

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

Dancing With Demons

Pilot

Written by

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(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

TEASER

INT. LONDON - JAIL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A long corridor. Dark, except for a row of bare light bulbs swinging from the ceiling and one window at the very end. A small stream of moonlight sneaks in.

The wooden floorboards are chipped away. Rusty nails stick out.

Both walls are lined with cells. The white paint peels. Metal bars rust. Empty except for the occasional RAT.

Metallic creaking sounds echo.

SPENCER MOORE, late-twenties, mid-length, dark hair pushed back, dark eyes, dressed in suit trousers and an open collar shirt, steps into the corridor. A bead of sweat rolls down his forehead. Speckles of blood on his shirt.

He drags a BUSINESSMAN, behind him by his wrist - early-forties, slicked back hair, wearing a ripped suit, cuts and scratches down his face and legs.

He leaves a trail of blood behind him.

Spencer's steps echo. Bloody footprints follow him.

The Businessman struggles. Yells.

BUSINESSMAN

Please! Please, let me go! I'll do anything! Please!

He claws at Spencer's wrist.

Blood trickles down Spencer's hand. He continues to walk.

The Businessman kicks his legs. Digs his heels into the ground. His feet scrape across the floor, leaving more blood behind.

BUSINESSMAN (cont'd)

I'm begging you! I know I've screwed up, but I can change! Please! Just let me go!

Three enormous black HELL-HOUNDS step into the moonlight at the end of the corridor. They're followed by an UNKNOWN FEMALE SILHOUETTE.

The Unknown Female, VANESSA, steps into the light. Dark hair cut into a messy bob, flowing black dress and black boots, blood dripping down her arms, off of her fingers and onto the floor. Her black fingernails are filed to sharp points.

She holds three heavy silver chains, attached to the necks of her three Hell-Hounds - BOYKA, VETO and DOG. They look like Dobermans, but three times the size. Their eyes are red, teeth bared, blood drooling from their mouths.

Spencer drags the Businessman towards them.

The Businessman sees Vanessa and the Hell-hounds. Screams. Scrambles to get away.

Spencer tightens his grip.

BUSINESSMAN (cont'd)
No, no, no! Please! Whatever this is,
please! I'm a bad person! I'll
repent! Please!

Vanessa smirks. Her eyes flash red.

VANESSA
Leave him there.

Spencer drops the Businessman's arm. Nods to Vanessa.

He walks back the way he came.

The Businessman scrambles after Spencer.

BUSINESSMAN
Please, man, help me!

Vanessa smirks. Presses a clip at the top of the chains. They drop to the floor.

Focus on Spencer walking away.

Over his shoulder, the Hell-Hounds charge at the Businessman.

The Businessman's screams echo.

Focus on Spencer's face. He grimaces.

Snarls, screams, crunching bones and ripping flesh can be heard behind him.

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE: DANCING WITH DEMONS

ACT 1

INT. LONDON - MOORE'S VETERINARY SURGERY - WAITING ROOM - DAY

A COCKAPOO PUPPY tears apart a piece of paper in a brightly lit waiting room.

It's stylishly decorated. Plush sofas, a large wooden paneled reception desk, coffee tables stacked with the latest magazines.

Framed paintings of various animals hang on the walls.

Three doors on one side labelled:

SURGERY 1: DR SPENCER C. MOORE

SURGERY 2: DR ATTICUS FRENCH

SURGERY 3: DR ANNABELLA JAMESON

WREN, mid-twenties, blonde hair tied up in a ponytail, dressed in a button-up blouse, name badge pinned to the pocket, sits behind the reception desk.

She glances down at the Puppy. Springs to action.

WREN
Tiger! Shit. No!

She snatches the torn paper off of him. Groans.

WREN (cont'd)
Dammit.

She puts the paper in the bin.

Picks up a pot of nude nail varnish from the desk. Paints her nails.

TIGER lies at her feet.

MRS BAILEY, late-seventies, white, permed hair, with the expression of someone who's sucked too many lemons, sits on one of the sofas.

Her miniature poodle, PERCY, sits at her feet.

Next to them sits Vanessa, dressed in leather leggings and a fluffy, white jumper. Veto, now more doberman size, lies at her feet. His head rests on her lap.

She scratches his head with her fingernails.

Mrs Bailey looks at Vanessa out of the corner of her eye. Clasps her handbag tightly on her lap.

Vanessa glares at Mrs Bailey.

Phone on the reception desk rings. Wren jumps. Blows on her nails quickly. Delicately picks up the phone between her thumb and forefinger. Smudges a nail.

WREN (cont'd)
(under her breath)
Shit.

She awkwardly puts the phone to her ear to avoid smudging her nails again.

WREN (cont'd)
(on the phone)
Hello, Moore's Veterinary Surgery.
Wren speaking. How may I help you?...
Uh huh... Yes that shouldn't be a
prob...

ATTICUS FRENCH, late-twenties, an Australian Ken doll with the personality of a boy who's been on one too many gap years, enters from Surgery 2. He has a pile of paperwork in his hands. He walks over to the reception desk.

Wren sees him. Puts the phone down. Stands up quickly. Knocks her knee on the desk.

WREN (cont'd)
(whispers)
Fuck.

ATTICUS
Huh?

Wren smiles. Twirls her ponytail around her finger. Nail varnish smudges in the strands.

WREN
Oh, nothing. How can I help you,
Doctor?

Atticus puts the paperwork down on the desk. Raises an eyebrow.

ATTICUS

Doctor? Come on, love, I thought we were past that?

Wren blushes.

WREN

Of course, Atticus.

Vanessa rolls her eyes.

Percy whimpers.

Veto raises his head. A low growl.

Percy retreats behind Mrs Bailey's legs.

ATTICUS

I need these patient reports filed by the end of the day.

Wren takes the papers off of the desk.

WREN

Of course. I'll do that right away.

ATTICUS

Maybe sort out...

He gestures to her hair.

ATTICUS (cont'd)

...that.

Wren frowns. Looks at her ponytail. A tangled mess of nail varnish and hair.

She gasps. Grabs a tissue from her desk.

Atticus smirks.

He disappears into Surgery 2.

Wren sits down. Crestfallen. Embarrassed.

She dabs at her ponytail with the tissue.

Spencer, dressed in a white doctors coat, enters from Surgery 1. He holds a clipboard. Doesn't look up from it as he enters the waiting room.

SPENCER
Mrs Bailey? This is the second time
this w...

He looks up. Notices Vanessa.

SPENCER (cont'd)
What are you doing here?

Vanessa stands. Veto stands with her.

Mrs Bailey scowls.

MRS BAILEY
Percy is first.

Vanessa looks down at Mrs Bailey.

Veto growls.

Percy whimpers.

Vanessa's eyes flash red.

VANESSA
Percy can wait.

Mrs Bailey gasps. Clutches her handbag to her chest.

Vanessa smiles brightly.

Spencer sighs.

SPENCER
Fine. Come in.

He steps out of the doorway.

Vanessa and Veto march past him.

Spencer turns to Wren.

SPENCER (cont'd)
Wren, can you see if Atticus is free
to see Mrs Bailey?

WREN
Oh, I don't kn--

SPENCER
Great, thank you.

He nods to Mrs Bailey. Enters the surgery. Shuts the door behind him.

Percy urinates on the floor.

INT. LONDON - MOORE'S VETERINARY SURGERY - SURGERY 1 - DAY

A white room. A silver table in the centre. Grey marble counters line the edges. Cupboards hang on the wall.

A couple of framed photos of 2 black Labradors hang on the wall.

Certificates for various veterinary awards hang next to them.

Vanessa hops up onto the table. Veto jumps up beside her. The table creaks as he does so.

Vanessa takes off her jumper. Underneath is a black lace bra. She tosses the jumper to one side.

VANESSA

Ugh. So itchy.

Spencer stands by the door. Watches them. Arms folded.

He raises his eyebrows.

Vanessa shrugs.

VANESSA (cont'd)

I was trying to fit in.

SPENCER

Why are you here?

Vanessa smiles.

VANESSA

Aren't you happy to see me, Spence?

She hops down off the table.

VANESSA (cont'd)

I know I'm your favourite customer.

Spencer scoffs.

SPENCER

Let's not take the piss.

Vanessa pouts.

VANESSA
You're mad at me?

Vanessa smirks.

VANESSA (cont'd)
You know, I can make all of this
disappear just...

She raises a hand.

VANESSA (cont'd)
...like...

Puts her thumb and forefinger together.

VANESSA (cont'd)
...that.

She snaps her fingers.

The room goes black.

Veto growls.

Vanessa snaps her fingers again.

The lights come on.

Spencer is on the floor. Hand on his chest. Panting heavily.

SPENCER
Don't... do... that...

He catches his breath. Shakily stands up, using the counter to support him.

SPENCER (cont'd)
I was being sarcastic. There was no
need for that.

Vanessa laughs.

VANESSA
You forget yourself sometimes.

SPENCER
Right.

He runs a hand through his hair.

Vanessa sits back down on the table.

Spencer takes a deep breath.

SPENCER (cont'd)
What's going on?

Vanessa puts a hand on Veto's head.

VANESSA
Veto's sick. Last night's meal
didn't...

Beat.

She ponders.

VANESSA (cont'd)
...agree with him.

Spencer walks over to Veto. Lifts his large head with his hand. Examines his eyes.

SPENCER
What about the other two?

VANESSA
Stronger stomachs. My precious boy
doesn't have a taste for meth.

She shrugs.

Spencer opens Veto's mouth.

SPENCER
Then why'd you ask for a druggy
businessman?

VANESSA
He deserved to die. Plus, I'm
expanding their palettes. Can't have
my boys being picky eaters. It would
make my life...

She looks up from Veto at Spencer.

VANESSA (cont'd)
...and yours, a lot harder.

Spencer examines Veto's mouth.

Veto licks Spencer's face.

Spencer gags.

SPENCER
I can certainly smell last night's
meal.

Vanessa smirks.

Spencer feels Veto's stomach.

SPENCER (cont'd)
He's probably just a little blocked
up. Hell-Hounds stomachs work
slightly differently to Mrs Bailey's
poodle.

He pats Veto's head.

VANESSA
So, he's okay?

Spencer nods.

SPENCER
He'll be fine. But maybe keep him on
a plainer diet for now.

Vanessa smiles.

VANESSA
Cheerleaders and stay-at-home-dads it
is then.

Vanessa jumps down off the table.

Veto follows with a thud.

VANESSA (cont'd)
I've got your next soul. Phoebe
doesn't want it until tomorrow,
though, so...

She steps towards Spencer. Runs a finger down his chest.

VANESSA (cont'd)
Tonight, I've got you all to myself.

She cups her hand over his groin.

Spencer lets out a small moan.

Vanessa leans forward and bites his lip.

He groans louder.

She pulls away. Cackles.

VANESSA (cont'd)
I'll see you at eight.

She pats her thigh.

VANESSA (cont'd)
Come, Veto.

Veto comes to her side.

Vanessa picks up the jumper from the table. Walks out the door. Veto follows.

Spencer runs a hand through his hair. Sighs.

Adjusts his trousers slightly.

Follows Vanessa and Veto.

End of Act 1

Act 2

INT. LONDON - MOORE'S VETERINARY SURGERY - SURGERY 1 - LATE AFTERNOON

Spencer stands facing one of the counters. A cupboard is open above his head. A satchel is open on the counter in front of him.

He takes some paperwork from the cupboard. Puts it in the satchel.

Atticus enters.

Spencer looks over his shoulder. Nods to Atticus.

SPENCER
Hey. What's up?

Atticus sits on the counter next to Spencer.

ATTICUS
You got a hot date tonight?

Spencer frowns.

SPENCER

Huh?

ATTICUS

That goth chick earlier.

Spencer raises an eyebrow.

SPENCER

Didn't peg Mrs Bailey as a gossip.

Atticus chuckles.

ATTICUS

She was heartbroken you couldn't see Percy.

Spencer picks up his satchel.

Atticus looks expectantly at Spencer.

SPENCER

It's not like that. Old friend.

Atticus tuts. Jumps off the counter.

ATTICUS

Sure dude. Don't bullshit me.

His eyes glint mischievously.

ATTICUS (cont'd)

You're fucking her, aren't you?

Spencer rolls his eyes.

SPENCER

Sorry dude, I hate to disappoint.
Just me and the paperwork tonight.

BELLE, late-twenties, brunette hair tied up in a ponytail, wearing a doctors coat and jeans, carrying a stack of papers, enters.

Spencer holds out his hand.

SPENCER (cont'd)

Speaking of which.

Belle hands him the papers.

BELLE

Some files for you to go over.

ATTICUS
Come to the pub tonight. Introduce me
to your...
(mimes air quotes)
... 'friend'.

Spencer shakes his head. Examines the papers.

SPENCER
No.

Atticus grins.

ATTICUS
You're definitely fucking.

SPENCER
Drop it, mate.

Atticus holds his hands up in surrender. Turns to Belle.

ATTICUS
Belle? Fancy a drink?

BELLE
Definitely not.

Atticus frowns.

ATTICUS
What do you mean 'definitely'?

Belle shrugs.

BELLE
I've got paperwork too.

Atticus scoffs.

ATTICUS
Sure.

BELLE
Wren's looking for you, by the way.

Atticus sighs.

ATTICUS
Guess I've found my drinking buddy.

BELLE
Be nice.

Atticus scoffs.

ATTICUS
I'm always nice.

Belle raises her eyebrows.

BELLE
Have a good evening, boys.

Spencer half waves. Still reading the papers.

Belle exits.

Atticus snatches the papers from Spencer's hands.

SPENCER
Hey!

Spencer snatches them back.

ATTICUS
Enjoy your evening, my friend. Don't
get bogged down in all this crap.

Atticus gestures to the papers.

SPENCER
It's my business.

Atticus shrugs.

ATTICUS
We're young bachelor's in a big city.

He slaps Spencer's shoulder.

ATTICUS (cont'd)
Ladies are falling at our feet.

SPENCER
Speak for yourself.

Atticus rolls his eyes.

ATTICUS
What happened to you, man? You were
so fun in college.

Spencer puts the papers in his satchel.

Atticus walks backwards towards the door. Puts a hand on his chest.

ATTICUS (cont'd)
Go make me proud.

He winks at Spencer.

He exits.

ATTICUS (O.C.)
Wren! We're going to the pub.

Spencer rolls his eyes. Zips up the satchel. Puts it on his shoulder.

Walks to the door. Exits.

INT. LONDON - SPENCER'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - EVENING

Spencer opens the front door to his apartment. All the lights are off.

Two black Labradors, MERCURY and COLIN, run up to greet him.

He pets them both.

SPENCER
Hey boys!

The dogs lick his hands.

Spencer reaches up. Flicks on a light switch.

A modern apartment. Open plan living room and kitchen. All black, grey and white.

One wall of the living room is made entirely of glass. The city at night can be seen out of the windows.

A long sofa sits in front of it.

On the sofa, Vanessa sits, legs crossed. Dressed in a sheer black dress. A lace bodysuit visible underneath.

Boyka and Veto sit either side of her.

Spencer jumps when he notices.

SPENCER (cont'd)
What the fuck, Vanessa?

Vanessa smirks. Stands.

VANESSA
Shut the door.

INT. LONDON - SPENCER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A large, king-size bed. Two black ropes tied to either side of the headboard.

A chest of drawers laden with lit candles.

The large window is covered with a blind.

Vanessa is on top of Spencer on the bed.

She rips her dress, exposing the lace underneath.

A sense of urgent desire surrounds them. Hands move over each others bodies.

Vanessa rips open Spencer's shirt. Buttons fly everywhere. She scratches at his chest with her nails, leaving red marks.

She pins him down by his wrists. Her nails dig in. Small drops of blood appear. She licks them off.

Her eyes flash red for a second.

She aggressively kisses and bites his chest, arms and neck.

Spencer moans.

An evil glint in Vanessa's eyes. A wicked smile on her face.

She quickly and expertly ties Spencer to the bed using the ropes on the headboard.

She moves down to his trousers. Rips them open.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - SPENCER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Boyka, Veto, Colin and Mercury lie on the sofa.

Boyka whines.

The sounds of a creaking bed, spanking and moans can be heard from the bedroom.

Mercury lifts his head up.

The loud crack of wood breaking comes from the bedroom.

INT. LONDON - SPENCER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Spencer and Vanessa lie in a tangle of bed sheets. They pant. Both try to catch their breath.

Scratches and bruises cover Spencer's body.

The bed slopes to one side. Wooden splinters litter the floor.

Remnants of clothes are scattered about the room.

Vanessa's bra swings from a lampshade.

Nearly all the candles have gone out.

SPENCER

That's the fourth time this month
you've broken my bed.

VANESSA

We've broken the bed.

Spencer waves his hand dismissively.

VANESSA (cont'd)

I'll have a new one dropped off in
the morning. Sleep on the sofa.

SPENCER

Can't you just, you know...

He clicks his fingers.

VANESSA

Not if you'd rather keep your
kidneys.

SPENCER

A bed for a kidney. Seems fair.

Beat.

SPENCER (cont'd)

Are you staying?

VANESSA

No.

Beat.

SPENCER

Last time I slept on the sofa, my
back was stiff for days.

Vanessa rolls her eyes.

VANESSA

Do you ever stop complaining?

She waves her hand in the air.

VANESSA (cont'd)

Just say the word and it's gone.

Beat.

SPENCER

Do you ever want more?

Vanessa frowns.

VANESSA

Excuse me?

SPENCER

You know... like...

He bites his lip.

SPENCER (cont'd)

Forget it.

Vanessa props herself up on her elbow.

VANESSA

What do you mean more?

Spencer waves his hand.

SPENCER

Nothing. Forget about it.

Vanessa mounts him.

She takes his face in her hand. Moves it to look at her.

VANESSA

You brought it up.

Her eyes flash red.

VANESSA (cont'd)

Tell me.

Spencer pushes her hand away.

She sits up.

SPENCER
I just mean, like, more than sex.
More like...

He gestures with his hands. Tries to find a word.

Vanessa raises an eyebrow.

VANESSA
(disgusted)
Love?

SPENCER
No... Yes... I mean... I don't know.

Vanessa scoffs.

VANESSA
What part of 'daughter of Satan' do
you not understand? I don't have a
soul, Spence.

Spencer sits up.

Vanessa climbs off of him.

SPENCER
Just forget I said anything. Please.
It was stupid.

VANESSA
This was part of the deal. You bring
me what I need and I repay you
with... favours.

She smirks.

Spencer sighs.

SPENCER
I get that. And trust me, I'm not
complaining about the favours. But,
you don't age. I do. Someday, maybe,
I'd like to settle down. And I'm not
getting younger.

Vanessa raises her eyebrows.

VANESSA

Have you seen yourself? You're doing fine. Trust me.

SPENCER

As nice, if not a little surprising, as that compliment is, have I not paid my debt to you yet?

VANESSA

Seriously?

SPENCER

It's been years, Vanessa. When will it end?

VANESSA

You're mine. A deal with me is not to be taken lightly.

SPENCER

Can't you just find someone else?

Vanessa eyes flash red.

VANESSA

(demonic)

No!

She clears her throat. Her eyes go back to normal.

VANESSA (cont'd)

We have a deal. One you can't just walk out on because you want a f...

She gags a little.

VANESSA (cont'd)

F...

Vanessa gags.

Spencer raises his eyebrows.

SPENCER

Family?

VANESSA

Right. That's not how deals work.

SPENCER

Fine. But, if you don't want a relationship, why can't I date other women? I forfeit my half of the deal. I'll still work for you, but no more sex.

Vanessa laughs.

VANESSA

You're serious?

She crawls over to Spencer. Leans in. Bites his lip.

He moans.

She pulls away.

VANESSA (cont'd)

You know me, Spence.

She gives him a long kiss.

She pulls away.

VANESSA (cont'd)

I. Don't. Share.

She bounces back on her heels.

VANESSA (cont'd)

Plus, why would you want to lose out on all this?

Beat.

SPENCER

Vanessa, if I want to love someone, why can't it be you?

Vanessa quickly hops off the bed.

VANESSA

I'm having a shower.

She walks towards the door.

Looks back at Spencer.

VANESSA (cont'd)

You better join me.

Spencer nods.

Vanessa exits.

The sound of the shower turning on can be heard from the ensuite.

Spencer flops back onto the bed.

The whole bed creaks. Drops to the floor with a crack.

Spencer groans.

End of Act 2

Act 3

INT. LONDON - MOORE'S VETERINARY SURGERY - SURGERY 1 - DAY

Spencer sits at a counter, head resting on his hand. Eyes half shut. A stack of paperwork in front of him. Bags under his eyes. A mug of coffee half-drunk next to him.

A knock at the door.

Spencer jolts up. Rubs his eyes quickly.

SPENCER

Yup. Yeah. Come in.

GENEVIEVE, mid-twenties, whitish-blond hair, wearing a pastel blue summer dress, a black cat, MISTY, in her arms, enters.

She smiles at Spencer.

GENEVIEVE

Hi, Doctor Moore?

Spencer blinks a couple of times. Slowly stands.

SPENCER

Yeah, um, sorry. Yes, that's me.

He smiles.

GENEVIEVE

I'm your ten o' clock. Genevieve Burton, with Misty.

She holds Misty up.

SPENCER

Oh, right. Sorry, yes. Pop her down on the table.

GENEVIEVE

Long night?

Spencer frowns.

SPENCER

What?

Genevieve gestures to the paperwork.

Spencer looks at it quickly.

SPENCER (cont'd)

Oh, right. Yeah, something like that.

Beat.

They look at each other awkwardly.

GENEVIEVE

So, my cat?

Spencer runs a hand through his hair.

SPENCER

Right, sorry. What seems to be the problem?

He examines Misty on the table.

Genevieve takes a step forward.

GENEVIEVE

She's been sick a lot recently. I'm worried there's something wrong with her stomach.

SPENCER

Has she been eating? Any changes to her diet at all?

Genevieve shakes her head.

GENEVIEVE

No. If anything, she's been eating more. But, it's the same food I've always given her.

Spencer feels around Misty's stomach. He picks her up.
Examines her belly.

He puts a stethoscope on. Listens to her heartbeat.

He puts her back down.

SPENCER
Miss Burton--

GENEVIEVE
Genevieve.

Spencer smiles.

SPENCER
Sorry, Genevieve. Has Misty ever been
spayed?

Genevieve frowns.

GENEVIEVE
I don't think so. She was a stray. My
brother took her in last year and now
I look after her.

SPENCER
I think she might be pregnant.

Genevieve's lips form a perfect 'o'.

GENEVIEVE
Um, okay. I'm not sure I know how to
look after a pregnant cat.

Spencer smiles softly.

SPENCER
It's okay. We have plenty of leaflets
I can give you. I'll need to do an
ultrasound to be certain, but we can
walk you through everything.

Genevieve smiles.

GENEVIEVE
Thank you, Doctor.

She smiles. Picks up Misty.

SPENCER
Go to reception and she'll book the
ultrasound.

Genevieve nods.

GENEVIEVE

Thank you.

She walks to the door. Pauses. Turns back.

GENEVIEVE (cont'd)

Please tell me if this is completely inappropriate, but I just thought I felt a vibe, or something. Stop me if I'm wrong, but would you want to maybe go out sometime?

She bites her lip.

Spencer's lips part slightly. A mixture of surprise and delight.

SPENCER

Um...

GENEVIEVE

Sorry, forget about it. Completely inappropriate of me.

SPENCER

No, no! Not at all. I mean, yes. That would be nice.

Genevieve smiles brightly.

GENEVIEVE

Oh. Cool. Um... should I get your number from the receptionist too, or...

Spencer takes a business card from his pocket. Hands it to Genevieve.

She takes it. Smiles.

GENEVIEVE (cont'd)

I'll be in touch.

Spencer smiles.

Genevieve exits.

Spencer leans back against the counter. His smile slowly disappears.

SPENCER

Shit.

INT. HELL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A dark, marble hallway. Arched windows on one side letting in moonlight from a red full moon, tinting everything scarlet.

The wall is made entirely of skulls.

A lit chandelier hangs from the ceiling, also made of skulls and bones.

A scream and a crash echo.

INT. HELL - VANESSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark, marble walls.

Elaborately carved gargoyles at every corner.

The window is covered with heavy black and red fabric.

An ornate floor length mirror rests against one of the walls.

A large television screen is mounted on the wall. The screen is frozen on an image of Spencer, leaning against a counter in the surgery.

A shattered vase on the floor. A black liquid and dark red roses spill out. A TV remote sits in the liquid.

A red velvet armchair in one corner. Vanessa is slumped in it, dressed in a scarlet robe and wearing a scowl that could frighten the Devil himself.

Veto, Boyka and Dog lollop on a four-poster bed, draped in a sheer, crimson curtain.

VANESSA

Who the fuck does she think she is?

Who the fuck does he think he is?

Veto whines.

Vanessa looks over at the Hell-Hounds.

She pouts. Stands. Walks over to the bed.

She positions herself between the Hell-Hounds. They adjust to accommodate her.

She strokes Veto's head. Kisses his muzzle.

VANESSA (cont'd)
Poor baby. Still not well?

Veto whimpers.

The door bangs open.

JESTER, dark, curly hair, dressed in a long, black and gold embroidered coat and leather trousers, a Johnny Depp wannabe, kicks open the door.

He's followed by PHOEBE, wild red hair, dressed in a little black dress with a red sheer dressing gown on top.

Jester grins.

JESTER
We heard the scream.

They step into the bedroom.

Phoebe rubs her hands together.

PHOEBE
Who's dying?

Vanessa sighs.

VANESSA
No one. At least not yet.

Phoebe pouts.

PHOEBE
Then why the theatrics?

She sits cross-legged on the floor.

Dog steps down off the bed. He lies next to Phoebe. Rests his head on her lap.

Jester lounges over the chair. Long legs dangle over the arm.

Vanessa gestures to the TV.

Spencer is still paused on the screen.

VANESSA

It would appear as though my little pet has gone rogue.

Phoebe scoffs.

PHOEBE

Little? That's not what I've heard.

Jester rolls his eyes.

JESTER

We told you no good would come from that relationship.

VANESSA

Relationship? It's not a relationship. A contract at most. A deal. But not a relationship.

Jester holds up his hands in surrender.

PHOEBE

So, what happened?

Vanessa sighs.

VANESSA

He started talking about more than sex. Ooey gooey shit. I said no, obviously. And now some doe-eyed slut asked him out and he's jumped at her.

Phoebe shrugs.

PHOEBE

So what if someone does like him? You're the Devil's daughter. Hell's princess. No measly human could compete with that.

Vanessa gets to her feet. Saunters over to the mirror. Adjusts her robe. Admires herself.

VANESSA

I suppose you're right.

Phoebe smiles.

PHOEBE

I'm always right.

She flicks her hair over her shoulder.

Jester frowns. Swings his legs onto the ground. Sits up.

JESTER
You're getting awfully defensive,
Ness.

He raises an eyebrow.

JESTER (cont'd)
You're not catching feelings, are
you?

Vanessa cackles. Turns to face him.

VANESSA
Don't be fucking ridiculous. I don't
have feelings.

She turns back to the mirror.

VANESSA (cont'd)
I just don't like to share.

Phoebe raises an eyebrow.

PHOEBE
So, who is she?

Jester leans forward. His eyes flash red.

JESTER
Can we kill her?

Vanessa smirks.

VANESSA
Possibly.

PHOEBE
Would she make a whole meal, or just
a starter?

Jester leans back. Crosses one leg over the other.

JESTER
I do enjoy a complicated soul.

Vanessa walks back over to the bed. Sits down.

VANESSA
He disobeyed my orders, violated our
deal.

Jester and Phoebe exchange an excited grin.

Vanessa smirks.

VANESSA (cont'd)
This girl might have actually done me
a favour.

Phoebe pouts.

PHOEBE
So we can't sacrifice her?

VANESSA
I never said that.

End of Act 3

Act 4

INT. LONDON - SPENCER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Spencer sits on the sofa reading a book.

Colin and Mercury sit at his feet.

Spencer sips a cup of tea.

The door slams open to reveal Vanessa.

Spencer jumps. Spills tea on himself.

SPENCER
Shit!

Vanessa storms in.

VANESSA
Get in the bedroom.

She marches towards the bedroom.

SPENCER
But I'm--

VANESSA (O.C.)
Now!

INT. LONDON - SPENCER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Spencer is tied to the bed.

Vanessa straddles him. She holds a whip. She runs it through her fingers.

VANESSA
You broke our deal, Spence.

Spencer frowns.

SPENCER
Wha--

Vanessa covers his mouth with her hand.

VANESSA
Hush. No talking.

She presses a finger to his mouth and it disappears.

Spencer's eyes widen. He wriggles underneath her.

VANESSA (cont'd)
Stop it. You're only making things worse.

SPENCER
(muffled)
Whub arb yub--

VANESSA
Ugh! What?

Shes snaps her fingers. His mouth reappears.

Spencer gasps.

SPENCER
What are you talking about? I didn't break the deal. I'm picking up Phoebe's soul sacrifice in the morning.

Vanessa scoffs.

VANESSA
So you're dating humans now?

Spencer frowns.

SPENCER
You're spying on me?

VANESSA
I have my sources.

Spencer rolls his eyes.

SPENCER
Is this about what I said last night?
I told you to forget about it.

VANESSA
Already forgotten.

SPENCER
So, what's this about? What happens
if I did want to go on a date with
her? Because you've made it
abundantly clear that you want
nothing of the sort.

VANESSA
Our contract states that you collect
whichever souls I select, in return
for favors from me.

SPENCER
And where does it say I can't see
other women?

Vanessa smirks.

VANESSA
You really think I didn't give myself
a contingency?

She snaps her fingers. A scroll appears in her hand.

A long paragraph of text written in italics. It reads:

*'I, Spencer Moore, shall not and will not date other women
while entwined in this contract.'*

A red finger print at the bottom.

Vanessa points to the fingerprint.

VANESSA (cont'd)
See. Signed and sealed in your blood.

She waves her hand over the page.

Spencer raises his eyebrows.

SPENCER
That was never in my contract.

He squints at the scroll.

SPENCER (cont'd)

How do I know that's even mine? Was I conscious?

Vanessa clicks her fingers. The scroll vanishes.

She shrugs.

VANESSA

Regardless, it says here that you must collect souls in exchange for favours from me. That includes this cozy little life you've got for yourself. The one that I gave you.

She pats his chest.

VANESSA (cont'd)

We're in this together, Spence. A lifelong deal. I help you out, you help me out.

Spencer struggles against the restraints.

SPENCER

For Christ's sake, Vanessa. What more do you want from me? Do you want my soul?

Vanessa ponders for a moment.

SPENCER (cont'd)

I was joking!

VANESSA

No, I don't want your soul. We have far too much fun for you to die.

SPENCER

What are the rules then? Because I seem to have grossly misunderstood what I'm involved in.

Vanessa counts on her fingers.

VANESSA

You get the sacrifices. I give you your life. You don't sleep with other women.

SPENCER

I never agreed to that.

VANESSA

Do you want to go back to how you were before?

SPENCER

No, of course not. But--

VANESSA

Then it's settled. Follow my rules and I won't change anything.

Beat.

Vanessa bites her bottom lip.

Spencer frowns.

SPENCER

What?

Vanessa sighs.

VANESSA

I wasn't going to say it until later. I didn't want to spoil the mood. But, since you're forcing my hand.

Spencer raises his eyebrows.

VANESSA (cont'd)

I need her.

Colour drains from Spencer's face.

SPENCER

You mean...

Vanessa bites her nail.

VANESSA

You're new friend Genevieve is one of the sacrifices for the Ritual.

Spencer closes his eyes.

SPENCER

You've got to be kidding me.

Vanessa pouts.

VANESSA

I wish I was. She's perfect for it. There's so few with her blood type.

Vanessa raises an eyebrow.

VANESSA (cont'd)
That's not going to be a problem, is
it, Spence?

Spencer sighs.

SPENCER
There's no one else you can use?

Vanessa shakes her head.

SPENCER (cont'd)
I'll agree to leave her alone. Why
won't you? She seems nice.

Vanessa shrugs.

VANESSA
Hey, if the dark overlords wish us to
make sacrifices, I have no control
over that.

SPENCER
You can't have a word with your dad?

Vanessa shudders.

VANESSA
Did you forget who he is?

SPENCER
But, you're you. Surely you're not
afraid of--

VANESSA
I'm going to stop you right there. We
need her. End of.

Spencer sighs.

SPENCER
When do you need the ingredients by?

VANESSA
Tomorrow.

SPENCER
Sure.

Beat.

And her? SPENCER (cont'd)

Two weeks. VANESSA

Right. SPENCER

EXT. LONDON - WALWORTH - STREET - DAY

A busy street.

PEDESTRIANS bustle about.

A bus pulls up at a bus stop.

The sounds of chatter, car horns and engines.

Shops, pubs and cafes line either side of the road.

Spencer walks down the pavement.

Colin and Mercury, held on leads, walk next to him.

They stop in front of a red store front. The sign above the door reads:

APOTHECARY

Spencer ties Colin and Mercury's leads to a bike rack outside the shop.

Stay there. SPENCER

Colin and Mercury sit. Tails wagging.

Spencer enters the shop.

INT. LONDON - WALWORTH - APOTHECARY - DAY

A small, crowded shop. Shelves heavily stacked with a variety of bottles, tubs and cans.

Florescent lights flicker on the ceiling.

The door dings as Spencer enters. He picks up a basket.

MR SPARKS, an old man with white, wispy hair and a thick mustache, stands behind a cash register.

Mr Sparks beckons to Spencer.

Spencer looks around the shop. Frowns. Walks over.

SPENCER (cont'd)

Yes?

Mr Sparks produces a small, clear bag of marijuana. Places it on the counter.

OLD MAN

Miss Vanessa called ahead.

Spencer sighs.

SPENCER

Right. Of course.

He takes the bag.

SPENCER (cont'd)

I assume payment has been made?

Mr Sparks nods.

He puts the two bottles in a paper bag. Hands it to Spencer.

Spencer gives him a tight-lipped smile. Turns to exit.

MR SPARKS

She's a lovely girl. You should hold onto her.

Spencer half turns back.

SPENCER

You don't know the half of it.

He turns to the door. Exits.

End of Act 4

Act 5

INT. HELL - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A large, dark room. The only light from a bone chandelier hanging from a high ceiling.

Gargoyles and skeletal statues stand guard in the corners.

A long dining table runs from one end of the room to the other. A red table runner embroidered with gold skulls down the centre. High-backed chairs surrounding it.

Four candelabras are lit on the table. It's laden with all manner of disgusting looking foods. Meat sitting in pools of blood. A variety of human body parts. Eyeballs, bones, etc. And to wash it all down, an excessive amount of alcohol.

Vanessa, dressed in a long-sleeved, floor-length, red, velvet dress, sits at the head of the table. A large glass goblet filled with red liquid in her hand. Dog, Boyka and Veto sit at her feet.

Jester and Phoebe sit either side of her.

Phoebe tucks into a plate of something red and gooey in front of her. Next to her plate is a smaller plate stacked with bones.

Phoebe tosses Dog a bone. He wolfs it down in a second.

Jester sips out of a whiskey glass. He observes the room around him.

Other DEMONS, all different genders, with varying degrees of horns, fangs and ghoulish features, sit around the table.

Loud chatter echoes around the room. Grunts and growls heard in between.

Vanessa takes a large gulp of her drink. She gets to her feet. Slightly wobbly.

VANESSA

If I could have your attention.

The chatter continues.

Vanessa dramatically rolls her eyes.

She holds a hand out to Jester.

He stands. Takes her hand.

Vanessa steps up onto the table. She wobbles. Some of her drink spills onto the table.

VANESSA (cont'd)

Whoops!

Jester steadies her.

Vanessa straightens up. Lets go of his hand.

She stomps on the table twice. It echoes around the room.

The Demons silence. Turn to look at her.

Vanessa smiles.

VANESSA (cont'd)
Much better.

She takes a large gulp of her drink. Wipes her mouth with her sleeve.

VANESSA (cont'd)
Now that I have your attention, we
have some business to discuss.

Phoebe continues to stuff her face.

Jester shoots her a sharp look.

Phoebe stops mid-mouthful.

PHOEBE
(mouths)
What?

Jester grimaces.

JESTER
(mouths)
Disgusting.

Phoebe swallows. Opens her mouth wide to show Jester.

PHOEBE
(mouths)
Better?

Jester rolls his eyes.

VANESSA
I've got a job for you lot.

Chuckles and murmurs around the room from the Demons.

VANESSA (cont'd)
There's a human who thinks she can
take my possession from me.

The Demons boo.

Vanessa grins.

VANESSA (cont'd)

Exactly.

Phoebe smirks. She takes a bite out of one of the bones.

Jester folds his arms. Leans back in his chair.

VANESSA (cont'd)

The Full Moon Ritual is fast approaching and we need a sacrifice.

Cheers from the Demons.

Vanessa smirks.

VANESSA (cont'd)

I think you know where I'm going with this. The only issue is, I'm a little worried that my pet won't be able to follow through with his end of the bargain.

Laughter from the Demons.

Phoebe grins.

Vanessa takes a large swig of her drink. Throws the goblet to one side. It smashes on the floor.

The Demons cheer louder.

VANESSA (cont'd)

(shouting)

Who fancies a midnight snack?

The Demons stand. Pound their fists on the table.

Phoebe cackles maniacally.

Jester rolls his eyes.

PHOEBE

(shouting)

I think we should bring Vanessa back a trophy.

Vanessa smiles gleefully at Phoebe.

PHOEBE (cont'd)
(shouting)
First demon to bring the girls' head
gets the first bite at the Ritual.

She raises an eyebrow at Vanessa. Grins. Blood and bits of
flesh drip from her teeth.

PHOEBE (cont'd)
How does that sound?

The Demons cheer.

Phoebe claps her hands together.

Vanessa cackles.

The Demons chatter loudly. They all stand and move about the
room to exit. Some down their drinks. Some take platefuls of
food with them.

Vanessa gets down off the table.

She sits back down. Looks between Jester and Phoebe.

VANESSA
You two can lead this. My baby's
still not well.

She pets Veto's head. He whines.

Phoebe nods enthusiastically.

PHOEBE
I'm excited.

Jester frowns.

JESTER
(to Vanessa)
Are you sure about this?

Vanessa stands. Picks up a bottle of red liquid with a skull
on the label.

VANESSA
I'm taking this to my room. Let me
know when it's done.

She stumbles to the door.

Jester watches. A frown on his face.

Vanessa opens the door. It creaks loudly. She exits.

Jester leans towards Phoebe.

JESTER

We have to do something.

PHOEBE

We are doing something. We're killing the girl.

JESTER

That's not going to work. We can't take twenty-odd demons to Earth to kill one girl. Drunk Vanessa isn't good at making plans. And neither are you apparently.

Phoebe shrugs.

PHOEBE

So, we don't take all of them.

Jester huffs.

JESTER

And how are you going to convince half of them not to go? You've just given them the deal of a lifetime. They're not exactly an understanding bunch.

Phoebe picks at the plate in front of her.

JESTER (cont'd)

We need a solution and killing the girl isn't it.

Phoebe frowns.

PHOEBE

What's the plan then, Einstein?

Dog jumps his front legs onto the table. Licks Phoebe's plate clean.

JESTER

What does Vanessa do when she doesn't get her way?

PHOEBE

She shouts and sets fire to things.

Jester raises his eyebrow.

JESTER
And worst case?

Phoebe grimaces.

PHOEBE
Tortures Demons.

Phoebe puts her hand on Jesters.

PHOEBE (cont'd)
I don't want to be tortured.

Jester snatches his hand away. Rolls his eyes.

JESTER
Don't be melodramatic. She won't torture us. But, think about the aftermath. Vanessa starts torturing random Demons rather than the souls that were assigned to her. She makes a mess. A certain someone...

He points to the ground.

JESTER (cont'd)
....pays us all a visit. Remember last time?

Phoebe shudders.

PHOEBE
Okay, so we avoid that at all costs by... eliminating the threat? Or the boy?

Jester huffs.

JESTER
Have you not been listening? Clearly Ness can't lose the boy, she's too attached. We have to stop this demonic tirade another way, without causing a scene or the Demon Princess torturing her subjects. And we all live a happy, if slightly dark, existence. Get it?

Phoebe nods.

PHOEBE

Got it.

JESTER

We do our research and find the best plan of action.

Phoebe groans.

PHOEBE

That sounds like a lot of work. Are you sure we can't just kill her?

Jester shakes his head. He stands. The chair scrapes across the floor.

JESTER

I've got some angry demons to deal with. Then we're going to Earth.

PHOEBE

But I haven't finished lunch.

She gestures to her plate. It's now completely empty.

JESTER

I think Dog finished it for you.

Dog whines.

JESTER (cont'd)

Meet me in the Hallway in ten. And try to be inconspicuous.

Jester strides to the door. Exits.

Phoebe pops a bone in her mouth. Crunch.

INT. HELL - HELL'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

A long, dark hallway.

Stained glass windows depicting horrific, graphic scenes line one side. Demons eating humans. Hell Hounds tearing bodies apart.

One window is entirely taken up with a fiery red depiction of the DEVIL.

The next is a glass portrait of Vanessa. She has glinting rubies for eyes.

Thunder and lightening crash outside.

Jester turns the corner into the corridor. He's dressed in a black, button-up shirt, although most of the buttons are undone, a red velvet coat, leather trousers and hell-stomping boots.

His eyes glow red. The lids smudged with eyeliner.

His nails are chipped with black polish.

He struts down the hallway. Footsteps echo.

Behind him, Phoebe appears. Hair tied up in a sleek ponytail, dressed in a black cat suit.

Dog walks beside her on a chain.

PHOEBE

Hey, wait up!

Jester stops. Turns. Sighs.

JESTER

You brought Dog? Phoebe, I said inconspicuous.

PHOEBE

I didn't really know what that meant, plus he looked so sad all by himself.

Phoebe looks Jester up and down.

PHOEBE (cont'd)

You're not exactly dressed for the occasion. It's Earth, not Hell's Next Top Model.

Jester rolls his eyes.

JESTER

Yes, but I'm not a six-foot tall Hell Hound. You have to leave him here.

Phoebe crouches down next to Dog. She pouts.

Dog whines.

PHOEBE

Please? We can't leave him here all alone. He's very well-behaved.

Jester huffs.

JESTER

Apparently I'm more sought after than I thought.

Phoebe smirks.

PHOEBE

So, what's the plan?

JESTER

Like I said, this is purely research. We find her, see what she's about, then leave.

Phoebe pouts.

PHOEBE

Definitely no stabbing?

Jester shoots her a sharp look.

JESTER

No.

PHOEBE

Not even a little mild strangu--

JESTER

I said no.

Phoebe grins.

Beat.

PHOEBE

You should seduce her.

JESTER

Been there, done that. Never again.

Phoebe hits his arm.

PHOEBE

Not Vanessa, idiot. The girl.

Jester frowns.

JESTER

That's not a terrible idea.

Phoebe flicks her ponytail.

PHOEBE

It does happen.

They stop in front of a large, black door. It's engraved with skulls and roses.

PHOEBE (cont'd)

I've not seen Ness act so irrational about a human before.

Jester taps on the nearest skulls forehead twice.

Mechanical sounds can be heard from inside the door.

JESTER

She's the Devil's daughter. She's always irrational.

Phoebe picks up Dog. She takes a deep breath.

A dark smoke emerges from the door.

Jester takes Phoebe's free hand.

The smoke surrounds them.

A flash of lightening.

They disappear.

INT. HELL - VANESSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clothes are strewn around the room.

A bottle of red liquid drips onto the floor. Another is smashed into shards next to the bed.

Vanessa is passed out in her underwear on the bed. Her dress hangs from the bed post.

Boyka and Veto lie at the end of the bed.

Vanessa stirs. Grunts. Brushes her hair out of her face.

Her eyes open slowly. She frowns. Rubs her eyes. Lifts her head slightly.

She looks slowly around the room. Sees the bottles.

VANESSA

Wha--

She sits up abruptly. Eyes wide.

VANESSA (cont'd)

Shit.

She scrambles on the bedside table. Pushes a lamp off. It smashes on the floor.

She opens the drawer. Scrabbles inside.

She takes out a small flip phone. Opens it. Quickly presses some buttons. Holds it to her ear.

INT. LONDON - GENEVIEVE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - FLOOR 5 - NIGHT

A long corridor. Apartment doors on either side, labeled with different numbers.

A faded blue carpet.

Florescent strip lights on the ceiling.

Phoebe, Jester and Dog walk down the corridor.

Jester looks at the doors as they pass.

They stop in front of one labeled:

125C

A phone rings.

They both jump.

Phoebe looks at Jester.

PHOEBE

Is that you?

Jester feels around his coat. Reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a flip phone.

He frowns. Opens it. Holds it to his ear.

JESTER

Hello?

INT. HELL - VANESSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vanessa sits on her bed. Flip phone to her ear. She gasps.

VANESSA

(on the phone)

Oh thank fuck. Don't do it. I take back everything I said earlier. The demons are gonna cause havoc, dad's gonna come and it's gonna be a mess.

JESTER (O.S.)

(on the phone)

I know. You're an idiot. I canceled the siege, even if I do have to sleep with a lot of demons to do it. Me and Phoebe are on Earth with Dog. Just a little recon.

Vanessa lies back on the bed. The phone to her ear.

VANESSA

Thank you. Get as much information as you can. I want to know everything about this girl. Everything.

JESTER (O.S.)

(on the phone)

I can't believe you just risked a visit from the Devil so you can keep your fuck-buddy.

Vanessa runs a hand through her hair.

VANESSA

I just... He's good in bed, okay? That's all there is to it.

JESTER (O.S.)

(on the phone)

Whatever you say. You can thank me later for saving your drunk ass.

Vanessa snaps the phone shut.

Covers her face with her hands. Groans.

VANESSA

(muffled)

Fuck.

End of Act 5

Coda

FLASHBACK: EXT. LONDON - JAIL - NIGHT

The outside of the jail. High walls. Bricks missing. No windows. Spray painted pentagram on the side of one wall.

Only light from the full moon.

Smaller buildings equally as derelict dotted around the grounds.

A high barbed wire fence surrounding the whole compound.

A barred door tucked into the corner of the main building.

Spencer exits out the door. White shirt splattered with blood. Hands also covered in blood.

He pauses. Looks at his hands. Scowls.

Focus on Genevieve. She watches Spencer from around the side of a smaller building.

Spencer walks quickly across the grounds.

He reaches the fence. Ducks under a hole in the wire. Disappears into the darkness.

Genevieve steps out from behind the wall. Walks quickly towards the main building.

A BLACK CAT follows her.

End of Episode