

CLAN

KEN SMITH

SERIES BIBLE

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INTRODUCTION

First off, I've got to say thank you.

Thank you for taking the time to flip through this.

Thank you for giving me the opportunity to tell you about this great concept and series. Thanks for giving me ten minutes of your time when you could clearly be watching reruns of Gilligan's Island instead.

No matter what happens at this point, I express my heartfelt gratitude.

Conceptualizing the series has been a great undertaking for me. Launching a series takes a great deal of trial and error. Much of the first season is committed to finding what works, what doesn't, and most importantly, what the show is.

So here is my best shot at a blueprint.

The series Bible is broken down into five parts:

1. **WHAT IS IT?** Anticipates the most obvious questions you might have coming into the world of CLAN for the first time.
2. **A DETAILED CHARACTER LIST** explaining the unique and volatile make up of all of those in the world of CLAN and the secrets they keep.
3. **TWELVE EPISODES** for an overview of the series' arc, and the individual character arc within it.
4. **A SHORT BIOGRAPHY** of my experience in the industry.
5. **THE PILOT SCRIPT** for a dirty, in the trenches journey of what one episode looks like on paper.

Now for the meat and bones...

WHAT IS IT?

One word... vampires.

Aarrgggh, more vampires?!

Ah but wait. It goes a lot deeper than that.

CLAN follows a one thousand-year-long journey of a casted-out vampire in search of his one true love. CLAN is about an 8th century warrior cursed by a witch to roam the world as a vampire.

The series also introduces Sarah, a teenager who experiences weird dreams and visions, struggling to find the meaning behind them. As Sarah struggles copes with her personal problems – her parents recently divorced, father an alcoholic, and she can't seem to get any boys to look her way – Sarah ends up finding out vampires really do exist.

Still, CLAN is a lot more than that.

It's about a small, Virginian community coming to terms with its past mistakes.

It's about the quest for a teenager to discover who she really is.

It's about keeping family together, whether it's the one you were part of three hundred years ago, vs. the one you have in the present.

It's about second chances.

Think of it as a vampire take on Anne Rice's *The Witching Hour*, or Margaret Mitchell's *Gone with the Wind* – with a lot more bite. Squeeze in the relevant, hip tone of a Kevin Williamson screenplay, and you're getting close to what I'm shooting for.

My fascination with vampires came from reading the *Twilight* series and movies such as the old *Bella Lugosi Dracula* from the 1930's, *30 Days of Night*, *Interview with the Vampire*.

CLAN is different. It goes into depth into the myth surrounding vampires and where they came from. The character Sarah is just like any other American teenager: she wants to run away, steals, lies, etc. She's based on my seventeen-year-old niece and how a typical teenager would act if they were faced with the disappearance of their best friend.

I can only assume the first question in your mind is this –

**OKAY – IT’S NEW AND EXCITING... BUT WHAT’S THE FRANCHISE?
IN OTHER WORDS, WHAT DOES AN EPISODE LOOK LIKE?**

CLAN fits perfectly into a prime-time category. But if you step back and look at the big picture, you’ll see that CLAN employees many franchises:

IT’S A MEDICAL SHOW. If someone gets hurt, injured or sick, life and death stakes play out just like an episode of ER.

IT’S A COP SHOW. If I do my job right, every episode starts with the central mystery. Whether it’s dealing with a stranger in town, or Sarah’s nightmares, the investigation and eventual resolution of that mystery becomes the story engine of that episode.

IT’S A LAWYER SHOW. Every episode provides material for explosive ethical arguments -- whether it’s about the innocence or guilt of one of our characters, or about how to balance the crime of biting someone vs. someone’s own survival, how do you choose what’s right?

IT’S A CHARACTER DRAMA. Romance. Comradery. Greed. Betrayal. Jealousy. All play out between our characters. Love triangles, alliances, social outcasts, all the stories that populate a season of Dawson’s Creek, play out with much higher stakes.

The simple answer to the franchise question is that we basically tell the same stories you see on any other television show, but with the stakes teetering between life and death. Mix in a fast pace of storytelling, a cliffhanger every five minutes, and you’ll start to see the picture.

SO... WITH ALL OF THIS GOING ON, IS CLAN A GENRE SHOW?

My mandate is to give CLAN the same treatment as a Michael Crichton novel. Every time we introduce an element of the fantastic, we approach it from a real place. If I do it right, the paranormal will always be coupled with a logical explanation to remind the audience that this is the real world.

The moment our characters stop being amazed by amazing things, the show is dead. More importantly, there will be entire episodes that are grounded entirely in reality and have no elements of the fantastic whatsoever. The 300-year-old village of Appleby is a strange and mysterious place, which poses the same threats and mysteries as the fantastical storylines in the series.

Not to mention the almost limitless permutation of character conflict that can drive and net sold over a single issue (would you sacrifice your family for a chance at immortality, for example).

If I do my job right, I can walk that fine line between reality and the fantastical and never be branded as fantasy or horror series.

ANOTHER BIG QUESTION IS – IS IT SELF-CONTAINED OR SERIALISED?

Self-contained.

Definitely self-contained.

Well, a bit of both. Self-contained AND serialized. Ok... hear me out:

Yes – the mysteries surrounding the village of Appleby may serve an ongoing (and easy to follow) mythology but every episode has a beginning, middle, and an end. More importantly, the beginning of the next episode presents an entirely new dilemma to be resolved that requires no knowledge of the episodes that preceded it.

Yes -- character arcs (romances, allegiances, grudges) carry over the scope of the season, but the episodes plots will not. Viewers will be able to drop in at any time and be able to follow exactly what was going on in a story context.

However, and yes this is a big HOWEVER, we want our viewers to come back for every episode, so there are very strong story threads running through the entire series. It's a little bit like HEROES, where you have to see episode twenty-six to understand everything that preceded it.

CLAN will be just as accessible on a weekly basis as a traditional procedural drama.

I'll admit: it's a juggling act.

But in the end, it's all about balance.

THE CHARACTERS

Characters first.

Characters always first.

At the end of the day, CLAN will sink or swim purely on the merit of its characters. I've stocked the village of Appleby with the ingredients for limitless conflicts.

Because of budget and production restraints, we can't be Jerry Bruckheimer every week. In fact, many of our stories will feature the simple human drama of discovering one's true past vs. their obligation in and to the present.

I've worked out semi-detailed biographies for each character. Here's a thumbnail sketch of each one to present an idea of not only who they are, but where they're going.

TRUGARD: Born at the beginning of the 8th Century, (alias Dylan) Trugard is a proud warrior who leads the warriors of the Yovarian tribe against existing Vampires who burn as the sun is up. He started off as a hunter when he made his first kill at the age of 17 when a bear attacked his village stealing fish and mauling any warriors who tried to catch him. Trugard laid a trap for the bear by smearing honey on the ground to attract the bear and once the bear entered the village Trugard was able to behead the bear. Trugard's appearance is that of a man in his late twenties with a light beard and mustache, not too defined but just enough to give him a rugged look. Trugard also wears the skins of animals he has killed until he arrives into the twenty first century and dresses in black boots, pants a white T-Shirt and black overcoat. He is strongly built, probably from hunting animals in the forest and helping out in the village. His height is 6'3 inches and he weighs 225 pounds with brown eyes. After the curse of the witch he is still the same height but he no longer has the rugged look and appears to look much younger as though he is nineteen. Trugard is very charismatic and understanding, but at times loses his temper when his commands are not followed. He has romantic feelings for Sarah only after Sarah kisses him and he wants to protect her any way he can, even as far as helping her search for her friend Ellen. He only helps her at first because she agrees to help him find the witch Yozazzel to help lift his curse. Trugard also does not hunt humans because he wants to gain his humanity back and fears that once the hunger has taken over him he will not be able to control his thirst for blood. Trugard has long hair that hangs past his shoulders and appears to look around 19 to 20yrs old.

JINSTARDT: Born in the 8th Century, Jiinstardt pronounced (Gin-stardt) alias J.T. grows up wanting to become a warrior once he finds out his mother has been killed by a vampire. He tries to teach his brother Ruugstardt how to hunt one day as they chase a squirrel up a tree and later finds out his brother wants nothing to do with vampires. Jiinstardt learns all of his techniques of hunting and fishing from his father who was a warrior of the Yovarian tribe and when Trugard sends him out to prove himself, Jiinstardt brings back a trophy of a bear he had killed when he was 16yrs old. Jiinstardt soon becomes a commander for Trugard as they search for the witch Yozazzel. Jiinstardt is very brash and likes to take charge and is sometimes cocky, he does not like to take orders but give them, which is the reason he split up from Trugard's warriors. Jiinstardt has become very power hungry after he is transformed into a vampire and wants to dominate the human race by changing everyone into vampires to do his bidding. He does not care to feed on animals as Trugard has but wants fresh blood from humans and does not care who he kills as long as he gets what he deserves and his minions follow his orders. Jiinstardt hates Trugard for making him into a vampire and wants to get his revenge against Trugard because of his jealousy and anger. Jiinstardt is very crafty, strong and very powerful by carefully planning out his objectives to conquer the small town outside of Denver to feel as though he is in control. He also appears to be the age of 19yrs old as Trugard and medium built with short shaved brown/dirty blond hair. Jiinstardt

RUUGSTARDT: Born in the 8th century Ruugstardt,(pronounced as Roog-stardt) goes by the alias Trent. Ruugstardt is the younger brother and finds metallurgy fascinating when he ventures into a blacksmith hut after playing around with his brother. Ruugstardt is around 5'9 and weighs 175pounds. He has long hair and a mustache and beard. He helps make the weapons for Trugard and the rest of the warriors. He specializes in making long swords, knives, axes, smaller knives, spears and arrows. Ruugstardt works on weapons all day and night until he perfects his weapons; he trains with each weapon himself to make sure the warriors can kill with accuracy. He ends up finding that his brother and Trugard have been transformed into vampires when the witch Yozazzel disguises herself as one of the elders and enters the village. Ruugstardt is told by the witch that the warriors have been transformed into vampires and he is also transformed into a vampire by the witch prior to Trugard and his warriors returning. He writes a diary of his experience as a vampire and how Trugard and his warriors are transformed and passes the leather bound book to his next of kin. Ruugstardt puts a seal on the book, which prevents anyone else except immediate family members view it.

YOZAZZEL: A sorceress who places a curse on Trugard and his warriors. Little is known of where Yozazzel came from but she resides in a cave in the mountains outside of Trugard's village. She is known as a witch by the Elders of the Yovarian Tribe because of her powers and enchantments. She is able to transform herself into different people but does not have the power to transform herself into animals. She also has the power to disappear and re-appear in any place she chooses. She uses ancient spells from unknown sources to cast spells on people by mixing different herbs, bone fragments, and natural plants. She is very beautiful and has long brown hair that reaches close to her lower back and has golden skin and piercing hazel/gray eyes. She is 5'4 and weighs 112 pounds. She uses the vampire tooth to conduct a spell on Trugard and his warriors, changing them into vampires and vanishes at will before Trugard can ask her what she has done to him and his warriors. She appears as the old man down in the emergency cave and startles Ruugstardt and explains to him that Trugard and his warriors have been transformed into vampires. Yozazzel has disappeared and no one knows where she has hidden but Trugard feels she is still alive and well and decides to find her with the aid of Sarah and his own warriors.

TOOTHLESS ELDER: The wisest of the elders. He was born at the turn of the century and has lived for over 150 years. He does not have any teeth and has no hair because it has all fallen out. He has leathery wrinkled skin and has the power to bless the tribe with different enchantments. He warns Trugard not to venture into the mountains because of rumors of Yozazzel. He himself had never seen her before and does not know about her powers. He does not care about power, fame or fortune but the safety of the tribe and warriors. He allows Trugard to venture out with the strongest warriors after Trugard convinces him that just killing the vampires will not stop them. He listens as Trugard makes a plan to have all of the vampires destroyed and after he hears that Trugard has been cursed by Yozazzel he and the remaining elders leave with Ruugstardt toward Rome. He helps Ruugstardt write the diary of the tribe that is passed down from generation to generation from Ruugstardt's family. The name of the elder is never given and everyone in the Yovarian tribe just knows him as the toothless elder. Little is known how the elder died and it is believed that he died of natural causes due to extreme old age. The elder always congregates with the other elders of the tribe before any planned excursions are made by any warriors of the Yovarian tribe. The toothless elder makes the final decisions after all of the elders congregate and discuss if a mission will help the people or hurt the people of the Yovarian tribe.

YOVAN: A warrior who has joined forces with Trugard.(alias Chris) He stands 6’ tall and weighs 220 pounds. He has medium brown hair and follows Trugard. He does not agree with Jiinstardt’s decision to abandon the group when they split in the 18th century. He is very strong and obeys any command Trugard gives him without question. He has never taken a wife and he is committed to serving Trugard as a friend and fellow warrior. He is the warrior who grabs Eddie by the arm from spying on Trugard and Sarah when they visit the old man’s shack. He also watches the detective as he snoops around for clues so he can relay any messages back to Trugard. Little is known about Yovan and when he decided to join Trugard’s warriors. He was one of the warriors who volunteered as Trugard set his mission to visit Yozazzel in the cave and has followed his command since. He has no interest in human women and helps protect Sarah and her mother from the vampires by disguising himself as a taxi driver and protecting them once they reach the top of the LaQuinta Inn roof. He too does not like Jiinstardt and wants to help defeat the evil warriors that follow him.

SARAH: A shy and ambitious teenage girl around 16yrs old. She has brunette hair and brown eyes, and always wears her hair in a pony tail. She wears jeans and Nike Tennis shoes most of time with sweatshirts. She is 5’6 and weighs 118 pounds. She is very curious and loves to investigate what she feels needs investigating. She is confused about the dreams she has been having, which makes her daydream a lot and put her head down in class. She is very intelligent and graduates with a 4.0 GPA. She has a best friend Ellen that she has known since she was a child and both of them are inseparable. Sarah sees Ellen as a little sister and best friend she never had although both of them are the same age. Sarah has other girls she interacts with but she does not tell everyone her secrets because she tries to protect herself from ridicule. Sarah loves to watch horror movies and through her research and persistence finds out vampires actually do exist. She is very brave and falls in love with Trugard because of her fascination with vampires. She also is very protective of her mother and lies to her several times because she does not want her mother or anyone else to know that she has found real vampires. She copes with the fact that her parents are divorced and focuses all of her energy trying to solve mysterious cases. Sarah knows that a fellow classmate that she has known since grade school has a crush on her but she is not at all interested in him and tries to hide her infatuation with Trugard through high school. Sarah is also very tough because of her Karate lessons she learned when she was five, which gives her an edge on some of her foes, except the vampires.

MICHELLE BAXTER: A nurse from the town of Appleby. She is very helpful anyway she can whenever someone is in trouble. She is single and lives alone with her small golden retriever. She works at Hall’s Hospital and sometimes works the graveyard shift, putting out in the middle of the night once her shift ends. She is in

her late 20's and is very ordinary. She sometimes wears her hair in braids but usually has it permed.

ELLEN: A very rambunctious teenage girl 16yrs old. She dates a lot of the boys in school and is very crafty getting alcohol for herself and her best friend. Ellen is very flirtatious and finds every opportunity she can take to find boys, even if it means looking on Facebook or other sites to get what she wants. She is 5'4 and 115 pounds with brown hair with blond highlights in it. She has brown eyes. Her father is the Sheriff of the town and she does everything she can to prevent him from getting in her affairs. She grows up a bubbly, high-spirited, adventurous girl making decent grades at times and does not care for History or other subjects. She always looks for trouble at Appleby High School and hangs around Sarah most of time during class breaks. Ellen loves her mother and confides everything to her when she can.

TAMMY: A senior in high school. She is 16yrs old and is very popular among the other high school students. She has been voted as Homecoming Queen and is the head of the cheerleading squad. Tammy is 5'8 and weighs 115pounds with brown eyes. She has long wavy brown hair and has a golden tan. Tammy also has curves and is very attractive, which is why all of the boys follow her around the school wanting to date her. Tammy is dating Erik of the basketball team and Ellen does not know it, but Tammy is very critical of the way she looks and carries herself that she is not concerned about Ellen at all. Tammy hangs out with the most popular girls in school and gets hurt by Sarah when Sarah does not acknowledge her presence.

THOMAS: A teenage boy around 16yrs old who has a crush on Sarah. Thomas is 5'10 and weighs 150 pounds. He has sandy brown hair and blue eyes. Thomas is also known as Eddie by Sarah after she watches an episode of Leave it to Beaver and sees the character of the show Eddie Haskell reminds her of Thomas. Thomas is the only son of a divorced couple and wants to run his father's liquor store after high school. He gets excited when Sarah asks him to the dance and does not know that she is only using him to fool the detective from following her. He tries everything to try to impress Sarah by trying to be brave. Eddie also finds himself getting in a lot of trouble by being headstrong and not listening to others advice.

MIRANDA: Sarah's mother who is very overprotective of her only daughter. She is 5'4 and weighs 135 pounds and 39 years old. Miranda has shoulder length brunette hair and green eyes. She divorces her husband after she finds out he has been drinking consistently and is very abusive to her. She does not want Sarah to end up staying with her father and watches Sarah's every move by questioning her and consoling her. Miranda knows that Sarah is a teenager and is very crafty. She hates that Sarah lies to her all of the time and confronts her about stealing money out of her purse when Sarah ventures downtown with the old man. Miranda works as an

Insurance Adjustor for a well known Insurance company and drives a 2012 Volvo. She has a nice two-story home she received as part of her settlement from the divorce. Miranda does not make breakfast for Sarah and allows her to eat what she wants before she drops her off to school because she has to be at work at a certain time.

SMALLS: The private detective sent by Mrs. Granger to help find her daughter Ellen. The first name of the detective is Kevin and he is 5'6 and weighs 180 pounds. He drinks a lot of Kentucky Bourbon and occasionally drinks Scotch with ice. He has freckles and reddish brown hair; he also wears brown kakis with brown loafers with a white or blue collared shirt tucked in with a blue tie. He has a small beer gut that he tries to suck in when he is around women and has a very smug demeanor. He is somewhat arrogant and tries to pick up women on the cases he assigns to himself. Smalls wants to pay his landlord because his leads have not been helpful and he has not been paid in a while. He is happy to take on the case to help find Ellen and finds out her best friend Sarah does not cooperate with him and he forced to try to find her himself. Smalls decides to get into law enforcement as a private detective when his father dies in a car accident, he has flash backs from time to time about the accident. He is more of a loner and does not have any friends. He doesn't trust anyone and is very suspicious of everyone around him and his main focus is just making money.

MRS. APPLETON: The high school History Teacher of Sarah at Appleby High. She has been tenured for 25 years and is 43years old. She is 5'4 and weighs 140 pounds with hazel eyes. She wears glasses and has short cropped brown hair. She teaches American History and knows Sarah is the brightest student out of the class. She is very kind and soft spoken and wonders why Sarah is always sleeping in her classroom. Mrs. Appleton gives quizzes after every three chapters to keep the students aware of historical significance of the country and understands that the subject matter may not interest all of her students. She consoles Sarah when she finds out her best friend is missing and is amazed when Sarah passes the pop quiz that she herself made up to see if the students actually studied. Mrs. Appleton enjoys teaching in the high school and does not like anyone falling asleep in her classroom. She loves everyone alert and at times will openly quiz the students on subject matter that she felt they should have read.

MR. TORGES: The assistant principal. (The g is pronounced as a h) He is of Hispanic decent. He has been the assistant principal at Appleby High School for 10 years, prior he was a teacher of psychiatry at the same high school and taught for 8 years. He is 38 years old and is 5'6 and weighs 175 pounds. He talks to Sarah after she has a fight with Tammy in the hallway and escorts her back to his office. He is very gentle but somewhat aggressive. He wants Sarah to graduate and decides not to give her a detention because she is a senior. He keeps the kids in line and makes sure that none of the students roam the hallways during class session unless they have a

hall pass. Mr. Torges also checks the students ID's when they are enrolling for the new fall session.

ROBERT: The alcoholic father of Sarah. He is around late 30's and tries to hide the fact that his problem with alcohol is the reason for the divorce with Miranda. He walks around town getting a few drinks from wino's and different taverns. Robert has lost his job from drinking and tries to sober up when he runs into his daughter Sarah. Sarah does not believe he will sober up when she accidentally sees him with a wino near the woods. Robert wants to get his family back together but the alcohol is the monkey on his back that he cannot get rid of.

JACK BEEKER: An outgoing football player at Appleby High School, known previously as DemonFalls High School. He is 19 and is more of a thrill seeker than anything else. He is the high school's quarter back and is real popular with the girls. He dates Jenny a popular cheerleader opposite of Tammy who is very smug about her position. Jack loves to drink while driving but cannot focus on two or more things at once. He stands 6'2 and weighs 225lbs which chiseled features. He loves to drive his 66' vintage mustang that was passed down from his father. Jack has green eyes and sometimes ignores his girlfriend Jenny.

JENNY: A 17year old cheerleader for the DemonFalls High School football team. She has long sandy blond hair and in love with Jack. She is very anxious about a wedding she is attending and wants to one day marry Jack.

MR. PINKERTON: The school principal that announces all events including homecoming and all school dances. He does not like to be embarrassed and always keeps his composure no matter what circumstances are. He is glad the name of the town has been changed and knows about the secrets of the towns past, which he does not tell anyone

SHERIFF COLLINS: A balding man around mid 50's. The sheriff of newly named town Appleby tries his hardest to solve every case with clarity. He is dumbfounded when he tries to solve cases of bodies turning up without any cause or reason. He is the father of Ellen and does not know that she has been stealing his flasks of alcohol to share with Sarah.

DEPUTY MCGUIRE: A small town deputy assistant to the Sheriff. He is very curious and not as brave as the Sheriff. He makes dimwitted statements at times, but he means well.

MAYOR LINCOLN: A portly man in his mid 50's, is starting to gray. He enjoys playing politician and making votes. He wants to keep his position as Mayor and tries to be as jovial as possible to sway voters in his position.

NANCY PRICE: A reporter with the NY Times, reporting on every story that she can find, somewhat attractive but very bold, she tries to glamorize news stories as they happen and suspects that there is more of a story to be investigated in the town of Appleby(aka DemonFalls).

TOM: Camera man for Nancy Price. He follows her on every story no matter how wacky or dangerous the story may be. He takes his job seriously and questions Nancy's motives at times.

MARY MCGUINNESS: The assistant of the Mayor of Appleby. She is very attractive mid 20's cropped brunette hair with brown eyes. She works out and loves to impose the Mayor's orders to keep her position. She can be very smug and does not like to argue or fight, instead she smiles to show her amusement for the situation.

BOSS: Sarah's boss at the Irish Pub. He doesn't like Sarah taking time from her job to talk with strangers and can be very irate, his intentions are good but he wants her to focus on the job.

AMANDA: A teenager friend of Sarah. She is also 16yrs old. She is 5'5 with blond hair and green eyes. She is also on the cheerleading squad and works with Tammy. Tammy has rubbed off on Amanda and she becomes very arrogant wanting her way all of the time. Sarah tries to avoid her when she approaches her asking to give her number to one of Trugard's warriors. Amanda loves attention and walks with two twin girls (also cheerleaders) to get attention. She tries to compete with Tammy and dates boys from the Basketball team, Football and Baseball teams at DemonFalls High School. Amanda can be nice at times and other times she is very mean and bold. She doesn't expect too much from Sarah but she treats other girls in the school beneath her.

TODD: Friend of Sarah when she travels to Denver. He works in the Nike Store in the Mall and wants to date Sarah. He does not know that she is already in love with Trugard and stays in touch with her after she leaves by social media. He does not tell Sarah that he is a vampire hunter and explains to her that he does have a fascination with vampires in their initial talk. He ends up meeting with Sarah and Trugard in dreams she has about her missing friend.

YOVARIAN TRIBE: Ancient people of the 8th Century in what is now Chechnya. The people are humble and their staple crops are wheat and rice. They also have sheep and eat mostly fish as their main diet. The tribe is plagued with the first set of vampires that look like humans but have eyes that are all black and have long fangs. The tribe has been fighting these vampires for a few decades and Trugard decides to go to the elders for help. The vampires' burn up in sunlight and little is known about the origin of the vampires and how they came into existence. The huts are made of

tree bark and leaves and some bamboo cut from the forest. The tribe consists of thirty warriors because many have been killed during the Great War. Tribe has had problems with vampires stealing the woman and children away to dine on and the village is left with less than 65 people. The tribe is very peaceful and has fought neighboring tribes in the past until the vampires showed up. The tribe consists of 20 warriors in which Trugard takes 11 warriors with him to visit the witch. The remaining warriors stay behind and guard the village. A lot of the people including the village are decimated when the vampires attack after Trugard has left. The elders and Ruugstardt take the remaining villagers down the empty bunker underground that is dug out for emergencies. The tribe is disbursed when Ruugstardt leads them to Rome after he finds out Trugard is cursed.

WINO: A drunken man who is an old friend of Robert's from his previous job. He doesn't care about Robert or his family, just getting his next fix of alcohol.

THE EPISODES

Now, the bread and butter.

My greatest challenge in CLAN was presenting compelling stories. Since I've given myself the task of a semi-serialized episodic structure, I need fresh plots every week. While it is almost important to break down the specific anatomy of an episode, we can almost certainly reverse engineer by highlighting the ingredients.

So what types of stories to we plan on telling? Well – I'll boil it down to five basic paradigms. They are:

Character conflict

Outrunning one's destiny

The village of Appleby

The fantastical

“The others” contact with new people

The beauty of these paradigms is my ability to mix and match. Some episodes contain all of the other elements above, others may focus squarely on one. Which brings us to what may be the key ingredient for CLAN (ok, that makes six ingredients) –

Mystery.

The hope is that every episode will be anchored by some type of mystery – an event or task that gives each episode a driving investigative thread, even if the mysteries are as simple as figuring out why a student has disappeared, why one teacher didn't show up for class, or who broke into the crypt.

Here are the building blocks for the first twelve episodes. Each episode will contain a massive "A" story with two to four subplots each.

In many of these stories are worked out in much greater detail, but so as not to get too dense here, I'm presenting them in their tightest form.

Welcome to Appleby, previously known as Demonfalls...

PILOT

Jack Beeker ends up disappearing and the Sheriff and Deputy try to investigate his murder, meanwhile Dylan runs into both Sarah and Ellen at the dance and finds that there is something about Dylan that they can't put their finger on. Sarah meets her dad and tries to get him to stop drinking. Thomas is attacked by vampires.

EPISODE 1:

Dylan does not want to tell Sarah his secret and confronts Trent asking why he is turning people in the town into vampires. Sheriff Collins finds out that Ellen has been sneaking alcohol. Nancy Price digs deeper questioning people around town.

EPISODE 2:

Sarah and Ellen find out about the murders and decide to find out who Trent really is. Sarah searches for her dad and starts drinking more. Thomas lingers around town traumatized.

EPISODE 3:

Smalls comes into town and visits Sarah's house regarding the murders. Sarah talks with Dylan about the bracelet. Dylan runs into Chris.

EPISODE 4:

Tammy and Amanda run the cheerleading squad and are attacked by Thomas at night. Sarah is almost killed by Robert and Dylan saves her. Nancy Price questions the mayor again.

EPISODE 5:

The wino tells his story. Smalls tries to put down the bottle and reflects on his childhood after returning from a casino. Trent reflects on his past.

EPISODE 6:

Sarah can't help her feelings for Dylan and talks with her mother. Dylan remembers his wife and contemplates if Sarah is a reincarnation of her. Ellen and Sarah argue over Dylan.

EPISODE 7:

Smalls runs into some of the vampire changed by Trent. Trent has a secret meeting with J.T. Amanda confronts both Sarah and Ellen after Sarah gets into a fight with Tammy.

EPISODE 8:

Sarah gets into trouble with her boss for drinking. Ellen can't decide her feelings between Dylan and Trent. Miranda has a talk with Sarah.

EPISODE 9:

The mayor has a ball and finds out Nancy Price has invited herself. Dylan and Chris run into Trent and his crew of vampires. Sarah and Ellen try to investigate an old man rummaging through cans at school.

EPISODE 10:

Todd shows up at Applyby High School and Ellen is very interested in him. Sarah grows closer to Dylan and knows he is keeping a secret from her. Robert's body is found by the Sheriff. Todd introduces himself to Dylan and Dylan does not trust him.

EPISODE 11:

Sarah finds out that Ellen has disappeared from high school. T.J. comes to Appleby. Nancy Price is attacked by Thomas while investigating. Dylan and Sarah investigate Ellen's disappearance while Smalls trails them.

BIOGRAPHY

First, I would like to thank my fans who have read the CLAN book series. I feel the work is the most important thing and should speak for itself. But a little about myself is in order. My real name is Kenneth D. Smith. The pen name K.D. is just my first and middle initial. I am a resident of St. Louis but I was born in Alton, Illinois, a true Illinois resident. Alton is north of St. Louis, right on the border of Godfrey and East Alton, Illinois.

I come from a large family with five other siblings: one brother and four sisters. We are very family oriented and close to one another. My mother, in-laws, nieces and nephews always get together during the holidays. I grew up in Alton on a street that is part of the original cul-de-sac called Olive Place. The actual house that I grew up in doesn't exist anymore.

I grew up as an artist, always having my heads in the clouds. For as long as I can remember, my teachers told me I needed to quit daydreaming. Good thing I didn't listen to them. As a kid I drew cartoons, painted, wrote different short stories and read almost anything I could find, whether it was a book on science or a history book. I still read but most information I find is on the Internet. I am still single, but in a relationship with my best friend. I'm also very adventurous and love to travel, doesn't matter where to.

Being creative gave me all of the tools to write the book CLAN so that it relates to everyday life situations as well as using my imagination to understand vampires. Vampires and other monsters have always fascinated me and from reading, seeing different movies and being around different people, it gave me enough information to include in the book, which is a series of my personal life infused with movies, life situations with articles and books that I've read.

CLAN is a unique animal in the television world.

The story ideas really are limitless. In fact, I am now thinking up the second and third season might look like.

I really believe that CLAN is unlike anything you've seen before on television. CLAN offers something for everyone – a show tailor-made to appeal to the broadest audience possible.

Hip. Frightening. Funny. Mysterious. Romantic. Cinematic.

But more than anything, unexpected.

Thank you for your time. Your consideration. And again, the opportunity.

Ken D. Smith

creator

C L A N

Written by
KENETH D. SMITH

FADE IN ON...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DEMONFALLS -- DUSK

...a lonely stretch of road, reducing to a pinpoint into the deepest, darkest alpine forest. We're somewhere in the South Virginia. A place of Hansel and Gretel and Jason Voorhees.

It begins far away. From somewhere behind us. Rising in amplitude. Gunning this way. Gears grinding. Motor whining.

When -- WHAM! A SUPED UP BOYRACER CAR rips past us. Heavy metal blaring in a doppler descent. Scattering leaves in its wake. Discharging down the lost road. Straight for the blood-red sun, shying away behind the horizon.

JACK (O.S.)

...It's all picked out. The flowers.
My tux...Yeah, I know they don't get
along.

INT. SUPER UP CAR -- DUSK

MEET JACK "RAMPAGE" BEEKER. Just a nineteen-year-old average guy. The kind you find on any typical football team.

JENNY (FILTERED)

Ever since the divorce, they can't stand
to be in the same room.

He's doing three totally crazy things at once: 1) swilling from a bottle of whisky; 2) talking on his mobile: And yeah, driving. Insane.

JACK

I know. I sat your dad next to Garry.

...JENNY'S VOICE filters through on the mobile. She sounds sweet and wholesome. The marrying type.

JENNY (FILTERED)

(means it)
Great.

JACK

Either Garry or your mother's sister's
table.

JENNY (FILTERED)
Good call. The flights are all booked.
I can't wait to see cousin Michael and
his new wife.

Jack hits a bump. The mobile, the booze, all go flying to
the bottom of the car in a great clatter.

JACK
Ah, damn, damn, Christ.

His hand darts between his knees. Rifling for the phone
at the bottom. Steering into a dogleg. His weight thrown
against the door. Teeth clench to hold it all together.

JENNY (FILTERED)
JACK! JACK! WHAT HAPPENED?

Ah-ha. Got it.

JACK
Yeah, yeah, keep your pants on.

Jenny's wounded. She's never heard Jack speak to her like
this. Stupid, stupid Jack. Get your shit together. He
slides on a happy, calm Jack face.

JACK
No. Sorry. Silly driver just...cut me
off. Scared me, that's all.

And he's back. The Jack she loves. The vulnerability in
his voice melts her. Another heartstring plucked for
Jack.

He gropes for his bottle of booze. Gulps another neck
full when the entire car jolts, skipping a pothole and
TINCK! Sends the bottle crashing into his front teeth.

EXT. MORT COTTAGES -- COUNTRY ROAD -- DUSK

Jack tilts the sideview mirror. Stares into a gaping hole
where his front tooth used to be.

JACK
Ah, great! SERIOUSLY!

He looks around. Where am I?

A FADED CARVED WOOD SIGN READS "DEMONFALLS"...

...Once a thriving camping ground. Now abandoned. A cracked layby for weary travellers. A weedy picnic area. At the foot of an amazing mountain range.

There's a one-man filling station which is shut and overgrown by weed. Just an eerie cone of light and a creaking service sign. Jack's car has been abandoned at a squint angle.

Jack rattles the bathroom door handle. Locked. Great!

Jack hurries back toward the car. Can't shake the feeling he's being watched. His pace quickens. Deep shadows all around. But nothing's there. Just creepy wilderness. And his moronic imagination.

And...his car is locked. The keys in the ignition. With his mobile phone. Buzzing away on the front seat. Missed call by Jenny. Aaaahhwww, great. Perfect.

And that's when his face goes completely slack...

...out in the darkened treeline, a dozen pairs of BRIMSTONE HELLFIRE EYES star back at him. Crawling through the undergrowth. Hunched, female silhouettes. Heaving. Snarling. On the hunt. Stalking...

JACK

What the...?

The shapes drift closer. Faster. A bloodlust WHINE drifting from them. Seeming to materialise out of the primordial ooze. Where are they coming from?

Fear turns to panic. He's surrounded. Panic turns to full-blown terror when...

...stuck at the epicentre, the creatures converge round him. Blotting out moonlight. Fiery eyes blazing contempt and bloodlust beneath long, oil-matted hair, blighting out any semblance of human features. Knuckled fingers creep closer...when WHAP!

Terror jolts through Jack. Eyes beyond terror now. His entire body rigid with the creeps. And WHAAAM we...

...SMASHCUT TO:

ACT ONE

PITCH BLACK

Just the sound of cutting, winter wind. Chilling us to the bone.

BURN UP: YORKSHIRE MOORS, ENGLAND

FOLLOW BY: 76BC

FADE IN on a TOTAL WHITEOUT. The world has no beginning or end. Covered completely in ice. This is the place where no man should ever be. And yet... materializing from the drift -- the SILHOUETTE OF A MAN.

A battered warrior emerges from the icy underworld. Laden with pelts. Ice weighing down his fur boots. Fighting against an incline of the mountain. Wind a thousand razors slicing the skin.

A PAIR OF EYES. Intense. Focused. Filled with trepidation. But underneath this fear, forged resolve. In a bearded face etched by war and famine. Meet TRUGARD THE WARRIOR.

PANORAMIC SHOT

We're a dizzying height. In this amazing shot of the world, truly it has no beginning or end. Trugard reaches an OUTCROP OF ROCK near the summit. It looks more like a Mayan temple than anything you would find in the wilds of England.

Trugard is near collapse. He reaches the doors with its exotic markings. And suddenly, adrenaline and fear leap into his face. SCCHWWIING he unsheathes his broadsword, the ragged edge dented like broken teeth.

And behind him, a CLAN OF WARRIORS materializes from the whiteout. Semi-starved, fierce-looking men.

Clearly the clan leader, Trugard holds his hand up: stay back.

It's quick, a flash through the eyes, but we see it, the SECOND WARRIOR doesn't like being told what to do. But he obeys, keeps the men back. Meet

Trugard pants. Eyes scanning the markings. Gearing for a fight. Ready to pounce, he pushes the stone door in with a great strain. It finally gives way into --

INT. STONE TEMPLE

Black, fetid air seeps out like ghosts, racing past him.

His eyes adjust to the darkness. Slow, careful steps feel their way over round stones. White knuckles grip the sword, held in defence before him. Ready to cleave whatever might leap out.

Echoes of shrill FEMALE VOICES suddenly rushes past him, hitting him like ice water, burying themselves deep into the cavernous hollow of this temple.

And then, the sensuous forms of a WOMAN appears. Like a mirage. Lingering like lazy, blue cigar smoke. Barely clad. Hinting sensual curves. Soft skin. Ample breasts. Sinewy legs. Moving and coiling like a charmed cobra. Slithering toward him.

Emerald eyes blaze behind raven hair. Eyes that pull him in. A touch of the mysterious. A promise of sex.

Trugard is caught offguard. Stunned and mesmerized. Mouth hangs open to speak. Nothing comes but a mute gasp of admiration.

She creeps forward. Cuts a knowing smile. And it's electric. In an ancient language, she whispers -- a sound that is both everywhere and nowhere at the same time --

THE WITCH

I know why you have come Warrior...

Then BEMF -- her features LEAP out at us -- distort in a DEMONIC SCOWL -- teeth like railspikes -- eyes oil black -- WHAM --

WE EXPLODE TO:

EYES snap awaken. Adrenaline coursing through irises. Contracting them into fists. As --

INT. HISTORY CLASS -- DEMONFALL HIGH SCHOOL -- MORNING

-- SARAH jolts awake to find a sea of faces staring at her. Smiling and laughing. What's this? Where am I?

She looks up. MRS. APLETON scowls down at her. Oh-ho.

MRS. APPLETON

Now...Sarah. We've been through this before.

SARAH

Go it.

Damn. She's in class. In school. Sarah wrangles back her galloping emotions. Another one of those freakin' nightmares. Kids around her shake their heads at her: what a lame-o.

MRS. APPLETON

...Now...what History teaches us is that we are doomed to repeat the past mistakes in the present...

Now...Sarah's 16. Absolutely gorgeous in an understated way. But she doesn't know it, and that makes her more attractive. And oh, she's a smidge shy which just adds to her charm.

Her BFF? Sitting right next to her.

ELLEN

No more Tevo.

SARAH

It was him.

ELLEN

Johnny Depp?

SARAH

The man from my dreams. I can't see his face. More of a shadow. And --

She sees her BFF looking at her. Listening. Patient. But not taken in by it. I mean: who would?

SARAH

Forget it.

ELLEN

No. I'm interested.

MRS. APPLETON

Girls.

SARAH

Tell you what: tell you later.

THE BELL

Class over. Students pour out into the hall. Sarah's last when --

MRS. APPLETON

Sarah. Wait.

INT. DETENTION -- DEMONFALL HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

A couple of kids scattered in the room. The usual motley crew. Sarah finds a seat at the back; plops down her things.

She senses someone watching her and finds THOMAS with a goofy smile. Thomas's sixteen, doesn't quite fit in, doesn't want to fit in. But if you dig deeper, you'll find an interesting kid with a big heart.

THOMAS

So how did you land in the dungeon?

SARAH

I fell asleep in Mrs. Appleton's class.

THOMAS

Oouch.

SARAH

I know.

Just then something else catches her attention. A BOY has just walked in. Dark eyes. Square jaw. The build of a quarterback. Wisdom beyond his years.

Thomas catches this. He's a little wistful. Truth is, he's head over heels for Sarah but has come to understand that a screw up guy like him and an all star girl like her doesn't equal chemistry.

THOMAS

Oooh, again! Wow, I thought I was the only one who fell asleep in that boring class.

SARAH

Not boring. I was just tired.

Sarah's eyes track the New Guy as he sits in front. Keeping himself to himself.

SARAH

I just wish I knew who the guy in my dream is.

THOMAS

Yeah, I bet.

SARAH

What's that suppose to mean?

THOMAS

Shhtt, you'll get us in trouble.

The New Guy casts a brief look over his shoulder. Locks eyes with Sarah. Electricity flows. Sarah breaks away. Uncomfortable. Off centre. The colour of brick rising in her cheeks. Thomas catches it all and covers his discomforts with a smile.

THOMAS

Only thirty minutes to go.

EXT. GROUNDS -- DEMONFALL HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

High school notice board. A few panels offer guitar lessons. One sells a computer. Another looks for a roommate. A HAND pins up a picture of someone who looks oddly familiar to us, with the caption --

"HAVE YOU SEEN JACK "RAMPAGE" BEEKER?"

"Last seen on Hayward Road last Friday night."

And it hits us: this is the guy in the car at the beginning. We catch a glimpse of JENNY. Days of crying and worrying have taken their toll. Clutching a stack of "HAVE YOU SEEN JACK" pamphlets. She shuffles towards the next notice board.

The camera SWEEPS to pick up Sarah, galloping down the stone steps...

SARAH

I can't believe she kept me half an hour and now I've got to write five pages on...

ELLEN

...the American Civil War? Yeah, I got that one texting in class.

SARAH

I don't know. Maybe I'm stressed out with the move.

ELLEN

...Maybe it's not having a boyfriend.

SARAH
(half agreeing)
...maybe it's not having a boyfriend.
But I don't want a boyfriend.

ELLEN
I so have someone for you.

SARAH
No, and, that's beside the point: the
dreams are so weird and so realistic.
They feel like past life experiences, if
you believe in that sort of thing.

ELLEN
I once dreamt I was a bar of soap in an
all male shower.

SARAH
Eew. That's because you have too many
boyfriends.

ELLEN
I like browsing.

They reach the cars.

ELLEN
Look, whatever you do, don't worry. You
sure you don't need a ride?

SARAH
Promise. Can I ask a favour?

ELLEN
Sure.

SARAH
If my mom calls, could you tell her I
was at yours instead of detention?
She's been under a lot of pressure
lately with the new job, the move,
and...

ELLEN
...your dad?

SARAH
Or the lack thereof.

ELLEN

Yeah, sure. And...my place. Tonight.
7. We gotta figure out what we're
wearing on Friday.

SARAH

Friday?

ELLEN

Really, Sarah. Homecoming. Friday, you
help me pick something hot. Tonight,
I'll help you with your homework. You
can copy my paper; I still have it.

SARAH

What did you get?

ELLEN

An F.

Ellen hugs her and climbs into her car.

EXT. DEMONFALLS -- DAY

We see it for the first time: a PANORAMIC SHOT of this
quaint, picturesque, small Virginia town. School spills
out. Yellow buses take to the road. Definitely a place
you'd raise a family.

EXT. WOODEN PATH -- DAY

The path aligns an ancient cemetery, pushed back among the
hawthorns and jaggy mistletoe.

CEMETERY

WE CREEP ALONG. From here we see Sarah marching down the
path. The weight of the world on her shoulders.

WE SWEEP PAST GRAVESTONES. The outer stones are newer;
names and dates clearly inscribed. The older ones,
smaller, weathered; illegible through time. Further
still, ancient crypts lay dormant in shadows, threaded by
weeds.

Stone Angels watch with glazed eyes, weeping runnels of
century-old dirt.

WOODEN PATH

Sarah walks past, struggling to ignore the cemetery on her
left.

Then she notices an uneasy wind ahead. It kicks aside leaves, tussles trees; an invisible band rushing her way. The WHAM, it gushes through her hair. Strikes her body like ice water. It spins leaves around her feet and dies. It takes a second to come back from that weird and wonderful feeling when --

-- a creeping sensation of being watched comes back, from somewhere within the dark hollows of the forest.

FROM INSIDE THE CRYPT

HANDHELD. We see Sarah. Vulnerable on the path. Staring at us. Sensing our presence. We're definitely watching her.

WOODEN PATH

A bad case of the creepies. She begins walking faster. Struggles to contain her panic. Hugs herself against the cold. Throws glances over her shoulder when --

-- WHAM. She bumps into somebody. Scaring the jeepers out of her.

MAN

Wait WAIT. Sarah, it's me.

She focuses.

SARAH

Dad?

The man she calls Dad looks like a bum, trying hard not to. Clothes dirty and tattered, but a certain pride has gone into making them look this good. He's got a growth of beard. Flattened down hair. A broken man. A shell of a man.

DAD

School said you were heading home.

SARAH

You went to my school? You've been drinking.

DAD

I wanted to see you.

SARAH

I haven't heard from you in a month.

DAD
There was nobody at the house.

SARAH
We moved.

DAD
Where?

SARAH
You know I can't tell you that.
(conflicted)
Down by the lake.

DAD
Nice, nice.

SARAH
Yeah, it is. Dad, if you want to see me
just call. We've got the same number.

DAD
Yeah, but... you know... your mom.

SARAH
She doesn't have to like it: it's not
her choice. I want you to.

And for the first time, a warm amber grows behind his eyes
-- hope.

DAD
Well... you know. I'd like that.

SARAH
But you've got to stop with the
drinking.

And just like that, the light smothers out.

DAD
Uhm... I've got to go.

SARAH
Dad?

DAD
I'll catch you later.

SARAH
Dad. Promise me you'll call.

He mumbles. Something Sarah doesn't catch. She watches him walk away. A ghost amongst the scattered leaves. Heartbreaking. Sarah's disappointed. Sad, even. But this is not the first time. It's a little routine they play.

That uneasy feeling of a dead hand tickling down her spine grows again. Sarah doesn't like the woods around her. She raises her collar against a cold and marches on.

And we watch her shrink down the path, something shifts behind the foliage. Something big. A flash of green eyes. Whatever it is, it's fast. And it's been watching her all along.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT -- DAY

TWO BULLIES are roughing up Thomas --

THOMAS

Come on. Give me the ball back.

BULLY #1

You're a freak; freaks don't play basketball.

Thomas lounges forward to grab the ball and THWACK, a gut punch folds him over.

SARAH (O.S.)

HEY!

Sarah has seen everything and comes running...

BULLY #2

Aw, sweet. Your girlfriend's here.

She charges forward. But they show no signs of backing down. Bully #1 throws the basketball at her and --

THUNK! A hand reaches out of nowhere, plucks it right out of the air in mid-flight, inches from hitting Sarah in the face. She turns around to find --

THE NEW GUY, his face set and firm, and oh, he's got an English accent --

NEW GUY

Why don't you leave her alone.

BULLY #1

Well looky what we have here.
(imitating the accent)
Mary Poppins.

SARAH

Look, new guy, it's ok.

He stands between her and the bullies. And what happens next is a solid blur of fury --

-- Bully #1 charges and swings -- New Guy parries and drives three cross-hooks and one rib-crushing body blow, folding Bully #1 into a messy pile on the ground.

-- Bully #2 is greeted with a kick to the sternum that launches him back 5 meters.

The speed is mesmerising. You could even say superhuman. Thomas and Sarah watch in disbelief.

With his back to Sarah, New Guy collars Bully #2 and yanks him up -- face-to-face -- for a spine chilling experience he'll never forget --

-- In a split second, the New Guy's face distorts into a Demon mask: eyes sink into abyssal caverns; the skin cracks like old porcelain; a jaw full of razor-sharp teeth snaps at him.

And just like that, it blinks out -- the New Guy's face morphs to normal -- leaving a haunted, everlasting impression in Bully #2's face. Petrified, he picks himself up, hooks Bully #1, and runs like hell.

Thomas watches the new guy; feeling like he's lost face in front of Sarah again. With false bravado --

THOMAS

Yeah, let that be a lesson to you.

SARAH

Hey, you didn't have to do that.

NEW GUY

Are people here always this hospitable?

SARAH

Neh, just them.

They share a smile.

SARAH
I'm Sarah.

NEW GUY
I'm the New Guy.

SARAH
Yeah, sorry about that.

NEW GUY
Dylan.

SARAH
Dylan, as in Bob Dylan?

DYLAN
Yeah.

SARAH
You're from England.

DYLAN
London.

SARAH
Wow. London. I've always wanted to --

Thomas steps between them, snatches back his basketball --

THOMAS
Yeah, thanks for nothing new guy. Now
I'm going to have these bozos on my back
all year.

SARAH
Thomas, wait.
(to Dylan)
I'm sorry.

DYLAN
It's fine. He's right.

She runs after Thomas. But not without casting a last
glance over her shoulder at Dylan.

Dylan watches them go. His smile drops to a thin line of
concern.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE -- DUSK

Well appointed on the kerb of a manicure neighbourhood.

MIRANDA (O.S.)

What are you so dreamy about?

INT. KITCHEN -- SARAH'S HOUSE -- DUSK

Sarah is half gazing into nothingness, doing the dishes.

SARAH

Oh, uhm... nothing.

Miranda marches in from the living room. Putting the final touches to her work attire. She's teasing 40. Very attractive if she didn't have the worries of the world on her shoulders.

MIRANDA

I'm going to be late. Could you book an appointment for the boiler? The back door needs oiling...

SARAH

That's dad's... used to be dad's job.

MIRANDA

Yeah, well. You sure you're all right?

SARAH

Just...a long day. I'll be at Ellen's from 7 onward if you need to get in touch.

MIRANDA

No boys.

SARAH

Mom. I'm sixteen.

MIRANDA

Precisely.

SARAH

I'm married to my home work.

MIRANDA

As you should be. Don't forget the garbage.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE -- DUSK

We're spying on Miranda walking out of the house, saying goodbye to Sarah. She drops into her car and keys the engine.

As she pulls down the street, Sarah pauses at the open door, framed in light, hugging herself against the cold, staring straight at us. Feeling us. Spooked, she shuts the door.

The hulking SILHOUETTE OF A MAN appears in frame. Watching the house.

INT. KITCHEN -- SARAH'S HOUSE -- DUSK

Sarah is throwing things into a backpack. Humming to herself. A noise catches her attention. Somewhere from the back of the house.

SARAH

Mom?

Nothing. Sarah creeps, but it dark back there. She can't see anything.

SARAH

Mom? Did you forget something?

And we hear the slow creak of the back door opening. Panic grips Sarah. She grabs a butcher knife.

SARAH

Whoever's in the house -- leave now.

Nothing. If somebody's there, he could be hiding in any of the closets.

SARAH

I'm warning you.

Sarah tiptoes towards the back. Thumps on the light. Discovers the back door open. Slapping in the wind.

A SEAGRASS FIGURINE about five inches tall has been purposely left by the door. Sarah picks it up. Looks it over. Pokes her head out the door. Left. Right. No one there. Closes the door. Locks it...

...and if you look carefully, under a tree across the road, you could see the silhouette of a man. Watching her.

DISSOLVE TO:

COMPLETE WHITEOUT...

BURN UP: YORKSHIRE MOORS, ENGLAND

FOLLOW BY: 76BC

A world covered by ice. The stone roof of the temple barely juts out of the snow.

INT. STONE TEMPLE

Trugard fears the Witch's beauty as she slithers out of darkness.

TRUGARD

Why can't you grant my request old witch?

Her childish giggle echoes through the temple. Clearly annoyed with her, his fist tightens on the handle of his sword.

THE WITCH

There cannot be good without evil.

TRUGARD

Meaning?

The rough bark of a man who has never been contradicted or refused. She smiles at him, but grows irritated by his arrogance; his lack of humility.

TRUGARD

These devils feed on our wives and children.

Trugard's rage explodes and THWACK snaps her by the throat. Fingers squeeze in. Forearm muscles run like cables under the tight skin. Hate and desperation fills his eyes.

She chokes...gasps...hands outstretched to stop him as life ebbs out of her. And something completely freaky happens: she deteriorates into a wispy snake of smoke and blasts through the gloom of the temple with a shrill giggle.

Trugard stares at his empty hand; at the hollow of the temple, mistrusting his eyes. Immediate remorse --

TRUGARD

COME BACK!

WHOOSH-WHOOSH! The bright yellow fire flickers in pillars of blue flames, roiling up to the Gods.

Trugard steps back. Fear glistening his eyes. His mind failing to grasp with the witchery.

The other Warriors barge in, in a blast of snow. Weapons drawn. They push back seeing the flames.

Trugard grows mesmerised by the fire. It draws him in. He's transfixed by a shadow, a silhouette, inside it's molten heart...

...the vision of a GIRL...

...A girl we recognise as...

MATCH CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SARAH

Her eyes snap open. Terror within the iris seeps out from another nightmare. It's morning. Birds chirp. Thank God, she's in her room.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Sun shines down on a big family home. The veranda wraps around the front. All charm. No sense of last night's horror.

SARAH (O.S.)

I can do this... I can totally do this.

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

CAMERA CREEPS around her room. Taking inventory of Sarah's life. Items of an over-achiever; awards, certificates, ribbons, etc...

SARAH (O.S.)

Ah, it's going to be hell. No, no. I can deal with anything.

Framed photos. Snapshots of Sarah's life. Friends goofing off and posing, reflecting the life of a popular, well-adjusted girl. These are personal photos -- they mean something.

SARAH (O.S.)

Ooh, he's too cute. It's going to be hell.

CAMERA FINDS Sarah, facing herself in the mirror -- pep-talking herself. Fixing what looks like a delicate and ANCIENT BRACELET.

SARAH

I am not interested. I AM NOT INTERESTED. Besides: I don't want a boyfriend. There: I don't want a boyfriend. What am I doing?

She falls silent for a little self-assessment. She's smiling. But she can't escape the sadness in her eyes.

SARAH

He will see right through me. God, I'm doomed.

CAMERA HALTS ON A FRAMED PHOTO OF HER PARENTS during happier times. Her father: happy, clean, proud. Linger. There's a story here.

INT. KITCHEN -- SARAH'S HOUSE -- DAY

The morning news streaming in the background... Photos of Jack "Rampage" Beeker and girlfriend Jenny flash ON SCREEN. "BODIES FOUND" with establishing shots of a Demonfalls camp site.

MOTHER NANCY is already running 100 miles an hour. Breakfast is on the table. She pours herself coffee. Eating a croissant. Multitasking on overdrive.

Sarah walks in. Goes straight for the coffee pot. Pours a cup. Drinks it with lots of milk.

MIRANDA

Go to bed late?

SARAH

I had the weirdest dream.

MIRANDA

You look tire. Over exerting yourself. It's those late-night steady sessions with Ellen.

SARAH

Coffee. Food of the Gods.

MIRANDA

Of course.

DAD (O.S.)

Did you say coffee?

With absolute dread, Sarah spins to find her dad at the door. He's tried really hard to look presentable.

Miranda fires a look at Sarah: Sarah fires one right back: what, he's my father.

DAD

I could smell the coffee all the way down the street.

MIRANDA

Robert.

From now on, we'll call "Dad", "Robert".

MIRANDA

You know you're not suppose to be here.

ROBERT

I know I know.

MIRANDA

We have an agreement.

SARAH

Mom. Can he at least come in for
breakfast.

Miranda looks at the state of him. Nearly softens. Then
hardens.

MIRANDA

No.

SARAH

MOM!

ROBERT

I understand.

SARAH

MOM. He's my dad, too.

ROBERT

I understand. Don't make a fuss. It
was just -- I was just -- listen to mom.
She know's best.

He walks off the porch.

ROBERT

I'll see you around, kiddo.

MIRANDA

My first day in a new job and this! I'm
totally unprepared.

She reaches for her purse. Then disappears in a flash.
The back door slams hard behind her.

EXT. STREET -- MORNING

Sarah runs up to her dad.

SARAH

Hey. I got you these.

She hands him a lunch bag. Few apples. Few sandwiches. The juice box.

SARAH

Not much. But it's all I could rustle up before I lost you down the street.

ROBERT

Ham and seed mustard?

SARAH

Your favourite.

ROBERT

My favourite.

He doesn't say thank you. Doesn't smile or nod. But it's in the eyes -- he's deeply touched. Takes a moment to swallow the lump in his throat.

ROBERT

Look, ah, I'm sorry back there.

SARAH

Mom's under a lot of pressure. Walk me to school?

The requests seem to completely energise and uplift Robert. Not all is lost.

ROBERT

I'd be honoured. You don't mind being seen with me...like this?

SARAH

No. Never. I just wish... you know...

Robert nods. He knows. He looks at the sandwich bag. At his daughter. Comes to a silent decision. Walking off a precipice, he sucks in a big intake of breath --

ROBERT

Yeah, I know. Maybe... maybe it's time I got help.

Sarah. Halts. Right. There. REALLY?

SARAH

Don't mess with me.

ROBERT

I'm ah, I'm not.

SARAH

This happens every time. You make promises, hope goes up, you break them, I'm left with emotional wreckage. I'm exhausted.

ROBERT

That's what I was trying to tell you in the park... but it didn't come out like I thought, you know, like I rehearsed it.

And they share goofy smiles. She hugs him. Which takes him completely by surprise. And nearly breaks his heart.

ROBERT

I prom --

SARAH

-- Don't make promises. Just do it. Show me. Show mom. Show yourself. No promises this time.

Robert thinks it over. What a novel idea. The idea grows on him. He likes it.

ROBERT

Ok...No promises.

EXT. ELLEN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The biggest house on this posh neighbourhood. Twisting around the hilltop amongst the trees. Norman Bates would love it here.

SARAH (O.S.)

Thank God I didn't copy your paper.

INT. ATTIC BEDROOM -- ELLEN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Red. The colour of blood. Spreading over lips.

ELLEN

I know, right. You should never listen to what I tell you.

Ellen's attic bedroom is every girl's dream. Wide open space. A Cinderella bed by a large chequered window.

SARAH

Got a B and Mrs. Appleton off my back. No more detention.

ELLEN

No more sleeping in class.

SARAH

Can't promise that. What is it about history that sends me straight to the grave? What's so appealing about stuff people have done before? I'm more interested in what's going to happen next.

ELLEN

Whatya think?

Ellen spins around. She looks superb in a skintight dress. Not slutty. Chic.

Sarah looks great in a more conservative way. She absentmindedly runs a finger over the ancient bracelet on her wrist. A certain sadness crosses her. She hugs Ellen.

SARAH

You know: I just don't know how I would have coped with my dad, the move, without you.

ELLEN

That's what best friends are for.

SARAH

Yeah, since kindergarten.

ELLEN

You were that goofy kid with a crooked ponytail. I don't know what it was, but of all the kids there, I had to help you. I can't explain it. It's been like that ever since.

SARAH

My guardian angel.

ELLEN

Freak.

SARAH

Who's looking after you.

A sad void crosses Ellen's face. We catch a glimpse that perhaps no one is. Survivor that she is, Helen covers:

ELLEN

He better be tall, dark and handsome.
Like that new kid. Did you meet him
yet? He's hot.

Sarah stays quiet. Her eyes sparkle. She definitely has
a sweet spot for the new kid.

PRELAP...Trendy rock music as we...

EXPLODE TO:

EXT. GYMNASIUM -- DEMONFALL HIGH SCHOOL -- DUSK

The sun melting on the horizon in a burst of blood.

The students rush into the gymnasium... toward lights and
spilling rock music...

And then we sense it. Something's not right. A bad
feeling. We see the silhouette of a man watching the
students.

TIGHT. It's Dylan. Watching with passive interests.

Then worry creases his features...sensing something. From
the woods. Around him. Smells it. He snaps to high
alert.

And that freaky thing that happened outside the school
with the bullies, happens again --

-- his eye sockets melt to an abyssal black; oil-black
veins crawl over his face like roots. A throaty growl
resonates low in his chest cavity -- reacting to an enemy
presence. It's primal, territorial, terrifying.

ZAAP, in a flash, it's gone. Dylan's back.

But the etchings on his face tells us: this is not good
news. Something's going down tonight.

EXT. WOODEN PATH -- DUSK

Ellen and Sarah walking. A perfect, autumn dusk. The
colors around them on fire...

ELLEN

My mum used to tell me the story: when
she was a kid -- you know all of this
around us, the high school, wasn't
there.

(MORE)

ELLEN (CONT'D)

There was a plantation of some kind.
With actual slaves. There's this one
story about a murder...

SARAH

Wait...

Sarah's spotted something. Over there. By the benches.

SARAH

Dad?

More a whisper of disbelief to herself than anything. Her
dad Robert. Hanging out with winos. Sharing a brown
paper bag.

ELLEN

Oh Sarah.

It breaks Sarah's heart. A coldness settles behind the
eyes. She spins and marches off with angry determination.
Toward high school.

ON ROBERT

Holding the brown paper bag in his hands. Weighing the
bottle. Contemplates it.

WINO

Have a swig'o'that. Home made.

ROBERT

Like the last batch?

WINO

Yup.

Tempting. Hard to resist. But in the end...neh...he
gives the brown paperback back.

WINO

What's this?

ROBERT

A new beginning.

He walks away. Leaving the winos on the bench. Mocking
him. Catcalling --

WINO

You'll be back.

Hardest thing Robert's ever done.

The proudest thing he's ever done.

EXT. GYMNASIUM -- DEMONFALL HIGH SCHOOL

Rock'n'roll music blaers through the gym. The floor alive with students dancing.

ON STAGE

The HEADMASTER MR. PINKERTON -- a desk lifer, a man born in tweed -- approaches the mic. The DJ kills the music. He taps the mic twice -- POCK-POCK -- slightly intimidated that it's so loud.

MR. PINKERTON

Good evening students of Demonfalls High School.

The kids cheer. They actually like this guy. Refreshing.

TOILETS

Thomas is staring at his reflection in the mirror. We can hear Mr. Pinkerton's muffled speech through the wall.

THOMAS

Ook...okok. Sarah: I've known you practically my whole life. I think maybe we should...Damn. Is it my whole life or our whole life? OK. Sarah, from the first day I met you... wait... that's not right... we were in first grade: I don't remember first grade...

He stares at himself. Hard. Then deflates. This is useless. He can't do it. Damn. He walks out.

CAMERA SWEEPS TO THE STALLS

Where we find Ellen and Sarah. Huddled. Covering the mounts not to laugh. Shocked and stunned. They heard everything.

ELLEN

OH MY GOD. Thomas loves you.

SARAH

Shut up.

ELLEN

I mean completely in love with you.

SARAH

Don't be stupid. He's just a friend.
Always been a friend.

ELLEN

He wants to be a little more than that.
You don't rehearse in front of the
mirror if you just want to be friends.

Sarah twists her face. She knows it's true. Damn.

SARAH

Could my evening go any worse?

ELLEN

You'll need to dodge him.

SARAH

I can't do that.

ELLEN

I know how it can go better...

She jiggles the flask of booze in front of her.

SARAH

Where did you...

ELLEN

My dad.

SARAH

Your dad the Sheriff? You've got balls.

Sarah hesitates. Her face hardens. Why not... she
swills, chokes, sputters, coughs.

SARAH

Right... Bad idea.

ELLEN

That's enough.

Sarah snaps the bottle back. And chugs it -- a chug that
would make any alcoholic think twice.

ELLEN

Damn, Sarah.

SARAH

I'm going to make this year memorable.
No more Sarah the Book Worm. I'm
letting my hair down. Let's go boy
hunting.

ON STAGE

MR. PINKERTON

...as you know, the Council of
Demonfalls has been lobbying to change
the name to something gentler.

The kids Booooo... Though he doesn't say it, Pinkerton
seems to sympathise and agree with them. But it's out of
his hands. He's only a school principal.

MR. PINKERTON

The result of that will be announced
next week. Now... the moment you've all
been waiting for -- and not to show my
age -- let's party like it's 1999 --
welcome to Demonfalls High School --

And the crowd goes berserk. Pop rock music blasts in.

WE HOVER over the place. Kids having fun. Dancing and
laughing. Carefree. Its intoxicating. We pick up on --

DYLAN

The new kid. A bit shy. Still hasn't found his way here
yet. Hands buried in Levis. Ambling. Nodding hello to
strangers. Trying to feel at ease. Desperate for that
one thing all kids are desperate for -- to fit in.

SARAH AND ELLEN

Ellen spots him first. Across the room. By himself.

ELLEN

I'm sensing he's strong yet gentle,
passionate and ferocious yet giving and
generous.

Sarah turns. Sees what Ellen's staring at. Dylan.

ELLEN

His name's Dylan, as in Dylan Dylan.
From London. No one knows where he
lives and with who. Travels a lot.
Very good academically.

(MORE)

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Damn near perfect, in fact.
Sagittarius. And looks very very
single.

SARAH

You broke into the school database
again.

ELLEN

If he looks my way in the next thirty
seconds -- straight at me -- we're fated
to be together. Turn around, baby,
turn, turn...

As if sensing them across the room, Dylan turns. Not to
look at Ellen. But lock eyes with Sarah.

WHAAM. The world around them vanishes. Fuzzes out. Just
them. In a vacuum. Sarah's heartbeat throbbing harder,
deafening in her ears. There's something strange at work
here. Something more powerful than chemical attraction.

The spell breaks. Ellen has seen everything. Watches
Sarah with complete confusion.

ELLEN

What just happened?

Sarah's freaked out by this. Doesn't understand it.

SARAH

I...I don't know. Maybe it's the booze.
I'm not used to --

And BBUURRCK, she yaks in a nearby bin.

EXT. DEMONFALL HIGH SCHOOL -- DUSK

Sarah's sitting on the steps under the Demonfalls banner.
Muffled music still loud out here.

SARAH

Honestly. I'm... I'm just not used to
drinking. It was a dumb idea.

ELLEN

My fault. But you have to admit that
was a little funny.

Sarah shakes her head: Yeah, it actually was.

SARAH

Look... I'm... I just need air. Go back in. I'll be right behind you.

ELLEN

I'll be on the...

SARAH

...dance floor.

Ellen walks back inside. Sarah hugs herself against the chill night air. Suddenly, her sixth sense kicks in, she turns to find --

Dylan

Just standing there. As if transported on the wind. Spooking her.

DYLAN

I startled you. I'm sorry.

SARAH

Now is not a good... I'm sorry. Did you want to sit?

DYLAN

Do you mind. It's just that the music's too loud; too many lights.

SARAH

Yeah, I know what you mean.

Dylan slides in beside her with such casual familiarity that it confuses her. Sarah studies him. Then watches the dark outline of the forests. Mostly because she's too shy to stare him in the face. She's at peace. There's no need for chatter. Nothing forced about this guy. A quiet wisdom. Likes it. Comforting.

SARAH

Where did you learn to fight like that?

He seems a bit shy about that --

DYLAN

Ah, that. My dad was in the Army. We moved around a lot. Never stayed more than a year in any given place. Some places can be quite unforgiving to strangers.

SARAH
Why here, why Demonfalls?

DYLAN
My grandparents. I've got family
extending 14 generations, all the way
back to the settlers.

He points toward the cemetery. Down the path. Huddled in
darkness.

DYLAN
Most of whom now live over there...

SARAH
Wow. But you're from England.

DYLAN
Yeah...well...

Just the way he said that makes us think there's a lot
more to it, lots of history; lots of bad blood there.
Sarah doesn't push.

DYLAN
And what's your tale of woe?

SARAH
No much to tell, really...

It's small. We barely notice it. But Dylan senses
something. Something in the darkness.

SARAH
I live with my mom. She works at
the...hey...

DYLAN
Sarah -- I --

It happens so fast -- in a flick of eyelids -- Dylan has
vanished. Just like that. Without a sound. Without a
trace. And somehow, this spikes fear in Sarah's heart.
Instinctively knows something's wrong.

SARAH
Dylan?

Sarah notices a slow, thick FOG creep in, settling around
her ankles. It's weird. She stands up.

Suddenly it looks like everyone's gone, everyone's inside. The fog is getting thicker... murkier.

Then her entire body freezes. The silhouette of a man. Watching her from the other end of the concrete steps. Partially obscured by pillars. The gait of a wolf about to pounce.

SARAH

Dylan...is that -- ?

Comes out in a whimper. She knows it isn't him.

Survival instinct kicks in -- time to bail -- Sarah slows spins on her heels, holds back a scream, begins walking.

Cleared the steps, she picks up her pace. Almost running. Through the parking lot. The fog swirling around her. The Silhouette breaks its stillness, terrifying, starts following her...

Sarah's breathing hitches. Big gulps of panic. But what is she doing... she's heading toward the path and cemetery.

ON THE WOODEN PATH

She breaks into run. And THWACK, trips over a tree root. Goes down with a thump.

Shit. That man, that thing, still following her. Gaining ground. Weaving through parked cars.

That's it. She hauls ass...

INT. GYMNASIUM -- DEMONFALL HIGH SCHOOL -- NIGHT

The music's throbbing. A sea of hands thrown in the air. Light slicing. Bewildering and intoxicating. Ellen completely lost in the music.

EXT. CEMETERY -- NIGHT

...Running through the cemetery...

That man. Still following her. Locked in on its prey. Sarah could swear she saw the eyes flash red in a black mask. What the...?

INT. GYMNASIUM -- DEMONFALL HIGH SCHOOL -- NIGHT

On Ellen. Drunk with music. Unaware her best friend's in danger.

EXT. CEMETERY -- NIGHT

Sarah runs backwards and trips over a gravestone. She lands hard on her back. Oouff. Knocks the wind out. Making her the perfect, vulnerable victim.

INT. GYMNASIUM -- DEMONFALL HIGH SCHOOL -- NIGHT

Pulsing. Ellen completely lost in a world of her own. Suddenly senses something. Something's wrong.

EXT. CEMETERY -- NIGHT

...and the thing that's following her -- is not there. Vanished. Only wind teasing dry leaves. Leaving behind the unsettling feeling that this is not over.

Sarah finds the sore spots on her body. She stands. Pats herself down. Turns and --

WHAAAP!

...snatched by the throat. In a vice-like grip. Squeezing her windpipe shut.

INT. GYMNASIUM -- DEMONFALL HIGH SCHOOL -- NIGHT

Ellen panics...

ELLEN

Sarah...

Elbows through the crowd. For the exit. But the labyrinth of people grows denser, walling her in.

ELLEN

SARAH!

EXT. CEMETERY -- NIGHT

...And the thing draws her in. Nose to nose.

A shard of light partially catches its features. It's a man, but not a man. The SLASH of a scar punches through a milky eye -- devoid of life -- staring right back at her. Spiking fear through her rigid body.

THE THING

The last one...

Forced whisper through her throat --

SARAH

The last...what?

SCHWING. A set of razor-sharp fangs the size of railway spikes flash out. Un-fucking-believable. Fear jumps in Sarah's eyes. This is it, the end.

The Thing's mouth stretches waay passed its normal hinge -- stretching strings of spit and exhausting hot breath -- coiling back to strike the death blow when --

-- WHAAP, something shoots out of nowhere. Tackles the thing sideways. Balling through the cemetery. Two figures locked in a death grip. Disappear behind trees where sickening, feral grunts, shrieks, and branches break -- two wild animals fighting to the death.

Sarah gags. But there's no time. Complete panic fires her battered body to run like hell. Toward the high school. Putting as much distance between herself and the creatures.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- HIGH SCHOOL -- NIGHT

She spots Ellen. Running down the steps toward her. Sarah's voice weak and rusty.

SARAH

NO... Go back... GO BACK!

ELLEN

SARAH. You're ok. I had a bad feeling...

Her relief suddenly chopped by concerned seeing fear in Sarah's face --

SARAH

GO BACK.

ELLEN

What's wrong? What happened?

SARAH

They're behind me.

Ellen sweeps the ground a moment.

ELLEN

There's no one behind you. Look at you,
you're a mess.

Sarah looks around. Nothing. It's peaceful. That's it:
she's going crazy.

SARAH

Let's get out of here.

ELLEN

This is my fault. I shouldn't have left
you like this. You're still drunk.

Then she stops, dead cold, stares hard at Sarah's neck --
handprint bruises wrap around her throat. Impossibly big.
Fingers clearly visible.

ELLEN

Oh my God, Sarah. You were raped.

Sarah shakes no.

ELLEN

We need to call the police.

Sarah doesn't know why she's saying this, it's going
against all instincts, but she shakes her head --

SARAH

No. No police. I'll explain. Can I
stay at yours tonight?

They walk away. Sarah steals a peak over her shoulder.

Toward the cemetery.

At the thing that almost killed her. Vanished somewhere
in the shadows.

Still out there.

Watching her.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT THREE

EXT. MORT COTTAGES -- COUNTRY ROAD -- DUSK

The FADED CARVED WOOD SIGN READS "DEMONFALLS" by a lonely stretch of road.

WE CLIMB UP A TELEPHONE POLE. From here we have a terrific view of this nature resort. We also notice police cars parked below, around an abandoned car. Notice too the strange claw marks torn into the metal of the car. This thing has been shredded open.

The CAMERA HIKES UP to reveal strange groups-of-four claw marks chiseled in the wood...and black, dried blood falling in strips down the pole...

...REACH THE TOP TO FIND THE JACK "RAMPAGE" BEEKER. Missing his left foot. Clutching the top of the poll like a life raft. Face etched in a PETRIFIED SCOWL -- whatever he saw last, scared him to death.

GROUND LEVEL

Lean, quiet, self-possessed SHERIFF COLLINS stares up the pole, trying to make sense of it. DEPUTY MCGUIRE, portly, prone to say the first thing that jumped into his mind, and not a big mind at that.

SHERIFF COLLINS

30 years, I've never seen anything like it.

DEPUTY MCGUIRE

How d'you suppose the killer got'im all the way up there?

Sheriff Collins scratches the bald patch on his head. Hates to admit it, but he needs to give air to a weird thought --

SHERIFF COLLINS

McGuire: I don't think the killer got him up there. I think that kid climbed all by himself running away from something.

DEPUTY MCGUIRE

Jeez. Look at the claw marks. I never seen no damn bear reach twenty feet no matter how big they were. D'you reckon we've got a Bigfoot bear?

SHERIFF COLLINS

Plenty of bears in these parts. That's Jack Beeker up there. As keen hunter as his daddy. He knew about bears. Hate to think what could scare a kid so bad he would rather die than come down.

DEPUTY MCGUIRE

Doesn't make any sense.

Sheriff Collins looks around the crime scene. None of this makes any sense.

SHERIFF COLLINS

Yeah... Call the fire brigade. Get it down. I'll call his dad.

EXT. DEMONFALLS TOWN CENTRE -- DAY

A CROWD has gathered around a bicentennial bandstand. Red, white and blue banderols looping throughout town.

WE DESCEND ON MAYOR LINCOLN -- A JOVIAL, PUDGY MAN -- addressing the crowd. Mayor Lincoln has got smalltown America written all over him. Ruddy cheeks. Miranda's apple pie belly. Wrapped up in an ill-fitting suit, held together by willpower and one front button under tension. Right out of Clarence Darrow county.

MAYOR LINCOLN

You'all, you'all... This has been a long time in coming, I tell ya...

The crowd applauds.

MAYOR LINCOLN

My late daddy -- also Mayor Lincoln --

The crowd laughs.

MAYOR LINCOLN

-- my late daddy had a dream for this town. He wanted it rid of its superstitious past and forge on towards a bright, new future; the fuel of our American values to drive it along!

The crowd loves it. Cheers on. This Mayor is a great showman. Knows his audience.

NANCY PRICE (O.S.)

Would those values include exploitation
and murder?

What? Where the hell did that come from? Heads turn --

-- JOURNALIST NANCY PRICE elbows her way to the front.
30ish. The perfect chemical reaction of charm, beauty,
cunning.

NANCY PRICE

What is the real reason for changing the
name from Demonfalls to Appleby?

MAYOR LINCOLN

Well, Appleby as you know means --

NANCY PRICE

-- Is there something in Demonfalls'
past you'd rather forget? Something
that might connect it to Jack Beeker's
murder?

A chill runs through the crowd. The Mayor shifts,
dreading this question. Covers the mic, shrugging: What
is this, I don't understand, this is news to me --

MAYOR LINCOLN

Well, now hold on...murder?
I don't, I haven't...
uhm... thank you for coming
on this prosperous day. I
now officially Christian
this town APPLEBY!

NANCY PRICE

Anything to do with the
Council of 1834 executing
those three --

The crowd cheers and hollers. Burying Nancy's question.

MAYOR LINCOLN

Father Bryant will do the official
anointing of the town. Demonf -- oops --
Appleby welcomes you.

The crowd laughs... they really like this mayor. A Dixie
band strikes up. To amuse his public, the Mayor two-steps
a little Dixie shuffle onstage. The crowd applauds and
breaks up.

MAYOR LINCOLN

...takes his skinny AIDE aside -- and here we see it, the
jovial, Capraesque facade falls. Replaced by something
dangerous, sinister --

MAYOR LINCOLN

Make sure Miss Price's stay is as short
and unpleasant as possible.

The Aide nods: right away.

ON NANCY PRICE

Loading up the news van with her CAMERAMAN TOM.

NANCY PRICE

You can't erase 300 years of history by
changing a name.

Tom shrugs: I guess. A LOCAL WOMAN walks past --

LOCAL WOMAN

Go back to the big city you hypocrite.

Nancy finds this jab charming and inevitable --

NANCY PRICE

Smalltown hospitality.

She takes in the site a moment. Quaint. Typical
smalltown America. Somewhat backward in its puritanical
undertones.

NANCY PRICE

Lift a rock in any small town in America
and you'll find a scandal.

Tom shrugs: really, sounds far-fetched.

CAMERAMAN TOM

And you think you'll find one here?

A dangerous twinkle blossoms in her eye. It's that
twinkle that always gets her in trouble; the same twinkle
that won her a Pulitzer.

NANCY PRICE

Tom: blood runs under these cobbles.

EXT. ELLEN'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Postdawn chill hangs in the air. Paperboy on his round.

ELLEN (O.S.)

I'm not the squeamish type, but that
looks bad.

EXT. ATTIC BEDROOM -- ELEN'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Sarah pulls down her turtleneck collar to reveal an angry, purple bruise wrapped around her throat.

ELLEN

You need to tell my dad.

Sarah's voice's hoarse, like a rusty muffler --

SARAH

No I don't.

ELLEN

Sarah: If there's a maniac out there, you can stop him from hurting someone else. I've seen it on TV. God knows my dad talks about it all the time.

SARAH

I should go.

ELLEN

What are you going to tell your mom?

SARAH

I've got a cold.

ELLEN

And the bruises?

SARAH

I'll wrap up.

Sarah smiles. It'll be okay.

INT. B&B -- DAY

Nancy arrives with her gear with Tom the cameraman. The portly B&B OWNER MARY MCGUINNESS greets them at the door -- with their belongings.

NANCY PRICE

Hey, that's my suitcase.

TOM

And my bag.

MARY MCGUINNESS

I'm sorry. Due to unforeseen events, we are full up and closed.

NANCY PRICE

You mean we're out of the room?

Mary just stands there, smiling: there's be no way around this woman.

NANCY PRICE

Aaah, I see what going on here. Cute.
Did the Mayor put you up to this?

Mary stares. Still smiling.

NANCY PRICE

We'll just find another B&B.

MARY MCGUINNESS

I'm afraid that won't be possible.
We're all fully booked.

NANCY PRICE

And the Holiday Inn?

Mary just smiles.

NANCY PRICE

Gotcha.

EXT. B&B -- DAY

Nancy and Tom pile at the bottom of the steps with their things.

NANCY PRICE

Were being chased out of Dodge, Tom.
And it's usually when things start to happen.

Nancy's got that look in her eyes again. Tom deflates.

TOM

Oh boy. Here we go.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTRE -- APPLEBY -- DAY

A nondescriptive, colonial brick building.

ROBERT (O.S.)

...the hardest thing to admit to myself
was that I wasn't this perfect person...

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE -- DAY

An AA meeting in progress. Chairs in a circle under a dome of light. About five people. Robert standing. Fidgeting. Nervous. Leaping into the unknown.

ROBERT

...I wasn't invincible, like my daughter built me up to be; I wasn't the perfect husband like my wife expected me to be; I wasn't the perfect son like my father hoped I would be. The bottle...the bottle is a buffer between who I am and who I want to be. I'm doing this for who I can be.

It resonates with everyone here. Plain and simple and sincere. No plaudits. Just hard, brutal truth.

INT. O'TOOLS PUB -- EVENING

An Irish pub. Sarah's job. Clearing up tables. Robert enters, completely out of place. Sarah's BOSS spots him and frowns --

BOSS

Sarah. The door.

Sarah spots Robert. Her entire body sags.

SARAH

Dad... What're you doing here?

BOSS

Sarah. Take it outside.

EXT. RECEIVING DOCK -- O'TOOLS -- EVENING

SARAH

You can't be here.

ROBERT

I uhm, I just wanted to tell you --

SARAH

You know, you broke your promise to me.

ROBERT

I -- promise...

SARAH

See. You've already forgotten.
Whatever happened to getting help?

The questions are coming too fast. Robert's a bit confused.

ROBERT

Well...that's what I wanted to talk to
you...uhm... the park... the other
night, I...uhm...

SARAH

Yeah. I know about the park. I saw you.
Look: I've got to go. Since I don't
have a dad providing maintenance, I have
to make up the shortfall.

Cheap shot. She immediately regrets it. Sees the hurt on
his face. Whatever's left of his confidence, now lays
shattered. He nods, you're right; this was a bad idea.
He walks away.

BOSS

Sarah.

She wants to chase after him.

SARAH

DAD!

BOSS

Sarah. Come on.

Robert melts into a lonely silhouette. Head low. Hands
in pockets. Disappears around the dumpster.

EXT. ALLY -- APPLEBY -- EVENING

Late-night revellers dip in and out of bars. Banners
everywhere celebrating the new town name of Appleby.

Collar hiked up against the cold, Robert marches passed
the bars. Their doors open. Inviting music and laughter
alluring. Offering good times. He struggles. But
successfully pulls away.

And passing a dark nook in the alley, he hears a dreadful,
hostile voice --

VOICE (RUUGSTARDT)

Won't you go in for a drink?

And before he can move, before he can squint into the dark, a flash of fangs lashes out. Tears into his throat.

He stumbles back. Hands clutching his bleeding neck. And WHAP, he's pulled by the ankles into the dark abyss where his scream dies out...

INT. O'TOOLS PUB -- EVENING

A quiet Tuesday night. Not many folk here. A few scattered here and there. Sarah going through the motions, clearing up tables, her heart not in it.

She begins to whip down a table when she sees Dylan, sitting there.

SARAH

Oh.

DYLAN

Hi. Sorry. I wanted to apologize for earlier. I know it was strange.

SARAH

You're a mysterious man, mister Dylan. How did you know I work here?

DYLAN

I found this, the other night. Thought you might like this back.

He hands over her the heirloom bracelet.

SARAH

Oh my god, I can't believe you found it.

DYLAN

It's pretty.

SARAH

It's old as Moses. My mom makes me wear it. Thanks.

DYLAN

It's a charm bracelet.

SARAH

How do you know that?

He shows Sarah the bracelet. Runs his finger over each charm. A smile you could get lost in.

DYLAN

Personal charms. Decorative pendants.
Trinkets. Important things in the
wearer's life. Some believe they have
the power to protect.

SARAH

Against what.

DYLAN

Whoever gave you this love you very
much.

SARAH

My grandmother. Just before she passed
away. It's the only thing I have left.

DYLAN

Memories are important.

Sarah knows this. Feels it in her soul. An intimate
pause grows between them. Too intimate. Sarah breaks
off. Uncomfortable. Sees her boss across the restaurant -

SARAH

Yeah...uhm, I gotta go.

DYLAN

Yeah. Me too.

SARAH

You do? Yeah, sure you do. I'll uhm...
see you... thanks again.

He stands to leave.

SARAH

Hey. The kids are going to the falls
night. Nothing special. Just, hanging
out. D'you...?

DYLAN

Would love to.

Gives her a killer smile that blossoms her face. Cool.
Great. See you then.

She heads off to clear another table. But not without
throwing one last sidelong glance at Dylan -- who's
already gone. Man, how does he do that?

EXT. PARK -- NIGHT

A YOUNG WOMAN cuts through the park with a grocery bag. She halts by a bench. Concerned for --

-- A man in a dirty trenchcoat, sleeping on the bench. His breathing wheezes in and out in cold fog, drowning in flem. Doesn't sound good. This man needs a doctor.

WOMAN

Excuse me. My name is Michelle Baxter. I'm a nurse. Are you ok? Do you want me to call some.o..n...e --

It's the last thing she says when --

FLASH, with supernatural speed, the Man LASHES out with a mouth full of RAZORS, locks on her neck.

Too fast. Too vicious. Can't scream. Only slight, choked gasped S.O.S's escape her shocked, open mouth. She's paralysed under his incredible strength. That thing, locking her in, shoulders hunched, sucking in great gulps -- a pure killer.

He discards her. Like trash. The body falls limp, against her shopping bag. Crushing it. Blood and milk mix into a clotted, macabre tapestry.

And the man -- the thing -- steps into the cone of the lamp -- and shit -- it's Robert. Eyes: crimson cracks web through white marble. And a great smear of blood across his frenzied, switchblade leer. Terrifying.

HOURS LATER

THE SCENE OF THE CRIME

Michelle Baxter's body. Drained of blood. Pale as wax. The terror from her last moment still fresh on her face. The coroner's sheet is pulled over her.

The Sheriff surveys the area. Trying to extrapolate an understanding of what just happened.

DEPUTY MCGUIRE

You known: the Michelin Guide designated seven years in the role Demonfalls -- Appleby -- as the safest, quaintness, quietest town in all of the U.S of A. 2 murders in two days. What the hell is going on here?

Sheriff McGuire kneels down. Ground view. Hoping a secret or two will be revealed here.

DEPUTY MCGUIRE

It's gotta be a rogue bear, d'you reckon?

SHERIFF COLLINS

Rogue bear that no one saw; no one heard. Bears rip apart, drag entrails, leave prints. This... this is something else entirely.

DEPUTY MCGUIRE

Well... whatever it is, we should warn the kids.

Sheriff Colin stares at him.

DEPUTY MCGUIRE

It's the annual bonfire at the waterfall.

SHERIFF COLLINS

Great.

Sheriff Colin scratches the bald patch on his head as a POLICE OFFICER comes running.

POLICE OFFICER

Sheriff. I think you want to see this.

EXT. BACK ALLEY -- NIGHT

A splash of blood against the brickwork. And on the ground. Mixed with grounded break and meat.

Sheriff Collins and Deputy McGuire stare at it.

DEPUTY MCGUIRE

I don't get it. Blood.

SHERIFF COLLINS

Vomit.

Deputy McGuire just stares. Still doesn't get it.

SHERIFF COLLINS

I'm getting the queer feeling this matches Michelle Baxter.

DEPUTY MCGUIRE

So she was attacked here. The assailant strikes her. Causes internal injuries. She vomits. He dumps her over there where she dies of her injuries -- in the middle of a figgin park?

Sheriff Collins is already shaking his head, a bizarre scenario forming in his mind. He must be going crazy, but here goes:

SHERIFF COLLINS

I think: whoever did this -- couldn't stomach the blood. It made him sick.

Deputy McGuire's face crinkles.

DEPUTY MCGUIRE

Damn, am I hearing you right? You saying someone drank this?

SHERIFF COLLINS

I'm saying we've got ourselves a real life psychopath on the loose.

They turn to find --

-- Nancy Price. Standing there. She's overheard everything. She cuts a cruel smile. Gotcha. The story she's been waiting for.

EXT. BACK ALLEY -- NIGHT

About 100m from where the officers are, tucked away in a dark corner of the alley, CAMERA CREEPS to FIND...

ROBERT

Hugging himself. Shivering. Covered in blood. Eyes shellshocked. Freaked out of his mind. He doesn't understand what's happening. But realizes he's done something he shouldn't have.

But one thing we do understand: his features have regenerated: alabaster skin, square jawline, a youthful energy that wasn't there before.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT FOUR

EXT. DEMONFALLS -- THE FALLS -- NIGHT

Through the trees, a wide clearing. A bonfire roars in the center. Sparks reaching for the inky sky; mingle with stars. TEENS enjoy their annual SCHOOL'S OPEN party.

Dylan and Sarah. To the side. Alone. Admiring a stunning waterfall, lit by rich moonlight. Charming.

DYLAN

Now I know why you guys come here.

He spots something below. Tarp and scaffolding.

SARAH

Some archaeological find. They found remnants of an Iron Age village.

It's subtle. We spot it. This is significant to Dylan.

SARAH

But with the change of name comes the change of priorities. The mayor shut the site down. The past has no relevance to the new town he's creating. I agree. Why dredge up the past? iPods. Youtube. Mobile phones. It's all about the future, right?

MINDFLASH: It's fast and vicious. Shards of images: an iron age village. Pelt skin huts in snow. Unnatural shrieks descends on it. PETRIFIED VILLAGERS huddle in a circle for protection against an unseen enemy.

Dylan's eyes travel the site. Whatever's in his mind superimposes perfectly with the contours in the ground. A hundred emotions collide. He's been here before.

SARAH

Are you alright?

DYLAN

Yeah, yeah... just, deja vue.

SARAH

Don't you hate that?

Ellen comes barging in.

ELLEN

Don't hate me for being a buddinski.

Ellen flashes Sarah a look: He's hot -- I mean really hot. You vixen.

SARAH

Ellen, this is --

ELLEN

-- Dylan, yeah, I know. We got --

SARAH

-- History, together.

ELLEN

You remember.

DYLAN

You made a great first impression.

All in good fun. No flirting.

SARAH

Right, you two, trouble.

ELLEN

Oh, I nearly forgot: You're not the only new boy in town.

Oooh. Sarah and Dylan exchange a look. How mysterious. Dylan's blood suddenly runs cold --

-- out of the darkness materializes TRENT. Wild blonde hair. Cobalt blue eyes. A dangerous leer.

ELLEN

Trent. From Sweden. Just landed on our shores.

Dylan stops breathing. A low growl rumbles deep in his chest.

TRENT

It's great to be in the New World.

ELLEN

Trent: Sarah. Sarah: Trent. And this is --

SARAH

Dylan.

Dylan's eyes fix on Trent.

SARAH

Dylan?

Dylan snaps out of it. Shakes Trent's hand. And within that handshake, electricity flows: wild, violent images of broadswords slashing -- a village burning in the middle of winter -- screams of agony -- blood against snow.

Truggart's astonished face as he watches the which evaporate in the temple. SUPERIMPOSE Dylan's face today. They're the same person.

Remember the second warrior in the temple -- Ruugstardt? SUPERIMPOSE his rugged face over Trent's. They're also the same person.

On Trent. Keeping his eyes locked on Dylan.

TRENT

Pleasure's all mine.

ELLEN

I'll leave you with the natives. I need beer.

Ellen hooks Sarah by the arm and pulls away, giggling. Dylan waits for the girls to be out of earshot to engage --

Dylan. A sense of mounting horror.

TRENT

I never thought I'd come back here.

Trent cuts a cruel scowl.

DYLAN

Ruugstardt. I told you to leave.

TRENT

This is more fun.

DYLAN

Not these people.

TRENT

The innocent taste so much better, don't they?

DYLAN

I'm not going to let you terrorised
these people.

A series of realisations tumble inside Trent's mind --

TRENT

-- You've fallen for the girl. This is
going to be interesting.

Dylan takes a dangerous step forward.

DYLAN

If you harm her --

TRENT

-- or what? You can't kill me. You
can't kill your own kind.

A flash of anger thunders across Dylan's face. Hates to
admit it, but Trent's right.

TRENT

You've tried this before: Budapest.
London. New York. Cairo. We were
there. We were watching. And it always
ended in a bloody mess.

Dylan's eyes search the void. All that destruction left
in his wake over the years. Over the centuries.

DYLAN

You can stay here and babysit this
fantasy of yours: vampire and humans
coexisting, hand-in-hand, frolicking
across golden fields... or, after two
thousand years, accept what you are --

DYLAN

And what's that?

And it's there, in Trent's face, admiration:

TRENT

An exquisite killer.

We hear the girls coming back. Dylan steps closer.

DYLAN

Are the others here?

Trent smiles. A smile that promises horrible things.

DYLAN

Are the others here?

The girls are getting closer. Dylan steps back. Disengages.

TRENT

Dylan: Sarah might look like your wife, but she's not her.

That last point rocks Dylan. Strikes deep inside his soul. The girls reappear with beer.

ELLEN

You guys best friends already?

TRENT

I'd say we're working on it.

Sarah searches Dylan's face. She's not so sure. Dylan meets her stare. He seems spooked.

ELLEN

I'm going to leave you two love birds together. I have other cultural matters to attend.

She slips her arm around Trent's and guides him away. Sarah keeps watching Dylan.

SARAH

Everything okay?

His face lights up and she totally believes him. He already has that power over her.

DYLAN

Absolutely.

SARAH

I didn't mean to put you on the spot --

He leans in and kisses her. Totally unexpected. Soft and gentle. Passionate. She abandons herself. Melts into him. When they break, the world has changed around them. Nothing's going to be the same after this kiss.

ACROSS THE BONFIRE

Through the licking flames, Trent watches them. Eyes cut into cruel slits. Is that a speck of jealousy we detect?

WOODS

The orange glow of the bonfire in the background. Thomas is walking drunkenly through the brush. Finding his ineptitude funny.

A thick, MOVING MIST swirls around his feet. Odd. A RUSTLE OF LEAVES spins him around.

THOMAS

Sarah?

The shape begins to form. Coming into focus. Through the fog. A woman. A sensual woman. With an alluring, slow slither.

Thomas squints. He must be drunker than he thinks he is.

And WHOOSH, completely blindsiding him, another woman locks onto his neck. Pins him to the ground. Already sucking him dry. And WHIIISH, shoots up with his limp body. Disappears into the treetops. Impossibly freaky.

We hear a blood curdling scream.

Then silence.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- NIGHT

Headlights slicing through darkness. The police cruiser crawling up the country road.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NIGHT

Sheriff Collins at the wheel. Only the beams of light capturing a steady stream of monotonous country road.

There. Something. In the middle of the road. They stop at a figure in a trench coat.

DEPUTY MCGUIRE

What the hell?

THE CAMERA stays inside the car. Sheriff Collins honks the horn. Then flashes the berries and cherries. The figure in the trench coat spins around. And it's a shocking sight: a haunted, face, pale in the garish light, old blood flaking off his chin and hands. Eyes dead. It's Robert.

ROBERT

I did it again. I DID IT AGAIN.

DEPUTY MCGUIRE

I'll handle this.

Deputy McGuire steps out of the cruiser and walks up to Robert. We don't hear what's said. But what follows is fast, violent, nauseating --

WHAAM. Robert attacks him. Locks onto his neck. Pins him to the ground. Where all we hear are grunts and screams of agony...

...catching Sheriff Collins completely by surprise. He runs out of the cruiser. To the front of the car. Gun drawn.

Then freezes. What the hell...?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- NIGHT

HIGH. In a pitch black canvas, all we see is the police cruiser, blue and red lights slicing. Headlights illuminate Sheriff Collins.

No Deputy McGuire.

No Robert.

Both disappeared into thin air.

What the hell is going on here?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAFE -- MORNING

Ellen and Sarah. Huddled around cups of tea and breakfast, none of which have been touched. They're both daydreaming.

ELLEN

What a night. He did things to me I never thought possible. You look worried. What's up?

SARAH

My dad. Nobody's seen him in two days.

ELLEN

He'll turn up. He always does.

SARAH

Where did you say you met Trent?

ELLEN
Online. Why?

SARAH
Nothing. Just the way Dylan looked at
him. It's nothing.

ELLEN
It's a territorial thing, with guys.

SARAH
You're probably right.

ELLEN
I am right.

They smile. Give each other a hug.

SARAH
I hope Trent doesn't turn out to be a
creep like the last one.

CROSSFADE TO:

EXT. MORT COTTAGES -- COUNTRY ROAD -- DUSK

Flowers rest by the lonely stretch of road where Jack
Beeker's body was found.

The old, faded DEMONFALLS sign has been taken down.
Replaced by the new, wood carving sign "WELCOME TO
APPLEBY". A LARGE FIGURE wipes past frame. SCCHRRRAAK.

...Leaves four claw marks etched across the wood.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STONE TEMPLE

REPLAY... were back in the temple. WHOOSH-WHOOSH! The
bright yellow fire flickers in pillars of blue flames,
roiling up to the Gods.

Trugard grows mesmerized by the fire. It draws him in.
He's transfixed by a shadow, a silhouette, inside it's
molten heart...

...the vision of a GIRL...

...A girl we recognise as...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM -- SARAH'S HOUSE -- MORNING

SARAH. Her eyes snap open. Terror within the iris seeps out from another nightmare. It's morning. Birds chirp. Thank God, she's in her room.

EYES snap awaken. Adrenaline coursing through irises. Contracting them into fists. As --

EXT. GROUNDS -- HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

Sarah's hand moves into frame. She's just about to pin her pamphlet -- HAVE YOU SEEN MY DAD -- when her hand halts. In midair. Something's not right. That sick feeling in her tummy's back.

She steps back, her heart throbbing in her ears.

...We WIDEN to include more pamphlets...

...Girlfriends, friends, brothers and sisters, looking for loved ones. All worried sick at home, clinging to the hope that one shred of information might lead to the whereabouts of their loved ones.

...WE STRETCH OUT to a PANORAMIC of the billboard and we're blown away -- there's no room for Sarah's pamphlet. Hundreds of squares flutter in the breeze.

...And for a black moment the world ceases to exist. Everything fuzzy. Spinning out of control. Sounds muffled and far. Somehow -- and she couldn't tell you how she knows this -- but somehow she understands this has all to do with her.

...WIDEN as thousands of students spill out of school. Sound and sensations all collide back into a jarring reality. Students race for the car park; for the bus. Sarah's surrounded by faces.

...And yet, she's the loneliest person in the crowd. Staring at the pamphlets. At the mystery. What happened to all these people?

WE TRAVEL BACK. Across the parking lot. Buried amongst the cars. And jerk to stop. A long leather jacket slides into frame. A hand.

...Clawed fingernails.

...Staring in Sarah's direction.

Trent. With an evil glint in his eye.

...And WHOOSH he disappears in an updraught of wind,
scattering autumnal leaves in its wake as WHAM we --

CRASH TO BLACK.

-END OF EPISODE ONE-