated a bit on Facebook?
Josie's not 'my bitch' but with some
power she will be. Then the Berkeley-
Williams family can put pressure on
Sir Reginald, as you planned, right?

Irene seems to be considering this idea.

FADE TO

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CAERPHILLY - MIDDAY

'Mountain Road' ascends away from the train-station, fields
one side, a golf course the other, trees and mountain ahead.
Connor and Geraint away from the station, little traffic.

GERAINT
How much is your uncle paying?

CONNOR
A hundred quid. Said if we actually
find her we can add a zero at the end.

GERAINT
Wow! Five hundred each then?

CONNOR
He wants shots of her in rehab, the
human cost of fame and fortune. 'Big
Journalism' - as he calls it.

They walk up the hill for a few moments, PUFFING.

CONNOR
 You know Geraint, all this stomping
 reminds me of a joke.

GERAINT
 Oh god...

CONNOR
 A priest runs into a drunken Welshman
 "Young man, do you not realise you are
 on the road to perdition?" "Oh hell,"
 replied the drunkard. "I could have
 sworn this was the bus to Llanelli."

Geraint SIGHS and stomps faster. Connor continues.

GERAINT
 Don't give up the day job.
 (gazes about)
 Well I don't see many Mansions...
 Maybe that assistant bloke lied?

CONNOR
 He seemed to know all about her
 though. Had loads of her stuff too.

GERAINT
 I can't believe you brought that
 underwear from him. How do you know
 those knickers are even really hers?

CONNOR
 They're initialled, Kordelia only
 wears black silk. Fifty quid for a
 collectors item is too good to miss.

Geraint pulls out his mobile phone to check an online map.

GERAINT
 Ok... Should be up ahead, past those
 trees. Good old Google Maps.

EXT. GOTHIC MANSION, CAERPHILLY - PM

The Limo seen before is parked outside. Geraint and Connor
 are approaching along the road.

GERAINT
 I know that car. That's the mad bugger

FADE TO

that ran me over the other day.

CONNOR

You what?

GERAINT

Well - 'nearly'. They're sometimes parked right next-door.

CONNOR

We could have asked them for a lift.

Connor rings the bell at the front door.

GERAINT

I thought we were being 'stealthy'?

The door OPENS and Big Mike looms out. He GROWLS.

CONNOR

We're not Jehovah's Witnesses. We're just fans of Kordelia and we want to make sure she's alright.

Mike raises an eyebrow.

GERAINT

We heard she's here, readying for her new role in a new advertising thing?

Bethan appears at the doorway and pushes past Big Mike.

BETHAN

I'll take it from here Mike. Hi guys - what is it you wanted?

Big Mike MUTTERS softly and retreats indoors.

CONNOR

Kordelia. Er, we're her fans.

BETHAN

And you think she's here?

GERAINT

Isn't she?

BETHAN

No-one famous lives here - sorry boys. I hope you've not come very far?

CONNOR
Only from Cardiff - by train.

GERAINT
We ran into Kordelia's assistant - he said she was in Caerphilly. Staying with friends in an old mansion.

BETHAN
Sorry... I can't help you.
(pause)
If you want a quick bite before heading back you can pop inside?

Big Mike is lurking behind her and checks his pocket-watch.

GERAINT
Thanks - but if we miss the next train it's a two hour wait.

CONNOR
Er, yeah.

BETHAN
Well ok, no worries... *Prynhawn da!* *

* NOTE: this is Welsh for 'good afternoon'

She closes the door. Connor and Geraint wander away.

CONNOR
What was that about? We could have looked inside. You know - for clues?

GERAINT
I got a bad vibe - they could be a couple of psycho's.

CONNOR
They probably think the same about us.

GERAINT
I saw a Weatherspoons by the station.
Let's take a break then sneak back here later... After dark? Look around?

CONNOR
For a grand - it sounds a plan.

FADE TO

INT. CRYPT IN GOTHIC MANSION - EVENING

Two coffins in use, one older coffin and a stone sarcophagus. Kordelia's coffin is empty with lid open - unused.

Pitch black. Suddenly lamps and candles BURST into flame.

Irene exits the older coffin, in 1950's era clothes as Bethan descends the steps with a tray with two glasses of blood.

BETHAN

Evening Irene. I'm glad this coffin business isn't for me now.

Irene takes the 1st glass of blood and gulps it down.

IRENE

B positive? Mmmmm... Zesty.

BETHAN

Your 'thrall' is upstairs. Mike said he'd have killed him ages ago for his blunders... I wish he'd chill-out.

IRENE

Mike always did have a nasty temper.
So much for mellowing with age.

(SNIFFING)

Have we had visitors recently?

BETHAN

Two young lads. They left but came back, still sneaking outside.

IRENE

Brave of them - or foolish.

BETHAN

I thought to wait for The Mistress?
She can decide what to do.

Irene NODS. She and Bethan glance at the sarcophagus. The stone lid begins to GRATE open, pushed open from inside.

FADE TO

EXT. BACK GARDEN OF GOTHIC MANSION - EVENING

The sun has set. Lights off at the Mansion which has balcony's overlooking the garden. Ivy growing everywhere.

Geraint and Connor are exploring and whispering.

CONNOR
We won't get in trouble, will we?

GERAINT
If they find us we'll say we took a
wrong turn - we got lost in the dark.

CONNOR
This place looks deserted anyway.

A light flicks on in the upstairs room with the balcony.

GERAINT
At least someone is still home.

Connor tugs at the ivy running up to the balcony.

CONNOR
Hey look - think we can climb up?

FADE TO

INT. SPARE BEDROOM IN GOTHIC MANSION - EVENING

A bedroom in the Gothic Mansion, with ancient decor including a four-poster bed and French Windows to a balcony.

Pock is in his boxer shorts. Irene wears a dressing-gown.

IRENE
It works better when your blood is
pumping faster. Lay on the bed.

POCK
I'm not arguing. Not that I could.

Irene drops her dressing-gown and is now naked. She slinks towards Pock who lays staring with a big grin.

IRENE
It's just blood I'm after - not any
other bodily fluids. Understood?

POCK
Don't worry - I have great self
control. You'll see.

Irene clambers onto Pock and straddles him - he is overjoyed.

IRENE

Don't get too excited, I've better things to do than try this nonsense all night, stopping and re-starting.

POCK

Y-y-yes mistress, whatever you say!

Irene begins to grind. He GASPS happily as she picks up pace.

PAN TO THE FRENCH WINDOWS

Geraint and Connor are peering in from the balcony outside, unnoticed by Pock or Irene. They stare in utter disbelief.

FADE TO

EXT. BALCONY OF GOTHIC MANSION - EVENING

A shared balcony between two bedrooms, with two French windows. Geraint and Connor are shocked and back away from the French Windows to the illuminated bedroom. They whisper.

GERAINT

But... It's Pock? Is she blind?

CONNOR

It must be a kinky thing? Like screwing circus freaks or animals.

GERAINT

No wait - this must be a cult! Why he disappeared and is vague about what happened. They brain-washed him!

The light of the next bedroom along flicks on also.

CONNOR

Wouldn't take much... Look - another light. Let's take a gander?

FADE TO

INT. KORDELIA'S BEDROOM IN GOTHIC MANSION - EVENING

Kordelia is in black silk underwear and looking at herself in the mirror, checking for fresh wrinkles.

KORDELIA

(to self)

At least my reflection's normal.

Connor and Geraint BURST IN through the French Windows. She turns and GASPS, covering herself with her hands.

KORDELIA
Is this some kind of a bust?

CONNOR
(ogling her cleavage)
It's very impressive, yes.

GERAINT
Kordelia! We're here to rescue you.

CONNOR
(whispers to Geraint)
Told you they're monogrammed.

KORDELIA
What makes you think I need to be rescued? And would you mind not gaping like that - it's very rude?

Geraint averts his gaze but Connor continues to stare.

GERAINT
The people here are cultists - up to no good. You're in danger!

KORDELIA
Whatever do you mean?

GERAINT
We saw our mate being ridden by a blond lady, really going for it.

Geraint sees Connor is still gaping and nudges him.

CONNOR
No way anyone that hot would ride Pock. He's a gimp!

Someone RUNNING heard in the corridor outside.

GERAINT
Something is very wrong here. We're here to help you get away.

KORDELIA
That could be more tricky...

Kordelia points to the French Windows. Geraint and Connor

turn and see a greenish VAMPIRE MIST forming on the balcony.

CONNOR
Look! Like Pocks fart, after a curry!

GERAINT
Yeah, silent but deadly.

Geraint SLAMS the French windows shut and backs away. The mist seems stuck outside - for the moment. It swirls angrily.

KORDELIA
I think you've just made her angry.

The mist begins moving through the gap at the bottom of the door, flowing into the room and reforming inside.

CONNOR
Quick - let's get out of here?

Geraint opens the internal door as Connor takes Kordelia's hand (excited to touch) and all exit. She seems reluctant.

FADE TO
INT. SPARE BEDROOM IN GOTHIC MANSION - EVENING

Pock and Irene lay naked in bed. Pock is pale but satisfied.

Irene climbs out of bed and wipes her mouth.

POCK
(weak)
So that's it? I'm one of you now?

IRENE
A 'junior member' of sorts, yes.

SPECIAL EFFECT: Irene steps towards the door and TRANSFORMS - becoming Monster-Irene. Seen clearer she looks hideous.

IRENE (V.O)
(as Monster Irene)
Stay here and rest a while.
(turning back to Pock)
Unless you're eager for more?

POCK
(disgusted)
No thanks - you got real ugly.
(pause)

How come you looked great before?

IRENE (V.O)
(as Monster Irene)
You should try getting married.

FADE TO

INT. UPPER CORRIDOR, GOTHIC MANSION - NIGHT

Several doors, a banister overlooking the main hall below. Geraint and Connor are hurrying and pulling Kordelia along.

GERAINT
Come on Kordelia - quiet - this way.

Connor lags behind to gaze down at her backside. She looks back at him suspiciously so he smiles innocently.

KORDELIA
It's very nice you boys wanting to
help me like this, but actually...
(trails off)

The door ahead of them opens and Big Mike steps out, cracking his knuckles and GROWLING menacingly. They stop dead.

A door behind them opens, Monster-Irene steps out and SNARLS.

Geraint and Connor gape, afraid. Kordelia seems calm.

GERAINT
Er Connor - these are not cultists?

CONNOR
We're trapped!

SPECIAL EFFECT - The Vampire Mist flows under the door near Connor and solidifies into ELEANOR DE MONTFORT - like her portrait but in modern businesswomans attire.

ELEANOR
No need to swear. I suggest you
surrender and forego any further
unpleasantness? We wish you no harm.

Eleanor steps closer, her eyes gleaming. Unknown to her Harvey and The Manager are approaching below in the hall.

HARVEY (O.S)
(calling from below)
Watch out Highness! HUNTERS!

Eleanor steps back as a crossbow bolt WHIZZES past and THUDS into the wall, just missing her head. All turn to look down.

PAN DOWN from Banister to the the main hall below.

The Nightclub Manager is here with crossbow, in paramilitary attire and a backpack. Harvey is heard approaching.

The crossbow self-loads and The Manager aims and SHOOTS. Big Mike dives in front of Eleanor and is hit by the bolt. THUD! He collapses, impaled in his chest, dying.

The Manager calls up to Geraint and Connor.

THE MANAGER
Don't just stand there lads - RUN!

INT. STAIRCASE IN GOTHIC MANSION - CONTINUOUS

A wide set of stairs to an entrance hall with doorway to the main hall. Geraint, Connor and Kordelia flee downstairs, pulling Kordelia. Monster-Irene lumbers behind them.

Harvey arrives at the bottom of the stairs from the hall. He has a shotgun and waves it at Connor and Geraint.

HARVEY
Stop right there! Hands up!

The Manager arrives through the doorway to the main hall, he JUMP KICKS the gun from Harvey's hands.

THE MANAGER
You brought a gun to a fist-fight.

Harvey takes a swing at The Manager but is countered and knocked-down, The Manager is a highly trained martial artist.

Kordelia tries to slip away but Connor GRABS her arm.

CONNOR
Don't worry Kordelia - we'll save you.

Monster-Irene stomps down the steps, impeded by her claws.

THE MANAGER
Not so fast - blood-sucker!

The Manager whips out a glowing cross and waves it at Monster-Irene. She stops and opens her mouth - inside is a mass of fangs. The Manager presses a button on the cross.

THE MANAGER
Eat this!

A mini cross PINGS out from the cross into Irene's face - she SHRIEKS and stumbles backwards as it sticks to her, BURNING!

THE MANAGER
Quick lads! THIS WAY!

He quickly leads Connor, Geraint and Kordelia to the main entrance through the hallway, away from Irene and Harvey.

EXT. GOTHIC MANSION, CAERPHILLY - CONTINUOUS

More lights coming on inside. Opposite the parked Limo is a black HEARSE, this has lights on and engine running.

Geraint and Connor flee the mansion, pulling Kordelia.

THE MANAGER (O.S)
(calling from indoors)
Head to the car. The hearse!

Connor opens the back door of the hearse for Kordelia, she reluctantly clambers inside - he follows.

CONNOR
In here Kordelia - you're safe now.

Kordelia SIGHS loudly.

The Manager exits, crossbow over shoulder and cross in hand. He throws the cross in the doorway - it is weighted and lands upright. He hurries to the car, removing his backpack.

THE MANAGER
All of you get in! LET'S GO!

The Manager hops into the drivers seat as Geraint moves in the seat beside him - he shoves the backpack to Geraint.

Eleanor appears in the doorway but she can't pass the cross.

ELEANOR
(calling)
You won't escape us!

THE MANAGER
Too late honey - I already have.

The Manager REVS the engine and pulls away.

FADE TO

INT/EXT. THE MANAGERS CAR (DRIVING IN CAERPHILLY) - CONT.

The Manager driving, Geraint beside him with backpack, in the back sit Kordelia and Connor. The scenery is the outskirts of Caerphilly at night - heading away from town.

THE MANAGER

...Vampires - yes. Luckily you
distracted them long enough for me to
get inside. We'll be safe at the
club... Then tomorrow my crew will
return and finish the job.

KORDELIA

(sighs, sarcastic)

My hero.

The Manager looks at her in the car mirror.

THE MANAGER

You normally run about in underwear?

KORDELIA

Only on special occasions.

CONNOR

We could cuddle for warmth?

Kordelia gives Connor a dirty look.

THE MANAGER

Any of you bitten? Anyone hurt?

CONNOR

No - not me.

GERAINT

No, I'm good thanks.

KORDELIA

I hope this isn't about my bar-bill?

THE MANAGER

No. I'm a vampire hunter - we've been
watching this place for months. Our
nightclub is bait. Suspected vamps
have garlic extract slipped into their
drinks - if they react we stake 'em!

CONNOR

Cool! ...And sneaky.

THE MANAGER

Vamps are not the main risk at this point - wave a cross and they leave. No - it's the thralls - boosted strength and can stand sunlight.

GERAINT

What about Pock? Our, er, 'friend'.

THE MANAGER

There's another of you?

CONNOR

He was being ridden by a... Well a vampire. She was bouncing on him.

GERAINT

Like a spiky-haired bouncy castle.

THE MANAGER

She'll have sucked him dry then. Sorry lads, nothing I can do.

GERAINT

Heck... Poor Pock.

CONNOR

At least that's how he wanted to go.

QUICK FADE TO

INT. UPPER CORRIDOR, GOTHIC MANSION - NIGHT

Harvey is examining Big Mike, who is dead. Eleanor and Irene (human and dressed but a fresh scar on her face) look sadly down at the body. Pock is approaching, dressed but very pale.

HARVEY

To think he survived Rorkes Drift and the Blitz only to get spiked by a hunter. There truly is no justice.

IRENE

The more years pass the worse it seems. I knew him since the forties.

Pock steps closer and looks down at the body with a shrug.

ELEANOR
(to Pock)
You - thrall or whatever you are?

POCK
Paul Page Highness - 'Junior Vamp'.

ELEANOR
You know those students? Where will
they go from after here?

POCK
The student bar if they have money -
failing that I know where they live.

ELEANOR
Go and make enquiries - keep me
informed of their activities.

POCK
Yes majesty.

IRENE
(to Pock)
Don't fail us again. You have power
now, so use it wisely.

ELEANOR
Harvey - go and watch the nightclub.

HARVEY
Yes Majesty - at once.
(to Pock)
I'll drop you off on the way.

POCK
Ok Harv. Cya folks!

Pock and Harvey head to the stairs together.

HARVEY
(whispering to Pock)
Promoted already? How'd you do that?

POCK
When you're hot Harv, you're hot.

FADE TO

EXT. REAR OF GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB, CARDIFF - NIGHT

By the door waits The Barman and The Bouncer. The Bass of distorted music is heard from inside the club.

CUE MUSIC : along the lines of VAMPYRE LOVE (by Pentagram)

The Hearse arrives. The Manager, Geraint, Connor and Kordelia exit the car together. Kordelia shivers from the cold.

THE MANAGER

I think it best if you stay overnight.

KORDELIA

Oh? Can't I just...
(interrupted)

THE MANAGER

If they've tasted your blood they'll be able to track you. You must stay here tonight, with us. I insist.

He and The Barman lead Kordelia firmly towards the nightclub door, The Bouncer collects the backpack from Geraint.

FADE TO

INT. MANAGERS OFFICE, GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Part office, part hunters lair. CROSSES EVERYWHERE. A PC on a desk, two doors, futons and lockers. Muffled MUSIC heard.

MUSIC continues, muffled, from the club below.

The door opens and The Manager enters, followed by The Bouncer, Geraint, Connor and Kordelia.

GERAINT

(gazing around)

I see what you mean about vamp-proof.

THE MANAGER

Yes... I'm not even religious.

The Manager takes his backpack from The Bouncer and begins to add various anti-vampire weapons into one of the lockers.

THE MANAGER

(to bouncer)

Tell the others - a raid at dawn.

The Bouncer NODS and grins, then he hurries away.

THE MANAGER
(nodding to futon)
You can crash here. At sunrise we'll
stake 'em and burn their house down.

KORDELIA
How charming.

GERAINT
Mind if I call my mum? She'll worry.

THE MANAGER
Use the payphone downstairs. I need to
hang onto your mobiles - in case
anyone sends a thoughtless text.

He smiles at Kordelia. Connor rummages for his mobile.

KORDELIA
I didn't bring mine - left in a hurry.

GERAINT
I share mums - she has it at home.

The Manager takes Connors phone and tucks it away.

THE MANAGER
(to Kordelia)
There's spare clothing, bedding and a
bathroom just through there.

KORDELIA
Good, I'm freezing. On the way up here
one of your bouncers pinched my bum.

CONNOR
(whispers to Geraint)
Lucky bouncer.

CUE MUSIC : Music fades with scene

FADE TO

INT. MRS EVANS BEDROOM, GERAINTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark outside, the curtains left open. Mrs Evans is undressing
and removing her trousers and blouse. In the mirror she spots
Pock watching from the window outside. His reflection faint.

MRS EVANS
 (whispers to self)
 You little bugger...

Mrs Evans slides off her dress and watches Pock. She backs towards the window, fumbling her bra-strap. She suddenly TURNS ROUND. Pock grins sheepishly at her, rumbled.

FADE TO

EXT. BACK GARDEN OF GERAINT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mrs Evans exits, still fastening her blouse as she heads towards Pock, clothes back on. Pock backs away, embarrassed.

MRS EVANS
 Have you been spying on me?

POCK
 Cool it 'Mrs E'. Stop stressing.

MRS EVANS
 Stop stressing? How did you get up there anyhow? A ladder?

Pock thinks for a moment, then waves his hands at Mrs Evan's face in the manner of Bela Lugosi.

MRS EVANS
 You can't just go around peering...

To his surprise she trails off and looks vacant.

POCK
 You will obey my commands.

MRS EVANS
 I will obey your commands - Master.

Pock performs a victory dance around her - she is oblivious.

POCK
 (rubbing hands)
 Oh yes! I'm gonna enjoy this...

FADE TO

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM, NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A cupboard-like office with CCTV monitors of feeds from around the club. One screen shows The Managers Office with

Geraint and Connor chatting. Another is a small bathroom - Kordelia is having a shower, a hidden camera just above her.

Muffled music in the background from the nightclub.

CUE MUSIC: along the lines AT THE GALLows END (Candlemass)

Watching Kordelia is the Barman, The Manager behind him.

THE MANAGER

Not a thrall, but she's helping them.
Keep watching her closely.

The Barman NODS happily, and ZOOMS IN on Kordelia as she washes soapy bubbles. The Manager leans closer to look.

FADE TO

INT. MANAGERS OFFICE, GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

MUSIC continues from the previous scene, from the club.

Connor fiddling with the PC. Geraint is making his futon-bed.

GERAINT

Should you be fiddling with that?

CONNOR

My uncle gave me a few tips on
cracking passwords.

The side-door handle RATTLES. Connor springs up as Kordelia enters, wearing a baggy tracksuit and a towel-turban.

KORDELIA

Looking at porn? I can come back later
if you need some 'alone time'?

CONNOR

Actually I was trying to hack it - to
find out more about these 'hunters'.

KORDELIA

Well don't let me stop you?

Connor continues as Kordelia begins to dry her hair.

GERAINT

So Kordelia - you were their prisoner?

KORDELIA
 At first. They look scary but are
 actually nice, like 'The Munsters'.
 They're passionate about Wales too.

CONNOR
 Stockholm Syndrome - my uncle said.

Kordelia glares at Connor so he returns to typing.

Kordelia heads to the main door and finds it unlocked.

GERAINT
 Going to keep lookout for us?

KORDELIA
 No, I've better things to do than hang
 around here. See you boys later.

She exits, sneaking outside.

MUSIC FADES WITH SCENE

FADE TO

INT. GERAINTS KITCHEN - NIGHT

A chair, a table. KNIVES on a counter. A CD playing.

Mrs Evans is performing a striptease for Pock, who sits on
 the chair, grinning, his hand down his trousers.

CUE MUSIC : IN THE GRIP OF A TYRE-FITTERS HAND (by Budgie)

PAN OUT from Pocks hand rubbing (a reference to the song)

POCK
 (to self)
 This is a dream come true!

She slides down her trousers and unbuttons her blouse -
 smiling coyly. She gyrates and sways, now in her underwear.

POCK
 That's it Mrs E, keep going...

Mrs Evans turns her back to Pock and begins to unhook her
 bra. She pauses and looks down at herself and glances about.

MRS EVANS
(Mouthing quietly)
What - the - fuck?

POCK
Come on - don't stop now. Keep going!

Mrs Evans turns to Pock and forces a smile - playing along.

POCK
Come on, you can't resist me. More!

She jiggles as Pock rubs faster. She bobs towards the counter and PINGS-OFF her bra, a hand over her chest. She dangles the bra to distract as she feels for a knife with the other.

POCK
So sexy... I think I love you!

She grabs a KNIFE and hides it behind her back as she chuck's the bra over his face. She slinks closer, smiling coyly.

Pock rubs frantically as she moves to slide down her knickers. Suddenly she holds the blade to his throat!

MRS EVANS
Shows over Big Boy.

She presses the blade. Pock gulps and raises his hands.

MRS EVANS
What's going on? Talk or I cut!

She moves the knife to Pocks groin - he blurts his answer.

POCK
Wait! I... I... I'm a vampire.

MRS EVANS
A 'what'? And what did you do to me?

POCK
I just waved my hands - Like this.

She looks as Pock waves hands - he repeats his earlier gestures. Mrs Evans lowers the blade, mesmerised again.

POCK
That's better. Put that knife away!
Could do someone a mischief.

MRS EVANS
Yes Master.

Mrs Evans puts the knife back on the counter.

POCK
Talk about spoiling my moment.

Mrs Evans tilts her head to one side.

MRS EVANS
Your wish is my command, Master?

Pock thinks for a moment then smiles an evil smile.

CUE MUSIC : Music fades with scene

FADE TO

INT. REAR HALLWAY, GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The ropes gone, a few drunk-looking Goths wander, swigging beer from plastic glasses. LOUD MUSIC in the background.

CUE MUSIC: suggested is ELIZABETH (by Ghost)

Kordelia hurries towards the rear exit.

The Bouncer and The Manager suddenly step out in the doorway and block her path to outside.

KORDELIA
Just stretching my legs.

THE MANAGER
Sorry Kordelia - you need to stay upstairs. For your own safety - until this matter has been resolved.

KORDELIA
All right, all right... But I want takeaway. And a load of booze!

Kordelia turns angrily back the way she came.

THE MANAGER
I'll send up Boris my Barman, he will take your order. On the house.

KORDELIA
Fine then...

CUE MUSIC : Music fades with scene

SLOW FADE TO

INT. MANAGERS OFFICE, GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

03.30. No music (the club closed). Kordelia SNORES, laying in a futon. Geraint dozes on another. Connor on the computer.

Geraint wakes, sits up and stretches.

GERAINT

Still at it then Connor?

CONNOR

Getting there - I'm into system files now. Thought you were asleep?

GERAINT

No-one can sleep through that.

Geraint NODS at Kordelia - she SNORES even louder.

CONNOR

Aw, she's still wonderful.

GERAINT

Think I've been put off by celebs, they're even worse than 'normal' folk.

CONNOR

Aha! I'm in. Come and see?

Geraint joins Connor at the PC and looks at the screen.

GERAINT

The Managers personal stuff? Only fragments, nothing in order.

PAN TO FLICKERING PC SCREEN.

MANAGERS FLASHBACK BEGINS - brief scenes with quick fades on the computer screen. Quiet music from the PC throughout.

INT. POSH RESTAURANT - MORNING

CUE MUSIC : suggested is STIRB NICHT VOR MIT (Rammstein)

Several years ago, the restaurant is new but closed. The Manager and Waiter are meeting a CATHOLIC PRIEST who demonstrates the self-loading crossbow. The Priest is about

60 and in robes. The Manager and Waiter are 10 years younger.

THE MANAGER (V.O)
...funding from The Vatican. They will provide training, help us get started.

The Priest shows them a leather-bound book titled '*Tomo della Non Morte*' and hands the manager a silver stake.

INT. THE MANAGERS PARENTS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Broken lights. Furnishings trashed, blood splattered. The PARENTS of The Manager lay dead, drained of blood in their pyjamas. A SHADOWY FEMALE FORM hovers over them - feeding.

The Manager enters - a teen here, in pyjamas. He GASPS as the shadowy form swirls out the open window into the night.

THE MANAGER (V.O)
...will never forget my parents faces, how they must have suffered.

The young Manager looks down at his dead parents and WEEPS.

INT. MAIN HALL, GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A few years ago. Goths dancing, among them is THE CURVACEOUS LADY - in a tight black dress and fishnets, swaying.

THE VAMPIRE - a male in authentic 18th Century attire pushes through the crowd towards her. He SMILES and kisses her hand. Seeming mesmerised she is led away - neither see the Nightclub Manager and the Bouncer following behind them.

THE MANAGER (V.O)
...the perfect bait. The hunters now will become the hunted.

INT. SIDE ROOM, GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A storeroom, beer crates. The Vampire is being STAKED by The Manager, held by The Bouncer and the Barman with crosses. The Manager HAMMERS the stake through the vampires chest!

THE MANAGER (V.O)
...No remains, they become dust. A perfect crime, if not dead already.

SPECIAL EFFECT : The Vampire writhes and ages rapidly, turning into dust and brittle bones.

The Curvaceous Lady approaches - with a DUST-BUSTER.

MUSIC FADES as the Computer screen flickers and dies.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE ENDS

PAN OUT FROM FLICKERING PC SCREEN TO

INT. MANAGERS OFFICE, GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

As before - Connor and Geraint still at the computer.

CONNOR

I think this explains a lot.

GERAINT

Yeah - never let you near a computer.
I think you just buggered it up.

Kordelia BREAKS WIND very loudly in her sleep.

GERAINT

And on that note I'm going back to
bed. Good night Connor.

Geraint sleepily heads to his futon and YAWNS.

FADE TO

INT. GERAINTS BEDROOM, GERAINTS HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Mrs Evans and Pock are in Geraints bed, naked under a sheet.
Pock SNORES. Mrs Evans wakes and looks around, puzzled.

MRS EVANS

(stiffly, To self)

Oh god, have I slept funny?

She is shocked to see Pock. She raises the sheet and GASPS.

MRS EVANS

Did I drink something? Smoke
something? Was I drugged?

She clammers quietly out of bed. She top-toes to the window
and PULLS OPEN THE CURTAINS. DAZZLING SUNLIGHT floods in!

Pock SCREAMS and jumps out of bed, clutching his eyes.

POCK

Close them! CLOSE THEM! AAAARGH!

SMOKE wafts from his skin as he lunges towards the window but TRIPS. He FALLS head-first through the window, in FLAMES!

CUT TO

INT. STUDY IN MP'S HOUSE, CARDIFF - MORNING

A comfortable study in a large house. The WELSH MP is male, 50 and in an expensive looking suit. Sat opposite is SIR REGINALD BERKELEY-WILLIAMS. He is about 55 and despite his suit looks sleazy as he smokes a cigar.

PAN OUT from the end of Sir Reginald's smouldering cigar.

WELSH MP

Helping with planning permission to
redevelop Baron Hill is one thing Sir
Reginald, but many constituents are
worried about this fracking business.

SIR REGINALD

Your constituents should worry more
about jobs, damned hippies.

WELSH MP

Many fellow MP's have concerns too.
The firm is English, the small Welsh
companies didn't get a look-in.

SIR REGINALD

Money talks. I happen to be a major
shareholder of said company. When the
cash is rolling-in people will soon
forget this environmental nonsense.

WELSH MP

Speaking of money - I hope that last
donation was through a third party?

SIR REGINALD

Naturally. Just the tip of the
mountain of the cash about to be made.

WELSH MP

I agree one must look to the future.
Very well... I'll support you.

SIR REGINALD

Splendid. Fracking is the goldmine of
the future, you'll see.

Sir Reginald pours himself a glass of Penderyn Welsh whisky.

SIR REGINALD
Will you join me?

WELSH MP
Too early for me. Aren't you coming to Parliament soon?

SIR REGINALD
I always have a glass before lunchtime. And yes, I've more meetings - steadily building the 'yes' vote.

WELSH MP
Well Sir Reginald - you're very committed, I'll give you that.

SIR REGINALD
Committed to making money - yes.
(raising his glass)
*Iechyd da! **

* NOTE: Welsh for 'Good health'

FADE TO

INT. MANAGERS OFFICE, GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - MORNING

The Bouncer, the Barman, The Curvaceous Lady, The Manager and a few Staff from the club are putting-on body-armour and arming themselves with scary looking anti-vampire weapons.

The Waiter (older again) is here, in a leather trench coat and samurai sword on his back - like a white 'Blade'.

The Curvaceous Lady here too - in a leather catsuit.

NOTE: This group is referred to as THE HUNTERS.

Kordelia, in her tracksuit, watches them nervously.

KORDELIA
You can't let the boys go and still keep me here - it's kidnapping.

THE WAITER
Oh can't we, vamp-lover?

The waiter moves menacingly towards Kordelia - but The Manager hurries to pull him away. The Waiter sneers but backs

down, he turns away and gets more weapons from the lockers.

THE MANAGER

The world thinks you are missing - so no-one will notice. We'll let you go after the 'stake-out' is all done.

He moves to the door, Kordelia follows.

KORDELIA

Wait - don't go!

The Hunters begin to follow The Manager, eager to leave.

THE MANAGER

And why not, may I ask?

KORDELIA

They're not evil. I know them!

THE WAITER

They're vamps. Evil by default.

KORDELIA

They are vamps - but not as you think.

The Manager steps closer to Kordelia.

THE MANAGER

Talk quickly? The team don't like to wait when theres staking to be done.

FUZZY FADE TO

FLASHBACK BEGINS - sound is muted, only the Voice Over clear.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM IN GOTHIC MANSION - EVENING

ILLEGAL IMMIGRANT #1 and ILLEGAL IMMIGRANT #2 chat happily to Kordelia who nods politely, not understanding. She wears her black dress as seen before - which they seem to appreciate.

KORDELIA (V.O)

Before your burn it down, there's Omar and Rajan - illegal immigrants there.

THE MANAGER (V.O)

Prisoners - being kept there you mean?

KORDELIA (V.O)

No, they live there. They work at a

local kebab place for cash but pay a couple of pints of blood for rent. There are several others too, in cheap rented property all over Cardiff.

THE MANAGER (V.O)
So vamps have willing donors?

KORDELIA (V.O)
Exactly. No-one gets hurt. And even the locals now get cheap kebabs.

FADE TO

INT. KORDELIA'S BEDROOM IN GOTHIC MANSION - DAY

Sarah Lewis is connected to a dialysis machine. Harvey is present, in a lab-coat. Nearby is Irene - dressed as a nurse.

KORDELIA (V.O)
Sarah died, but that was an accident. She had rare 'golden blood'. That's why they run this dating site - to find more. It's more common here in Wales than anywhere else in the world.

Harvey works the controls and seems pleased how the machine works - taking Sarah's blood. She becomes paler.

THE WAITER (V.O)
What is special blood for? Drinking?

KORDELIA (V.O)
To cure themselves, become human again. They used it on me and another vamp, called Bethan. And it works.

THE WAITER (V.O)
Bullshit! She's lying.

THE MANAGER (V.O)
This 'golden blood' cures vamps? How?

KORDELIA (V.O)
I don't know the science stuff, that's down to Harvey and Irene - a vamp nurse. I turned - but they cured me.

THE WAITER (V.O)
What happened to Sarah Lewis then?

KORDELIA (V.O)
They were going to let her go when
they'd taken enough. They don't like
killing - it draws attention.

QUICK FADE TO

EXT. GOTHIC MANSION - DAY

Sarah is climbing out of an upper window - pale and groggy.

KORDELIA (V.O)
Sarah escaped while Mike was out
making deliveries for Amazon - his day
job. She slipped and fell!

Sarah SLIPS and falls - plummeting to the ground.

THE MANAGER (V.O)
Did you see this directly?

KORDELIA (V.O)
No - just her body afterwards. They
were upset, called it huge setback.

FUZZY FADE TO

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. MANAGERS OFFICE, GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - MORNING

As before, but now Kordelia concludes her tale.

THE WAITER
They could have killed her and lied?

KORDELIA
No, without her they're back to
relying on their dating site for
another donor. It could take decades.

THE MANAGER
Then what do you suggest? We wait
years until they 'un-vamp' themselves?

KORDELIA
They're not like vampires in my films.
Ellie is the leader - she's nice.

THE WAITER
Eleanor De Montfort - yes. She has

'glamoured' you, no doubt.

The Hunters nod and mutter in agreement - then begin to exit, shoving past Kordelia. The Manager loiters behind.

THE MANAGER

Don't worry - when they're gone her hold over you will soon fade.

FADE TO

EXT. RIVERSIDE OPPOSITE WELSH PARLIAMENT, CARDIFF - MORNING

In the background is the Welsh Parliament. The Limo, driven by Harvey, is arriving at the entrance. In the foreground, walking are Connor and Geraint. Connor is trying his mobile.

CONNOR

Still nothing from Pock...

GERAINT

I hate to think we left him behind.

CONNOR

Maybe the hunters can save him? They seem scarier than the actual vampires.

GERAINT

Scythes, stake-guns, harpoons... Christopher Lee would be buggered.

CONNOR

I'll text my uncle, let him know too. Not sure he'll believe me though.

FADE TO

INT. MANAGERS OFFICE, GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - MORNING

Kordelia is alone at The Managers desk - using his PC.

KORDELIA

(to self, typing)

What have you done here Connor? Ok, I'm in... Club info...

Kordelia brings up a web page about the Berkeley-Williams family and details about Sir Reginalds royalist ancestors.

KORDELIA

The club owner is Sir Reginald

Berkeley-Williams? Oh - the Fracker.

She clicks around, reading, then begins rummaging drawers.

KORDELIA
I don't suppose there's a microphone?

FADE TO

EXT. ENTRANCE AREA, WELSH PARLIAMENT, CARDIFF - MORNING

The Limo is parked. Harvey escorts Eleanor into the building, holding a parasol above. She has sheets around her and sunglasses. WAFTS OF SMOKE from her as they dash inside.

Eleanor gets indoors and waits in the hallway until the smoke from her body subsides. Harvey calls to her from the doorway.

HARVEY
(calling inside)
I'm sorry you have to take charge and
forego your rest highness.

ELEANOR
The vote is too close, no-matter what
happens to us. We must save Wales!

They are interrupted by the arrival of a ROLLS ROYCE. This is driven by GLADYS (23, pretty, Welsh). She opens the door for Sir Reginald and The Welsh MP. The two hurry to the entrance as Gladys returns to the car, weary and over-worked.

Harvey closes the parasol and glances back into the building - Eleanor has vanished. He eyes the new car jealously.

SIR REGINALD
(to Harvey)
You're in my parking space. Get that
banger to the scrapyard!

Sir Reginald SHOVES past Harvey and hurries indoors. The Welsh MP pauses to shrug apologetically then follows.

Harvey's mobile RINGS. He struggles to find the right button.

HARVEY
Damn, I hate these things...
(to mobile)
Kordelia? Glad you're ok... WHAT?!?

FADE TO

INT. SIDE OFFICE IN WELSH PARLIAMENT - MID MORNING

The Welsh MP is leading Eleanor inside, she has removed her sheets but some SMOKE wafts from her burning skin.

WELSH MP

What?? Oh yes - I was forgetting your terrible Porphyria condition.

He works a dimmer and pulls the blinds. The room darkens.

ELEANOR

Much better Jonathan... Thank you.

Eleanor's skin stops smoking but she looks uncomfortable. She stumbles but steadies herself, very tired and in pain.

WELSH MP

That new treatment didn't help then?

ELEANOR

The donor I was relying on met with an accident. I'm back to square one.

WELSH MP

Sorry to hear that. What was it you wanted to chat about so urgently?

ELEANOR

You're not going to support fracking, are you? At the big vote?

WELSH MP

Well... I appreciate the generous donations to *Plaid Cymru* over the years, but actually I was...

He trails off as Eleanor waves her hand in the manner of Bela Lugosi. He falls into a trance.

ELEANOR

You are NOT going to support fracking.

WELSH MP

(hypnotised)

I am not going to support fracking.

ELEANOR

You want to preserve Wales for future generations and press parliament for a referendum on Welsh independence.

WELSH MP
I want to preserve Wales and press for
Welsh independence.

Eleanor waves her hands again - he awakens, confused.

ELEANOR
That was all really Jonathan... Thank
you again for putting my mind at ease.

WELSH MP
(puzzled)
Er... Always happy to help a sponsor.

FADE TO

EXT. GOTHIC MANSION, CAERPHILLY - MORNING

The Limo is gone. The VW van driving away, Bethan at the wheel with Illegal Immigrant #1 and #2 sat beside her.

.beat.

The Hearse arrives and pulls up. The Hunters exit. They eagerly ready their weapons and move towards the entrance.

THE MANAGER
Ok men - send these blood-sucking
freaks back to hell! NO MERCY!

The Hunters CHEER as The Manager KICKS open the front door. He charges inside, followed by his eager companions.

THE MANSION EXPLODES! Charred MASONRY scatters all around and a smouldering bandana lands on the hearse.

FADE TO

INT. SIDE OFFICE, WELSH PARLIAMENT - LATE MORNING

Blinds closed. Eleanor paces as Harvey updates her.

ELEANOR
(gasping painfully)
So the simple trap worked?

HARVEY
Perfectly. And I just heard from Kordelia, using something called 'VOIP'. She says Sir Reginald is not just a political enemy, but the direct

descendent of Sir Richard Berkeley.

ELEANOR
(gasping in horror)
HIM? 'His' line? You are certain?

HARVEY
She double-checked. I know the name,
but who is he? Why so important?

FUZZY FADE TO
FLASHBACK BEGINS 'ELEANOR'S HISTORY' SEQUENCE

NOTE: The Voice Over should be clear, other sounds muted.

CGI (OR ANIMATION) THE CONSTRUCTION OF BARON HILL - DAY

1612 - Baron Hill Mansion is being built as BUILDERS toil like slaves, overseen by COLONEL BERKELEY oversees - a Berkeley ancestor cavalier and friend of Charles I.

NOTE: It is suggested all Berkeley's are played by the same actor as Sir Reginald - he looks like his ancestors.

ELEANOR (V.O)
The Berkeley's are my oldest enemies... They looted the friary where I was buried and built Baron Hill over graves of my family.

QUICK FADE TO
CGI (OR ANIMATION) BATTLE OF EVESHAM 1265 A.D - DAY

1265 A.D - Out-numbered WELSH REBELS are trapped by English ROYALISTS on a bridge and being slaughtered. Fighting alongside the rebels is SIMON DE MONTFORT (Eleanor's Father).

ELEANOR (V.O)
The Berkeley's helped Edward The Longshanks subdue Wales. They took our lands and were given titles for crushing Welsh resistance.

PAN TO SIMON DE MONTFORT - he and the rebels fight Royalists, he is similar facially Eleanor. Beside him is SIR BERKELEY (a KNIGHT and another treacherous Berkeley ancestor).

ELEANOR (V.O)
Sir Thomas Berkeley betrayed my father

- Simon de Montfort - at the battle,
or rather 'slaughter', of Evesham.

Berkeley STABS Simon De Montfort in the back - a mortal blow!

QUICK CUT TO

EXT. MEDIEVAL FRIARY IN ENGLAND, 1282 A.D - DAY

2 X Medieval NUNS lead a YOUNG GIRL (Gwenllian of Wales) into a drab-looking convent. This is Eleanor's daughter, she is aged about 4 years old - a child from a noble family.

ELEANOR (V.O)

A few years later my husband - Prince Llywelyn ap Gruffudd - was killed in an ambush that Berkeley arranged. They seized our daughter Gwenllian and locked her away, where she was never to hear her native Welsh ever again...

QUICK CUT TO

INT. ROYAL BEDROOM, BEAUMARIS CASTLE, 1282 A.D - DAY

Eleanor is in bed, giving birth and screaming. Her simple gown will soon become her burial shroud.

The ALCHEMIST (robes with a white beard) has primitive equipment and is giving Eleanor an experimental transfusion.

The SURGEON is like a butcher in looks, he readies crude unwashed tools to CUT OPEN Eleanor and deliver the baby.

ELEANOR (V.O)

Unknown to Berkeley I was with a child again - the rightful king in my womb the last hope for independence.

The Surgeon uses his knife and tongs on Eleanor (no anaesthetic), she is held down by the Alchemist.

ELEANOR (V.O)

But there were problems, so I was given an experimental transfusion...

The Surgeon delivers the gore-splattered BABY BOY as the Alchemist pumps blood in Eleanor - unknowingly changing her.

The Surgeon hands Eleanor the gory baby - despite her pain she clutches it in her arms. The Surgeon begins to stitch.

The door BURSTS OPEN and Sir Berkeley (the Knight seen before) enters with 2 x evil looking HENCHMEN.

The Henchman are ancestors of The Barman and Bouncer and look alike. They attack the Alchemist and Surgeon - killing them.

Berkeley SNATCHES the CRYING baby and pulls out a dagger.

ELEANOR (V.O)
I was weak from birth as Berkeley
murdered my baby - before my eyes!

Berkeley raises the blade - Eleanor is too weak to stop him.

FADE TO

INT. CRYPT BELOW BARON HILL, 1282 A.D - DAY

Like the crypt in the Gothic Mansion. Eleanor is gagged and struggling as she is CRUCIFIED inside her coffin by Henchman. She writhes as Sir Berkeley oversees, twirling his moustache.

ELEANOR (V.O)
I was nailed inside my coffin then
interred at Anglesey, beneath the
friary of my ancestors. There I
remained, entombed yet alive!

The lid is nailed and the coffin lowered into a Sarcophagus.

FADE TO

INT. WOODEN COFFIN - TIME UNKNOWN

The inside of the coffin. Starved, undead and crazed Eleanor has been scratching at the lid, her fingers bloody stumps.

NOTE: we can see because of Eleanor's vampiric eyes.

ELEANOR (V.O)
Countless time passed and I finally
clawed through the wood of the coffin,
only to find solid stone beyond...

INT. STONE WALLED CRYPT, 1282 A.D - EVENING

Months later. Cobwebs and dust, no lights. The Sarcophagus is closed, heavy chains around it.

ELEANOR (V.O)
Gnawed by hunger, my strength failed

and somehow I slept, hardly aware of
the passing aeons and world outside...

CGI (OR ANIMATION) - FIRE AT BARON HILL, 1939 - NIGHT

Baron Hill is engulfed in FLAMES. POLISH AIRMEN are charging about trying to tackle the blaze, but don't have equipment.

ELEANOR (V.O)

It was not until the war when a fire led to my escape, an accidental blaze that left the building above in ruins.

Unseen by those with buckets Eleanor emerges from indoors and through a flaming doorway. Her shroud a decayed rag. She gazes around for a moment then hurries towards the trees.

FUZZY FADE TO

FLASHBACK ENDS - 'ELEANOR'S HISTORY' SEQUENCE CONCLUDES

INT. SIDE OFFICE, WELSH PARLIAMENT - MORNING

Eleanor concludes her tale. Harvey turns and blows his nose.

HARVEY

So 'Sir Reginald' is the last of the Berkeley line? Enemies of your family?

Harvey looks around - he is alone. Eleanor has VANISHED.

FADE TO

EXT. BERKELEY MANSION, CARDIFF - MORNING

ESTABLISHING SHOT.

Parked outside is the Rolls Royce of Sir Reginald.

INT. SIR REGINALD'S STUDY, BERKELEY MANSION - MIDDAY

Portraits of the ancestors of Sir Reginald in various era's, all look like him. Sir Reginald sits smoking a cigar.

Gladys shows Eleanor inside - she is hooded with sunglasses.

Sir Reginald rises, Gladys curtsies and exits.

SIR REGINALD
(stamping-out cigar)
Finally we meet face-to-face, Ms

Montfort. Or may I call you Ellie?

ELEANOR

Please do? And thank you for agreeing to meet me so quickly, Sir Reginald.

SIR REGINALD

Not at all - my golf was cancelled.
Bloody Welsh weather strikes again!
(noticing Eleanor's discomfort)
I heard of your aversion to light.
Well I am not discourteous, not even to lefties and trouble-makers.

Sir Reginald hits a button and blinds descend, plunging the room into near darkness. Eleanor removes her hood and sunglasses, her eyes bloodshot and skin badly scolded.

ELEANOR

Much better, thank you.

SIR REGINALD

I assume this is about the vote? I admit it is rare to find a political opponent who can cause such trouble.

ELEANOR

I might say the same of you. Surely we both care for Wales? You must know of the many dangers of fracking?

SIR REGINALD

Fracking means jobs, cheap fuel and huge profits. We must look to the future, embrace change.

ELEANOR

Not all change is good. In the UK there have been over eighty seismic events linked to fracking. Geologists agree a major earthquake will effect Cardiff if fracking resumes.

SIR REGINALD

An earthquake in Wales? Nonsense! And there has always been mining here. You should learn your history girl.

ELEANOR

Wales is a beautiful unique place.
Would you destroy our landscape just

to line pockets of rich investors?

SIR REGINALD
Sentimentality does not pay bills.
Wales needs fracking, more than ever.

ELEANOR
Wales needs unity, not greed. Having a moral conscience is all that stops us from becoming monsters.

SIR REGINALD
Twaddle! I do wish women wouldn't meddle in politics. Don't you know who I am, who you're dealing with girl?

Sir Reginald points to his portraits, turning his back.

SIR REGINALD
I come from a line of entrepreneur noblemen, my family steered Wales for generations. Who are YOU to oppose me?

SPECIAL EFFECT - Eleanor transforms into her hideous vampire self, Monster-Eleanor, clothes tear. He doesn't notice.

ELEANOR (V.O)
(as monster Eleanor)
I am Eleanor De Montfort. Daughter of Simon de Montfort, mother to Prince Owain - MURDERED by your ancestors!

Sir Reginald spins around and GASPS - shocked.

SIR REGINALD
Who... WHAT?!

ELEANOR
(screaming)
AND TODAY I AVENGE MY FAMILY!

Eleanor LIFTS Sir Reginald by his neck, his legs thrash.

FADE TO
INT. CONNOR'S BEDROOM, SHARED FLAT, CARDIFF - DAY

The laptop shows a clip of Kordelia topless and running in slow-motion. Connor has black silk knickers on his face, he rubs himself as he leans over the cardboard Kordelia.

The laptop begins to BEEP.

Connor pulls off the knickers from his face and presses the laptop. The screen changes to Geraint - in his bedroom.

GERAINT (V.O)
(from laptop)
Connor - you ok? You look flushed?

CONNOR
Just doing some 'sexercise'. Er - some exercise. What's up mate?

Connor sits gingerly, moving the laptop carefully.

GERAINT (V.O)
Pock fell out through my bedroom window, he's dead! The Police have just left. Poor Mum is very upset.

CONNOR
Pock is dead? How is he at yours?

GERAINT (V.O)
I'm not sure, but my mum saw it all.

Geraint moves his camera to show The broken window.

GERAINT (V.O)
He fell outside. There's no body or blood, just ashes and some damage.

CONNOR
So that vamp babe didn't get him?

Another BEEPING from the laptop, now down to Geraint.

GERAINT (V.O)
Hold on, Josie is calling...

The screen splits - Geraint on one side and Josie's bedroom the other. Josie is SCREAMING and being dragged out of her bedroom through the door by the CLAWS of Monster-Irene!

JOSIE (V.O)
Help! HELP ME! AAAARGH!

GERAINT (V.O)
Josie? JOSIE!?

FADE TO

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, BERKELEY MANSION - DAY

A wide hall with staircase, internal doors and large front door (seen from the outside before). The blinds and curtains have been pulled so very dark indoors.

Lavinia arrives through the front door, followed by Percy.

LAVINIA

Gladys our maid will be out shopping.

(Whispering, annoyed)

Hell - I think my husband is home.

PERCY

I can leave if my presence causes problems? I don't want a scene.

LAVINIA

If Reg makes a fuss I'll tell him straight. Then we can be together.

PERCY

(unconvincingly)

Oh goodie.

LAVINIA

(calling)

Reginald? Josephine? Gladys? ANYONE?

Josie appears and descends the stairs, looking worried.

LAVINIA

Josie! Why is it so dark in here?

JOSIE

Hello Mother. We have visitors.

From behind Josie upstairs Monster-Irene lumbers into view - burning from any beams of sunlight that touch her.

LAVINIA

Not another Fraking Protestor?

Percy GRABS Lavinia, pinning her arms from behind.

LAVINIA

Percy? Have you gone mad? Let go!

Eleanor - in human form - enters from a downstairs door, now in a bath towel (her clothing torn during her change). She steps closer wiping her bloody mouth, her burns now healed.

PERCY

(to Eleanor)

I have her mistress. The wife of your
ancient enemy. Here she is!

LAVINIA

Mistress? You two-timer! Just wait
till my husband hears of this.

ELEANOR

I'm afraid your husband is very dead -
he met with some justice that did not
agree with him.

Monster-Irene hops down the stairs, landing behind Josie.

LAVINIA

I don't know what this about - but you
better go before I call the Police.

Monster-Irene pushes Josie beside Lavinia and restrains both.

ELEANOR

The future of Wales may be uncertain
but at least the Berkeley line ends!

FADE TO

EXT. BERKELEY MANSION, CARDIFF - MIDDAY

Percy's vintage car, the Limo and Bethan's VW Van are parked
outside. Dark inside, blinds and curtains are pulled.

Geraint and Connor (now dressed) approach hastily on foot,
jogging and panting. They're out-of-breath as they talk.

CONNOR

How can they be vampires in daytime?

GERAINT

I don't know - but let's be ready.
Here's her house - I visited before.

Geraint pulls out two pens and attaches them to make a cross
using rubber bands. Connor pulls out and checks his mobile.

CONNOR

Still no reply from the nightclub.
Should I call the cops then?

GERAINT

They won't believe us - and if they do
they'll only be torn to pieces inside.

Geraint gives Connor the first flimsy cross.

CONNOR

So it's all down to us?

Josie's SCREAM heard indoors. They exchange worried glances.

FADE TO

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, BERKELEY MANSION - DAY

Lavinia and Josie kneel with hands tied behind their backs. Monster-Irene and Percy watch as CLAWS GROW on Eleanor's hand and she moves to slash Lavinia.

LAVINIA

How could you do this Percy? Was it
that cheap calone I brought you? The
stuffed olives instead of caviar?

Percy is troubled, he wanders to the corner to look away.

ELEANOR

Percy is my thrall. Traditionally I
use the ladies of the house to sway
the menfolk, but in your case I
learned your husband is my enemy.

JOSIE

(whispers to Lavinia)
Told you - no-one likes Daddy.

CONNOR (O.S)

HEY VAMPS!

All turn - Connor has arrived through a side-door. He bends and drops his trousers, waving his bare bottom at them.

CONNOR

Here's what I think of you!

Eleanor and Monster-Irene rush towards Connor, SNARLING.

CONNOR

Oh shit!

He pulls up his trousers and waves his home-made cross. The

two vampires stop in their tracks, HISSING like cats.

A hand TAPS Josie from behind - Geraint has snuck in also, from another door. He quickly unties Josie then Lavinia.

LAVINIA

And who the hell are you?

The vampires wheel-round and SNARK! Monster-Irene lumbers towards Geraint. Eleanor remains with Connor, her claw-hand returns to normal. Geraint pulls out another homemade cross and waves it at Irene - stopping her getting closer.

GERAINT

Get back fiends, get back!

Geraint, Josie and Eleanor back towards the nearer door.

Percy moves towards Geraint - who waves his cross at his face - but Percy does not react (as he is human).

GERAINT

Aren't you the star of 'Frankenstein
Flesh-Eaters III'?

Percy PUNCHES Geraint, who drops the cross and collapses.

PERCY

I'm a serious actor now. And I always
did my own stunts.

LAVINIA

Here's a stunt for you!

Lavinia KICKS Percy in the groin, he doubles-up and collapses. He lays whimpering, his wig falls to the floor.

LAVINIA

And I faked all those orgasms.

Connor looks over at Geraint - Eleanor takes a step closer.

Josie helps Geraint up, she and Lavinia help him towards the door but Bethan blocks their path, brandishing an over-sized 'Welsh spoon' like a weapon. (Found elsewhere in the house).

BETHAN

Not so fast! Don't move - I know how
to use this... Whatever it is.

Connor edges to the other door, waving his cross at Eleanor.

He doesn't see Harvey approaching behind him with a shotgun. Harvey WHACKS Connor over the head. Connor collapses.

HARVEY
Nothing personal kid.

Harvey aims at the other humans, Lavinia raises her hands.

Monster-Irene stomps towards Josie but Geraint positions himself between them - raising his fists in defiance.

GERAINT
No - don't hurt Josie! Keep away!

JOSIE
Geraint NO! They'll kill you! These are monsters - real monsters!

GERAINT
All my life I've liked monsters - people said I was different - laughed at me. I finally find a girl who likes monsters too. I won't lose you Josie!

Monster-Irene SWATS Geraint down and raises her claws to finish him. Bethan drops her spoon and cowers, appalled.

BETHAN
Oh man, I hate this violence...

SPECIAL EFFECT : Eleanor moves with super-speed and lands before Monster-Irene. Monster-Irene steps back, bowing.

ELEANOR
Young man - you have impressed me with your courage today. Your selflessness. You call us monsters - but we are not.

Eleanor helps Geraint up and SNIFFS him, sensing his blood.

ELEANOR
Ancient Welsh blood flows in your veins... I have no wish to harm a would-be hero. How about a truce?

GERAINT
A truce?

LAVINIA
You're not going to kill us?

Harvey lowers his shotgun, he and Bethan help-up Percy.

ELEANOR

I don't want to hurt anyone, only
break my curse. And continue the fight
for for a better Wales, free from
English rule - like my poor Father.

Monster-Irene transforms to her human self - now naked.
Connor is bleeding, she helps him to his feet but can't
resist LICKING his head-wound. He tries not to ogle.

LAVINIA

Your Father? I'm so confused...

IRENE

(excited)

Mistress! His blood!

BETHAN

What's up Irene?

IRENE

His blood - his blood is the life!

All exchange questioning glances.

FADE TO

INT. MANAGERS OFFICE, GOTHIC NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Kordelia is playing solitaire on the computer. There is a
JANGLE OF KEYS at the door - it is being unlocked.

KORDELIA

About bloody time.

The door opens, Larry (the Producer) enters.

KORDELIA

Larry? What are YOU doing here?

LARRY

Hello Kordelia. Our mutual friend
Harvey sent me - I'm one of 'them'.

KORDELIA

Oh? Well, nothing to be ashamed of
these days, it's not the 1970's.

LARRY
 (sighs)
 I mean - I'm helping the vampires.

KORDELIA
 I should have guessed my producer
 would be working with blood-suckers.

SLOW FADE TO

INT. GERAINTS ENTRANCE HALL, GERAINTS NEW HOUSE - MIDDAY

In the new home of Geraint and Josie. 'Horror' themed decor. A side-table with champagne and glasses - sunny. A photo of POCK on the wall. The CAT lives here now and washes it's paw. Music plays in the background from a new record-player.

CUE MUSIC : suggested is NOT EVERYONE GETS A HAPPY ENDING (by Die So Fluid)

Harvey, Irene, Josie, Geraint, Eleanor plus PETER and KARL are here, all HUMAN in MODERN clothes, drinking champagne.

Eleanor is arm-in-arm with Karl - a handsome man about 30.

Peter has his arm around Irenes waist, he is about 40.

SUPER IMPOSE : FOUR MONTHS LATER...

Harvey has Big Mikes POCKET WATCH and he checks the time.

Connor and Gladys ENTER together, hand in hand and cheery.

CONNOR
 It's all set up. Gladys brought more
 veggie burgers for Harvey.

JOSIE
 Thanks Connor.

HARVEY
 It's a glorious day outside - must be
 our one sunny day of the year.

Harvey strokes the cat for a moment.

GERAINT
 Josie and I wanted to make a toast
 before we started. We have good news.

JOSIE
 Better wait for Mother to arrive?
 She'll only moan otherwise.

Connor and Gladys pour themselves drinks as Harvey wanders to Eleanor and Karl, sipping his drink. Geraint follows.

HARVEY
 How are you finding 'normality'?

ELEANOR
 It's wonderful. I told Karl about my old Porphyria condition, how I suffered with it all those years.

Karl SIPS his drink and nods (but not knowing all).

HARVEY
 Irene says you're off to Ibiza, to soak up the sun? Just be careful not to overdo things.

ELEANOR
 We'll pack plenty of lotion.

GERAINT
 Pity Bethan can't make it - she's still in Tibet with Kordelia.

ELEANOR
 Something Bethan often spoke of doing. I'm pleased she finally got to go.

CONNOR
 TV's not the same without Kordelia.

Gladys gazes at Connor with a hint of jealousy.

HARVEY
 How are you finding 'the changes' Irene? Sorry I've not called, I've been tied-up with my new practice.

IRENE
 I'm starting a day job too - the NHS jumped at the chance when I mentioned all my experience.

The doorbell RINGS, Connor is nearer so he opens the door. Lavinia enters, in a new summer dress and very cheerful.

LAVINIA
Hello Connor. Hi all.

JOSIE
Hi Mum!

All wave to Lavinia who smiles and approaches Josie.

HARVEY
Hello Mrs Berkeley-Williams. Drink?

LAVINIA
It's just 'Ms Williams' Harvey -
shortened now I'm a rich widow.

Harvey gets a drink for Lavinia and refills his own.

JOSIE
Is your mum not coming Geraint?

GERAINT
She sent a text about popping to the
clinic first, she won't be drinking.

LAVINIA
How awful for her. I hope she's ok?

GERAINT
Yeah, Mums as healthy as an ox.

CUE MUSIC: Music fades with scene.

FADE TO

INT. GERAINT'S BATHROOM, GERAINTS HOUSE - MIDDAY

In Geraint's old house (his items gone). Mrs Evans is more portly and she holds a home pregnancy kit, looking puzzled.

ZOOM OUT from POSITIVE RESULTS on the pregnancy kit.

MRS EVANS
But how? How is this even possible?

Mrs Evans strokes her stomach, lost in thought.

SLOW FADE TO

EXT. REMOTE CAMPSITE, TIBET - EVENING

A snowy mountainous wilderness (like Wales in winter). There

is a fire and three tents - but two tents have been shredded.

SUPER IMPOSE : Meanwhile, in Tibet...

Kordelia emerges from the intact tent and looks around - surprised. She is dressed for exploring in the cold.

KORDELIA

(to self, gazing about)

Thought I heard a noise outside? Oh
shit - not more vamps again?

Movement - Kordelia turns. Stomping into the gloom is a large YETI, with Bethan in its furry arms, leaving big footprints.

BETHAN

Help! Someone help me! HELP!

KORDELIA

(rolling eyes)

Oh... Really??

FADE TO

END CREDITS AND OUTRO MUSIC

THE END