

TEASER

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

THREE SUITS. Menacing. Looking at camera from the other side of the boardroom table.

On this side of the table is BEN CARTER. Twenties, neat, clean, handsome. From the fixed expression on his face, you can tell he's just made a big mistake, and everyone around the table knows it.

Looking at the suits. They're not happy.

It shows.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

JAMES FLYNN. Thirties, genuine, friendly. The boss you'd like to have.

JAMES

So, tell me about you.

He's interviewing ELIAS CAMPBELL, a man in his early twenties. Sharp, competent, hungry.

ELIAS

After the Harvard MBA, I've been freelancing, mostly. Now I'm looking for a bigger challenge. Something I can really get my teeth into, you know?

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

On Ben.

BEN

OK. I think that probably didn't go down the way I intended it to.

CHIEF SUIT leans forward.

CHIEF SUIT

You called us bloodsucking bastards.

Ben. Smile stitched on.

BEN

Yes. I might have been a little incautious with my language there.

The suits again. Same positions. Mouths filled with sharp, pointed teeth. Faces not human.

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CONTINUED:

BEN (CONT'D)

Ah.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

PAs and RESEARCHERS sitting at computers, orderly lines along the open-plan office. Typing or telephoning, your order's coming soon, thank you for holding. Last light of day shining through the big picture windows along the edge of the office.

A door to the boardroom at the far end, frosted glass windows next to it.

THUMP and the door shakes.

PAs and researchers stop chattering, hold on a moment, I'll get right back to you. Stop typing.

THUMP and the door and windows shake.

Across the rows, everyone watching the door to the boardroom as...

THE FROSTED GLASS SHATTERS AND BEN IS THROWN INTO THE OFFICE.

Chief Suit appears behind him in the shattered window, a vicious non-human SNARL issuing from its throat.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

James looks through a folder.

JAMES

I see from your time in Kuwait that you can think on your feet.

ELIAS

How did you know about that?

JAMES

We like to check people's references quite thoroughly. We're picky like that.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Ben's on the deck now, scrabbling back from the creature between the rows of desks, pulling himself up from the floor.

BEN

I think...

He pauses to catch his breath, straighten his tie.

BEN (CONT'D)

That was uncalled for!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And Chief Suit rushes him, too fast, faster than human --

-- and Ben reaches down to the pen-tidy at the desk by his side --

-- and he grabs something from the pen-tidy in one smooth motion and raises it --

-- and Chief Suit stops dead as it reaches him.

Eyes bogging.

Flailing a bit with its hands, trying to grab the bright yellow rubber-tipped pencil that's sticking out of its sharp white designer shirt from its heart.

It crumples out of shot to reveal

THE DOOR TO THE BOARDROOM

Behind it, banging open as THE OTHER TWO VAMPIRES enter the office from the boardroom, a bit mussed up but spoiling for action.

And there's the sound of SAND FALLING TO THE FLOOR.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Back to the room.

JAMES

And you're a keen martial artist.

ELIAS

Fourth Dan in Judo and Fifth in Taekwondo. I try to keep in shape.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The two vampires race towards Ben.

The PAs and researchers are fleeing the office floor, some screaming, some panicking, but all concentrating on getting the fuck out of there.

And Ben jumps onto the table now and as one of the vampires reaches him he executes a perfect martial arts kick into its head.

Its head slams into the corner of a desk, and it drops out of sight.

The other one's up on the desk next to him now, and they're throwing punches and swings at each other, connecting hard as they jump from desk to desk.

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CONTINUED:

Ben kicks a pile of paper into the air, flurry of white obscuring his opponent's vision.

The vampire looks around as the paper falls - where's he gone?

Ben's hands grab the vampire's feet, pull them back off the desk. It falls like a slab, face slamming down hard on the table. Then its head is grabbed and pulled back off the desk.

And it's surprised to find itself sitting in an office chair.

Ben, standing behind it, spins the chair on its axis and starts running, wheeling the chair in front of him towards

THE BIG OFFICE WINDOW

And there's a look of horror on the vampire's face as

EXT. OFFICE BLOCK - DAY

The window of the block SHATTERS and the vampire and chair fly out.

It's trying to cover its face and eyes as it goes down, but even as it falls it passes through A SHAFT OF DIRECT SUNLIGHT and as it does so it dissolves into sand and dust and

EXT. OFFICE CAR PARK - DAY

An empty suit hits the ground, red sand spilling from the open arms and legs.

Then an office chair SMASHES on top of it.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

On James.

JAMES

Knitting?

Elias, not defensive at all.

ELIAS

It's relaxing. You should try it.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Ben at the window, looking out. Leans back, straightens his tie.

He walks through the wreckage of the office, to the surviving vampire, who's holding its bloody head. Stops next to it.

The vampire looks up - helpless, alone, and confused.

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CONTINUED:

Ben reaches into his pocket.

The vampire pulls its bloody hand to his lips and takes a lick. Makes a face. The equivalent of a last cigarette.

A business card drops face up into his lap.

BEN

Tell your boss to call my boss. We
need to talk.

He walks out of shot.

Close on the bloodied vampire, then on the business card:

BEN CARTER

HOLLAND SMITH CONSULTANCY
SHADOW TEAM

SMASH CUT TO TITLES

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. HOLLAND SMITH CONSULTANCY - DAY

A big building, glass and chrome and money, shining bright in the dawn of a new London day.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

A large open-plan office. Shiny.

Leather designer chairs in the breakout area, a wall made of glass bricks, N/S CONSULTANTS at desks or wandering through.

Striding through the room are James and LISSA CHEN, twenties, focussed and ambitious, as they walk-and-talk their way through the office towards the briefing room.

LISSA
You're kidding.

JAMES
Romania's done. We're out.

LISSA
There was nothing wrong with that job. Three nests the government couldn't touch, and one they didn't even know about.

JAMES
Capstone put in a lower bid, so there's nothing doing, and you are just going to have to live with that.

LISSA
They'll screw it up.

JAMES
Doesn't help us in the here and now. We'll pick it up again after the Romanians see what a shoddy job they do.

LISSA
Next year? That was good work, damn it.

And he's pulling open the glass door into

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A glass-walled room looking out onto the office.

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CONTINUED:

A large table sits in the middle of the space, seated around which are Ben and dreadlocked ROBYN FRANCIS - dry, but capable of terrifying enthusiasm at short notice.

Robyn, wearing blue jeans and a <geek> t shirt, stares blankly into a cup of coffee.

JAMES

Good work doesn't pay the bills.
Morning people!

Robyn stares at him blearily.

ROBYN

I'm not.

She chugs some more coffee as Lissa and James take their places.

JAMES

How was the meeting?

BEN

I left your message, but no-one's called me back.

LISSA

How many did you kill?

BEN

Just the two.

JAMES

This was supposed to be a friendly contact. Killing the other team is not a friendly contact.

BEN

They started it.

JAMES

Don't do it again. I'm the one that has to fill out the paperwork.

LISSA

Did everyone hear about Romania?

ROBYN

We have people in Romania?

LISSA

Not any more.

JAMES

Capstone are taking over the contract there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ad libbed ah shits.

JAMES (CONT'D)

It shouldn't affect anyone here.
We hope. Lissa, Ben, you're at
Hrothgar Industries today. They've
been having some monster trouble.

LISSA

What sort?

JAMES

Don't know for sure - attacks at
night, could be werewolves, could
be vampires, could be fylgjur.
Most likely that nest the local
team cleared out last year opened
up again. I'll squirt a dossier to
your PDA when you land.

BEN

When we land?

ROBYN

The arch isn't delivering to
Denmark.

LISSA

Oh, come off it.

BEN

I hate flying.

ROBYN

Don't look at me. I tried to
realign it, but there's something
weird going on in the shift.

LISSA

Why shouldn't we look at you?
You're the one supposed to know
those systems inside out.

JAMES

Anyway... In other news, our new
boy's starting today. Robyn, you
get to show him around.

ROBYN

Lucky me.

JAMES

Anything else before we go?

ROBYN

Can we have these meetings later in
the day?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAMES

No.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Elias comes in through the entrance doors. He's wearing a Holland Smith pass stamped with VISITOR.

A moment on him. Looking around. Impressed.

He says something MOS to the N/S RECEPTIONIST who points him into the office. Follow him through to:

ROBYN'S DESK

Covered with kipple of all descriptions - data discs, USB sticks, paper stacked reams high. Her coffee balances precariously on one of the stacks.

Robyn has a green-on-black terminal open and is punching Unix commands into it, while diagnostic text scrolls in another window.

Elias stands next to it, waiting for her to take notice.

ROBYN

(not turning around)

Yep.

ELIAS

Hi, I'm Elias Campbell.

ROBYN

That's nice.

ELIAS

You're Robyn?

She holds up a hand - wait.

There's a PING from the screen.

ROBYN

Ah!

She swivels her chair round to check out the new guy.

He reaches out a hand to shake hers.

ELIAS

Pleased to meet you.

And on the way there, he brushes slightly against one of the piles of books.

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CONTINUED:

It teeters for a moment, then the top book, ever-so-delicately balanced, drops off the pile and to the side on its spine with a thunk.

ELIAS (CONT'D)

Ah, sorry, I...

And then the book fans open, knocking against one of the bigger piles. Which collapses. Which knocks against the next pile, on which Robyn's coffee rests. It falls on its side, on the top of the monitor.

The coffee drains into the ventilation holes on the monitor, which promptly shorts out with a puff of smoke.

All of the other computer terminals on the floor die as the fuse trips.

GENERAL HUBBUB OF WHAT-WAS-THAT'S as everyone on the floor looks around to see what's happened.

And realise that it was Elias.

Who looks utterly mortified.

ELIAS (CONT'D)

Sorry. I'll...

He starts tidying up.

ROBYN

No! Don't touch another thing!

She shushes him away.

ROBYN (CONT'D)

Stay there. And be quiet.

He stays there, quiet.

Looks to his left.

Every single person in the office is staring at him.

EXT. DANISH FIELD OFFICE - DAY

A red brick building, large, imposing.

Pushing in on the brass plate:

HOLLAND SMITH CONSULTANCY
COPENHAGEN OFFICE