

Tales from Davidstown S01 E10 "Convergence"
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EXT. COUNTRY LANE - TWILIGHT

Background sounds of a rural night - crickets chirping, a distant hoot of an owl. The sound of a car engine slows and stops.

JULIE HOBBS

(Muttering to herself, a sense of unease in her voice)

This place... Why does Nexus always choose spots that feel like they're straight out of a ghost story?

Car door opening and closing. The squelch of boots in mud as JULIE walks.

JULIE HOBBS

(Quietly, to herself)

Urgh, I hope that was mud. (A little out of breath) Ok, almost at the old house.

Sound of footsteps on wooden planks, an old door creaking open, then closing with a thud. The echo of her footsteps changes to a more hollow, indoor sound.

JULIE HOBBS

(Calling out)

Hello? Eric?

Only silence responds, punctuated by the echo of her own voice.

JULIE HOBBS

(Under her breath)

Strange, no one's here...

Her footsteps continue, the creak of floorboards under her weight. JULIE enters the living room.

JULIE HOBBS

(Somewhat quietly, as though she is getting nervous)

Hello?

A sudden thud and a muffled curse as Julie trips over something.

JULIE HOBBS

(Frustrated)

Ow! Stupid... Huh. All this old furniture.

(CONTINUED)

She leaves the living room, heading towards the kitchen. The sound of her footsteps changes as she moves from the wooden floor to a tiled surface.

JULIE HOBBS
(Wistful, curious)
Is this where you live now?

The distant clatter of something in the house, sparking her curiosity. JULIE heads towards the glass conservatory. The crunch of broken glass underfoot as she steps into the conservatory.

JULIE HOBBS
(Startled)
What...?

The faint creak of a chair. In the dim light, she finally sees ERIC'S figure.

JULIE HOBBS
(Relieved, yet cautious)
Eric! There you are. I've been calling out for you. Why didn't you answer?

ERIC
(His voice resonating in the space)
Julie, welcome. I apologise for keeping you waiting. I wanted to make sure you came alone.

JULIE HOBBS
(Arriving, her voice echoing in the confined space)
Is it just us? I was expecting the others.

ERIC
(Voice deep, resonant, slightly echoing in the cottage space)
The others... They have their reasons for not joining us tonight.
(Beat) Please - take a seat.

The creak of a chair as JULIE sits down. The faint sound of a candle flickering.

JULIE HOBBS
(Attempting casual conversation)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JULIE HOBBS (cont'd)
You know, Eric, every time we meet,
it's always some place more
unsettling than the last. How do
you even find these places?

ERIC
(Amused, his voice resonating
in the dim space)
Let's just say I have a knack for
the unusual. It comes with the
territory.

JULIE looks around at the filthy, decrepit cottage.

JULIE HOBBS
(Matter of fact)
I see that. This place has seen
better days. (Friendly) Are you
going to sit down, or just hide in
the shadows?

ERIC moves from the shadows towards the table. His hulking,
grotesque form comes into view. JULIE leaps out of her seat.

JULIE HOBBS
(Gasping, taken aback)
Oh my god, Eric...

ERIC
(Calmly)
It's alright, I know I look...
different. Does my appearance
frighten you?

JULIE HOBBS
(Recovering, trying to sound
composed)
No, it's just... been a while. You
look... what happened to you? Your
body? Your face??

ERIC
(Somberly)
The passage of time and the nature
of my duties, they continue to
leave their mark. Change is
inevitable, even for someone like
me. The dark energies of the veil
have become more aggressive these
last years.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE HOBBS

I don't understand. I know you're using your own body to... absorb it all, but what is it doing to you?

ERIC

It is the collision of two worlds made manifest. What ever form my work is leading me to, I cannot say. I have however been stranded here in this place for some time. Movement has become... very difficult.

JULIE HOBBS

Is there anything I can do?

ERIC

I should think not, Julie. This, transformation, it is outside of human control. Now, if you please, let us get down to business.

JULIE HOBBS

(Shifting to business)

Very well. The animal killings, they're escalating. It's not just livestock now; pets, wildlife, it's all becoming chaotic. People are talking, rumours are spreading.

ERIC

(Quietly)

I'm aware of the situation. The balance is... shifting.

JULIE HOBBS

(More direct, a hint of urgency)

This isn't just about balance, Eric. It's fear. Real fear. What are we dealing with here? People deserve to know.

ERIC

(Gently chiding)

Julie, you of all people should understand. There are truths that the public can't handle. The panic would be worse than the threat itself.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE HOBBS

(Firmly, frustration building)
I'm not here to debate ethics,
Eric. I need facts. I need to know
what's causing these attacks.

ERIC

(Calm, almost philosophical)
Detective Sergeant, what you're
asking for... it's a glimpse into a
world that's best left in the
shadows.

JULIE HOBBS

(Insistent)
I've seen the fur of this thing,
Eric. The tracks. This isn't just
some wild dog. What kind of
creature are we talking about here?

ERIC

(Unfazed, pragmatic)
What if I do tell you? What will
you do, Julie? Hunt it down? Bring
it to justice? Not everything in
this world submits to human laws
and ethics, you know that just as
well as I do.

JULIE HOBBS

(Resolute, a touch of
weariness)
I'm not looking to start a witch
hunt, Eric. But people's lives are
at risk. We can't just stand by
while this... whatever it is, roams
our streets. There has to be a
line, even in your world.

A moment of silence, the faint sound of the candle
flickering in the drafty room.

JULIE HOBBS

(Sighs, then speaks)
Does this have something to do with
Emily Hargreaves' disappearance?
It's connected, isn't it? Her
wrecked car was covered in... fur.
Nails.

ERIC

(Serious)
I honestly don't know. My proxies
are looking into it.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE HOBBS

(Leaning in, insistent)

This fur found in Hargreave's car - this has to be related to the creature attacks. Tell me what you know.

ERIC

(Calm but firm)

Julie, I understand your concern, but I genuinely don't have all the answers. You know how these things are... not everything is clear, even to me.

JULIE HOBBS

(Sceptical, pressing)

Oh come on. Don't give me that. You've always known more than you let on. Don't start holding back on me now.

ERIC

(Solemnly)

You've trusted me before, Julie, and I've not led you astray. I assure you, my ignorance in this matter is as frustrating to me as it is to you.

JULIE HOBBS

(Frustrated)

So, what? We're just supposed to wait while your 'proxies' do their work? How many more have to suffer in the meantime?

ERIC

(With a hint of regret)

I wish there were another way. But yes, we wait. This isn't a simple beast we're dealing with. It's something... more. My proxies are doing what they can to track it down, to understand its nature.

JULIE HOBBS

(Irritated)

These proxies of yours... you take over their bodies-

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

(Interrupting)

-Body. I can inhabit only one human at a time. The toll it takes... It's substantial. And before you ask, no, that's not information I can disclose. I trust you understand the need for discretion.

JULIE

(Unsettled)

It's unsettling, Eric. You could be anyone. I never know who you are, who I'm really talking to.

ERIC

(Solemnly)

My true form is what you see before you. This body, as monstrous as it may look, is no disguise. But the ability to blend in, to operate unseen when necessary, it's crucial for our cause. My physical form has its limitations. By possessing a proxy, I can be in places where my true appearance would cause complications.

JULIE HOBBS

(With a mix of disapproval and understanding)

I get why you do it, but it doesn't make it any less disturbing.

ERIC

(Dismissively)

Do not concern yourself with what me and my proxy are doing. We're on the same side, remember? Your focus should be elsewhere.

JULIE HOBBS

(Confused)

Where then?

ERIC

(Direct, imposing)

Jessica Wilder. She's becoming a real problem. I want you to arrest her.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE HOBBS

(Shocked, adamant)

What? Wilder is a civilian, she's innocent. What do you expect me to do? I can't lock a woman up for no good reason.

ERIC

(Cold, authoritative)

Wilder is more involved than you realise. She's become a variable we can't ignore. I need you to take her into custody.

JULIE HOBBS

(Shocked, searching for words)

Based on what? She's not involved in this, she's just...

ERIC

(Leaning forward, voice low and commanding)

Sometimes, Julie, we must make difficult choices for the greater good. I'm sure you can find a... creative solution.

JULIE HOBBS

(Indignant, raising her voice)

A creative solution? You're asking me to frame an innocent woman?

ERIC

(Measured, almost philosophical)

I'm asking you to maintain order, to prevent further chaos. How you achieve that is your decision. Remember, our goal is to protect the town, by any means necessary.

JULIE HOBBS

(Struggling with the notion, her voice filled with conflict)

This isn't right, Eric. I'm a police officer, not a puppet for your shadow games.

ERIC

(Rising, his voice a mix of stern warning and reassurance)

And I am a guardian of a balance you can't fully comprehend. Trust

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ERIC (cont'd)
me when I say, this action, however
unpalatable, is necessary.

((Pauses, continues with a
sense of gravity))
You have your part to play in
Nexus, Julie. It's not always going
to align with the ideals of your
badge. Nexus isn't just about
battling the darkness; it's about
maintaining the equilibrium between
our worlds. It's a heavy burden,
but one you agreed to shoulder.

JULIE HOBBS
(Resigned, yet defiant)
I know my duties to Nexus, Eric. To
this town. But where does it end?
How far are we willing to go?

ERIC
(Serious, his voice echoing
slightly in the room)
As far as we must.

The sound of JULIE'S frustration is palpable.

JULIE HOBBS
(Defeated, voice strained)
I need to think about this. This
goes against everything...

ERIC
(Cold, authoritative)
You know what's at stake, Julie. We
do what we must to keep balance.
Wilder has dug far too deep. If she
goes any further, she risks
exposing us all.

The scrape of a chair as JULIE stands abruptly.

JULIE HOBBS
(Defeated, worried)
This isn't right...

ERIC
(Gently, with finality)
Goodbye, Hobbs. I'll contact you
again soon. Remember, the balance
must be preserved.

The sound of JULIE'S footsteps as she stands up.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE HOBBS

(Muttering to herself, her
voice tinged with conflict)

What have I gotten myself into...

The creaking of the old cottage door as it opens, followed by JULIE'S footsteps on the wooden floorboards, then transitioning to the squelch of her boots in the mud outside. The door closes with a soft thud, indicating JULIE'S exit from the cottage. The ambiance of the night - crickets chirping and a distant owl hooting, highlighting the solitude of the location. Julie's footsteps recede, her steps gradually fading into the distance. The stillness of the night briefly settles in, before another presence is sensed.

ERIC

(With a knowing tone, not
turning to face the shadows)

You can come out now, Seraphina.

The faint rustling sound as Seraphina steps out of the shadows, her movements graceful and deliberate.

SERAPHINA

(Emerging, her voice smooth
and composed)

How long have you known I was here?

ERIC

(Turning to face her, calmly)

I've known the whole time. You might think your magic is strong, but my senses are stronger. Why stay hidden, why not join the meeting?

SERAPHINA

(Measured, with a hint of
cunning)

Sometimes it's better to observe, to listen. I wanted to know what Hobbs knows, what she suspects. It's always wise to keep your cards close to your chest, don't you think?

ERIC

(Studying her, a bit more
pointedly)

And what about you, Seraphina? What cards are you holding? There's more to this situation than you're letting on.

(CONTINUED)

SERAPHINA

(With a slight smile, evasive)
You know me, Eric. I only reveal what's necessary. But this situation with the werewolves... it's getting out of hand. We need to act before it escalates further.
(Concerned)
There are now two werewolves in Davidstown.

ERIC

(Quietly, concerned)
You mean, the first one has bitten someone? Do you know who?

SERAPHINA

(Lying smoothly)
No. But if we don't find them soon, there'll be a crisis. A contagion. You know how quickly they spread.
(Disgusted, with a hint of loathing)
Werewolves... They're abominations. Uncontrolled, savage beasts. They can't contain their primal urges. One bite, and their virus spreads.

ERIC

(With a sense of caution)
Seraphina, remember, they were once human too. We all were. Some more recently than others...

SERAPHINA

(Snapping, her voice filled with revulsion)
That's no excuse. Once turned, they're nothing but a threat. A danger to everyone around them. We can't let them roam free, driven by their basest instincts. They'll continue to bite, to infect, to destroy everything in their path.

ERIC

(Calmly, trying to reason)
I understand your concern, but we must approach this with a level head. Not all creatures of the night are beyond redemption.

(CONTINUED)

SERAPHINA

(Coldly)

Redemption? There's no redemption for such creatures. They're a blight upon this world, and they must be dealt with, harshly and swiftly.

(Assertive, almost demanding)

Eric, I need you to promise me: the moment your proxies pick up on anything - any lead on these werewolves - I want to be informed. Immediately.

ERIC

(Thoughtful, agreeing)

You will be one of the first to know, Seraphina.

SERAPHINA

Good. Thank you. Now, you'll have to excuse my short visit- I have business to attend to elsewhere.

The faint rustling of SERAPHINA'S clothing as she prepares to leave.

ERIC

(With a hint of caution)

Be careful... We're delving into deep, dark waters here.

SERAPHINA

(Coolly, as she starts to walk away)

Dark waters are where I thrive, Eric.

Her footsteps echoing slightly as she moves away, the sound of the door opening and closing softly.

INT. PAUL'S DIMLY LIT HOME-OFFICE.

The soft hum of a computer, the distant sound of a ticking clock.

PAUL

(Muttering to himself, sounding exhausted and frustrated)

Julie thinks she can just push me out. Sideline me... I'm closer to this than anyone.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL shuffles papers, his frustration palpable.

PAUL

(Agitated, resentful)

And Jess... she had to show up, didn't she? Let it slip about me and Emily. Now Julie's got this body painted as some love-struck... fool.

(More forcefully, as though trying to convince himself)

I need to focus on the task at hand. The bigger picture. This situation requires a perspective beyond personal connections.

The sound of a paper being crumpled and tossed aside.

PAUL

(Continuing, voice rising in anger)

Jason Priest is the real threat here, not me. It's always been him. The way he was with Emily; their past. I'll prove it, even if I have to go it alone.

PAUL picks up his phone, dialing a number. The sound of a phone ringing, then the automated voicemail message.

VOICEMAIL

The person you are trying to call cannot pick up the phone right now. Please leave a message.

PAUL

(As he leaves a message, disguising his voice)

Hello, this is Detective Inspector Mark Reynolds, Davidstown Police. We need to speak with you regarding an ongoing missing persons investigation. It's imperative you call us back as soon as possible.

PAUL hangs up, rubbing his temples, his breathing a bit laboured.

PAUL

(Exasperated, strained)

These headaches; they're getting worse. The stress is obviously taking a greater toll than I anticipated.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL picks up a blister pack of aspirin, and takes two followed by a drink of water.

PAUL
(More to himself, a note of worry in his voice)
I'm pushing myself too far. The balance... I have to maintain it, can't afford to lose control. Not now.

The sound of PAUL'S phone ringing, displaying JESS'S caller ID.

PAUL
(Looking at the phone, conflicted)
Jess... I don't have time for you.

PAUL declines the call, his hand trembling slightly.

PAUL
(Whispering, almost delirious)
I need to stay focused. It's all about finding Emily, and bringing Priest to justice.

PAUL'S heavy sigh, the room returning to a tense silence The creak of a chair as PAUL stands up. Footsteps as he paces the room in exasperation. PAUL lets out a soft, exasperated sigh.

PAUL
(Talking to his reflection, voice shaky)
Get it together, man. You're supposed to be a doctor, you're rational.

The sound of PAUL running a hand through his hair in frustration.

PAUL
(To himself, resolute but tired)
I need to find Emily. I have to make this right.

His phone rings again. He answers with hesitation.

PAUL
(Warily)
Hello?

(CONTINUED)

JASON

(On the other end, voice
gruff)

Detective Reynolds, is it? What do
you want?

PAUL

(Quickly regaining composure,
maintaining the façade)

Ah yes! Thank you for returning my
call. We need to discuss your
relationship with Emily Hargreaves.
It's crucial you come to Davidstown
for an interview.

JASON

(Sneering, dismissive)

My relationship with Emily? That's
ancient history. Why the hell would
I trek all the way to Davidstown
for that?

PAUL

(Firm, insistent)

It's a matter of urgency, Mr.
Priest. Your cooperation is
necessary for our ongoing
investigation.

JASON

(Laughing cruelly)

Investigation? What's that little
psycho up to now? Making up more
stories, I bet. Always was a drama
queen, that one.

PAUL

(Calm, yet pressing)

This isn't about past grievances,
Mr. Priest. It's a serious matter,
and your perspective could be
invaluable.

JASON

(Agitated, accusatory)

You're trying to pin something on
me, aren't you? I've done nothing
wrong. I already spoke to some
Hobbs woman about all this. What
more do you want?

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

(Reassuringly, maintaining a professional tone)

Mr. Priest, this isn't about assigning blame. It's a standard procedure in our investigation. Detective Sergeant Hobbs is part of the team working on this case.

JASON

(Irritated, raising his voice)

Standard procedure, my arse! You coppers are all the same, looking for someone to hang your accusations on. Well, it won't be me!

PAUL

(Firmly, trying to de-escalate)

I assure you, our only interest is in uncovering the truth. Your assistance can help us move forward in resolving this matter.

JASON

(Snarling)

Fine, I'll come to your damned interview. But I'm telling you now, if this is some sort of witch hunt against me, you'll regret it.

PAUL

(Coolly)

We appreciate your cooperation, Mr. Priest. Are you available to meet tomorrow outside the Davidstown Police Station at 10am?

JASON

(Bitterly)

Oh, I'll be there. And you better be ready to explain yourselves.

The call ends abruptly as JASON hangs up, his anger palpable even through the phone. PAUL exhales deeply, a mixture of relief and calculated anticipation.

PAUL

(Talking to himself, his voice gaining strength)

This ends tomorrow. One way or another, I'll bring Emily home. The

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (cont'd)
truth can't hide in the shadows
forever.

FADE OUT the scene with the sound of the ticking clock.

EXT. SHOPPING STREET IN DAVIDSTOWN - EVENING

A shopping street in Davidstown, lined with various shops and bars. The sound of town life is in the background. Distant chatter, occasional cars passing by.

JESS
(Muttering to herself,
dialling her phone)
Come on, Paul, pick up... Pick up.

The sound of a phone ringing, but no answer. The call goes to voicemail.

JESS
(Frustrated, almost pleading)
Paul, it's urgent. You need to see
the Priory CCTV footage.
(Pause)
I'll call again later.

JESS lets out an angry, frustrated squeal.

JESS
(Trying to calm herself down)
Ok, it's fine. Deep breaths. You
can tell Paul later, he doesn't
have to know everything right this
minute. (Breathes out)

JESS goes into her bag and pulls out her voice recorder to make a note.

JESS
(Into the recorder)
I'm headed to The Whispering Pages
to speak with Mei Ling. She's bound
to have some answers. If anyone
knows about... whatever that thing
was that attacked Em, it's her.

Sound of JESS'S footsteps as she walks, determination in her pace.

(CONTINUED)

JESS
(To herself, resolutely)
Alright. Let's get some answers.

Town ambiance fades into the background as JESS approaches the shop. She reaches the door of MEI LING'S shop and tries to open it. The sound of a door handle rattling, but the door doesn't open.

JESS
(Pushing against the door)
It's closed?! You've got to be kidding me.

JESS pushes the door again, it rattles. JESS starts banging on the door.

JESS
(Shouting)
Mei Ling! Mei Ling, are you there?
I need to talk to you!

The sound of passers-by murmuring, their footsteps slowing as they watch.

PASSERBY
(Older, sympathetic voice)
It's no good, love. Shop's been shut a fortnight now.

JESS
(Turns to the speaker, surprised and a bit frustrated)
A fortnight?

JESS turns back to the shop door, banging on it again in a mix of frustration and desperation.

PASSERBY
(Recognizing Jess, excited)
Hang on, you're that Jess Wilder, aren't you? From YouTube.

The sound of a camera phone clicking as the passerby takes a quick picture.

JESS
(Through gritted teeth, trying to be friendly)
That's me, but now's not really a good time--

(CONTINUED)

PASSERBY

(Walking away, pleased with
their encounter)

No worries, love. Good luck with
your mystery! Big fan of your work!

The PASSERBY'S footsteps recede as they wander off, leaving
JESS at the door.

JESS

(Sarcastically)

Great, can't wait to see that
online later.

JESS steps back, rubbing her forehead.

JESS

(Talking to herself, trying to
think)

Alright, I need to do something
else. Anything else. I need to
clear my head. Maybe a run will
help. I'll go for a jog and burn
off this energy.

The sound of sudden, heavy rainfall.

JESS

(Looking up at the sky,
exasperated)

Seriously? Now? Fuck!

The rain intensifies, people around her starting to hurry
for cover.

JESS

(Yelling in frustration)

This is ridiculous!

JESS pauses, takes a deep breath.

JESS

(Determined)

Fine. The gym it is.

JESS walks briskly to her car. The sound of car keys
jingling, the car door opening.

JESS

(Getting into the car,
resolute)

I'll figure this out, one way or
another.

The car door shuts, and the sound of rain hitting the car roof.

INT. GYM - EVENING

FADE THROUGH from previous scene: The sound of rain and the car engine fades into the background as JESS enters the gym. Gym ambiance - distant clanking of weights, faint sound of music, and the rhythmic thumping of treadmills.

JESS
(Focused, determined)
Alright, Jess, time to let off some steam. Straight to the punching bags.

JESS approaches the punching bag, starting to hit it with increasing intensity. The rhythmic thud of JESS'S fists against the punching bag, her breathing heavy with exertion.

NAT
(Casually, with a hint of recognition)
Fancy seeing you again so soon.

JESS keeps punching the bag, responding without looking away.

JESS
(Between punches, distracted)
Look, I've had a bad day. I don't really feel like having a chat, okay?

NAT
(Slightly offended)
Ookay. I'll leave you to it I guess.

JESS slows down her punches, then stops, turning to face NAT.

JESS
(Panting slightly, curious)
Sorry, that was rude of me. I've had a bit of a day... Have we met before?

NAT
(Smiling, friendly)
We met last night. At The Priory. We spoke, briefly. It's okay if you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NAT (cont'd)
don't remember me. I'm Nat by the way.

JESS
(Realising, extending her hand)
Oh, right! Yeah, sorry. I'm Jess.

NAT
(Accepting her hand, with a slight tease)
Yeah, I know who you are. I may have watched your YouTube channel a few times.

JESS
(Slightly surprised, smiling)
Oh, a fan! Thank you.

NAT
(Lightly, with a casual shrug)
Well, if I'm honest, deep dives aren't really my thing. It was my ex-girlfriend who was into all that. I just ended up watching because of... you.

JESS
(Embarrassed, flattered)
Oh, uh... thanks.

Awkward silence.

NAT
(Playfully, leaning in a bit)
Wow. Who would have thought the famous Jess Wilder could be struck speechless?

JESS
(Laughing, a bit flustered)
You've got me there. I'm usually never at a loss for words. [Pause]
I go to The Priory quite a bit, I've not seen you there before.

NAT
(Smiling, a bit nostalgic)
I'm relatively new there. Moved from London a couple of months back.

(CONTINUED)

JESS

That's quite a move.

NAT

Well, it just wasn't the right fit for me, in the end. So I moved up here.

JESS

(Curious)

Oh? What brought you to Davidstown then?

NAT

(Looking thoughtful)

I guess I was looking for a change. The provincial life, the fresh air - it's different here, in a good way. I like it.

JESS

(Nodding, understanding)

I get that. Davidstown has its charms, I guess.

NAT

(With a hint of gratitude)

Yeah, and working at The Priory has been good so far. The Carrista's, they own the place, they offered me a job, so here I am.

JESS

(Reacting, intrigued)

The Carristas? As in the Carrista Company?

NAT

(Casually)

Yeah. Do you know them?

JESS

(Wary, trying to sound casual)

I've heard their name in passing.

NAT

(Casually)

Doesn't surprise me, they own half the town I think. They must be minted.

(CONTINUED)

JESS

(Curious but appearing casual)
Oh yeah? What else do they own?

NAT

(Jokingly)
Oh I don't know, you'd have to look at property records for that information. Let's not talk about work, urgh, I spend enough time there already.

JESS

(Distracted, not really listening)
Yeah, understandable...

NAT

(Unsure)
You seem distracted. I'm sorry, you said you were having a bad day and here I am, a stranger chatting away. I'll let you get on.

JESS

(Reassuringly, but still distracted)
No! No, it's not that. I just remembered something. Something I have to do. I should go.

NAT

(Unsure)
Okay... Maybe I'll see you around?

JESS

(Hurriedly)
Yeah, of course. I'm really sorry, I have to go.

The ambient gym sounds begin to fade as JESS walks towards the exit. JESS opens her bag and retrieves her recorder to make a voice note.

JESS

(Thoughtful, piecing things together)
I just met someone called Nat at the gym. We bumped into one another last night at The Priory... Seems awfully convenient to see her two days in a row when I have literally never seen her before. (Pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JESS (cont'd)

According to her the Carrista family own The Priory - the same place Emily was attacked... And they're behind repairing her and house? There's no way this is all a coincidence.

The sound of the gym door opening and closing, indicating JESS'S exit. JESS continues her voice note.

JESS

(More determined, as the sound of the rain outside becomes apparent)

They're involved, they have to be. Covering up whatever happened to Emily. Why? What are they hiding?

The sound of Jess's footsteps on the wet pavement, the rain falling steadily.

JESS

(Resolutely)

I need to dig deeper, unravel all of this. The Carristas, they're key to all this. I can feel it.

JESS stops voice recording.

EXT. SERAPHINA'S MANSION - NIGHT

The ambiance is quiet and eerie. The sound of a car driving up a gravel path, the crunching of gravel under the tires. Car doors opening and closing, followed by the sound of footsteps on gravel and then transitioning to the echoing steps of a grand hallway.

SERAPHINA

(Slightly sardonic as she enters)

Home sweet home.

The ambient sound of a large, empty room, the faint rustling of her coat as she moves.

SERAPHINA

(Muttering to herself)

It's always so cold in here...

A click of fingers, followed by the sudden whoosh of a fire igniting.

(CONTINUED)

SERAPHINA
(Satisfied)
Much better.

The soft sound of fire crackling, its warmth filling the space.

SERAPHINA
(Reflective, a hint of concern)
So we have two werewolves now...
This is getting out of hand. What
on earth to do?

She settles in front of the fire, the light flickering on her face.

The door opens, interrupting her thoughts.

SERAPHINA
(Irritated, muttering to herself)
Now what?

SERAPHINA rises gracefully, the sound of her footsteps echoing as she approaches the door. The door creaks open.

MEI LING
(Breathless, urgency in her voice)
Seraphina, I've discovered
something you need to know
immediately.

MEI LING pushes past SERAPHINA, we hear the pair walk back towards the fire.

SERAPHINA
(Cool, composed)
Mei Ling. This had better be
important.

MEI LING
(Earnest, her voice carrying a hint of excitement)
It is. I've found a way to track
one of the werewolves. It's a
ritual, but it's... unconventional.
And certainly nothing I can perform
myself.

(CONTINUED)

SERAPHINA

(Curiously intrigued)

A ritual, you say? I'm listening.

MEI LING

(With a secretive smile)

It involves an ancient magic, something I stumbled upon in an old tome. I very nearly missed it. But it's risky though.

SERAPHINA

(Narrowing her eyes, calculating)

Risky how?

MEI LING

(With a sense of earnestness)

This magic... it's far more potent than spells I've seen you cast before.

SERAPHINA

(Slightly offended, with a sharp tone)

Are you implying my powers are inadequate? I assure you, Mei Ling, I've dealt with more than you realise.

MEI LING

Oh calm yourself. It's just... this spell, it's ancient, volatile. Even for someone with your abilities, it will be challenging.

SERAPHINA

(Coolly, regaining composure)

I've always appreciated a challenge.

(Arching an eyebrow, intrigued)

And you believe this ritual will lead us to the other werewolf?

MEI LING

(Nodding confidently)

Yes, it's designed to reveal their presence, to draw them out from wherever they're hiding.

(CONTINUED)

SERAPHINA

(Considering, her tone serious)

And what's the cost of such a ritual? These things always come with a price.

MEI LING

(With a slight shrug, nonchalant)

The usual risks of tapping into ancient forces - potential backlash, unpredictable effects on the caster. But I believe it's worth the risk.

SERAPHINA

If I am the one to weave this spell, I'll be the one to judge that.

(Slowly, thoughtfully)

However, if we can locate this other creature, the risk may be justifiable. Very well, Mei Ling. I'll assist you. But we proceed with caution. Explain to me what we need...

INT. SERAPHINA'S BASEMENT

Dripping water. EMILY breathing, turning on the creaky mattress.

EMILY

(Wincing in pain)

Ah, my fucking arm.

The faint, distant sound of footsteps approaching.

EMILY

(Tense, alert)

Hello?!

The sound grows clearer, the distinct echo of footsteps descending stairs, indicating someone is about to enter the basement. The sound of a heavy door creaking open.

EMILY

(Startled)

What's going on? Who's there?

(CONTINUED)

The light from the hallway spills into the dark room as SERAPHINA enters, her figure looming over EMILY.

SERAPHINA

(Calmly, with an air of authority)

Good, you're awake. We have much to discuss.

EMILY

(Fearful, defiant)

Why are you keeping me here? I'm not a threat to you!

SERAPHINA

(Cool, measured)

On the contrary, werewolves are a significant threat. Especially ones who don't yet understand their nature.

EMILY

(Losing her temper)

Maybe I'd understand my "nature" if someone would tell me what the fuck is going on! You've kidnapped me, locked me in a basement with a broken arm, won't tell me your name, and you say I'm the one who's a threat?!

MEI LING enters.

MEI LING

(Calm but with concern)

Emily, please, you must calm down.

EMILY's eyes widen.

EMILY

(Hurt, on the verge of tears)

Mei Ling... Wait, you're in on this too? I thought you were... I don't know... On my side.

MEI LING

(Softly, trying to be reassuring)

There are no sides Emily. My involvement here is to help you, to--

SERAPHINA interrupts, her tone dismissive and cold.

(CONTINUED)

SERAPHINA

(Interrupting, dismissive)
Enough, Mei Ling! We don't have
time for coddling. She needs to
face the reality of her situation.

EMILY looks between them, her confusion deepening.

EMILY

(Anguished)
You talk as if I'm some sort of
monster!

SERAPHINA

(Cool, unyielding)
That's because, Emily, in our
world, you are. A werewolf is no
mere fairy tale. You're a danger
that needs to be... managed.

EMILY

(Offended)
Managed?

MEI LING

(Gently, attempting to
mediate)
Seraphina, perhaps we could
approach this with a bit more--

SERAPHINA

(Sharply cutting off Mei Ling)
Mei Ling, stop!

Silence. Palpable tension in the air. SERAPHINA turns to
EMILY.

SERAPHINA

(Matter of fact)
Emily, you're going to take part in
a ritual.

MEI LING

(With a hint of sympathy)
It is to track down the werewolf
that turned you.

EMILY

(Anxiously)
A ritual? Are you planning to...
kill me?

(CONTINUED)

SERAPHINA

(Dryly)

Not intentionally. But your participation is non-negotiable.

MEI LING

(Quickly interjecting,
reassuringly)

The ritual itself should pose no major harm to you. However, we will need some of your blood from when you are in werewolf form. It is the key component.

EMILY

(Terrified, resigned)

My blood? What exactly are you planning to do with it?

SERAPHINA

(Explaining, matter-of-factly)

Your blood, being that of a newly turned werewolf, has a unique signature. It will help us locate your sire, the source of this... infection.

EMILY

(Shakily)

And what happens when you find them?

MEI LING

(Gently)

There may be a way we can reverse this, cure you. But that is a matter for another time. Right now, we need to focus on the ritual. And we don't have much time to prepare.

EMILY

Time to-? I don't understand?

SERAPHINA

(to Mei)

See what I mean? She's oblivious.

(to Emily, forcefully)

It means, dear child, that the Blue Moon is nearly upon us, and we do not have the luxury of waiting until you are ready.

Rattled, EMILY looks to MEI LING

(CONTINUED)

EMILY
I'm afraid.

SERAPHINA leans in.

SERAPHINA
Good...

FADE OUT with the unsettling sound of ancient whispers,
hinting at the dark magic about to unfold.

END.

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