

Blood Diner-Episode 1

by Daniel J Williams

1 EXT. THORNBERRY'S MORGUE -- NIGHT 1

F/X: Night sounds. Struggle with window.

TABITHA: (On phone) Are you in yet?

ARCHIE: (Whisper) Nearly-

F/X: Struggles getting through window

ARCHIE: It's my belt-

TABITHA: You're belt?

ARCHIE: (Struggling)It's stuck...on the...window...sill...latch.

TABITHA: (Exasperated sigh) Really-?

ARCHIE: Yes-really! Hang on-there...whoa!

F/X: Falling to ground

TABITHA: Shhh.. Be careful!

ARCHIE: Oh I'm fine, thanks for asking-

TABITHA: You're making too much noise.

ARCHIE: It's not as if anyone is listening! I'm breaking into a morgue, not some Patriotic Preppers Paranoia Party.

F/X: Echoing footsteps

ARCHIE: I'm in the main corridor-

TABITHA: It should be on your left-second door, the one after the restroom.

F/X: Footsteps stop

ARCHIE: Did you have to say restroom? I'm bursting-

TABITHA: Seriously-?

ARCHIE: I had coffee-I needed it-it's not every day I commit a crime!

TABITHA: Just hurry up!

F/X: Door opening.

ARCHIE: I'm in. You certain it's her body-I don't wanna be-

TABITHA: -I told you-Clem said he'd leave her out.

1 CONTINUED:

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F/X: Slow footsteps

ARCHIE: Urhh-this is so, creepy-

TABITHA: I still don't know why you need this photo.

ARCHIE: I can't have a story without proof!

F/X: Sound of sheets being pulled back.

ARCHIE: Oh my god...she's here...and-

TABITHA: What-What is it?

ARCHIE: Her...

Pause

TABITHA: Archie-don't stop talking-

ARCHIE: Her neck-

TABITHA: Quit with the suspense!

ARCHIE: In her neck- the bite holes-on both sides!

TABITHA: Just take a picture and get out-

F/X: Clicking of phone camera. Sounds of sirens. Door opening.

LENNY: Stop-police-keep still-put your hands where I can see them.

F/X: Footsteps and general movement.

ARCHIE: Hey Lenny-

LENNY: Archie?-what are you doing here?

ARCHIE: Well, it's a medium length story-

LENNY: (Nervous) Well you can tell me it at the station, away from dead bodies.

F/X: Footsteps

ARCHIE: Let me-

LENNY: What's that-

ARCHIE: Your-your shoelace is untied-let me tie it-I don't want you to-

LENNY: Ooh-that's not good-

ARCHIE: Can't have you falling-

LENNY: Yeah-I have a bad ankle already-

ARCHIE: There you go-

1 CONTINUED: (2)

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LENNY: Thanks Archie-(fade out as theme
tune starts)

ARCHIE: That's ok Lenny-

MUSIC: Theme Music

V/O: Blood Diner-Part One.

2 INT. HURON CITY BUGLER NEWSROOM -- A WEEK EARLIER

2

ARCH V/O: So, you may be asking; why is a
bright, articulate, ambitious young
man sitting in a police cell having
been caught breaking into
Thornberry's morgue on a Thursday
night, and helping tie the shoe laces
of a local detective on the way?

ARCH V/O: It's a good question-and I like good
questions, because, after all, I'm a
reporter. Oh-please excuse me-let me
introduce myself- I'm Archie, Archie
Fruber. Yes- I know. Both family
names, handed down to me, and I'd
love to ram them straight back up
where they came from

ARCH V/O: I'm a reporter with the Huron City
Bugler. For three years I've rotted
away without a decent story to make
my name with and I'm desperate for a
big story to make some kind of name
for myself to get out of this town
and find a job in a real city. I get
assigned the stolen cars, the pot-
hole repairs, the Walleye Washing
Festivals.

ARCH V/O: All the real scoops go to Dennis
Blaine, senior reporter and all round
foul stench in the newsroom.

ARCH V/O: So let's get to why I was in a police
cell waiting for my housemate to sell
enough hash brownies for my bail, and
the story I was chasing that got me
there in the first place.

F/X: Flashback memory sounds. Half empty
office noise.

ARCH V/O: It was Monday morning in the Huron
City Bugler's newsroom think tank.
It was less of a think tank and more
of a weekly meeting of Idiot's
Anonymous. Dennis Blaine sat wedged
into his leather chair and swiveled
in semi-circles like a first grader,
Craig and Cindy talked about Potato
and Egg O'Muffins, while editor and
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

ARCH V/O: owner Harvey Scallion Junior sipped coffee through a straw and barked.

SCALLION: Craig-there's been a spate of hubcap thefts in the north end. Go and see if Harry's Hubcap Emporium has new stock. Cindy-Bonny Bonnie's Bakes and Bagels have upped their prices while decreasing the size of their tasty treats- and our readers want to know why!

ARCH V/O: Harvey Scallion Junior was the fourth Scallion to own the Bugler. His great grandfather, Randolph Scallion the second, had begun printing the paper when Huron City was nothing but a spittoon for for the ships making their way across the great lakes. The Scallion's had had their fingers in just about each and every business since, which meant that the Huron City Bugler was about as impartial as a parent stepping in to referee the little leagues on play-off Sunday.

SCALLION: Fruber-there's been a flock of geese stealing washing off of clothes lines down by the Grey Water Bridge. I want you to interview the residents about their missing garments, and maybe see if you can't find a well dressed goose or two!

ARCHIE: Mr Scallion, I was hoping you'd let me follow up on that story we were discussing last week?

ARCH V/O: The story in question involved one hundred thousand dollars, the Huron City mayor, a traveling Irish butcher, and a llama named Lucille. Something big was d lurking behind those players.

SCALLION: Oh, that one? I've given it to Dennis, he knows people.

BLAINE: You see Arch, Archie, Archibald-I have a half cousin who works for the mayor-I'll be able to get closer to the action.

ARCH V/O: Dennis Blaine was related to most of the Huron City and The Grey Water Area in one way or another. He had more cousins than a rabbit on Old Man Hobson's abandoned carrot farm.

2 CONTINUED: (2)

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BLAINE: I've already been invited to the Mayor's town hall reception this week. I'll be mingling and investigating while sampling their delicious can-apes.

ARCHIE: Canapés, there called canapés

BLAINE: Oh no, (laughing) they don't serve cans of peas-they're these little tasty things he serves during the mingling part of the evening-

ARCHIE: Yes I know what canapés are-

BLAINE: -Poor boy-maybe one day you'll get to mix with the crust of Huron City's finest. Just leave this one to me and get back to your cubby hole-you see, you're still a cub reporter, haha. So good, I'm so good with the words.

3 EXT. GREY WATER BRIDGE -- LATER

3

ARCH V/O: And so I found myself down by the Grey Water Bridge, while Blaine was left to cover a story, my story, and one he'd as much interest in as a Nun opening a nudist colony during Lent. I spied a sock wearing goose, and was just about to give chase, when my phone rang-

ARCHIE: Hello-who is this?

BELLA: Is this Mr Fruber, cub-reporter for the Bugler?

ARCHIE: Yes, but, I'm not actually, still a cub report-

BELLA: -I need to meet you, on condition of complete confidentiality-I have a story that will drain your blood. I'll be upstairs, all in scarlet.

4 INT. THE CROOKED ROOK -- LATER

4

ARCH V/O: We met at the Crooked Rook, the only cafe in town not connected to Scallion or any of Blaine's crust of Huron City. She sat upstairs, a strawberry beret and even brighter red lipstick giving her away just as she'd said.

BELLA: Thank you for coming, Mr Fruber.

ARCHIE: Call me Archie.

BELLA: I'd rather not.

(MORE)

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BELLA: Mr Fruber, what do you know about The Stinking Cadaver Coffee Bar and Apothecary?

ARCH V/O: I only thing I knew about The Stinking Cadaver was that I was banned from going in after chasing a story that involved the proprietor, Eddie Spangler, and the exporting of contraband Emu jerky. Turns out I'd spelled his name wrong, and Freddie Spengler made it to Argentina with a freighter load of meat, while I nearly lost my job.

BELLA: They have a basement that they rent out. Different parties, and-groups- can hire it. But it's all very under the carpet.

ARCHIE: I thought you said it's in the basement?

BELLA: All very hush hush, Mr Fruber.

ARCH V/O: As she spoke, I saw fear in her eyes, or it could have been grit from one of the Rook cages suspended from the ceiling.

BELLA: One such group is the Blood Sorrow Gathering. Have you heard of it?

ARCHIE: The Blood Sorrow Gathering?

BELLA: Yes-The Blood Sorrow Gathering.

ARCHIE: What's the Blood Sorrow Gathering?

BELLA: You've not heard of the Blood Sorrow Gathering?

Pause.

ARCHIE: No.

BELLA: The Blood Sorrow-

ARCHIE: -Sorrow gathering, yes-

BELLA: Is a role playing society that has been going many, many, many years.

ARCH V/O: I knew of such societies, acting out fantasy to make up for the dullness of Huron City. Groups such as The Listeria Society, who re-enacted the Great Listeria Outbreak of '37- or the Tea Party Party, who staged battles over whether you put the milk in first or not.

4 CONTINUED: (2)

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ARCHIE: And what roles do the Blood Sorrow Gathering play at?

BELLA: Vampires, Mr Fruber, they pretend to be vampires.

ARCHIE: And you think this is a story? Sounds harmless enough-people gathering to share an interest, even if it is an interest in the undead...drinking blood...and taking of people's souls.

BELLA: I, was a member, of the Blood Sorrow Gathering.

ARCH V/O: She took off her beret and her fair hair tumbled like apples from a badly stacked supermarket display. She moved it to one side, revealing two marks on her neck.

ARCHIE: So one of them went to far? Well, when you role-play with weirdos, then, you get to...play weird roles, I guess?

BELLA: This was no role play-this was real.

ARCH V/O: This time I was sure the tears and fear in her eyes were real.

BELLA: There's a real Vampire in the Mr Fruber.

ARCH V/O: I would have asked her why she didn't go to the police, but then the Huron City Police department didn't believe Europeans existed, let alone Vampires.

BELLA: You have to uncover this before someone gets killed, or even worse, becomes one of them.

ARCH V/O: She left the Crooked Rook but not before she left a name, Aurora Anderson, and she also left her beret. I went to find her to return her hat but the street outside was empty.

ARCH V/O: I had no option but to get to The Stinky Cadaver as this smelt like a story that could be my ticket out of here. Despite being banned, I still had a hope of access, as my Housemate, Tabitha Chocolate, worked on the bar.

4 CONTINUED: (3)

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ARCH V/O: As soon as work was done, I'd make my way there, but right now, I had an angry Harvey Scallion waiting for me.

5 INT. HURON CITY BUGLER NEWSROOM -- CONTINUOUS

5

F/X: Office noise

SCALLION: Fruber-Is this all you have, one wearing a waistcoat and one in a red beret?

ARCHIE: But I have lots of distressing first had accounts of people having to go without underwear.

SCALLION: A news story is only as good as it's pictures, Fruber. Honestly! Now get on the phone! A french poodle is stuck down a pot-hole on Waterworks street and I need you to harass its owner for an angle-and see if you can get down there in time to take a picture! Our readers love pictures!

ARCH V/O: After I'd called the angry poodle owner and failed to get him to wait for a picture, I typed in 'Blood Sorrow Gathering' to see what the search threw up. Blaine squeaked around in his leather chair, and I could feel him preparing to regale me with his usual brand of manure. He trundled up beside me before I'd had time to shut my search window, but instead of insults, his face looked as white as the flour he'd once snorted in the office bathroom thinking it was cocaine.

BLAINE: What story is this?

ARCHIE: Oh. No story, Dennis. You happen to know of any Blood Sorrow Gathering in these parts?

BLAINE: Why would I know anything about your parts?

ARCHIE: I mean't, Huron City-do you know of any Blood Sorrow Gathering in Huron City?

BLAINE: (Trying to sound casual) No-I've...not heard of that. You need to get back to your job! You know the policy on using the computer.

ARCH V/O: I did know the policy and it certainly didn't involve watching videos of old women doing their make-

(MORE)

5 CONTINUED:

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ARCH V/O: up and plucking their eyebrows that Blaine seemed to love. I knew he knew something about my search words, but he was unlikely to tell me the truth. I went to ask him about it once more and Blaine showed the side of him he pretended didn't exist.

BLAINE: Listen good Fruber. Some things in this town are none of your business, or even my business. You want to keep your job here then you better listen to my advice for once in your life.

ARCH V/O: And I did want to keep my job. I needed to pay rent, buy food, and all the other responsibilities of being alive, plus there was little else I could do but write, and Huron City had little use for those skills, unless it was Huron City you were writing about.

ARCH V/O: As soon as I'd written three hundred and fifty words on the perils of potholes, I made my way straight to the Stinking Cadaver. I'd tried to call my mysterious red-lipped informant so I could return her beret and hopefully see her again, but she never answered .

ARCH V/O: From the street, the Stinky Cadaver looked like the set of a B-movie while the inside smelled of coffee and tequila mixed with small town desperation. I wore a tattered beanie hat and an old jacket with the collar up, but by the look in Tabitha's eyes as I approached the bar, I'd done as good a job at being incognito as a penguin at a barn dance.

6 INT. THE STINKY CADAVER -- EVENING

6

TABITHA: What the heck Archie-you like like you were ambushed by a Goodwill store!

ARCH V/O: Like me, Tabitha was looking for a ticket out of Huron City, but while I was looking for a big break, Tabitha was saving her money for an actual ticket, so she could go travel the world selling her homemade baked goods as she went.

TABITHA: You're barred Archie-what do you want?

6 CONTINUED:

6

ARCHIE: What do you know about the Blood Sorrow gathering?

TABITHA: Shhh-what you trying to do, get me fired?

ARCHIE: Are they meeting now?

TABITHA: No-get out-

ARCHIE: Tomorrow?

TABITHA: Archie!-

ARCHIE: The day after?

TABITHA: I can tell you at home you idiot! You need to leave before Eddie sees you.

F/X: Footsteps and murmurs.

ARCH V/O: I could hear voices behind me and one of them was Eddie Spangler's. Tabitha looked at me and I knew in no uncertain terms I had to get out immediately.

EDDIE: Everything alright Tabby?

TABITHA: Then walk fifty yards past Backgammon Pizzas and the bus stop to Anchor Falls is on the left, strange man I've not seen before...

ARCH V/O: I took the hint and vacated the Stinky Cadaver before Eddie had a chance to recognize me. I went home, and waited for Tabitha. I tried the strawberry beret woman's cell phone once more but got the same lack of reply.

ARCH V/O: I kept thinking about Blaine and his panic over me searching for the Blood Sorrow Gathering. That, and beret woman's bite marks, told me there was more to this than simply an assemblage of socially awkward horror fans trying to get their leg over.

7 INT. ARCHIE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

7

ARCH V/O: As soon as Tabitha came home I pressed her for more information.

TABITHA: What can I tell you Archie, we have a lot of goofball groups use that basement, I just serve them coffee and cocktails and try not to talk to them.