

Blood and Roses
By
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FADE IN:

EXT. STONE BRICK INN - CIRCA 1887 - NIGHT

It's pitch black except for the golden glow of candle light from the windows of the old stone inn. A heavy wooden sign creaks in the wind above to door.

A SHADOW darts past a window - A FLASH in the darkness.

The TWO HORSES bridled to the CARRIAGE out front, stomp and kick at the dirt as the shadow moves silently past them.

Another FLASH.

The sound of a WOMAN MOANING in ecstasy cuts the silence of the night air.

INT. STONE BRICK INN - NIGHT

A YOUNG PRIEST, FATHER THOMAS, burst through the INN DOOR slamming it against the wall cracking it in half and sending shards of wood flying about the room.

FATHER THOMAS

Demon!

A vampire, SMYTHE, holds the moaning woman in his arms as he drains her, the moans, her death rattle.

MR. SMYTHE

Oh, Ezekiel, I didn't hear you knock. Come in and join us.

A YOUNG BOY (6) cowers in the corner behind an overturned table.

FATHER THOMAS

Foul creature! I have come to send you back to hell.

The room is decorated with the remains of the inn's patrons, their blood and entrails dripping from the ceiling and fixtures. Broken tables and bodies litter the floor.

A man's head sits on the table facing the child in the corner casting a vacant but watchful eye.

MR. SMYTHE

(to the dying woman)

Now, now, we're being rude. Fetch our guest something to eat Darling.

With a flick of his wrist Smythe snaps the woman's neck and tosses her across the room.

The body lands limp at young boy's feet. He turns white with fear and begins to shake, his eyes as wide as saucers.

Thomas leaps through the air with amazing agility tackling the vampire.

They wrestle on the floor, knocking more tables over.

Thomas SLAMS Smythe into a support beam knocking a lantern to the floor starting a small fire that quickly grows out of control.

FATHER THOMAS

You escaped me once creature. You shall not do it again.

Smythe grins revealing his rotten teeth and fangs.

The vampire pushes off from the post knocking the priest to the floor.

Thomas tumbles out of the fall landing catlike on his feet.

In an amazing display of fighting skills Thomas launches a barrage of attacks.

The Vampire lunges forward tackling Thomas to the ground.

MR. SMYTHE

You're strong for a piece of meat.

FATHER THOMAS

The Lord is my strength.

In a fluid motion he kicks the Vampire off of him, grabs a piece of the broken door and thrusts it forward towards the Vampire's heart.

Smythe rolls away landing on his feet ready to strike at the Priest again.

The two stare at each other, panting like wild dogs.

A SCREAM breaks the tension.

FIRE rages all around them.

FLAMES encircle the boy in the corner.

The vampire leaps through a window escaping into the darkness.

Thomas grabs a huge cauldron from the hearth searing his flesh and tosses it on the flames. Steam fills the room as the timbers crackle and hiss.

EXT. STONE BRICK INN - NIGHT

Father Thomas rushes out the door followed by a cloud of steam and smoke, skidding across the gravel as the Vampire speeds away on the carriage.

With near supernatural speed and agility Thomas leaps onto his horse tethered near by and races after the Vampire.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The Vampire laughs as he speeds between trees and brush with Thomas in pursuit.

Thomas whips his horse faster and faster.

He makes his way along side the carriage, exchanging a few blows with the vampire.

MR. SMYTHE

If only you were this diligent when
you had me captive.

The Vampire rams the carriage into Thomas and his horse.

Thomas loses control for a split second and falls behind.

He whips his horse and quickly catches up.

Within range of the carriage Thomas stands up on his saddle and leaps to the carriage nearly being beheaded by a tree limb.

Thomas jumps down onto the Vampire causing him to jerk the reins. The horses react and the carriage begins to slide sideways down the muddy path.

They struggle for control but the Carriage flips sending them both flying through the air.

When the dust settles Thomas is standing over the Vampire with a crossbow pointed at its heart.

The vampire laughs.

FATHER THOMAS

You laugh? I have you foul creature. I will not make the same mistake again. This time I will rid the world of you.

MR. SMYTHE

Poor decisions young one. You've learned little. Even now you leave a boy to burn.

Smythe looks beyond the priest to the inn which is completely engulfed in flames.

Thomas glances over his shoulder at the inferno - a millisecond - but that's enough. The vampire is gone.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

A group of wagons line a busy street. Workmen are hurriedly unloading trunks and furniture into a beautiful brownstone townhouse.

SUPER: 15 years later

Horse drawn carriages and pedestrians fill the busy street.

A man, MR. REDDING, is frantically running back and forth between the front door of the home and the various carriages, excitedly pointing and directing the men doing the work.

He is a round older man in his mid to late fifties. His pleasant face, compliments his short stature giving him the air of a gnome or an elf. He is well dressed, and sweating profusely from all the activity.

VICTORIA, walks up behind the old man and taps him on the shoulder. She is a gorgeous young woman, with long black hair, and deep blue eyes that reflect the innocence of her late teens. Her thin frame is a striking contrast to her father who is several inches shorter, and wider than she is.

VICTORIA

Father.

The man practically leaps from his skin.

MR. REDDING

Victoria! You'll be the death of me.

The young woman smiles, and offers him a bouquet of flowers, giggling at his reaction.

VICTORIA
(playfully)
Well, if you don't want them,
perhaps one of these nice gentleman
would enjoy them.

Victoria turns her head and winks at the youngest of the workmen who stumbles and falls backwards into the back of the wagon he is unloading. The other nearby workmen burst into laughter.

MR. REDDING
(taking the flowers)
Now, now. It's a lovely gesture
Victoria. Thank you.

The young man picks himself up and dusts himself off.

Mr. Redding looks over his shoulder at the workmen who immediately get back to work.

MR. REDDING (CONT'D)
Come, come, lets just get you
inside your new home.

Mr. Redding takes his daughter by the arm and escorts her through the threshold of their new abode.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Victoria steps through the doorway into a magnificent entrance hall.

Twin spiral staircases border the hall like giant marble arms embracing them as they walk in.

The hall is luxuriously decorated with beautiful oak furnishings.

Large paintings are being hung on the walls. Workmen are busy moving furniture and cleaning up the packing straw left over from the crates.

VICTORIA
Father, its the most amazing thing
I've ever seen.

Victoria looks around taking in all the details.

MR. REDDING

Not so shabby if I do say so myself. Thanks to Mr. Smythe and business going the way it is, moving here to the city just makes sense.

(looking up at the chandelier)

And, I can afford a palace for my little princess.

(looking around)

I can't believe he found such a wonderful place just sitting here vacant! It's just amazing!

Victoria giggles a little, squeezing her father's hand excitedly.

VICTORIA

I'm going to go look at my room!

Victoria runs up the stairs, laughing.

A woman enters with a clipboard taking note of the crates, workmen, and the items in the room.

MR. REDDING

Oh! Mrs. Baker, would you put these in some water for me?

The woman walks across the room to Mr. Redding who is just standing there admiring his palatial new home.

MRS. BAKER

Certainly sir.

Mrs. Baker takes the flowers and turns to leave.

MR. REDDING

Oh! Mrs. Baker?

The woman turns again returning to Mr. Redding's side.

MRS. BAKER

(smiling)

Yes sir?

MR. REDDING

Mr. Smythe will be joining us for dinner this evening.

MRS. BAKER

Sir?

MR. REDDING

Please have the table set for
three.

The woman nods, and turns away from the man pausing for a moment to make sure he is truly finished.

MRS. BAKER

(under her breath)
If we can find the table.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - VICTORIA'S ROOM - DAY

Victoria walks into a large room. There's a huge four poster bed against one wall, and three gigantic windows bordered by long velvet curtains. The floor is cluttered with boxes and trunks.

Victoria walks up to the full length velvet curtains and throws them open, bathing the room in sunlight.

VICTORIA

Hello London! I expect we shall
become great friends.

There is a knock at the door.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Come in.

Mrs. Baker walks in.

MRS. BAKER

Well, Miss Victoria, it'll take a
bit of doing, but we have to find
you something decent to wear for
dinner.

Victoria looks puzzled.

MRS. BAKER (CONT'D)

Your father is expecting Mr.
Smythe.
(tidying the room)
Best foot forward and all of that.

VICTORIA

(frustrated)
Mr. Smythe? But we've only just
arrived! I wanted to take an
evening carriage ride through the
city.

MRS. BAKER

First things first young lady.
Evening carriage rides through the
city best be avoided. It's not like
the country here. You've got to be
careful with the people that you
meet. Secondly, your father needs
you here. Every man needs a woman
by his side to make sure he doesn't
make a complete arse of himself in
public. With your mother gone,
bless her heart, you're all he's
got.

Mrs. Baker winks at Victoria who flops onto the large bed.

VICTORIA

I do suppose it will be nice to
finally meet him. He's done so much
for Father.

(beat)

Mrs. Baker why don't you marry my
father?

The woman freezes in her tracks.

MRS. BAKER

Are you daft? Love, your father is
a good man. But he's not for me.

Mrs. Baker doesn't look up, but continues rummaging through
the trunks.

VICTORIA

You feed him, clothe him and care
for him. What more is there to
marriage?

MRS. BAKER

When you're old enough to answer
that question you'll understand
why, Love.

Mrs. Baker pulls a lovely gown from a large trunk.

MRS. BAKER (CONT'D)

Ah! Perfect!

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DEN - EVENING

A roaring fire bathes the room in a golden glow casting
shadows over the bookshelves that line the walls.

Mr. Redding sits comfortably in a large chair sipping some brandy.

Victoria walks in. She looks stunning in the gown Mrs. Baker picked out for her.

MR. REDDING
Ah, Victoria. You look absolutely lovely.

Victoria smiles, and spins around.

MR. REDDING (CONT'D)
Wouldn't you say so Mr. Smythe?

Victoria is puzzled.

A long thin hand with unusually long fingers, like the legs of a spider, grips the arms of the chair across from Mr. Redding.

Victoria notices the second glass of brandy on the side table.

MR. SMYTHE, forty-ish, long greasy brown hair and a thick five o'clock shadow leans around the edge of the chair. His face is long and thin, and his eyes seem cold and harsh.

MR. SMYTHE
A vision.

Victoria takes a step back, shocked by the sound of the man's voice. Though his words are pleasant enough, his voice is coarse and has an edge to it.

VICTORIA
(curtsying)
Thank you. It's a pleasure to meet you sir.

Mr. Smythe rises to meet Victoria, reaching out his long thin arm to shake her hand. He is dressed in a fine suit that seems a little too large for his thin frame.

Victoria reluctantly takes his hand. It's limp and cold.

VICTORIA
Oh!

MR. SMYTHE
My apologies.
(beat)
(MORE)

MR. SMYTHE (cont'd)
You know what they say. Cold hands,
warm heart.

Victoria smiles politely almost mesmerized by the strange man.

MR. REDDING
Victoria, you and Mr. Smythe have
something in common.

Victoria snaps back to the conversation.

VICTORIA
Really? What's that?

MR. REDDING
Well, Mr. Smythe is quite the
adventurer. He's very well
travelled.

MR. SMYTHE
Please. I merely follow my tastes
wherever they may lead me.

Smythe, looks up from his glass at Victoria.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)
And I am glad that they have lead
me here.

Victoria sits down on the chair next to her father.

MR. REDDING
Don't be shy Victoria. I'm sure you
have a hundred questions. Mr.
Smythe was telling me of his
journeys through Africa as you came
in.

Victoria smiles politely, obviously bothered by the strange man.

MR. REDDING (CONT'D)
Victoria fancies herself an
explorer. It's all I could do to
get her to join us for dinner this
evening. We've only been here for a
few hours and she was already
planning her first adventure.

MR. SMYTHE

Careful Love, the city is a strange and wonderful place but you never know what you'll find hiding in the shadows.

There is an awkward silence.

VICTORIA

I just wanted to say how thankful we are that you were able to find us such a lovely home in London Mr. Smythe.

Smythe grins, revealing his poorly kept and somewhat pointy teeth.

Victoria is again taken aback.

Mrs. Baker walks into the parlor.

MRS. BAKER

Dinner is served.

A wave of relief washes over Victoria's face.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - LATER

Victoria and her father are standing at the doorway, saying a quick good night to their guest.

MR. REDDING

So, we'll see you next Tuesday regarding the shipping arrangements.

MR. SMYTHE

Indeed.

(beat)

It was a pleasure to meet you Victoria. It is always so nice to meet a kindred spirit.

Victoria smiles politely, and takes a hold of her father's arm.

Smythe turns and starts down the street, whistling.

Victoria gets a shiver, and pulls her father inside the comfort of the Townhouse.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - VICTORIA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Victoria gets up from her dressing table and climbs into the enormous bed across the room.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

Mr. Redding pokes his head around the corner.

MR. REDDING
I've come to say good night.

Victoria pats the bed, beaconing her father to join her.

VICTORIA
Come in.

MR. REDDING
Well that was quite an evening. Mr. Smythe is certainly the most interesting dinner companion I've ever had.

He sits down on the edge of Victoria's bed.

VICTORIA
I found him a little odd. Wherever did you meet such a man?

MR. REDDING
Victoria!

VICTORIA
Well! You didn't find him the least bit strange?

Mr. Redding smiles, fidgeting with his glasses.

MR. REDDING
We're all different Victoria. We are children of our experiences. When Mr. Smythe first approached me at the Campbell's party a few months ago I would have laughed at the thought that he would be instrumental in my business, and even more skeptical of moving to London. There's just something about him that makes me trust him unconditionally.

(beat)

(MORE)

MR. REDDING (cont'd)
Victoria, I'm, sure your worries
will disappear as you get to know
Mr. Smythe. Besides he has
travelled the world over. I'm sure
he's picked up a few customs that
we're just not use to, but you'd
love to hear about.

VICTORIA
(smiling)
I'm sure you're right. It must be
all the excitement of moving and
being here. New people, new places
it's all quite exciting.

Mr. Redding bends down and kisses Victoria on the forehead.

MR. REDDING
Good night, Princess.

VICTORIA
Daddy.

MR. REDDING
Yes?

VICTORIA
I'm going to take the carriage out
to see the city tomorrow.

MR. REDDING
You're too much like your mother. I
learned a long time ago that
I can't stop you once you set your
mind to something. You got that
from her.

(playing with his wedding
ring)
The city is no place for a young
woman to go wandering about
unaccompanied. If you leave the
coach, promise me you'll take the
coachman with you.

VICTORIA
Yes Father.

MR. REDDING
Victoria?

VICTORIA
Yes!

MR. REDDING
Sweet dreams. I'll see you in the
morning.

Mr. Redding turns out the lamp and leaves. Victoria rolls over and snuggles into the covers.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - VICTORIA'S ROOM - LATER

Victoria is tossing and turning, and mumbling things in her sleep.

She bolts awakes screaming.

She catches her breath, gets out of bed, walks over to the dressing table and pours herself a glass of water.

She walks over to the windows, and peels back the curtains.

The streets are dark, lit only by a few oil lamps.

She pauses for a moment taking in the scenery.

As she lets the curtain fall closed a shadowy figure darts across the street almost to quickly to see.

She jumps dropping the glass to the floor.

She bends down to pick up the pieces of glass and cuts her finger on a sharp corner.

A tiny droplet of blood falls in slow motion to the ground landing on a piece of glass, reflecting Victoria's frighten face.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - MORNING

Victoria skips down the stairs and climbs into a carriage.

COACHMAN
Where to Miss?

Victoria smiles.

VICTORIA
Everywhere!

COACHMAN
Miss?

VICTORIA
Let's start at the market.

COACHMAN
Yes Miss.

The Coachman whips the horse and they are off.

EXT. LONDON - MORNING

The coach comes to a halt.

COACHMAN
Here you are, Miss.

Victoria pokes her head out the window.

She is surrounded by different carts, and people selling everything you could imagine.

The sound of the market is almost musical. PEOPLE YELLING out the items they are selling. CHILDREN LAUGHING, running around chasing each other.

There are STREET PERFORMERS singing and juggling.

It's almost too much to take in all at once.

Victoria giggles and jumps out of the carriage.

VICTORIA
I never.

COACHMAN
Now, I have strict instructions not to let you out of my sight.

Victoria, smiles at the coachman.

VICTORIA
Then you'll just have to keep up!

Victoria runs off out into the market.

COACHMAN
Hey! Miss! Wait!
(beat)
Bollocks!

EXT. LONDON - MARKET - DAY

Victoria is wandering from cart to cart. Taking time to inspect what each merchant has to offer and chat a little.

Victoria makes her way through the crowded market.

There is a SMALL CURCH at the far end of the street.

Her eyes become fixed on the church.

She edges her way through a busy section to a spot that is a little less crowded.

The church is a little more visible now. It is a small but beautiful little Church. The large rose window is masterfully crafted in stained glass featuring a WHITE LILY.

Ivy climbs the walls of the pathway that leads into a beautiful garden at the back of the church.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

Victoria walks through the large wooden doors.

The sunlight filtering through the stained glass fills the room with a warmth, and bathes it in a golden glow.

The smoke from the candles and incense hangs in the air like sweet smelling clouds.

Gold leaf murals cover the walls and ceiling.

The statues that line the halls are magnificent representations of various Saints, the largest one is a depiction of St. Dominic, which dominates the narthex as if keeping a watchful eye on everyone who enters.

Victoria mingles in and out of the isles examining things until she sees a door leading out of the back of the church.

EXT. CHURCH - ROSE GARDEN - MORNING

Victoria walks out the door and is surprised to find herself in a luxurious rose garden.

The blossoms on the bushes are as big as her outstretched hand. She leans in to smell one of them when she hears a man singing around the corner.

She sneaks over to the side of the building, and peeks around the corner.

JONATHAN, a handsome, shirtless, sweat covered man in his early twenties is lifting heavy stones from one side of the garden forming a bit of a wall on the other side. She has never seen a man quite like this. The sun glistens off his tanned skin accenting his superior physique. She can't take her eyes off him.

The coachman yells from behind her loud enough for the entire neighborhood to hear.

COACHMAN (O.S.)
Miss Victoria?

Jonathan stops, and turns catching Victoria in a bit of a daze staring at him.

COACHMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Miss Victoria?

JONATHAN
I think she's over here.

The Coachman walks around the building.

COACHMAN
Miss Victoria your father would
have my head if he knew I let you
run off like that.

Victoria blushes.

VICTORIA
(glaring at the coachman)
Certainly I am old enough to come
to church by myself.

She begins to stomp off, as much embarrassed as angry.

JONATHAN
Excuse me, may I help you? Miss
Victoria?

Victoria pauses for a second, then turns to speak to the man.

VICTORIA
Why no, I was admiring your lovely
garden.

JONATHAN
(knowingly)
My garden, I see.

He pulls a rag from his pocket and wipes his neck and face.

VICTORIA
Why yes! And the church it's
lovely.

JONATHAN
Yes, yes it is.

Jonathan turns and picks up another rock, muscles bulging.

VICTORIA
I've recently moved here with my
father for business reasons. I'm
out seeing the sights.

JONATHAN
Well, you have come to the right
place. This little church is one of
the most beautiful places on Gods
green earth.

Jonathan doesn't stop working, but pauses occasionally to
look at Victoria, who is looking at him.

VICTORIA
Yes.

Victoria begins to drift back into a daze at the sight of
Jonathan's physique.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Yes, it certainly is.

JONATHAN
What have you seen so far?

VICTORIA
Well, I've been to the market and
taken the carriage past the palace,
and the tower of london.

JONATHAN
So what you are saying is you
haven't seen anything yet.

VICTORIA

(flustered)

No, that's not what I'm saying at all.

JONATHAN

If you have only been to the market, and watched the city go by from the window of a carriage. You haven't seen the city at all. London needs to be felt, smelled, tasted. You can not see it from a carriage, and to be honest the Market stinks of rotting fish on warm days like this. I have some work to do today, but if you come back tomorrow, I will show you what London has to offer.

VICTORIA

Well I don't know. I don't even know your name.

JONATHAN

Jonathan. I am the caretaker here. Father Thomas will vouch for me if you think your father would worry.

VICTORIA

No, that will be fine. Perhaps I will see you tomorrow then.

JONATHAN

Come in the morning. You can't see London in one day, but you can get a good start.

Jonathan grabs another stone, and starts singing again. Victoria turns to leave with an enormous smile on her face.

FATHER THOMAS, now older, stands in a window watching. It is hard to tell his age through the thick scars on his hands and right side of his face, but a good guess would be late forties given the greying hair. Even from beneath his priestly robes there is something about him that exudes strength and fortitude.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

Jonathan is polishing one of the ornate candle sticks.

Someone walks up behind him and slaps him on the back of the head.

Jonathan spins around.

JONATHAN

Hey!

The priest stares through the young man.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

(rubbing his head)

Father. What can I do for you?

FATHER THOMAS

You can explain to me what you were doing with that harlot in the garden earlier.

JONATHAN

Excuse me? I don't understand.

The priest turns away from the young man.

FATHER THOMAS

Oh, how quickly you forget. Have I raised a simpleton?

(taking a deep breath)

Oh, heavenly father, why have you forsaken this young man? What evil has he committed in his soul that you would allow him to stray from his calling and into the heathen arms of a she devil.

JONATHAN

Father? I assure you nothing happened with the young woman.

The priest whips around.

FATHER THOMAS

Ah! So you admit that you were entertaining a young woman in the garden earlier.

JONATHAN

No!

FATHER THOMAS

So you were lying just then?

JONATHAN

No! It wasn't like that at all.

FATHER THOMAS

How was it then?

JONATHAN

She is new to the city, and happened upon our little church. I invited her to come back tomorrow and I would show her the rest of the city.

FATHER THOMAS

I see, so you are prepared to throw away everything you have worked so hard for, for a moment of fleeting passion. The Order will not stand for it. Have you forgotten your vows?

JONATHAN

No, Father! My bond is to God, the church, and the Order as always.

The priest smiles.

FATHER THOMAS

My boy, a man's word is only as good as his actions. I fear you have forgotten this.

JONATHAN

No, father.

FATHER THOMAS

I need you strong Jonathan. We need you strong! The beast will not hesitate. You must always be vigilant.

(beat)

You know what to do.

Jonathan puts down the rags in his hand, drops to his knees and crosses himself. He bows his head and starts to pray.

Father Thomas turns and walks away with a slight grin on his face.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Victoria and her father are eating dinner.

VICTORIA
I went to the market today.

MR. REDDING
Oh, good. How did you like it?

VICTORIA
It was quite interesting.

MR. REDDING
Really, how so?

VICTORIA
Well for starters, they had just about everything one could imagine. Everyone was milling about bumping into you, and yelling at each other.

MR. REDDING
(chuckling to himself)
You see Victoria, things are quite different here aren't they?

VICTORIA
Well yes! Then the strangest thing happened. I was wandering around and I found myself at the most darling little church.

MR. REDDING
(not really paying attention)
Church eh?

VICTORIA
Yes, a church.

Victoria notices her father isn't really paying attention.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
So I grabbed the closest man and I got married. He'll be stopping by for my things in just a few moments.

MR. REDDING
Your things, eh? Now that's something...

VICTORIA
Father!

MR. REDDING
Yes, what, what, what?

The man chuckles and realizes that he's been caught drifting.

MR. REDDING (CONT'D)
Sorry Sweetheart, you were in the
market and you found some little
church. I was listening.

Again not really paying attention, and lighting a pipe.

VICTORIA
Yes, a church and it had the most
wonderful rose garden being tended
by a handsome young man.

MR. REDDING
Victoria! I'm listening!

VICTORIA
Honestly Father. His name is
Jonathan and he has invited me to
tour London with him tomorrow.
Would that be alright?

Mr. Redding looks up from his pipe.

MR. REDDING
I hardly think it's appropriate.

VICTORIA
Oh Father! He is employed by the
church. I think if God trusts him,
you certainly can!

Mr. Redding smiles.

MR. REDDING
Well, since you put it that way.
(beat)
I will send the coachman along with
you to chaperone.

Victoria seems both pleased and upset by her fathers
response.

EXT. MARKET - DAY - DREAM

Victoria is walking through the market.

There is no one around, but the air is still full of the ghostly sounds of everyday business. Children are laughing, patrons and shopkeepers calling out to each other.

In a flash Her focus shifts to an alley. She slowly approaches peering into the shadows.

She puts her hand against the wall of the adjacent building so she can lean further into the opening.

Flash, the sky blackens. Only the glow of distant street lamps illuminate the damp streets.

There's a whisper floating on the air.

Victoria stands at the mouth alley.

The whisper grows into a moaning or grunting sound.

In the distance the sound of someone whistling temporarily catches her attention and she turns away from the alley.

The strange noises get louder drawing her attention back to the darkness beyond the street lights.

The shadows move.

Victoria turns and runs down the street.

The whistling gets louder and clearer.

Suddenly she hears footsteps behind her.

The footsteps get louder and louder.

She freezes in fear.

They stop.

The street is completely quiet.

Tears stream silently down Victoria's face. There a presence behind her.

She quivers as its hot steamy breath washes up the back of her neck, its dirty hands trembling as it caresses her hair.

She begins to turn.

DARKNESS...

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Victoria wakes screaming again. This time her father is there gently shaking her shoulder.

MR. REDDING
Victoria! Victoria! Wake up!

VICTORIA
(catching her breath)
Oh, father it was horrible.

MR. REDDING
It was only a dream, you're fine,
you're safe. Let's get you up to
bed. Come on.

The old man wraps a shall around the still dazed Victoria and helps her up to her room.

Victoria shivers as they walk out of the room.

She is being watched.

She pulls the shall tighter around her shoulders.

Mr. Redding pulls the door latch allowing the door to swing shut.

A dark shadow slips past the window as it latches behind them.

EXT. MARKET - MORNING

A large crowd has gathered. People are shouting and a few officers are pushing the crowd back.

Father Thomas pulls up in an ornate carriage.

He steps down and makes his way through the parting crowd. Slowly as the priest approaches the scene comes into focus, the reason for the crowd evident.

A man is lying face down on the street. His arms are outstretched, and his feet lay at a strange angle. It looks as if he has fallen from somewhere and landed in a very awkward position.

The priest approaches the body but is quickly blocked by one of the officers.

OFFICER

I'm sorry Father, but I can not let you near the body.

FATHER THOMAS

(looking past the officer)
I must offer this poor soul the last rights.

OFFICER

I'm sorry, Father. Perhaps when we are done here. But for now we have too many questions.

FATHER THOMAS

I understand you are only doing your job. I am only doing mine my son. Perhaps you could do me one favor. Could you place this rosary with the body? Some comfort for his soul is all I ask.

OFFICER

Certainly Father.

FATHER THOMAS

Go with God my son.

The officer turns taking the rosary and places it gently around the neck of the dead man. A gaping wound opens on the mans neck as the officer lifts his head, but strangely only a drop of blood or two oozes out of the wound.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)

(turns back to the carriage)
Jonathan, did you see that?

JONATHAN

Yes, Father.

FATHER THOMAS

(whispering)
The beast is among us!

JONATHAN

Yes, Father.

The priest climbs back into the carriage, which takes off at a furious pace, almost knocking over a few bystanders.

INT. CHURCH - THOMAS' STUDY - EVENING

Father Thomas crosses himself as he enters the room. It is brightly lit by numerous candles and lamps. Bookshelves line the room from one side to the other.

Through a large window the moonlight can be seen reflecting it's silver glow on the petals of the rose bushes.

A large oak desk is centrally placed, with it's throne like chair sitting dominantly behind it.

The priest removes his hat, and some of the vestments he is shrouded in and walks over to one of the bookshelves.

He gingerly pulls off his gloves revealing his deeply scarred hands.

He runs his gnarled fingers over the spines of the books scanning the titles.

They have the strangest titles, ranging from torture techniques, to the occult. He stops with his finger on a specific volume. A book on vampirical infestations in Italy during the first inquisitors campaign. He pulls it down, and walks slowly over to his desk. The symbol of St. Dominic, the founder of the Dominican Order of Preachers and known to some as the burner and slayer of heretics is embossed in gold on the front cover of the book. Depositing the book on his desk, he slowly takes a box from the shelf behind him. Again the symbol of St. Dominic is plainly visible.

He pulls a key from inside his robes and inserts it into a lock. From inside the box he removes a seal, some wax, and some paper and, begins to write.

FATHER THOMAS

The beast is here.

The priest roles the letter and fits it into a tiny tube which he seals with the wax and embosses with his ring. He grabs a pigeon from a cage near the window and straps the message to its leg.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)

Go, tell my brothers. Fly swiftly.

As the bird flies away he sighs deeply, falls into his large desk chair and begins to read from the book he brought off the shelf.

EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

Jonathan and Father Thomas are standing in front of the church when Victoria pulls up in the carriage. The coachman helps her down and she starts walking towards the pair of men, who are obviously arguing about something.

Father Thomas glares at Victoria.

Victoria pauses for a moment a little shocked that a priest had given her a dirty look, but continues walking towards the men. Seeing that his glance was only partially effective Father Thomas throws his arms in the air and storms away from Jonathan.

Jonathan shakes his head and walks over to meet Victoria.

JONATHAN

Miss Victoria, you made it after all.

Jonathan bows and takes her hand like a gentleman.

VICTORIA

How could I pass up an offer to be shown the city by someone who obviously knows it so well? But I hope it hasn't caused any problems for you.

Concerned, she looks off in the direction after the priest.

JONATHAN

No, Miss Victoria, certainly not.

VICTORIA

(interrupting)

Victoria, just Victoria will be fine.

JONATHAN

Well, Victoria, Father Thomas is upset, because he fears I am neglecting my studies.

Victoria takes the arm Jonathan has offered and the two start walking down the street away from the market.

VICTORIA

Studies?

JONATHAN

Yes, I am planning to enter the seminary. The good Father has been tutoring me in reading and writing and the ways of his holy Order of service.

VICTORIA

The seminary!?

(beat)

What an honorable decision.

JONATHAN

Yes. My parents were killed when I was very young. I was raised by the church. Father Thomas is very much a father to me.

VICTORIA

I'm sorry to hear that. I mean about your parents, not Father Thomas. I mean I understand what it's like. I lost my mother a few years ago. I'm sorry.

JONATHAN

Don't be sorry Victoria, they are in a better place, and my life has been blessed with many great things. Now come with me, I want to show you something.

Jonathan, pulls his arm away and jogs off down the street.

VICTORIA

Jonathan! Wait!

Jonathan stops, looks behind him then darts around a corner.

JONATHAN (O.S.)

You wanted to see the city, now you drag your heels?

Victoria hikes her skirt up and briskly walks down the street after him, with a very frustrated look on her face.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jonathan, is playing a bit of a game with Victoria. As soon as she catches up to him he darts off again. Finally after doing this several times he darts into a building and up some stairs.

VICTORIA
I have a right mind -

Jonathan is staring at Victoria.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
to -

JONATHAN
Shhhhh.... Just look.

Victoria looks up.

VICTORIA
Oh goodness, it's beautiful.

The two are standing at the top of the building on a balcony that looks down over a large portion of the city. It is truly a magnificent sight to see.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
I had no idea.

JONATHAN
I know. That's why I brought you here. Beauty feeds the soul. It wraps its arms around you, filling your senses with light and clarity. I come here when I need to think.

VICTORIA
You can see everything!

JONATHAN
Not quite, there's so much more. But I wanted to bring you here first.

Victoria turns slightly to look at Jonathan who has moved behind her.

VICTORIA
Why?

JONATHAN
So I could look upon the face of an Angel, at the very gates of heaven.

Jonathan steps back from Victoria. The city beyond her shines with the golden light of the mid day sun. Beauty framed in beauty.

Victoria blushes and turns as if checking to make sure the compliment was for her. She bashfully looks back at Jonathan, who has already started down the stairs again.

VICTORIA
Jonathan!

She hikes her skirt up and jogs after him.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jonathan darts around a corner.

The street is busy and full of people. Victoria struggles to catch up.

An icy hand grabs Victoria's arm.

OLD WOMAN
You! You've got the Devil in you
girl!

Victoria is startled.

VICTORIA
I beg your pardon.

OLD WOMAN
The Devil! The devil's got his eye
on you!

Victoria struggles to get away.

VICTORIA
Let me be!

The old woman is glaring at Victoria, making a strange sucking sound with her teeth.

Jonathan shows up out of nowhere and steps between the two women.

JONATHAN
Get out of here you crazy old
urchin!

The old woman wrestles to get at Victoria, shoving and pulling at Jonathan's clothes.

A gold medallion of St. Dominic pops out of his shirt.

The old woman stops suddenly, staring at it.

OLD WOMAN

I'm sorry sir. I didn't know.

Jonathan pulls Victoria free and chase the old woman off.

He escorts Victoria to a bench at the edge of a lovely park.

VICTORIA

She came out of nowhere.

Jonathan smiles.

JONATHAN

London is a wonderful city, but we have our share of oddities. She's gone now.

VICTORIA

She said the oddest thing to me.

JONATHAN

I wouldn't give it another moments thought. Besides, I have brought us some lunch.

Victoria looks down.

Jonathan has a small parcel with him.

EXT. ST. JAMES PARK - DAY

Jonathan removes his vest and lays it down and sets up a pathetic but cute little meal of bread, sausage, and wine.

They sit there under a tree nibbling at the bread and sausage, taking swigs from the bottle of wine, which makes Victoria giggle.

EXT. CHURCH - EVENING

Father Thomas is waiting at the front entrance to the church.

Jonathan helps Victoria into her carriage, and steps back.

Father Thomas grabs him by the ear as the coach begins to pull away. He drags him into the church.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Jonathan is lying on a blanket playing with a piece of grass watching Victoria at the side of the river.

Victoria is feeding some birds the last little bit of their picnic lunch. She runs back to the blanket and falls beside Jonathan.

VICTORIA
I do miss the countryside.

JONATHAN
Yes? What do you miss most?

Victoria flips over onto her back staring up at the clouds.

VICTORIA
Freedom.

Jonathan smiles and roles over onto his back also.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Every day I would go for a long walk and explore the world. It seemed so much larger.
(beat)
In the city I feel caged. Trapped by walls and rules.

JONATHAN
There aren't any walls here?

VICTORIA
I know. I like this place. For a second or two I can close my eyes and remember lying in the clover field looking up at the clouds. The smell, the cool soft clover against my cheek and not a soul around for miles.
(beat)
I guess I miss the loneliness.

Jonathan looks confused.

JONATHAN
Why would you ever want to be lonely?

VICTORIA
(smiling)
Because without loneliness you can't appreciate moments spent with the people you care about.

Victoria reaches over gently and takes Jonathan's hand.

INT. CHURCH - TRAINING ROOM

Jonathan kneels in the centre of the room. Thomas circles.

FATHER THOMAS
The beast is a foul creature,
soulless, and cunning. A hunter and
a thief!

Jonathan focuses on his breathing.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)
For centuries our order has sought
out these demons that hunt us.

Thomas removes his gloves and unbuttons his vestments. His
burned and disfigured hands disappear behind the folds of
fabric.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)
With every death they cause, each
soul they devour we give up our
thoughts, our knowledge, our
memories making them stronger. They
take what is ours into themselves,
corrupting it, making it perverted
and sick.

Thomas draws a knife concealed in his belt.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)
Through training and discipline we
have taught our bodies to be swift
and strong, our minds to be sharp,
and our hearts to be pure.

Thomas twirls the knife on the tip of his index finger.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)
Discipline! Our greatest strength
comes from discipline! Discipline
in the face of pain! Discipline in
the face of their tempting lies!

Jonathan doesn't move. He is almost in a trance.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)
Without discipline we are weak!
Fodder for the beast!
(beat)
You are weak boy!

Jonathan is motionless.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)
You play with that harlot.

Jonathan's face betrays him. Thomas sees his opening.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)
That woman is a distraction! You betray yourself and the Order. You neglect your studies, the truth and your duty! You dishonor your parents by allowing their memories to live on within him. Instead you waste your time with a common whore.

Jonathan is visibly shaken.

In a flash, almost too fast to see, Thomas releases the knife. With superhuman speed Jonathan snags it from mid air an inch from his face.

JONATHAN
No Father. I neglect nothing.

Thomas smiles.

FATHER THOMAS
Continue your meditation.

Thomas storms from the room.

Jonathan opens his hand and looks down at the knife. He is bleeding. He turns away in quiet disgust and disappointment.

EXT. GAIETY THEATRE - NIGHT

Jonathan and Victoria exit the theatre and stumble onto the street. On either side of the ornate doors are posters for the featured performance of Frankenstein.

VICTORIA
How terribly frightening!

Jonathan looks at her.

JONATHAN
I didn't think so. I thought it was quite sad really. Poor creature, only wanted to be loved and know where he came from.

VICTORIA
Not the play silly! The acting!

Jonathan signals the coachman who promptly pulls the coach up beside them. Jonathan helps Victoria into the carriage. She pops her head out the window.

JONATHAN

I had a wonderful night.

Victoria blushes.

VICTORIA

Yes, me too.

JONATHAN

When can I see you again?

He moves closer, stretching up to meet her lips. The coach begins to pull away. Victoria leans out the window further.

VICTORIA

(laughing)

Tomorrow, and every day after.

Jonathan waves as the coach disappears around the corner. A shadow darts across the alley way in pursuit of the coach unnoticed by Jonathan. Jonathan spins around and tosses his hat into the air. He's ecstatic!

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

Jonathan opens the gate to the churchyard. Thomas is upon him.

FATHER THOMAS

Ungrateful heathen bastard!

He grabs Jonathan by the ear and drags him into the church.

INT. CHURCH

Thomas tosses Jonathan down the aisle.

FATHER THOMAS

You say you neglect nothing! Yet,
you suddenly have time for such
sinful things as the Theatre?

Hovering over Jonathan the priest slaps him across the face.

JONATHAN

Father, I'm sorry. I don't know
what I've done?

FATHER THOMAS
That much is obvious, Boy!

Thomas slaps him again.

JONATHAN
Please Father! What have I done?

Rage fills the Priests face, but he quickly calms himself.
Taking control of his anger.

FATHER THOMAS
You will stay here. Repent for your
sins. When you know the answer to
that question, when you understand
the danger you have put your
studies and this house of God in,
you can retire to your room.

Jonathan is still confused.

Faster than Jonathan can react Thomas grabs him by the arm
and spins him onto his knees.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)
Ask for his forgiveness!

JONATHAN
But I...

Thomas slaps the back of Jonathan's head.

FATHER THOMAS
I did not tell you to speak.
Repent!

Jonathan closes his eyes and begins to pray.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Jonathan is kneeling at a pew. A hand reaches down and
touches him on the shoulder gently. Victoria is standing
there.

JONATHAN
The Lord is so good to me. He has
answered my prayers again.

Jonathan takes Victoria's hand and they walk out into the
Rose Garden.

They sit down on a bench, near a large statue of the Madonna.

VICTORIA
I had to see you.

Jonathan smiles.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
What's so funny?

Jonathan gets up from the bench and picks a rose for her.

JONATHAN
Nothing, I felt the same way.

He pricks his finger on a thorn.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Ouch!

A tiny drop of blood forms on the tip of his finger. He looks at it, and sticks his finger in his mouth, as he walks over and give the rose to Victoria.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
You know blood and roses have a lot
in common.

VICTORIA
They do?

She takes the flower from Jonathan.

JONATHAN
They are both symbols of passion,
they are the color of fire, love,
and the essence of life.

Jonathan reaches his hand up, and brushes Victoria's hair out of her face. Their bodies move closer.

Their lips almost touch.

Father Thomas burst through the Church doors.

FATHER THOMAS
Harlot! She devil! Heathen wench!

JONATHAN
Father!

Father Thomas thrusts a gnarled finger into his face.

FATHER THOMAS
You have nothing to say boy!

VICTORIA
I'm afraid I don't understand.

Father Thomas approaches the young couple.

FATHER THOMAS
I know what you are up to. You are trying to steal him away from his true calling. Testing him. Urging him to fail in his mission to God! Using your sex to tempt him. You sicken me!

Victoria is furious.

JONATHAN
Father Thomas! What has gotten into you?

FATHER THOMAS
Quiet boy!

JONATHAN
But!

Father Thomas backhands Jonathan with a hidden strength sending him to the ground.

Victoria struggles to hold back her anger.

FATHER THOMAS
Take your putrid self away from here. You are not welcome.

Jonathan looks at Victoria and reaches for her.

She spins and runs out of the churchyard and into the market.

EXT. MARKET - MID-DAY

Victoria walks back along the route that she and Jonathan took the day before.

Tears stream down her face, but she is not sobbing. It's a calm sadness, the kind you feel in your stomach, with every beat of your heart.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

The day comes to an end. Without realizing it Victoria has wandered around until dusk.

The streets are beginning to get dark.

The lamp lighters start lighting the street lamps.

Victoria hurries back to the church where the coachman should be waiting. He's not there.

She walks up to the church door, but turns and runs off down the street.

It's getting darker.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

The sun has set. Victoria has almost made it home. She gets a chill as she walks down an empty street.

There are footsteps behind her, matching her pace step by step.

A whistle cuts the night air.

VICTORIA
(shaky voice)
Hello?

There is no answer.

She stops, straining to hear something, something that would give her an idea of where these strange night sounds are coming from.

A whisper calls out from the dark.

She leans into the alley, into the shadows tilting her head to one side.

A flash of color streaks before her eyes and she's on the ground, knocked backwards by some unseen force.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
(whimpering)
Oh God...

She wipes her mouth, smearing blood across her cheek.

She climbs to her knees, trying to stand.

Flash! Again some force knocks her flying.

She hits the wall hard, her head flopping from side to side as if her neck was made of rubber.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
(crying)
Oh God... somebody help me...

There is nothing but fear, blinding white fear washing its way over her entire body, like the legs of a thousand spiders crawling their way into every part of her being.

Flash! A hand grips her throat.

Her eyes open slowly. Dirt, blood, sweat crust over the man's face.

MR. SMYTHE
There's no one to help you.

He smells her. His voice is horrible, cold and, unfeeling. He throws her across the alley effortlessly like a rag doll.

She falls hard on the ground, and he is there, on top of her, grinding against her and sniffing at her hair and neck.

Victoria is whimpering and crying in fear of her life.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)
(licking her face)
Oh you're a tasty one aren't you?

VICTORIA
Please, please...oh God...oh God...

Victoria struggles against him. Kicking and pushing him trying to free herself.

He presses his hand hard against her mouth.

MR. SMYTHE
Oh, and a feisty one at that. Your father told me you had spirit.
(laughing)
Makes it sweeter.

Victoria struggles, trying to force a scream out between the man's fingers.

He licks her face and neck and, lets out a groan like some sort of animal smelling it's food.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)
I've been watching you. So sweet,
so luscious.
(MORE)

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)

I almost ate you for dinner the other night, but I thought it would have been rude considering your hospitality.

Smythe's head tilts back and his mouth opens wide revealing two sharp fangs dripping with saliva.

Victoria screams and fights harder against the his embrace.

Their eyes meet for the first time.

Victoria freezes.

Her eyes widen as the two pearly daggers cut into her neck. She is helpless.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)

(sexually)

Oh, god you taste so good.

The vampire leans back and looks at Victoria who is staring blankly up at the sky.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)

Beg me, beg for your life and I'll give it to you.

The Vampire smiles, blood dripping from his mouth onto the back of his hand that is still pressed against Victoria's mouth. He bends down and licks it off, smearing blood across Victoria's nose and cheek.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)

(whispered)

Now how is that my lover?

Victoria bites down hard.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Ah! You bitch!

Smythe's finger dangles loosely from where it was attached connected only by a tiny bit of muscles and flesh.

He rolls off of her clutching his hand.

Victoria wastes no time, she climbs to her feet and runs down the street to the townhouse, which is less than a block away.

Smythe howls and laughs as Victoria disappears into the darkness.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Victoria crashes through the door and scrambles up the stairs, crying and bloodied from head to toe.

She streaks past Mrs. Baker in the hall, almost knocking her over.

Mrs. Baker recovers, and notices that she is covered in a sticky red substance.

MRS. BAKER
Miss Victoria? Are you alright?

INT. TOWNHOUSE - VICTORIA'S ROOM

Victoria is on the floor in the corner of her room. Curled in a tiny ball, she barely notices that Mrs. Baker is calling to her.

MRS. BAKER (O.S.)
Victoria? Victoria?

Victoria comes back to the moment.

VICTORIA
Yes, Mrs. Baker. I'm fine, just a little tired. I'm just going to wash up and go to bed.

Victoria stares at her blood covered hands in disbelief.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - HALLWAY

MRS. BAKER
(looking at the sleeve of her blouse)
Alright then.
(beat)
What have you got on you?
(beat)
Victoria! What's going on with you?

There is no answer

MRS. BAKER
Victoria?
(beat)
Well you'd best scrub hard, and hope this doesn't stain.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - VICTORIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Victoria pulls herself into the chair in front of the mirror.

She pours some water into the basin and takes a small cloth off the table top.

She is in shock. Her movements are almost mechanical, her face vacant and emotionless.

She washes and dries her neck and face, wrapping her wounds with a scarf that was lying by the perfume bottle.

She slips out of her dress and walks over to the bed. She climbs in, pulls the covers up to her chin and, begins to sob, covering her face with her hands.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - VICTORIA'S ROOM - MORNING

Victoria wakes up to the sound of knocking at her door. Outside the door Mrs. Baker waits patiently for a reply.

MRS. BAKER

Miss Victoria. Breakfast is being served. Are you going to come down?

VICTORIA

Yes, one moment please.

Victoria stands up and the room starts to spin.

She falls to the floor with a thud.

Mrs. Baker rushes in.

MRS. BAKER

Victoria, are you alright?

VICTORIA

Yes, I'm fine, I think I just stood up a little too quickly.

MRS. BAKER

Perhaps I should bring you your breakfast here, in your room. You look a little pale this morning.

VICTORIA

Yes, that would be lovely, thank you.

Mrs. Baker rushes off closing the door partially behind her. Victoria climbs back up onto the bed.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Oh God,
 (beat)
 what is wrong with me?

Victoria grabs her stomach.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - VICTORIA'S ROOM - MORNING

Mrs. Baker comes in with a wonderful tray of breakfast delights. Sausage, bacon, some pastries.

Victoria is lying in her bed, staring up at the ceiling. Her breathing is labored and she is several shades paler than she was.

MRS. BAKER

Here we go. A good breakfast always puts some color back into peoples cheeks.

VICTORIA

Good God, what is that smell?

MRS. BAKER

Smell?

VICTORIA

It smells of rotting meat. Oh it's foul! Get it out of here!

MRS. BAKER

What are you talking about you silly girl? Everything is fresh this morning.

VICTORIA

God! It's foul! Take it away!

MRS. BAKER

Perhaps a spot of tea then?

VICTORIA

No! Get out! Just leave me in peace. When I want something I'll call for you. In the mean time I don't want to be disturbed.

MRS. BAKER

Victoria! What's gotten into you?
You do not look at all well. Let me
bring you something.

VICTORIA

Mrs. Baker, please just leave me
alone.

MRS. BAKER

Oh, Love. You look sick. Some soup
perhaps?

VICTORIA

(forcefully)
Please, get out.

MRS. BAKER

There's no need for rudeness young
lady.

VICTORIA

(screaming)
Get out!

Victoria picks up the pillow and tosses it at Mrs. Baker.

MRS. BAKER

That's some bee you have in your
bonnet this morning. When you've
calmed down we'll discuss lunch.

VICTORIA

(screaming)
Get out!

Victoria collapse into the bed. Mrs. Baker shakes her head
and closes the door behind her.

Victoria twinges in pain clutching her stomach.

Smythe's face flashes through her mind. A long string of
drool, oozing from the corner of his mouth.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Father Thomas looks around quickly before stepping through a
curtain behind the alter into a secret chamber.

INT. CHURCH - TRAINING ROOM

Jonathan is standing in the middle of the room blindfolded, sunlight filters through the ceiling bathing him in light.

Murals on the walls depict scene of a witch burning, strange creatures being mutilated by monks all wearing medallions bearing the symbol of St. Dominic.

Each panel tells a different story. Some are tales of hunts, others of vicious tortures. The commonality is Dominic and the warrior monks.

Along side the murals are strange devices, and bizarre weapons.

A cage hangs in the corner. Beams of light from strategically place vents in the ceiling are striking it from all directions.

Father Thomas pulls off his long black gloves revealing his terribly burned hands.

He selects a long wooden stake from a rack on the wall, and drops his long robes to the floor.

With almost supernatural speed, he steps in close to Jonathan and strikes at him with the stick.

Jonathan raises his hand, and stops the blow with his open palm.

The priest smirks.

He launches his next flurry of attacks against his disciple. With almost freakish agility, he sweeps and dodges around Jonathan slashing at him.

Jonathan, effortlessly dodges each blow, side steps and shoves the priest away.

FATHER THOMAS
(recovering from the blow)
Very nice, my son. The Order would
be proud. We need more students
like you.

Jonathan removes the blindfold.

JONATHAN
Through your teachings, Father.

FATHER THOMAS

We'll make you a soldier in God's
army yet.

Jonathan bows his head.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)

You know Jonathan, when you first
came to us after your parents were
killed I had my doubts. But when I
saw the fire in your heart, and the
passion with which you embraced
your hatred for the beast who
slayed them, I knew. I knew that
you would one day become one of our
greatest heroes. You follow in his
footsteps.

Thomas points to the large image of St. Dominic on the wall.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)

He earned his title as the burner
and slayer of heretics, as you will
earn yours ridding the world of the
devils children.

JONATHAN

Thank you father.

In one fluid motion Jonathan grabs the stake from his mentors
hand and launches it across the room embedding it into a
wooden dummy against the far wall.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - VICTORIA'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Victoria bolts up in bed.

She grabs her chest and gasps, before falling back
convulsing.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT - DREAM

Smythe is chasing Victoria.

INTERCUT BETWEEN VICTORIA AND THE DREAM

- Victoria convulses on the bed.

- Smythe enters the townhouse.

- Victoria claws at the bed spread, writhing in pain.
- Blood is splashing everywhere.
- Smythe's face flashes through Victoria's mind.
- Victoria falls limp and motionless, her glazed eyes blankly focused upwards at the ceiling.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN

Complete darkness.

Scratching sounds like nails on wood break the silence gradually getting louder as if someone were fumbling around.

VICTORIA
(weak and unsure)
Hello?

There isn't a sound.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Is anyone there?

A voice whispers her words.

VOICE IN THE DARK
(whispering)
Is anyone there?

Victoria's fumbling turns into splashing.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
(sobbing)
Please, someone.

VOICE IN THE DARK
(whispering)
Please, someone.

Thunder crashes, flash of lightning lights up the room for an instant, causing Victoria to jump.

The room is painted in blood.

Victoria climbs to her feet.

Another flash of lightning illuminates the room.

Victoria screams and sobs even louder.

VICTORIA
Please, help me.

VOICE IN THE DARK
Please, help me.

A faint outline of someone can be seen in the corner.
She fumbles by the stove for a match.

VICTORIA
Hello?

VOICE IN THE DARK
Hello.

She finds the box and nervously fumbles with it in her hands,
dropping matches onto the floor.

The match flares.

The gentle glow of the flame casts its light on a monstrous
scene.

The coachman is hunched in the corner surrounded by a pool of
blood.

There is blood everywhere.

Victoria catches her reflection in the polished kettle on the
stove.

Puff, the match goes out.

VICTORIA
God no.

She strikes another match.

There is an eerie red stain around her mouth. When she looks
down at herself, she sees that she is covered in what could
only be blood.

The match falls to the ground and sizzles as it hits the
liquid.

VOICE IN THE DARK
(whispering)
God knows.

The voice is right beside her. She runs screaming from the
room.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DINING ROOM

Victoria crashes through the door.

She trips and falls to the ground. Landing next to Mrs. Baker's body.

Their eyes meet.

Victoria squeals, and pushes herself away scrambling to get to her feet.

She runs into the den.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DEN

The fire is roaring. There is a glass of brandy on the table.

Victoria stops dead in her tracks. Noticing the cuff of her father smoking jacket resting on the arm of the chair.

VICTORIA

Daddy?

Silence.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Oh please, Daddy. Please answer.

Victoria creeps forward slowly.

The fire pops startling her.

She peaks around the edge of the chair. Her face contorts, from fear to torment.

Mr. Redding is slumped in the chair, a look of surprise on his face.

Victoria reaches her hand out the caress his head.

His head flops to the side exposing a gapping wound on his neck, squirting her with blood.

She bursts into tears and bolts from the room.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

The rain is pounding down on Victoria as she runs madly through the streets.

Her night clothes leaving a trail of blood in the puddles behind her.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Victoria collapses in the courtyard at the foot of a statue of the Madonna.

She doesn't have the strength to pull herself to her feet.

She claws at the ground and stone of the statue trying to get up.

INT. CHURCH - JONATHAN'S ROOM

Jonathan gets up from his desk, with a book in his hand and a pencil between his teeth. On one of the pages is a rough sketch of a man who resembles Smythe.

He closes the book and returns it to the shelf in front of him. There are volumes and volumes much like those in Father Thomas' study.

Out of the corner of his eye he sees something outside in the garden.

Curious he opens his window to get a better look.

JONATHAN
Heavenly Father! Victoria!

Jonathan dashes from the room.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Jonathan runs over to Victoria with a blanket. He scoops her into his arms and carries her back inside.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Jonathan grabs some robes off the back of the door, and wraps them around Victoria.

VICTORIA
Jonathan?

JONATHAN
Yes my Angel.

Victoria breaks down in uncontrollable tears and throws her arms around Jonathan's neck.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Shhhhh. It will be alright. Are you hurt?

Victoria can't talk through the tears.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
It's okay, I'm here.

Jonathan wraps his arms around her, rocking her gently back and forth.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
What's the matter? Are you hurt?

VICTORIA
No, I don't think so.

JONATHAN
What happened?

Jonathan kneels down beside Victoria.

VICTORIA
I don't know. The last thing I remember was arguing with Mrs. Baker.
(sobbing)
Mrs. Baker. I was so sick all day, and when I woke up I was standing in the kitchen covered in blood, surrounded by bodies.

Victoria starts crying again and buries her face into his chest.

JONATHAN
What do you mean?

Victoria looks up at him.

VICTORIA
My father is dead. They're all dead Jonathan. I couldn't move. There was blood everywhere. Last night on my way home there was a man.

JONATHAN
A man? What man?

VICTORIA

Smythe, my fathers partner. I heard him following me. I couldn't see him, but I heard him, in the shadows.

Jonathan squeezes her tighter, and rocks her back and forth

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Then from out of nowhere, he attacked me. Rubbing his foulness against me. His voice. It was so cold, and his eyes...

(beat)

It was like staring evil in the face.

JONATHAN

Oh, my sweet Angel, I am so sorry.

VICTORIA

(getting progressively hysterical)

I bit him, I bit him hard. I could taste his blood in my mouth. It burned, and I ran. I ran into the house and to my room without stopping. I didn't speak to anyone, not 'til this morning, and I yelled at her. Oh my God Jonathan, it's all my fault, they're all dead and it's all my fault.

JONATHAN

Shhhhh. It will be alright. You just need some rest. We'll figure this out in the morning.

VICTORIA

He was so strong, so fast, I almost couldn't see him.

JONATHAN

It's okay Victoria. Shhhhh.

Jonathan, scoops Victoria up off the bench and carries her up to his room.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

Jonathan is sitting at his desk chair. His head lowered in prayer, his rosary clutched tightly in his hand.

Across the room Victoria stirs on the bed. She sits up and looks over at Jonathan who is lost in his thoughts.

Victoria makes her way silently across the room. The fabric of the robes Jonathan left for her falls from her shoulders revealing only a hint of the thin, sensual form underneath. She is right on top of Jonathan before he notices she is there.

JONATHAN

Victoria.

Jonathan leans forward embracing her, rest his cheek on her stomach.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

I am so happy you are safe. I don't know what I would have done if -

Victoria runs her fingers through his hair. He looks up at her, her pale skin almost glowing in the dim light. He rises to his feet, eyes locked on hers.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

I don't know that my heart could have lived if you had not.

Victoria puts her finger over his lips interrupting him.

VICTORIA

Shhhhh.

She slides her finger over his lips and down his chin, their eyes still locked.

JONATHAN

My beautiful angel.

VICTORIA

Shhhhh.

They move closer together. Jonathan brushes the hair from her face, softly running his fingers down the side of her neck to her collar bone. Her head tilts to one side exposing her naked shoulder and neck. The bite wound is gone.

Jonathan's finger tips glide over her skin, so softly, and gently, making tiny circles. He slides the edge of the robe down her arm and runs his fingers back along the back of her arm sending shivers down Victoria spine.

Delicately they make their way along her body and up her neck.

He takes her head in her hands and pulls her to his lips. The kiss is long and sensual leaving them both breathless.

Victoria gently pushes her lover back onto the chair. She raises the edges of the robe enough to climb onto his lap, steadying herself with his shoulders. Jonathan grabs her passionately, digging his fingers into her back, forcing her to arch backwards.

They make love, overlooking the garden where they first met.

As the excitement grows something begins to change.

Victoria can feel something growing in her, a hunger.

Her movements become faster and more intense. Her head tilts back and her mouth opens.

Images of her attack flash through her mind. She can feel something happening. She remembers Smythe's face, his evil grin. She remembers the smell of the blood, and she remembers that he wasn't really a man.

She runs her tongue over her teeth. Fangs slide out. Her eyes widen and the look on her face changes from ecstasy to fear.

She pushes herself away from Jonathan, covering her mouth with her hand.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Don't!

JONATHAN

What?

VICTORIA

Don't look at me.

JONATHAN

Victoria? What's wrong?

VICTORIA

I don't want you to see.

JONATHAN

See what my love?

VICTORIA

I don't want you to see me. You can't see me.

Tears well up in Victoria's eyes.

JONATHAN
Victoria, what's wrong?

VICTORIA
I can't!

Images flood back to her, of what happened in the kitchen.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Victoria bursts through the door, covered in blood falling nose to nose with Mrs. Baker's body.

Through the swinging door the body of the coachman can be seen slumped in the corner.

EXT. CHURCH - JONATHAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Victoria turns her head away from the visions in her mind.

JONATHAN
I don't understand! What is going on?

VICTORIA
Jonathan, I did it!

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DEN - EVENING - FLASHBACK

Victoria's father lies limp in the chair, his tongue hanging out of his mouth slightly.

EXT. CHURCH - JONATHAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

VICTORIA
I did it! I did it! It was me!

JONATHAN
What was you?

Jonathan takes a step towards her. She recoils away from him, stretching out her hand to keep him at bay.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Victoria, I love you. Nothing you could have done will ever change that. You're my Angel.

Jonathan looks at Victoria. There is pain and confusion in his eyes.

VICTORIA
I can't.

JONATHAN
There's nothing!

Victoria lowers her hand from her mouth. Her lips concealing the her dark secret.

VICTORIA
I am the one responsible for what happened.

As soon as her lips open the candlelight catches her fangs. Jonathan's face goes pale.

He stumbles backwards falling over the bench they had just shared.

JONATHAN
What manner of evil is this?

VICTORIA
Jonathan?

JONATHAN
Beast! This is the Devil's work.

Jonathan, raises his fingers in the shape of a cross. Victoria is confused and takes a step towards her lover, tears welling up in her eyes.

He scrambles backwards.

She begins sobbing, and covers her face in shame.

VICTORIA
I don't know what happened. I'm so sorry. I couldn't have done those things.

Jonathan looks at her, his heart breaking.

JONATHAN
Victoria.
(beat)
I -

Victoria looks up at him still sobbing. She is destroyed.

He starts to reach for her, then stops.

He looks down at the ground and turns away from her.

Her misery echoes through the empty streets sending sleeping birds flying as she runs from the church into the night.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

What have I done?

Jonathan pounds his fists on the desk in frustration and anger.

EXT. LONDON - STREET - NIGHT

Victoria is hysterical.

She is running blindly through the streets crying.

She runs until she can't run anymore, and falls to her knees.

Across the street, in the shadows of an alley something silver catches the light.

Victoria looks up.

The sound of song and laughter can be heard in the night air. She wipes her face on the sleeve of the robe and gets back on her feet.

She follows the sound until she reaches a corner.

Across the street a group of drunk men and prostitutes are stumbling back and forth in front of a tavern.

She wipes her eyes again, and crosses the road.

There is a flash of color at the opening of the alley behind Victoria, and the silhouette of a man moves into view.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

Prostitutes are falling over themselves and the drunks who have made it out of the bar.

RED-HEADED PROSTITUTE

What's this then?

Victoria walks slowly past the three haggard women.

VOMITING DRUNK

I don't know Lucy, she looks like a poor little choir boy dressed in those robes. Come 'ere and give us a kiss!

The drunk laughs until he vomits. One of the prostitutes helps the him to the corner.

BRUNETTE PROSTITUTE

(laughing)

Oh, I think she's lovely! And it looks like she's had a bit of fun with the Padre.

VICTORIA

Get out of my way.

Victoria's jaw clenches, and she shoves the woman blocking her entrance to the pub.

SCABBY PROSTITUTE

That's no way to treat a lady.

The third prostitute draws a little stiletto dagger from her hair and moves to help block Victoria's entrance into the pub.

SCABBY PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)

Give us your money.

Victoria lowers her head.

VICTORIA

I told you to get out of my way.

BRUNETTE PROSTITUTE

Maybe we didn't like the way you said it.

SCABBY PROSTITUTE

Maybe we don't like the way you're dressed sweetie. This is our pub, it's our business, and no little trollop like you is going to tell us what to do.

VICTORIA

I will tell you one more time. Get out of my way.

SCABBY PROSTITUTE

Or what?

Victoria raises her eyes to meet her would be attackers. Her stare is ice cold, emotionless, it is the look of a killer.

The woman shy away from Victoria's advance.

She shoves them to the side as she moves past them into the bar.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

There is a thick layer of smoke hanging in the stale air of the pub.

The men are drunk, the women are falling over them. It is truly a disgusting orgy of beer and flesh.

Victoria, is disgusted, but makes her way through the crowd.

Men grab at her as she brushes past their tables.

Victoria finds a dark corner.

The noise is not as harsh and the stench of drunken merchants and sailors isn't making her gag.

There's a new smell in the air, something sweet. She looks around the bar sniffing at the air trying to get a fix on the sweet aroma that is filling her nostrils.

About eight feet away a woman and a man are passionately fondling each other. It is the smell of excitement that has her going.

Victoria licks her lips and lean against the post in front of her to get a better view. A cold hand grabs her upper arm.

MR. SMYTHE

You smell it don't you? You can almost taste the sweat on his brow, and feel her heart pounding. You want them.

Victoria tries to turn, but the grip on her arm is too strong.

VICTORIA

I, I don't know what you mean.

MR. SMYTHE

Yes you do. You know the feeling inside you isn't just a simple hunger.

(MORE)

MR. SMYTHE (cont'd)

You want them, you want to experience them. You can see the tiny beads of sweat on her bosom, you can smell the perfume, you can almost feel his skin pressing against hers. You need them.

VICTORIA

I... I can't.

The couple continues to make out, grinding against each other.

MR. SMYTHE

(whispering in Victoria's ear)

Sure you can. You're a killer now. You're a predator.

Victoria shies away from the man behind her.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)

You're swift, strong. You could have them if you'd only let go.

VICTORIA

No, I just...

MR. SMYTHE

Look at them. I know you can smell it in the air. The sweet taste of their passion. It's almost overwhelming isn't it. I wonder if you could handle such passion? Do you think you could? HMMMMM, Victoria?

The man runs a finger down Victoria's neck sending an exciting shiver down Victoria's body.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)

Look at her. So young, so sensual, and him...ummmmmmm. Watch the way the light seems to dance off his shoulders. They are one with each other. Don't you want to be a part of that? Don't you want to feel what they are feeling. Taste the excitement flowing down your throat, warm, sweet and satisfying. You're a hunter, they are your prey.

Victoria is becoming excited. Her eyes brighten and her fangs lengthen.

VICTORIA
(breathing heavy)
No, I won't.

The Vampire continue's to run his finger along Victoria's shoulder, down her neck, across her collar bone, and softly down between her cleavage.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
No I can't!

Victoria whips around to face the man behind her.

He is gone.

Victoria turns back to the couple she had been admiring, but they are gone too.

She runs from the pub frightened and ashamed.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Victoria is wandering around aimlessly. She is trying to get her bearings.

She is standing across the street from a large building with boarded up windows and doors.

Above the rooftops the sky is growing lighter. The sun will be rising soon.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Victoria punches through the boards on one of the windows.

She squeezes through the opening she has made.

The room is dark. The only light is coming from the street behind her, and the ever rising sun.

She turns briefly and looks outside, but the light is too much for her, and she retreats into the darkness of the shadows.

Her eyes adjust. It is as though a blue light is shining. Even the dark corners of the room are as clear as day.

There is a strange sound. Like tiny footsteps behind the wall. Scratching sounds, and little squeaks.

Then she sees them, Rats dozens of them crawling around in the darkness fighting with each other over garbage.

The sound of dripping water catches her attention. It echoes.

She follows the sound into the basement. It is a storage room. Large wooden casks rest in cradles along the walls.

The barrels are old, and leaky. The dripping is coming from the tap on one of the barrels.

Victoria walks through room, she finds a corner with a pile of straw and curls up.

She begins to cry, quietly sobbing herself to sleep.

EXT. LONDON - DAY

A large crowd is gathered.

Police are pushing back the bystanders who are straining to see what has happened.

Father Thomas arrives, and pushes his way through the crowd.

FATHER THOMAS
What has happened here?

POLICE MAN
Nothing father. One of the whores
got herself killed last night is
all.

FATHER THOMAS
Really? What a shame.

The police man looks around.

POLICE MAN
Damn near gutted her!
(beat)
And her head was practically torn
off her shoulders.

The priest looks past the officer.

POLICE MAN

I think some dogs must have had their way with her when the killing was done. No way a man could've done those horrible things.

Father Thomas rests his hand on the officers shoulder.

FATHER THOMAS

I'm sure you're right my son.
(beat)
May I offer the deceased a prayer?

The officer nods, and allows Father Thomas to pass.

Thomas bends down and takes the woman's hand. He lifts the edge of the blanket that is covering her and inspects the wounds.

It is the prostitute Victoria argued with the night before.

Tucked behind the woman's ear is a beautiful red rose.

FATHER THOMAS

Yes, your head is practically severed isn't it. I don't think I will need to see you later.
(beat)
Go with god.

INT. CHURCH - JONATHAN'S ROOM

Father Thomas lets himself in.

Jonathan is deep in thought at his desk.

There are books and papers all over the room.

FATHER THOMAS

Jonathan?

Jonathan jumps.

JONATHAN

Father Thomas, I didn't hear you come in.

FATHER THOMAS

I am glad to see you are taking your studies more seriously, with the beast here in our very own city. But remember my son, cleanliness is next to Godliness.

JONATHAN

I don't have time for studies now. She needs me!

The priest looks puzzled.

FATHER THOMAS

Who needs you?

Jonathan slams his book closed.

JONATHAN

Victoria!

FATHER THOMAS

The harlot? She is of no consequence. We have bigger problems and challenges ahead of us.

Jonathan rises to his feet.

JONATHAN

She came to me last night Father. Sick and injured.

FATHER THOMAS

Sick and injured in what way?

JONATHAN

I believe she was attacked by the very beast we are hunting.

The priest grabs Jonathan by the shirt.

FATHER THOMAS

Do not toy with me boy! These things are not to be taken lightly.

Father Thomas examines Jonathan's neck for wounds.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)

Explain yourself!

Jonathan sits back down at his desk.

JONATHAN

I found her in the garden. She was beside herself with grief. She told me that she had been attacked in the street by a man with whom her father was doing business. When she awoke the next day she found herself in the kitchen covered with blood and everyone around her dead!

The priests eyes widen.

FATHER THOMAS

Take me to her! Now! She must be cleansed!

JONATHAN

I don't know where she is.

The priest slaps Jonathan across the face.

FATHER THOMAS

You betray yourself, Boy. You betray me, and most of all the Lord our God.

JONATHAN

No father! She can be saved.
(grabbing a book from his desk)
I found a passage that indicates that if the one who sired her is slain before she takes a life her soul is redeemed.

The priest is visibly disgusted.

FATHER THOMAS

Stupid child! There is only one way for her polluted soul to be redeemed, and I will bring her to salvation.

The priest turns to leave.

Jonathan grabs his arm.

JONATHAN

No! I will not allow this!

FATHER THOMAS

Who do you think you are?

JONATHAN

I am a servant of God.

FATHER THOMAS

You are nothing!

JONATHAN

You claim to do the Lords bidding,
but you are a cruel man. My God is
peace. My God is forgiveness. Your
God -

FATHER THOMAS

Careful Boy!

The priest swings at Jonathan.

Jonathan easily blocks the blow.

JONATHAN

You think yourself a God!

Jonathan storms out of the room pushing past the priest.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Victoria bolts straight up.

Her eyes are blood red, and marbled with purple and blue
veins.

She grabs her stomach. It growls.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

A sailor is stumbling around, drunk as a skunk signing his
heart out with a bottle in his hand.

Crates, boxes and cargo netting cover the slippery surfaces
of the wooden walkways.

The light from a few oil lamps nailed to the dock posts is
the only break in the darkness.

Victoria steps out of the shadows.

The drunk stops singing when he notices her.

On the roof of a nearby shack, the Vampire sits watching
Victoria play with her food.

SAILOR
Hello, Love. Fancy a snort?

The sailor offers his bottle.

VICTORIA
No thank you.

SAILOR
Suit yourself.

The sailor falls back against a post.

VICTORIA
You can help me sir. I am terribly
hungry.

The sailor laughs.

SAILOR
Me too! 'fraid I can't help ya! I
spent all my coin on this here
liquid refreshment.

VICTORIA
But something smells so good!

The sailor laughs so hard that he drops his bottle. It
shatters on the ground.

SAILOR
Bugger me!

The sailor reaches down to grab it, but slices his hand open
on the broken glass.

SAILOR (CONT'D)
Ah, bollocks.

Victoria's head cocks at a strange angle. She slowly opens
her eyes, which are practically glowing.

The sailor looks up from the hand he is nursing. He sees her
face, and stumbles backward and trips over some cargo
netting.

In a flash she is upon him.

She cradles him under his arms, feasting on him.

He struggles trying to get his footing on the slippery
boards, but falls limp from the loss of blood.

Victoria stops, shocked by the weight of the man in her arms.

She looks at him.

He moans.

Tears well up in her eyes. She drops him to the ground, and runs off.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

Father Thomas is slinking through the streets.

A group of prostitutes are gathered by the side door of a tavern.

FATHER THOMAS
Good evening ladies.

One of the prostitutes turns.

PROSTITUTE
See, I told you. A man is a man. A little piece of cloth doesn't make a bit of difference.

FATHER THOMAS
I am looking for a girl.

The whores giggle.

PROSTITUTE
Now that's a first. A priest looking for a girl!

FATHER THOMAS
She has dark hair, and pale skin.

PROSTITUTE
Mary's got dark hair. How's 'bout givin' her a toss.

FATHER THOMAS
You misunderstand me. She's not a whore, she's a killer.

PROSTITUTE
Who are you calling a whore?

The priest shakes his head.

He lunges at the woman, grabbing her by the throat.

FATHER THOMAS

Listen you foul thing. The girl!
She wouldn't look like she belonged
out here.

The other prostitutes move in to help their friend.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)

I would not move another step.
(beat)
The Girl!

Another woman steps forward.

SCABBY PROSTITUTE

I saw a girl like that.

The priest drops the woman. She collapses to the ground. Her friends rush to her side.

Father Thomas approaches the Scabby Prostitute.

FATHER THOMAS

Where did you see her?

The woman cowers.

SCABBY PROSTITUTE

Just around the corner, at the
Boars Head, last night.

Father Thomas turns away, tossing a coin at the feet of the woman he strangled.

EXT. LONDON - MORNING

The sun rises over the roof tops.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A delivery man is knocking on the front door.

DELIVERY MAN

Package for Mr. Redding.

He knocks again.

He waits a moment, and tries to peak into the windows.

He can't see anything.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - BACK-DOOR

The delivery man walks around the corner of the Townhouse, looking up at the windows for signs of life.

He knocks on the back door.

DELIVERY MAN

Hello? Package for Mr. Redding.

He sets the parcel down, and climbs onto the rain barrel.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - LOOKING OUT

The delivery man struggles to peak in the window.

When he has his footing and looks inside.

His eyes widen and he falls off the barrel.

EXT. LONDON - STREET

The delivery man runs back to the front of the house.

He is screaming and waving his hands.

A police officer sees the commotion he is starting and goes over to investigate.

POLICE MAN 2

What seems to be the problem here?

DELIVERY MAN

My god, sir. It's 'orrible! Blood everywhere.

The delivery man points to the Redding townhouse.

The officer knocks on the front door. There is no answer.

He tries the handle and the door swings open.

POLICE MAN 2

Hello? Is anyone here?

He steps over the threshold, and disappears into the house.

A large crowd has started gathering.

The policeman runs back out the door, and vomits over the cast iron railing.

DELIVERY MAN
What is it?

POLICE MAN 2
I've never -

The officer pulls out his whistle and begins blowing it, calling other officers to the scene.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - LATER

The crowd is much larger.

The delivery man is sitting on the back step of a police carriage being interrogate by several officers.

Father Thomas' ornate carriage pulls up to the Townhouse.

He steps out slowly.

POLICE MAN
Oh, Father! You certainly have a
knack for showing up at the
strangest of times.

FATHER THOMAS
I go where I am needed my son.

He approaches the door.

POLICE MAN
We're almost done in here.
(beat)
Father, if anyone ever needed your
services, these poor souls
certainly do.
(beat)
I've never seen anything like it.

A man runs up behind the crowd.

DOCK WORKER
They've found another body!

The Priest whips around.

POLICE MAN
What's that?

DOCK WORKER

They found a man at the docks.
Looks like he's been mauled!

The officer turns to Father Thomas, but catches only a glimpse of the priests robes disappearing into the carriage as it pulls away.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

Father Thomas is kneeling beside the corpse of the drunken sailor as Jonathan walks up.

FATHER THOMAS

(without looking up)
Do you see your woman's handy work?

JONATHAN

We don't know what happened here,
it could have been the same thing
that attacked her.

The priest turns slowly.

FATHER THOMAS

Do you see here.
(point to the teeth marks)
They are much closer together than
the others. This is more of a woman
size mark. Wouldn't you say?

Jonathan bends down to take a closer look.

Father Thomas grabs Jonathan by the rosary around his neck and pulls him down to the gapping wound in the mans neck.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)

She's killed. Her soul is forfeit!

JONATHAN

I don't believe it.

FATHER THOMAS

Ignorant peasant. You know what
these beasts are capable of! You
have seen it with your own eyes.

JONATHAN

Not her!

The priest shoves him away.

FATHER THOMAS
Look at him! Look!

Jonathan looks down at the body.

The man seems almost peaceful. Then he notices it. Clutched in the man's hand is a single red rose, like the one he gave Victoria.

Jonathan freezes.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)
What is it? You've seen something.

Jonathan walks away.

JONATHAN
Nothing.

Jonathan walks away, leaving the priest scouring the body for a clue.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A soft voice calls out to Victoria who is curled up in the dark corner.

VICTORIA
Daddy?

MR. SMYTHE
You could call me that.

Victoria jumps to her feet, scanning the darkness for the man, claws at the ready.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Oh, look at you! So tough.

Victoria sniffs the air.

VICTORIA
Your stench betrays you Smythe!

MR. SMYTHE
Now, now, no need for insults. What would your father say?
(laughing)
Oh, that's right. Not much!

The Vampire's laughter fills the abandoned warehouse.

Victoria rushes up to the main floor.

VICTORIA
Why are you hiding Smythe?

MR. SMYTHE
Oh, I'm not hiding, Angel. I'm hunting.
(beat)
You know about hunting. That poor sailor, he was so surprised. I particularly enjoyed how you played with him a bit before tearing his throat out.

Victoria flinches, recalling her first attempt at feeding.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)
Oh, don't give me that. You were spectacular. I couldn't have done a better job myself.

VICTORIA
Bastard!

The vampire appears behind Victoria.

MR. SMYTHE
What have I told you about that sort of thing?

Smythe slaps Victoria, sending her flying across the room.
She crashes into the wall and falls in a heap on the floor.
Victoria struggles to her feet, wiping blood from her mouth.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)
Do you recall killing your family?
Or did the hunger take over completely. That's how I remember it. It was so overwhelming that I couldn't help myself.

VICTORIA
Shut up!

MR. SMYTHE
Daddy looked surprised didn't he?

Victoria catches a glimpse of the Vampire perched on one of the ceiling rafters.

She launches herself into the air.

The vampire runs across the wooden beam to the other side of the room.

VICTORIA
I'll kill you!

The Vampire laughs, taunting her.

She leaps at him again.

He side steps off the beam, hovering as if he were still standing on solid ground.

Victoria grabs for him, but he leans back and floats away disappearing into the darkness.

Victoria follows, jumping from beam to beam, until she reaches a hole in the roof where a chimney had been.

She can hear creaky footsteps on the roof above her.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

Victoria climbs through the hole.

Smythe is leaning against a pipe protruding from the shingles.

MR. SMYTHE
Now, Victoria this simply won't do.
I can't have you chasing me all
night. I have things to do, people
to kill.

Victoria fights to keep her balance on the rickety old rooftop.

She takes a step towards him, reaching out her hand.

As her finger tips touch the fabric of his coat, a blinding gust of wind whips dust and garbage up from the street.

She turns away, covering her face and eyes.

When she looks back the beast is gone.

Amongst the garbage now clinging to the cracks and nails protruding from the roof is a news paper. The headline reads, "*Three dead in house of horrors*". She picks up the paper to get a better look.

The image, though slightly weathered depicts two police officers removing a body from the house. The arm of the body has fallen out from under the tarp it is wrapped in. Mr. Redding's wedding ring is clearly visible on the hand.

Victoria falls to her knees.

EXT. LONDON - FOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Father Thomas is scouring the city. He stops only to interrogate the bums and prostitutes he finds along the way.

He rests his foot on the edge of a fountain, adjusting the various weapons he has tucked about his person.

MR. SMYTHE

Ezekiel!

Thomas scans the darkness.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)

How long has it been? Twenty years?

(beat)

Have the burns healed?

Thomas rubs his gloved hands together, remembering the pain.

FATHER THOMAS

I don't fear you beast!

The Vampire appears behind the priest.

MR. SMYTHE

(whispering)

You should.

Thomas whips around, dagger drawn, but swings at nothing.

FATHER THOMAS

I'll find you beast! You'll pay for what you've done.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

Jonathan, exhausted from searching falls against the wall of an alley.

JONATHAN

(shouting)

Victoria!

Silence.

Jonathan drops his head.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Victoria.

Victoria steps out of the shadows.

VICTORIA
Jonathan?

Jonathan's face lights up at the sight of her.

JONATHAN
Victoria! Oh, thank God.

They rush to meet each other. Falling to the ground in an embrace.

JONATHAN
I've been looking for you.

VICTORIA
I'm here now.

JONATHAN
You're cold.

VICTORIA
It's nothing.

Jonathan looks at Victoria. She is a little disheveled, but even after days of living in an abandoned warehouse she's quite striking.

JONATHAN
Victoria.
(beat)
I know what has happened. I know about the man at the docks and the people at your father's home.

Victoria pulls away.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
It doesn't matter to me. I know who you are.
(beat)
I know that I love you.
(beat)
Father Thomas is hunting you. He won't stop until he has you. I can't let that happen. I won't.

Victoria throws her arms around Jonathan.

VICTORIA
Jonathan, I don't know what to say
to you. Things are -

With tears running down his cheek Jonathan raises a silver dagger behind Victoria's back.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Things are complicated.

Jonathan is hesitating.

JONATHAN
(whispering)
I know.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
The man at the dock. I couldn't
help myself.

Jonathan squeezes Victoria tighter.

A shadowy figure steps out of the darkness.

FATHER THOMAS
Do it, Boy!

Jonathan gasps.

Victoria spins around catching a glimpse of the silver blade in her lovers hand.

FATHER THOMAS
You saw what she did! You saw the
death and destruction that falls in
her wake. Strike boy! Strike!

Jonathan drops the knife, and stares helplessly at the ground.

FATHER THOMAS
Weakness!

VICTORIA
Jonathan?

Jonathan turns away, ashamed of himself, unable to look at her.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Jonathan, why?

The sound of a blade being unsheathed cuts the painful silence.

Victoria whirls around as the blade of Thomas' sword whizzes past her face.

Victoria Scrambles backward, evading lunge after lunge.

FATHER THOMAS

Foul creature, I will send you back
to hell.

Victoria casts another look at Jonathan who has not moved. He looks beaten and exhausted.

The priest's blade whizzes past her again.

Victoria hisses, and leaps to a window ledge out of reach, then up to the roof and into the shelter of the darkness.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)

You stupid boy! You had her!

Jonathan looks up.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)

One more second and I could have -

Jonathan launches himself at the priest, knocking the man to the ground.

Jonathan lands on top, pinning Thomas by his shoulders.

JONATHAN

If anyone is going to bring her
peace, it will be me. And it will
be on my terms, when I am ready.

Father Thomas smirks.

FATHER THOMAS

Don't fool yourself boy. She is
lost to you. If I hadn't come
along, it is your body I'd would be
burning tomorrow.

Jonathan pushes himself to his feet, and grabs the silver dagger from the ground as he rushes after Victoria.

EXT. LONDON - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Victoria sits perched high above the street. The sounds of the night filling the air.

A gentle breeze is blowing, tossing her hair gently about her shoulders.

She closes her eyes and lets the wind wash over her face. She takes a long deep breath.

Her eyes pop open.

VICTORIA

You!

She's off in a flash, leaping from roof to roof, knocking shingles and loose bricks to the ground.

EXT. LONDON - DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Smythe is feasting on some poor urchin.

Victoria crashes to the ground behind him.

Her eyes are wild. She is ready to fight.

Blood pours from the woman's neck, making a dripping noise as it hits the ground.

MR. SMYTHE

Hello. So nice of you to join us
for dinner.

Victoria says nothing.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)

(to the body)

How rude! Wouldn't you say?

The Vampire spins around, waltzing through the alley with the dying woman in his arms, whistling.

Blood is spraying everywhere.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)

You know, a girl's got to eat! You
never know what'll happen if you
don't, or -

(in a mean tone)

Who it'll happen too.

The smell of the blood is intoxicating.

Victoria is almost mesmerized by the wound on the woman's neck. Her eyes locked on it as the Vampire continues to toy with his dinner.

VICTORIA
(forced)
I am no killer.

The vampire drops the woman to the ground.

Victoria's watches like a cat about to pounce.

MR. SMYTHE
Of course you are dear.
(beat)
Look at you, practically drooling
on yourself. It's very unbecoming.

Victoria catches herself.

VICTORIA
You did this to me.

MR. SMYTHE
Facts are facts. I am responsible,
but you had a part to play in it
yourself.

The Vampire raises his hand. His little finger is missing.

He shakes his head at her, making a tisk-tisk noise.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)
All you had to do is die like a
good little sausage.
(beat)
Instead, this.

Victoria is speechless.

The Vampire bends down and grabs the dying woman's wrist, and drags her towards Victoria who is in a bit of a daze.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)
Take her. I'm full.

The Vampire drops the woman at Victoria's feet. He steps out of the alley and vanishes in a flash.

The faint sounds of whistling can be heard gradually fading away.

Victoria looks down at the woman, who is trying to move away.

Victoria's heart pounds in her chest. She can see the heat pouring from the wound on the woman's neck. She gets a little flushed. Victoria bends down slowly towards the woman. There is an almost inaudible whimper.

Victoria stops, but only for a moment.

The hunger is powerful.

She timidly reaches down and touches the gaping wound.

She tastes the blood on her fingers. Pure pleasure.

She bends down to drink.

Suddenly the alley lights up.

Twenty men carrying lanterns and torches stand before her, Father Thomas at the front.

FATHER THOMAS
Stop heathen beast!

Victoria looks down at the woman, then back at the men.

The priest attacks.

He is a masterful swordsman, and skilled hunter. Even with her vampire speed, and agility, Victoria is finding it difficult to avoid his attacks.

She is not accustomed to fighting and it shows.

More accidentally than planned, Victoria lands a glancing blow which sends the priest flying into the crowd of men.

As he flies through the air, he manages to catch Victoria with the tip of his sword slicing into her cheek. The wound is not deep but steams as the silver meets her undead flesh.

Victoria grabs her cheek and wastes no time fleeing.

She leaps into the air scaling the wall, just as the men rush the alley.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Victoria pushes through the crowd to a dark corner, nursing the cut on her face.

MR. SMYTHE
It'll heel.

Victoria is startled.

VICTORIA
You Bastard! What am I?

MR. SMYTHE
I keep telling you. You're a
killer, a hunter. You're just like
me.

VICTORIA
I am nothing like you.

MR. SMYTHE
No? How did she taste?

Victoria hauls off and hits the Vampire across the face.

He snickers.

She spits in his face.

Smythe wipes it off with his hand, and licks his palm.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)
I remember the taste of you.

The Vampire circles Victoria.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)
Child, you've been a Vampire for
less than a week and you already
have a Dominican, and an angry mob
hunting you. You're being blamed
for the brutal murders all over
town, and even your lover tried to
kill you. You need me.

VICTORIA
I haven't -

MR. SMYTHE
Oh, I know. I've been leaving
presents.

Victoria is confused.

The Vampire, makes a few strange gestures with his hand and
like any parlour magician a rose appears in his hand.

Victoria's mind flashes back to the night Jonathan gave her the rose.

She screams, and jumps the Vampire.

They crash into walls, spinning wildly knocking over patrons, which raises a bit of a fuss in the Tavern.

BARKEEP
Take it outside!

A few people laugh, and go back to their drinks.

The Vampire tires of the game, and throws Victoria to the floor.

He straightens his clothes.

Victoria swings again, but the Vampire suddenly appears behind her.

He grabs her by the neck and lifts her off the ground.

Victoria is immobilized.

MR. SMYTHE
Careful Love, you don't know what
you're dealing with.

He drops her.

She spins around to attack again, but he is gone.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

Victoria runs out into the street but there is no sign of Smythe.

The sun is beginning to creep in, telling her it is time to sleep.

INT. CHURCH - TRAINING ROOM

Jonathan, is sitting in the middle of the room cross legged. His eyes are closed, and his breathing is deep.

The shutters that normally block out the sun are wide open.

The silver blades and weapons sparkle in the light.

After a moment. He reaches up, and tears the Dominican symbol off from around his neck.

The medallion falls to the ground, bouncing off the stone floor as he flies from the room.

A rack containing three silver bladed swords, is one short.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DUSK

Victoria wakes with a start.

VICTORIA
Smythe!

She slams her hand against the wall, cracking the deteriorating bricks.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

Victoria is leaping from rooftop to rooftop, scanning the alleys and side streets for signs of the Vampire.

A cloaked man is standing alone in the center of a crossroads.

She pauses for a moment. It looks like it might be Jonathan.

Victoria jumps down to investigate.

She drops to the ground and approaches the figure. As she approaches it becomes clear that it is not Jonathan.

She begins to turn away when the ground in front of her explodes in flames.

Thirty men rush in, encircling her.

MR. SMYTHE
Get 'er men!

The cloaked man throws off his veil. It's Smythe!

A few of the men run in with pitch forks swinging at her wildly.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)
That's it! Get 'er!

Smythe laughs, and shoves his way back through the mob, whistling as he disappears into the crowd.

Victoria is surrounded.

The men lunge at her, keeping to a safe distance. Each one scared to get too close in case Victoria pounces.

A large man steps a little closer, close enough for Victoria to grab the stick he is poking at her with.

She swings the man sideways taking out a few of his compatriots using him as a giant club.

She frantically waves the stick in front of her keeping the men at bay.

JONATHAN
(yelling)
Enough!

The crowd parts a little.

VICTORIA
Jonathan?

The young man looks up.

Victoria is relieved. Then she notices the blade in Jonathan's hand.

The crowd is silent.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Jonathan?

Victoria is confused. She is looking at Jonathan looking for a sign or an answer.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
I have nothing left Jonathan!
Nothing! That man, that creature
took it all.

JONATHAN
I know.

VICTORIA
Then why, Jonathan?

Victoria is starting to panic.

JONATHAN
You don't understand.

The crowd of men is getting impatient. They begin to push forward again.

Jonathan raises his blade in the air, stopping the men dead in their tracks.

VICTORIA
How could you?

The men push forward again. Jonathan turns, swinging his sword in front of him.

Victoria leaps onto the top of a carriage.

A man tosses an oil lamp into the square igniting the ground beneath the carriage.

With that Victoria leaps to the roof, and disappears into darkness concealed by the flash and smoke of the fire.

JONATHAN
(yelling)
She is not the one we want! She is
not responsible for the killings!

He turns to acknowledge Victoria, and her innocence, but she is gone.

THUG
She's a beast! You saw what she
did! Nothing human can do that!

The crowd roars.

JONATHAN
She is sick! The cure is the death
of a beast one hundred times worse.

The crowd jeers the young man. He is knocked around as the mob begins its chase again, running down the road in the direction Victoria disappeared.

INT. CHURCH - THOMAS' STUDY

Father Thomas is frantically searching through his research, rushing from one stack of books to another.

The window behind him explodes throwing glass all over the room.

Victoria lands in the middle of the room directly in front of the priest.

He frantically tries to raise the large crucifix around his neck to fend her off, but she slaps it away.

VICTORIA
How dare you! How dare you send
Jonathan!

He runs for the door, but he is too slow, she has it blocked.

He runs towards his desk where a pile of silver weapons lie arranged neatly according to size. Too slow!

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
You'll have to be faster than that
Father.

Victoria slams the priest against the wall.

FATHER THOMAS
Get out Demon! You are in the house
of the Lord! You can not defile
this place with your evil.

VICTORIA
Evil? Let's talk about evil for a
moment Father?

Victoria leans in close to the priest, pressing her body up against his.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
What evil are you talking about?
Are you talking about betrayal?

Victoria reaches behind her and grabs one of the silver dagger from the desk. It steams in her hand.

A twinge of pain flashes across her face but it twists into a smile as she drive the knife through the priest scarred palm pinning it to the wall behind him.

FATHER THOMAS
(whimpering)
Please no.

VICTORIA
Or are you talking about lust?

Victoria nibbles on the priest's ear and licks his neck seductively.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 (whispered)
 Are you talking about passion
 father.

Victoria rubs her body against the priest. She reaches back to the desk again for another weapon.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 What evil are you talking about
 Father? Are you talking about
 murder?

FATHER THOMAS
 Please! No!

The priest squeals as a blade punches through his other palm tacking it to the wall. He has been crucified.

VICTORIA
 No, I think you're talking about
 Love. Isn't that what we're talking
 about.

Victoria kisses the priest cheek.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 Sweet, tender love. Honest, pure
 love?

She kisses him all over his face, and ends passionately on his lips.

FATHER THOMAS
 I'm sorry. Please.

VICTORIA
 Are you begging?

FATHER THOMAS
 By all that is holy and good leave
 me in peace foul creature. I have
 suffered for my sins already.

VICTORIA
 What sins you pious bastard?

FATHER THOMAS
 God help me! Oh Lord, deliver me
 from this evil place.

Victoria twists the metal in the mans palm.

FATHER THOMAS

The beast. He was my first.

(beat)

He was given to me during my instruction, so that I might learn the proper techniques for...

Victoria twists the metal again, her flesh steaming.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)

Oh, dear God.

VICTORIA

Where was God when I begged for him? Where was he when I was attacked and my innocence taken?

(beat)

The beast! Speak!

Father Thomas begins praying.

FATHER THOMAS

There was an accident. He tricked me, and escaped. I followed him for weeks. When I found him it was too late.

VICTORIA

Too late?

FATHER THOMAS

Oh, Heavenly Father forgive me.

Victoria cranks the dagger again.

The Priest wails in pain.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)

I have suffered. I have burned for my sins. I have seen loss and known fear. Forgive me. I was young and foolish.

VICTORIA

Do you know what it's like to lose your Father?

Victoria turns and looks at the assortment of weapons lying on the desk.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Do you know what it's like to lose everything?

The priest is whimpering, and watching Victoria very closely.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 (screaming)
 Go on! Tell me!

Thomas lowers his head.

FATHER THOMAS
 He killed them. By the time I
 caught up with him he had killed
 Jonathan's family. I'm so sorry.

Victoria pauses for a moment.

VICTORIA
 Have you told him?

FATHER THOMAS
 He knows that a beast like you
 killed his family. He does not know
 about my folly.
 (beat)
 Please, in God's name. I beg you.

Victoria is enraged.

VICTORIA
 God's name? Why would your God save
 you when my prayers fell on deaf
 ears. Why?
 (screaming)
 Where was he when I begged for him?
 Where was he when I cried out in
 pain? Where was he when I bled in
 the street?

Victoria opens her mouth revealing her fangs to the priest.
 He turns his head, and closes his eyes.

She leans in closer and closer.

Nothing.

The priest slowly opens his eyes and looks around the room.

Victoria is gone.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Victoria rushes away from the Church hurriedly making her way
 back to the warehouse to confront Smythe.

She steps out of the shadows to cross the street.

JONATHAN

Victoria?

Victoria freezes.

VICTORIA

Jonathan.

Jonathan takes a step towards her.

Victoria steps away.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Not yet Jonathan. There's something
I have to do.

Jonathan looks confused.

JONATHAN

Victoria?

VICTORIA

No, Jonathan.

(beat)

Just give me a little more time,
and everything will be fine. I
promise.

JONATHAN

Victoria, I love you.

Victoria smiles and runs off into the darkness.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Smythe leans the body of a young man against the wall of
Victoria's warehouse.

With the tips of his long thin fingers he pulls a nail out of
one of the boards covering the windows.

He raises the cadaver's hand well above his head and drives
the nail through the man's wrist.

EXT. LONDON - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Victoria sits perched on the edge of a high rooftop scanning
the streets for signs of Smythe.

She hears a familiar toon being whistled somewhere close by.

INT. CHURCH - THOMAS' STUDY - NIGHT

Jonathan rushes into Thomas' study.

The priest is still hanging from the wall where Victoria left him.

JONATHAN

Father Thomas, I have good news!

Jonathan stops dead in his tracks when he looks up to see the horror before him.

FATHER THOMAS

Jonathan. Jonathan my son. Come, help me. Please!

Jonathan rushes to Thomas' side.

JONATHAN

Father Thomas, how did this happen?

Jonathan eases the priest down off the wall.

FATHER THOMAS

The beast my son. She came to me to destroy me. But even in the face of this heinous evil, good triumphed.

JONATHAN

I just saw Victoria. She was herself. She told me she loved me and that everything would be fine.

The priest grabs Jonathan by the collar.

FATHER THOMAS

You listen to me boy! The beast can take many shapes, and has many faces, and voices. She is playing you for a fool. Using your weakness to spoil you and cause you to drop your guard. If you truly love this woman, then know that she is gone. What is left is evil, and the only thing you can do to help her is release her from her torment.

JONATHAN

Father?

Thomas slides one of the blades that formerly pinned him to the wall into Jonathan's hands.

FATHER THOMAS

Would your innocent love have done this to me?

Jonathan drops his head in shame.

JONATHAN

No Father. She couldn't even dream of it.

FATHER THOMAS

Go! Go now, and deliver her from evil! Destroy her before she spreads her foulness any further.

Jonathan picks up the blade and dashes out the door.

Thomas wraps his bleeding hands with strips torn from his robes. There's a smile on his face.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Smythe has suspended the body of his latest victim about three feet off the ground.

He is spreading rose petals around the corpse.

Victoria leaps from the top of the building behind him, crashing to the ground.

She looks up at him with fire in her eyes.

Smythe looks over his shoulder.

Victoria leaps into the air, tackling Smythe and they crash through a boarded up window into the darkness of the Warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Victoria gets to her feet and scans the darkness for Smythe.

She can't see him, but she can smell his blood.

VICTORIA

Are you hurt Smythe?

Smythe circles Victoria from the shadows, pulling a six inch splinter of wood from his neck.

MR. SMYTHE
Only a scratch dear.

Victoria heads in the direction of Smythe's voice.

He darts across the room to fast for Victoria to see.

VICTORIA
Smythe? Why don't you come out to play?

Smythe appears behind Victoria, hands outstretched ready to tear her head clean off her shoulders, but he fades back into the darkness.

Victoria can smell the blood from his wound and spins to face him.

His answer comes from across the room.

MR. SMYTHE
Now that's my girl. Taunting me while I am injured. Very nice.

Victoria heads off again in the direction of the voice.

A blur flashes in front of Victoria. She is knocked to the floor.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)
If I wanted to I could kill you right now, but this is much more fun, wouldn't you say?

VICTORIA
You're a bastard Smythe!

Smythe is sitting on a cross beam, directly above Victoria.

MR. SMYTHE
I suppose in the technical sense of the term I am, but my mommy did try to raise me right.

Victoria leaps into the rafters, but Smythe is gone.

VICTORIA
Fight me!

Smythe appears behind her again.

MR. SMYTHE

Why?

Victoria is startled. She whips around, but the Vampire is gone again.

VICTORIA

Where are you?

A breeze blows through the warehouse.

Smythe's voice can be heard from all corners of the room whispering at Victoria, taunting her.

MR. SMYTHE

I'm here.

Victoria spins around wildly trying to find the source.

MR. SMYTHE (CONT'D)

I'm over here.

(beat)

No, over here.

(beat)

Can't you find me?

The room is filled with laughter.

A blur flashes before Victoria again, and she is knocked out of the rafters.

She falls hard on the straw covered floor.

Bleeding from the mouth, and a large gash on her neck as she crawls for cover.

From the darkness Smythe swoops in.

Victoria spins around.

A two foot shard of the rafter board pierces through Smythe's back.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jonathan bursts through the door.

Victoria turns.

Their eyes meet.

JONATHAN

Victoria!

Victoria can see the anger on Jonathan's face. She looks down at Smythe's corpse which lies at her feet.

VICTORIA

Jonathan. It's over!

Jonathan looks at the body on the floor. Through the darkness it is clear that Victoria is covered in blood.

JONATHAN

I saw what you did to Father Thomas.

VICTORIA

He deserved it.

Jonathan steps closer.

JONATHAN

I love you Victoria. I can not bare to see you this way!

Victoria looks puzzled.

VICTORIA

What way Jonathan? Hunted, hated, beaten and bloodied. Chased by the man who claims he loves me?

JONATHAN

I'm doing this for you!

VICTORIA

You're doing it for Father Thomas. The man responsible for your parents deaths.

JONATHAN

Lies! Beast!

Victoria breaks down.

Jonathan is caught by a wave of emotion he was not expecting.

VICTORIA

Beast? That's all you see now. Not the woman you love, but the beats Thomas claims I am. There's nothing I can say to you to change that. Everything is gone now.

(MORE)

VICTORIA (cont'd)
My life, my family, my love.
There's nothing. Nothing but what
you see.

Jonathan steps forward.

JONATHAN
Victoria. What I offer you is
peace.

Jonathan moves closer, concealing the weapon behind his back.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
I want to release you from the
torment. I can not bare to see you
this way.

VICTORIA
You speak of torment, but have no
idea what that word really means.

Victoria lowers her head.

Jonathan raises the blade into the air, and looks down at
Victoria.

He looks down at Smythe, and sees the plank protruding from a
gaping wound on his chest.

JONATHAN
Victoria? Did you feed on this man?

Victoria looks up at Jonathan who is lowering the blade.

VICTORIA
No Jonathan. He's the vampire that
made me what I am. He's the vampire
that murdered your family.

Jonathan drops the blade and grabs Victoria by the shoulders.

JONATHAN
Look at me! Look at me now!

Victoria raises her head to meet Jonathan's gaze.

JONATHAN
If you have killed him, then you
are free, my love. If he is the one
that made you, you're free!

Victoria's eyes well up and she throws her arms around
Jonathan.

FATHER THOMAS

Very touching. But I fear she is
already tainted my Son.

JONATHAN

Father Thomas!

(beat)

The beast is dead. She is free from
his curse.

Father Thomas unsheathes a long silver sword, and readies his
stance.

FATHER THOMAS

Step aside, boy! You are not man
enough to deal with a creature such
as this.

Jonathan moves between the Priest and Victoria.

JONATHAN

No! Look at her. She is not some
blood crazy animal. She's a girl. A
frightened little girl.

FATHER THOMAS

That thing is an abomination. A
soulless creature that has set you
against me.

(beat)

Step aside or die, my son.

Jonathan steadies himself.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)

Poor choice, boy.

Thomas rushes Jonathan. Jonathan steps forward preparing to
block the priests attack.

Thomas side steps, spins and slashes at Jonathan.

There is a look of surprise on Jonathan's face just before he
falls to the ground.

VICTORIA

Bastard!

Victoria throws herself on the Priest who effortlessly tosses
her clear across the room knocking over a table that held a
kerosene lamp.

Fire breaks out in the corner of the room.

FATHER THOMAS

In my years, I have learned much,
Demon.

(wiping his blade clean on
his robe)

Enough to dispatch a trifle like
you.

Victoria wipes her mouth.

VICTORIA

Lessons learned at the expense of
Jonathan's parents, and good people
like my father.

Thomas snickers.

Flames are spreading throughout the room.

The smoke is getting thicker, making it harder to see.

FATHER THOMAS

I never meant for those things to
happen and I have made peace with
my God.

Victoria moves silently through the shadows circling the
priest hidden in the smoke.

VICTORIA

You say you're a man of god, but
how do you look Jonathan in the eye
every day and lie to him about his
family. You're the beast! You make
me sick!

FATHER THOMAS

Silly girl. Those sacrifices are
trivial compared to the terror
you've unleashed on this world. You
speak as if you're still human, as
if your words matter. You'll pay
for what you've taken from me.

The priest swings at Victoria through the smoke and shadows.

Victoria leaps across the room narrowly escaping the priests
attack.

VICTORIA

What's that? What have I taken from
you?

FATHER THOMAS
You stole my Son!

The priests face contorts.

He drops to his knees.

JONATHAN
And you stole my life.

Jonathan stands with a crossbow in his hand, his knees shaking. He drops to the floor.

Victoria rushes to his side.

VICTORIA
Jonathan, Jonathan please!

Jonathan looks up at Victoria. The glow of the fire embraces her. She looks angelic.

JONATHAN
Yes, my Love.

VICTORIA
You can't leave me. Be strong! I need you! You can't leave me! What am I to do alone?

Jonathan brushes the hair from her face. Even bruised and bloodied Victoria is a vision.

Victoria adjusts her hold on Jonathan and pulls her hand from his side. It's covered in blood. He is seriously injured.

JONATHAN
Shhhhhh. Everything is fine now. It will be fine.

The beams begin to creek and crack as the fire rages out of control.

Smythe's body is gone. Bloody drag marks lead out of the room.

VICTORIA
(quietly)
Jonathan. I love you.

Jonathan closes his eyes.

JONATHAN
I know.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A large group of people is arriving with buckets and large blankets.

The street is full of onlookers as the roof begins to crumble.

FIREMAN

I think I see someone in there.

FIREMAN 2

Yeah! There's two of 'em!

The men start chopping at the door and windows with axes.

People are running back and forth across the street. Some people are stamping out the embers with shovels and wet blankets, while others focus on the main fire.

A dark shadow moves away silently.

Through a crack in the barn boards that cover the windows we can see Victoria and Jonathan slumped in each others arms.

FIREMAN

Look out. It's going to go!

People scream and run from the building.

The roof collapses.

EXT. CHURCH - GARDEN - NIGHT

There is hardly a sound.

A gentle breeze blows sending a shower of leaves into the air. One slowly glides its way down coming to rest on a flat marble grave marker.

A lily white hand reaches down and brushes it away. The words Fredrick Redding, beloved Father are inscribed in the stone. Next to it, another bearing Jonathan's name.

A drop of red splashes on the smooth surface, then a rose falls coming to rest on the white marble.

Victoria walks away slowly into the night with tears of blood running down her cheeks.

In the distant shadows, the faint outline of a man can be seen.

A familiar whistle breaks the silence of the night.

Victoria raises her head, revenge in her glowing eyes, and fangs bared.

FADE OUT.