

**" STALKER 1 - PURE BLOOD "**

By

Aaron Wroblewski

3 Cockburn Place  
Bishopmill  
Elgin  
United Kingdom (Scotland)  
IV30 4HY  
(UK +44)1343 545278  
[Aaron.Wroblewski@Hotmail.com](mailto:Aaron.Wroblewski@Hotmail.com)

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. UNIVERSITY - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT - RAINING**

A University building is barely visibly through the dark branches and leaves of a tree. The high winds blow through the tree swaying the branches in the heavy November downpour.

MARKUS [NARRATOR]

You might be asking, what would a guy like me be doing out in a storm like this? I'm not planting fucking daisies that's for sure.

Bushes and plants run along the path in front of the building. Out of the shadows beneath the tree a figure emerges. MARKUS (30s), it's hard to tell in the dark but his hair is starting to grey.

MARKUS [NARRATOR]

I'm sure, as you sit in your comfortable office chair watching this on your tablet while you're supposed to be working on the graveyard shift, or contently snuggling up to your fireplace in the dead of winter with snow drifting on the cold winds outside, you may already have thought up provocative reasons as to why I would be crouched, hiding in the shadows, soaked to the bone. The fact I'm currently hiding behind a thorn bush eyes fixed on the second floor windows of a University campus building and you quickly find those reasons shift dramatically. Am I wrong?

His POV: Markus looks up at the building. Lightning flashes through the clouds above. Thunder crackles in the background, muffled by the noise of the rainfall.

MARKUS [NARRATOR]

I'm a little old to be a student, the greying stubble I feel rubbing my face testimony to how old I am, and despite missing out on student life I have no wish to rekindle my lost youth. A drug dealer? With the Browning Hi-Power 9mm pistol in my right hand, it would have been an educated guess. Waiting for one of my drugies? The start of some b-movie story rip-off of *Trainspotting*. Sex, drugs, gripping dialogue, with actors who had previously only starred in cereal box commercials. But once again, you'd be wrong.

(Pauses)

A stalker perhaps? Waiting for his prey to emerge.

(More)

MARKUS [NARRATOR] (Chuckles softly)  
Strangely the latter isn't far from the  
truth.

Markus looks up at the building, eyes scanning the windows for  
movement.

His POV: he looks at the windows. Another lightning bolt flashes  
above, giving a brief intense burst of light. A dark figure is  
silhouetted in a window.

CLOSE ON: a browning 9mm pistol. Markus tilts it away, ejecting the  
clip into his left hand. He inspects the rounds in the clip -  
they're silver. Satisfied he gently slips the clip back into the  
pistol.

Markus takes great care with eyes fixed on the window to slide back  
the action loading the first round.

MARKUS [NARRATOR]  
A lot has happened in the last 16 months.  
To paraphrase a wise man, "my life got  
flipped upside down". Emergence Day, 16<sup>th</sup> of  
February. A cold day. I will remember it  
always. The day 'they' came to the surface  
and fucked my life forever... Vampires,  
werewolves, psykers, and all other manner  
of beast that walks the night. I hunted  
them all. A pimped up Dean Winchester with  
my own spin-off show, only I charged for my  
services. And I wasn't cheap. I'd made a  
reputation for myself. It was hard earned  
in blood and sweat, and I reaped the  
rewards. Before you get all high and mighty  
remember, these fuckers drank your blood,  
ripped your bones apart to feast on your  
marrow, or simply turned you inside out  
just for kicks.

(Pauses)

And besides... It's not murder if it's  
already dead.

(Another lightning bolt, a rumble  
of thunder)

But everything changed that day. Most  
Governments of the world knew of their  
existence, and of my profession. America,  
the Great British Empire, and other  
countries even had their own special  
divisions of the military to deal with the  
larger outbreaks. Hell I'd done a few jobs  
for Uncle Sam, and Her Majesty's Service  
some years before. It seems I made an  
impression. Within a week following their  
emergence I was being offered a job, in a  
new branch of the police.

(More)

MARKUS [NARRATOR] (cont'd)

The dumb shmuck that I was, I said yes. A steady pay check... with medical... sounded pretty good. Also the threat of crackdowns on my lifestyle helped in the overall decision. Some of my colleagues joined me, others chose to remain freelance. Now I'm a Government employee. Now I have to wait on court orders and judges signing off on a piece of paper before I get to do what I do best.

Another lightning bolt surges through the clouds above, branching out into several smaller bolts. The front of the University is lit up revealing the dark figure still stood as still as a statue.

MARKUS [NARRATOR]

E-Day, plus 486.

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - NEW YORK CITY SUBURB - DAY**

A black car drives through a small residential suburbia. On the horizon the tall skyscrapers of New York stand. The houses on both sides are hidden behind their large gardens and tall trees. A rich neighbourhood.

**LEGEND:**

**13 HOURS AGO  
NEW YORK CITY  
RESIDENTIAL SUBURB  
11:00 AM**

A phone rings. After a few rings the phone is answered.

MARKUS (O.S)

You do know what time it is right?

HANDLER (O.S, through the phone)

We have a situation...

MARKUS (O.S, sighs)

We always have a situation...

HANDLER (O.S, through the phone)

They've called it in. I'm sending you the address.

MARKUS (O.S)

What about Thomas?

HANDLER (O.S, through the phone,  
getting annoyed)  
Thomas is already working a case, Gregor is  
out of town and Jack is still recovering in  
hospital... Speaking of which, have you  
even gone to see him yet?

MARKUS (O.S)  
Fine... I'm going!

HANDLER (O.S, through the phone,  
becoming suspicious)  
To the job, or the hospital?

MARKUS (O.S)  
What do you think?!  
(Hangs up)

Ahead two police cars are parked either side of a driveway entrance. Four police officers are at the entrance and seeing Markus approaching they wave him through. Through the metal gate the gravel drive leads up to a large house.

Several police cars and vans are parked at the house. A forensic truck is also present, parked off to the side.

Markus pulls in to the left parking behind a police car that still has its lights flashing. Markus looks over to the right.

His POV: through the front windscreen across the yard a police officer is bent forward, throwing up. His partner is stood over him offering her support.

MARKUS (thinking out loud)  
Doesn't bold well... An Officer throwing  
up...  
(Looks around to confirm)  
And no one is taking the piss...  
(Shakes his head)  
Definitely not a good sign

Markus sighs heavily as he kills the engine, pulling the key from the ignition before opening the door and climbing out. Markus shivers when he goes from the nice warm car into the cold frigid November air. Above dark clouds are already gathering.

Markus lifts the car boot lid and begins to grab equipment. A shotgun is secured to the top of the lid, along with holsters for two pistols. One is empty.

Markus grabs a pair of rubber surgical gloves together with a pair of hospital shoe protectors. There are several small containers each with an assortment of useful equipment.

Reaching up he pulling the lid down slamming the boot shut.

The female officer, MATTEWS (20s) rubs her partner's back, who throws up yet more of his breakfast. At hearing the car boot slamming shut she turns to see Markus approaching.

MATTEWS (to Markus)  
Upstairs! They're waiting for you!

MARKUS (nods)  
Thanks...

OFFICER#1 (spits)  
Fucking McDonalds man...  
(Spits again)  
Tastes same coming up...  
(Dry heaves)  
As it did going down...

MATTEWS (hand covers her mouth)  
Don't, or you'll make me--

#### INT. FAMILY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Markus steps through into the hallway. Old English style oak dominates everything. Paintings hang in custom built sections in the walls with small lights above shining down.

Markus slips the protective slippers over his black boots. Stepping up the large wooden staircase on the left it spirals up to the next level, Markus pauses. He looks across the hallway to an open door.

His POV: he looks across the hallway. Through the open door he sees into a kitchen and beyond that, large glass windows.

DEEP MALE VOICE (O.S)  
Up here!

Markus looks up. A man is leaning over the railing above looking down at Markus. Detective DANIEL HAYES (50s) wears a plain dark suit, partially hidden under his raincoat.

DANIEL HAYES (scrutinises Markus)  
Hurry up, we haven't got all day!

Markus arrives at the top of the staircase. Detective Hayes is waiting and instantly waves him through into the master bedroom. Other than the two men there is no one else in the room, living or dead.

DANIEL HAYES (hostile to Markus)  
So? Care to give your professional opinion?

Markus glances at the detective, noting the tone.

His POV: he looks around the bedroom. The bed had been previously made with the near corner was still tight, before an obvious struggle had occurred.

Markus inspects the sheets. A few spatters of blood. He turns to the wooden cabinet beside on-suite bathroom. The cabinet door itself is cracked, from an impact marking the wood.

CLOSE ON: the crack in the cabinet splitting the varnished coating. Small hairs stick out of the crack along with blood spatter.

Markus reluctantly looks to the bathroom door. The door has been left partially open, the light is on inside.

Detective Hayes watches Markus. The detective's left foot is tapping the carpet, impatience growing steadily.

DANIEL HAYES

I didn't ask for you...

(Grumbles)

Bloody procedures, interfering with real police work!

MARKUS (turns to Hayes)

You want me to leave?

(Moves towards the exit)

Because I'll leave!

DANIEL HAYES (blocks the exit)

No...

(Bits back some choice curses)

MARKUS (suppresses a grin)

So you need me after all?

DANIEL HAYES (nods to the bathroom)

Just get to it! The victims are Rachel, the daughter, and Susan Espein... the mother

The bathroom door swings in and creaks on its hinges. Blood smears the tiled flooring. The blood leads to the bath on the right. Blood covers the walls with smeared finger lines and handprints clearly evident.

Inside the bath is a young girl RACHEL (14), stuffed in the tub with her mother (40s). Limbs have been twisted with the bones shattered leaving them at sickening angles. Some have been torn off and discarded in the tub. The girl's right arm is sticking up out of the rear of the bath, her delicate fingers touching the tiled wall - at least the fingers that still remain.

The girl's throat has been ripped out. Half the mother's face is missing.

DANIEL HAYES (O.S)

Well?

MARKUS (stares down at the bodies)

Vampires...

DANIEL HAYES (frowns)

You sure?

(Markus nods)

MARKUS (turns to Hayes)

If it were Psykers there would be residue... I'd see it, and there'd be more than one officer throwing up outside. Headaches, nausea, blurred vision in those more attune... bleeding from the eyes or nose isn't uncommon...

(Nods to the bedroom)

A were-beast would leave more evidence... hair, plus there would be more of a mess. This is too clean... plus the hearts and other organs haven't been removed.

(Crouches down close to the bath)

All points to vampire attack. Savage and brutal, not a surgical kill one would generally associate with blood suckers...

Markus examines the corpses closely and sees a blue button on the girl's blouse coated in dried blood.

MARKUS (cont'd)

My guess would be a recently turned, a fresher, couple days... four max.

Markus glances at Hayes, who is busy writing in a little black note book, nodding to himself.

Markus steps out of the bathroom.

CLOSE ON: the girl's blouse. The button is now missing.

DANIEL HAYES (finishes his notes)

I'll file the report back at the department. Find out who's taking the case, us or the "Freak Squad"...

MARKUS (smiles)

Always a pleasure detective, must call again soon

DANIEL HAYES (watches Markus leave)

Not if I can help it...

**EXT. FAMILY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Returning to his car Markus glances up at the windows to see Hayes watching him.

MARKUS (mutters to himself)

Fucking prick...

In contrast he smiles and waves up at the detective. Sneering Hayes turns and vanishes from sight.

MARKUS (to himself)  
Always a pleasure...

MATTEWS (O.S)  
First sign of madness you know

Markus smiles at the young police officer. She steps up beside Markus' car as he opens to boot and slips of his protective slippers.

MARKUS  
What's the first sign?

MATTEWS  
Talking to yourself. Next you'll be arguing with yourself... a slippery slope

MARKUS (chuckles)  
Too late for that

MATTEWS (playful tone)  
Damn, suppose I'd better get you in handcuffs then

MARKUS  
Bet Hayes wouldn't protest all that much...  
(Stuffs the used slippers container)  
Aren't you worried?

MATTEWS  
About?

MARKUS  
Talking to the enemy? Sure your boss won't be very happy...

MATTEWS (shrugs)  
I talk to who I want, when I want.  
(Regards Markus)  
Why do they hate you so much?

Markus pauses for a moment before closing the boot.

MARKUS  
You're new right? Couple months?  
(Mattews nods)  
I'm sure they'll give reasons enough

MATTEWS  
As you can see, I'm not asking them

MARKUS (pauses, regarding Matthews)  
No... No you're not.

(Pauses)

They believe I'm nothing more than a thug  
with a gun...

MATTEWS (leans forward)  
Are you, nothing more than a thug with a  
gun?

MARKUS (chuckles)  
That part is true...

(Shrugs)

The second part is a bit more complicated.  
Men like Hayes can't, or more likely won't  
accept the truth. That they need people  
like me. They could never hope to  
understand what lives in the shadows...  
They can't...

(Pauses)

Psykers, vampires, were-beasts are just the  
beginning...

MATTEWS (looks at Markus)  
Sounds like fun

MARKUS (smiles)  
You have no idea

OFFICER#1 (O.S)  
Matthews!

Matthews looks over to her partner, stood beside one of the police  
cars parked off to the right of the house. He waves her over.

MATTEWS (sighs)  
My cue...

(Pushes off from the car)

If you ever have any openings, give me a  
shout!

(Glances over her shoulder as she  
walks away)

MARKUS (nods)  
I'll certainly keep you in mind...

MATTEWS  
You better!

Markus climbs into his car and pulls the door closed. He reaches  
into his pocket pulling out the small blue button, now in a small  
see-through plastic bag.

Markus' small black car arrives at the entrance to the main road.  
Indicating left he pulls out onto the main road, just as the heavens  
open. There's little warning before the rain starts lashing down.

CAR RADIO DJ (from Markus' car)  
Well folks, it's finally arrived! I hope Noah's built that Ark, because if the weatherman is right... I know I've gone all surreal, when does that ever happen...? Right? Unless it's bad news, and it doesn't get much worse than this...

(Pauses)

Man, I just looked outside and it is literally raining cats and dogs! No seriously! I just saw a black Labrador hit the roof of some poor shmucks Audi!

(Cont'd)

Now here's a song to take your mind off this monsoon storm, enjoy! And be careful out there!

**EXT. RESTAURANT - NEW YORK - MANHATTAN - HEAVY RAIN**

Thunder roars overhead as Markus pulls up into a parking spot on the side of the road. He quickly turns the lights off and kills the engine.

**INT. RESTAURANT - NEW YORK - MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS**

No one is at the tables. The room is long and narrow. A half circular bar is on the left wall, a large brute of a man is stood cleaning a glass. A second man, similar stature to the first, is stood at the far end of the restaurant guarding a lift door.

Markus steps up to the bar.

MARKUS

I'm here to see--

The man behind the bar growls under breath and nods towards the back of the restaurant.

MARKUS (glances at the second man)

OK...

Annoyed he follows the instructions and walks over to the second man. Markus opens his mouth about to speak when the second man growls too, mirroring the first and silences Markus. The man steps to the side, just as the lift chimes and the door slides open. Swallowing hard Markus takes a deep breath before stepping forward into the lift.

The lift shakes as it begins its slow ascent.

MARKUS (glances up)

The next person to growl at me, I swear I'll shoot in the face...

**INT. RESTAURANT - TOP LEVEL - CONTINUOUS**

The lift chimes a moment before the door slides open revealing Markus within. Markus cautiously steps out. The lift door shuts behind him, which he glances back at, beginning to have second thoughts.

Markus takes slow steps forward. The room in front of him is vast and shrouded in darkness. Small candles give small amounts of light. From the ceiling animals in various stages of decay hang from long chained hooks. From birds to small mammals, and rodents. Below the animals are small metal bowls catching the blood dripping from the animals.

Markus crouches beside a dog for a closer look. Its tongue is hanging from its mouth.

CLOSE ON: the dog's eyes. SUDDENLY they move and the dog lashes out at Markus, jaws snapping inches from Markus' face.

Markus jumps back, drawing his pistol, aiming it at the dog, but the dog is once more swinging limply. The eyes now closed. Shakily Markus stands, rubbing his face with a shaking hand.

A door opens on the far side of the room allowing bright white light to flood in. From the swinging animal carcasses a crow SHRIEKS at Markus scaring him. The crow flaps in front of Markus who throws his hands up to protect himself.

The crow's beak pecks at Markus catching him just above the eye before it flaps away vanishing through the open door into the white light. Markus is left with blood running down the side of his face, growling in anger.

MARKUS (pulls out a white  
handkerchief)  
Fucking bird...

Markus presses the handkerchief against the small cut, stemming the blood.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S. from the next  
room)  
Are you coming in...? Or are you just going  
to stand there and bleed?

Grumbling to himself Markus takes a long deep breath, grinding his teeth in determination before he steps towards the open door. He squints against the bright light when he enters and has to shield his eyes.

The room beyond has bright white walls. At the centre of the room, covering part of the stone flooring is a large thick mat protecting the flooring from the thick bone white table. Four chairs are positioned around the table. In the far corner the black crow is perched on a dead tree branch. Under its feet are the remains of a

dead rodent. At the table sits a figure wearing a thick black robe, hood pulled up hiding their face, but the hands are visible and though old are clearly feminine.

Markus reluctantly takes a seat at the table. The surface of the table is bone white, as are the legs and chairs. The legs have carvings of babies all are in distorted forms of torture and pain, together with bones and skulls. There are carvings in the surface of the table, patterns and markings made in a strange language that if Markus stares at long enough begin to shift and change.

His POV: Markus looks down at the table focusing on some of the writings. As he stares the writing begins to shake, rising up out of the surface of the table. Dark red and purple energy pulses through the writing. Soft screams rise in the background.

A large leather-bound book slams onto the surface of the table, breaking Markus' concentration. In the corner the crow shrieks, flapping its wings several times, shifting its position on its wooden perch.

The witch MADEA (80s), peeks up from beneath the shroud of her robe, grinning. She speaks with a strange shifting accent.

MADEA

Be watchful of where your eyes lay Stalker,  
those eyes of yours see too much... and at  
times, no enough.

(Chuckles)

Stalkers do-no visit me so often these  
days, you be my first in many moons.

A long finger scratches down her left cheek as she looks to Markus, her wet tongue tracing her lips.

MADEA (cont'd)

You seek someone?

MARKUS (manages to nod)

Yes...

MADEA (titles her head)

Someone alive I do not do, that is for the  
fat-man and his cursed children...

(Clearly she detests the fat-man)

For you to come here you be seeking the  
dead.

Markus reaches inside his pocket and fishes out the small evidence bag containing the button. Gently he places it on the table in front of him.

His POV: he looks up from the button to the witch instantly shocked at seeing she's HOLDING the button. Markus looks down in front of him. The plastic bag is empty.

The witch rolls the blood covered button between her long sharp nails.

MADEA

A time not all that long ago, I be burned  
at the stake for doing what you ask...

(Glances up at Markus)

Be a man like you doing the burning

MARKUS

Times change

MADEA (leans forward)

Indeed they do, Mr Stalker...

(Chuckles)

Indeed they do

MARKUS

I need to know what happened, I need to  
see...

MADEA (tilts her head)

To see the dead, that be a tall order and  
costly

Markus leans back against his chair. Finally he nods and reaches into his inside jacket pocket pulling out his wallet. The witch grins showing her crooked and rotting teeth.

MADEA

My... aren't we impatient, I'm sure we can  
discuss payment another time.

Markus reluctantly picks up his wallet and returns it to his inside pocket.

MADEA (opens the large book)

This belonged to--?

MARKUS (looks at the button, nods)

To the victim? Yes, it belonged to the girl

MADEA (glances at the button)

A girl... poor child... wrong place, wrong  
time.

She flips the pages of the book in front her. It's easily noticeable the pages aren't made of paper and strange writing and symbols dominate the pages. Finally Madea falls onto the right page. She glances up at Markus.

MADEA

You are sure?

Markus nods once. Madea closes her eyes and begins to concentrate and begins to speak in low mutterings, with each word strange energy drifts from her mouth.

Frost builds up over the surface of the book. It spreads across the table and along the flooring. The candles are snuffed out as the frost washes over them.

With the candle light gone the room is bathed in darkness. The only light is generated by the witch's magic. A low white glow appears at the centre of the table, from it frozen mist drifts out across the table falling against the floor.

Markus looks at the pulsing light. His breath fogs in the now frigid air. Mist explodes outwards engulfing the whole room taking Markus by surprise. Strange whispers echo in the fog. From the whispers a solitary voice can be picked out, that of a young girl.

RACHEL (O.S, distant ghostly voice,  
constantly shifting position)  
Hello... hello? Where am I? Hello?!

MARKUS (tries to locate the voice)  
Rachel?!

RACHEL (O.S)  
Yes... who's there? Who are you? I can't  
see you!

MARKUS (heart racing)  
Rachel!

CLOSE ON: Markus calling out to the girl, turning to his left. SUDDENLY from out of the mist to Markus's right a ghostly face emerges, stopping mere inches from Markus SCREAMING in a shockingly loud painful yell.

Markus jumps back almost falling from his chair, instinctively reaching for the pistol under his jacket, but the ghost is gone. Panting he turns looking into the mist surrounding him.

RACHEL (O.S)  
Who are you?!

MARKUS (breathing hard)  
I want to help you... I want to find the  
man responsible! I want to see... please...  
show me...

RACHEL (O.S)  
I... I don't want to remember. I don't. Why  
did he? My mother, why did he do it?

MARKUS (shakes his head)  
I don't know! But I want to find out!  
(Searches for the girl)  
I want to find whoever is responsible!  
Please! Show me!

CLOSE ON: Markus's ear. Blue almost frozen ghostly lips appear.

RACHEL (whispers into Markus' ear)  
I will show you

The voice sends shivers down Markus' spine.

**[DREAM SEQUENCE] INT. FAMILY HOUSE - BEDROOM**

Her POV: Markus is looking through the eyes of Rachel. A muffled scream rings out in the background. She's in a bedroom, at a desk. Homework is on the desk with a pen in Rachel's hand. Throwing it onto the desk Rachel moves to the doorway.

MARKUS (O.S. pleads)  
No! Don't go... please don't go... hide...  
why don't you hide? Why won't you listen?

RACHEL (O.S)  
Because I'm dead

Her POV: Rachel enters the hallway, looking up and down. No one is there. Another scream with other noises echo from the master bedroom. Rachel edges closer.

MARKUS (O.S. whispers)  
I'm so sorry...

RACHEL (O.S)  
I know

Her POV: Rachel steps up to the doorway of the master bedroom and looks inside. Her mother is on the far side of the room. She looks up at Rachel and screams beyond anything before, at seeing Rachel. SUDDENLY a man steps into view. A face Markus won't soon forget.

Her POV: the vampire attacks. Rachel is grabbed and slammed against the door frame, before thrown forward into the bed. Picked up Rachel is violently tossed across the room smashing into the cabinet beside the bathroom door.

Her POV: she doesn't make it to the floor, as the vampire catches her mid-air and slams her into the cabinet door, again and again. Finally she's tossed to the side smashing through into the bathroom. Slipping on the tiles she collides with the sink.

Her POV: Rachel rises. She catches her reflection in the mirror, crying and screaming, blood covers her now ruined face. Holding her up is the vampire, grinning. He leans forward licking the blood from her neck and cheek, laughing at her cries.

Her POV: Rachel's face is slammed into the mirror smashing it. Collapsing to the floor Rachel turns in time to watch the vampire tearing into her mother. Blood sprays across the tiles of the bathroom. The vampire bites into her mother's face, ripping down to the bone. Dropping the carcass, blood dripping from his chin and fingers the vampire slowly turns his gaze to Rachel.

Her heart pounds in terror. The vampire smiles at hearing it.

VAMPIRE (grins)  
Let's have some fun

A deafening scream lashes out.

**INT. RESTAURANT - TOP FLOOR - CASTING CHAMBER**

Markus cries out opening his eyes and finds tears streaming down his cheeks. Wiping the tears from his eyes and cheeks he looks around in the thick mist.

MARKUS (shock)  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry

Markus fear growing as blue, purple, and deep red energy begins to swirl and rage around the room. Lightning explodes in brilliant flashes of sparks and liquid energy.

His POV: he flinches away from a bolt of exploding energy. Rachel appears and disappears in the mist, screaming and shrieking in pain. There's a loud piercing scream before Rachel BURSTS out of the mist directly in front of Markus. Rachel surges towards Markus screaming as she slams into him. She vanishes inside him, creating a brilliant white light that engulfs everything.

Markus hits the floor having fallen from his chair. He looks down under the table, through the now slowly dissipating mist.

MADEA (O.S)  
Still alive?

MARKUS (groans)  
More or less... what the hell was that?

Markus climbs slightly to his feet.

MADEA (shrugs)  
There always be danger. The dead don't always want to stay dead. With the bridge open, others try to cross. Demons.

MARKUS (shakes his head)  
Demons?

MADEA (regards Markus)  
You don't believe in demons, yet to hunt  
and kill vampires?  
(Chuckles)  
You be a complicated man!

**EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHTFALL - HEAVY RAIN**

Markus' car splashes through a puddle. He pulls into a trailer park. The park is surrounded by an old beaten wire fence. Markus' black Ford pulls up stopping just inside the trailer park. His phone is ringing.

MARKUS (answers)  
Harvey--?

HARVEY (over phone, interrupts)  
I wondered if you'd ever answers!

MARKUS (cringes)  
What's happened?

HARVEY (over phone)  
For you? A whole world of shit, which has  
been set alight, and is now hurtling at you  
at such a rate of knots even God couldn't  
stop it!

MARKUS  
How bad is it?

HARVEY (over phone)  
However bad you currently imagine it to be,  
it's worse!

MARKUS (sighs)  
Fuck...

**INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE - POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

A small office with HARVEY (40s), overweight, thinning hair, wearing an old dirty suit sits behind a desk covered in paperwork and folders. To the right are four large filing cabinets, old and damaged. Three of the draws have paperwork spilling out.

CONVERSATION CUT BETWEEN:

HARVEY (speaks into phone)  
Why Markus? For fuck sake why? Hayes is  
demanding your head on a silver plate with  
an apple stuffed in your mouth. They took  
photos before you entered, they know about  
the missing button!

MARKUS  
You didn't see them, you didn't see her!

(Pauses)

I don't want to see another family,  
another... girl... like that!

HARVEY (nods)

Well you're one lucky son of a bitch...

MARKUS (confused)

I thought you said even God couldn't help  
me?

HARVEY (chuckles)

Well I'm better at this than he is. The  
investigation has been turned over to us.  
All evidence is being passed to our  
department.

(Sighs)

Like I said... I'm better

MARKUS

What about Hayes?

HARVEY

Detective Hayes can suck my dick, the  
arrogant prick, which funnily enough is what  
I said to him when he came over 20 minutes  
ago.

Markus laughs hysterically.

MARKUS (laughs)

Wish I could have been there

HARVEY (nods)

The look on his face was reason enough. I  
think he almost choked on his tongue. He  
did go a strange shade of red.

(Leans forward onto his desk)

OK Markus, I want a sit-rep and I mean  
now...

Markus runs a hand through his hair. Closing his eyes he sighs  
heavily.

MARKUS

I went to see... Madea

HARVEY

The witch?! Jesus Markus! If half of what  
they say about her is true, she should be  
locked away in Ergastulum!

MARKUS (nods)

Or a bullet to the back of her head  
(Smiles and raises an eyebrow)  
Now there's a thought...

HARVEY (over the phone)  
And keep it that way! She's connected!  
Every investigation into her activities has  
died, either from sudden lack of evidence  
or pressure from above to concentrate of  
other cases.

MARKUS  
Convenient...

HARVEY (over the phone)  
Very, so do me a favour, and leave her  
alone! Did you get anything from her?

MARKUS  
I'm parked at Samson's trailer park

Harvey curses at the news rubbing a hand over his balding head,  
covering his eyes with his hand.

HARVEY  
I swear you're giving me ulcers! That man  
is beyond depraved! He's worse than the  
witch! Exploiting those poor kids makes me  
sick!

MARKUS (nod)  
I know... But he's the quickest way. When I  
get a name--

HARVEY (catches on)  
I'll start making some calls. Not many  
judges will sign off on a kill order  
without a bloody name, but I'll see what I  
can do

MARKUS (nodding)  
You're a good man Harvey

HARVEY (over the phone)  
Blow me!

MARKUS (laughing)  
I'll call when I have a name and location

HARVEY  
Be careful, the man's a weasel but those  
kids adore him, and they're just as creepy  
as that witch!

Harvey sighs as he puts the phone down. Moving paperwork Harvey  
finds a glass with a small amount of water, grinning he picks the  
glass up, placing it in front of him before opening the draws of his  
desk searching for something. Finally he stops at finding a small  
pack of pills.

HARVEY (shakes the pack)  
There is a God...

Harvey opens it and pulls out the small tray only to find all the pills are gone.

HARVEY (throws the pack away)  
Bloody typical!

**INT. TRAILER PARK - HEAVY RAIN - CONTINUOUS**

Rain lashes down turning the ground into a soggy marsh. Lightning flashes overhead quickly followed by the crackle of thunder. One of the trailers is different than the others both in size and also it has dozens of cables leading to it. Transmitters and satellite dishes were mixed in with the cables, snaking over the caravan to vanish within.

Beams from a car's headlights hit the front of the caravan. Markus' car parks in front of the caravan and while leaving the engine running, with the headlights on, Markus climbs out of the car.

**INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS**

The inside of the trailer is dark. Heavy knocking shakes the door in its frame.

SAMSON (O.S)  
Who is it?! We're closed!

MARKUS (O.S, muffled)  
Open the door or I'm kicking it down!

Samson (40s), calling him a fat waste of space would be an understatement steps into the front room. Licking his lips nervously he glances at the door. He's wearing loose fitting blue sweatpants and a white vest, which seems to have several stains dotted over its front and back.

MARKUS (O.S, muffled)  
Samson! If you hadn't noticed, it's fucking raining! Open the bloody door!

Samson curses but reluctantly unlocks the door. He's about to open it but Markus pushes it open stepping passed Samson into the trailer. Markus is drenched.

SAMSON (an air of arrogance)  
The Markus Saul, what do I owe for this surprise visit?