

That Scar won't heal if you keep picking it

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EXT. TOWN STREET. NIGHT

The Orange glow of Sodium street lights illuminate LILY, (16) dressed for netball, as she runs sobbing from MARK (19) a youth in a hoodie.

Lily rounds a corner at speed and trips over a pile of cardboard boxes. Mark catches up and looms over her, he takes a long knife from his hoodie.

MARK

I need a trophy.

Mark puts his boot heavily on Lily's shoulder and cuts towards her arm, there is a terrible tearing sound.

MARK (cont'd)

This'll do...

A car approaches at speed, skidding to a halt. The door jerks open, revealing JOAN (45).

JOAN

(from within the car)

Get in.

EXT. LOCAL DOCTORS SURGERY. DAY

Cool early morning, there is still dew on the daffodils outside of a neat doctors surgery. DR. PARK (33), in mid grey suit is tidy but not smart, she fumbles in her bag for far too long to find her pass and keys to open up. JOAN appears behind Park startling her.

JOAN

Please help us.

Joan gestures to Lily still in the car, which is parked awkwardly behind a bush.

INT. GP CONSULTATION ROOM. DAY

PARK furtively glances through beige blinds as she closes them, darkening the plain consulting room. JOAN begins to remove the oversized coat LILY is now wearing.

LILY, very pale, clearly in pain struggles to smile as she looks at the novelty cactus on Park's desk.

PARK

Let me take a look at your arm.

INT. RECEPTION AREA. DAY

PARK is replacing supplies into a storage cupboard by a reception desk, blinds are still drawn and lights off.

Park is surprised by the arrival of Trevor (62), through the front door.

TREVOR

Good morning Park, in early again,  
ready for surgery?

Movement behind Park catches Trevor's attention.

Joan and Lily are just visible down the corridor  
disappearing out of a rear exit.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

PARK, dejected, fidgeting, sits in a grand wood-panelled hallway. This is a place of antiquity and gravitas, a place of tradition where history is written and great deeds are done.

The door opposite Park opens and TREVOR appears, he smiles but it looks uncanny on a face unaccustomed to the expression.

TREVOR

We are ready for you.

Park is frozen to the spot, time slows. She finally rises, she floats, dazed.

INT. BOARDROOM. DAY

PARK enters an authoritarian boardroom. Around a leather topped table, polished by generations of hands, are SEVEN EMINENT MALE FACES (all 60+).

TREVOR

Can you confirm for the panel you are  
Dr. Helen Park.

PARK

Yes.

The men around the table continue to talk but Park drifts away, she is only physically present.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

INT. LIBRARY. NIGHT

In a stereotypical library PARK is sat at a table with a reading lamp, books and notes around her, she is alone.

INT. DORM ROOM. NIGHT

In a tidy student bedroom PARK is revising skin diseases. Over her shoulder, framed by a doorway, are THREE STUDENTS (22) ready for a night out, they wave as they move away from the door.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL ROADSIDE. DAY

The THREE STUDENTS are packing a small car with camping gear at the side of a quiet residential street. PARK is sat at a desk in the front room, they wave at each other as the car pulls off.

INT. CAFE. NIGHT

PARK is on the late night shift, she yawns as she delivers coffee, egg and chips to the only customer. She returns to the counter to continue reading a complex passage with equations.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE. NIGHT

PARK, dressed as a doctor complete with stethoscope necklace is rubbing her head as a MALE PATIENT (30) in hospital gown urinates into a pot-plant.

INT. GP CONSULTATION ROOM. DAY

PARK is seated behind a nondescript desk in the plain consulting room, a novelty cactus and other small touches make it more cheery.

A series of grateful PATIENTS smile at Park.

The last patient fades and is replaced by a concerned looking TREVOR.

TREVOR  
(with finality)  
Sorry there is nothing I can do.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. PARK. DAY

PARK sits on an isolated park bench listening to music, the sky is a sheet of bright Autumn whiteness, the trees are bare.

Park absent-mindedly thumbs through job listings on her phone.

She throws the crust of her sandwich to an expectant pigeon and then pulls her hood down over her eyes, shutting out the world.

EXT. ROADSIDE. NIGHT

PARK walks down a busy main road in the rain. The bottom drops out of her soggy box she, spilling the contents.

She bends down to pick up a broken 'The Worlds Best GP' mug. A car drives through a puddle soaking Park and washing her novelty cactus towards a drain.

A hand stops the cactus just in time.

It is JOAN. Park throws down the remaining scraps of box in frustration and walks off leaving Joan holding the cactus.

EXT. PARK. DAY

PARK still has her face turned to the sky, eyes covered.

An INDISTINCT FIGURE crests a ridge, silhouetted against the greyness their approach is slow but purposeful.

INT. KITCHEN-DINER-LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

PARK, hair dripping, is in her tiny salmon kitchenette-diner-living room eating a noodle sandwich over the sink.

There is a loud crash, and a brick obliterates the vase that was in the centre of her small table. Park runs outside to find 'scumluvva' sprayed onto the front of her building.

EXT. PARK. DAY

PARK is vulnerable her head back, eyes closed and covered.

Still approaching the THREATENING STRANGER has the unhealthy grey pallor, and shambling gait of countless movie zombies.

EXT. TERRACED HOUSE. DAY

PARK'S front garden is nothing spectacular but it is neat, she vainly scrubs at the red paint on her teal door.

A thrown letter knocks over her bucket of water. Park looks round to see the POSTMAN walking away.

INT. KITCHEN-DINER-LIVING ROOM. DAY

PARK is reading a letter whilst drying it with a hair dryer, the words 'Malpractice Hearing' are clearly visible.

EXT. PARK. DAY

PARK is startled as a figure looms over her.

KEN, a zombie (35), dressed in what was an expensive suit sits down next to Park.

KEN

I've got this sort of sore bit on my side, and it's gone kind of funny.

KEN lifts his shirt to reveal a sore where his belt has been rubbing his dead flesh, a few maggots fall out.

PARK

I'm sorry, who do you think I am?

Park rubs her eyes.

KEN

I'm desperate

Ken tries to tidy his shirt.

KEN (cont'd)

A guy's arm fell off, the maggots got so bad.

Park pushes away the pigeon eyeing Ken's maggots.

PARK

I can't.

KEN

Just you and me here on this bench,  
give a chap a hand.

PARK

I'm not a doctor any more.

KEN

I don't need a doctor

Ken adjusts his jacket.

KEN (cont'd)

I'm incompletely deceased.

Park resigns.

PARK

Try formaldehyde, it smells but the  
maggots won't like it.

INT. SUPERMARKET. DAY

PARK heads for an open belt at the supermarket, the CASHIER sees Park and reaches for the red 'Checkout closed' sign.

While Park counts her coins in hopper at the self-checkout she sees the cashier happily serving another customer.

The ATTENDANT watches Park packing so closely he does not notice a groups of youths walk out with two crates of beer.

EXT. SUPERMARKET. DAY

PARK walks around the side of the supermarket and is confronted by SALLY (22) her deep hood and slouch hiding her face, Park reacts quickly and pull something from her bag.

The resulting spray is an underwhelming spritz, but it has the desired effect, Sally stumbles backwards and her hood falls off to reveal her werewolf like snout, ears, and full but patchy head of hair.

SALLY

(coughing)

Perfume right in my face, that is low, my nose will burn for days.

PARK  
Sorry, I didn't, you startled me.

Sally stands up rubbing her eyes.

SALLY  
OK, OK. Just help me out with these embarrassing bald patches.

PARK  
(Groaning)  
Another one.

Park steps forward.

PARK (cont'd)  
It looks like ringworm.

INT. PHARMACY. DAY

At the counter, the PHARMACIST is eyeing PARK suspiciously.

PARK  
(Upbeat)  
Hi, have you got any antifungal shampoo please.

PHARMACIST  
No.

PARK  
Oh, but the Ketoza is right behind your head.

PHARMACIST  
Fine. £25.20

Park counts out the last of her change.

EXT. SUPERMARKET. DAY

PARK and SALLY are trying to look inconspicuous behind the supermarket.

PARK  
Try this for a few days

She passes Sally the shampoo.

SALLY  
Thanks

PARK

Just don't tell anyone else, I nearly  
couldn't get it.

SALLY

How much do I owe you?

PARK

Nothing don't worry.

SALLY

I need to pay, you need to eat, and  
we need your help.

Sally offers her £20.

INT. KITCHEN-DINER-LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

PARK is on the sofa, wrapped in a duvet watching TV, eating a noodle sandwich. Park ignores a gentle tap at the door.

The third knock is more urgent, she gets up and opens it on JOAN and LILY.

JOAN

I want to help.

PARK

What?

Park looks at her.

JOAN

I own a cleaning business, I employ  
people who are, 'differently alive'.

Park steps back to let them in.

JOAN (cont'd)

Nobody looks at cleaners after all.

As she enters Lily returns Park's cactus, a ring of stitches runs around her arm where it has been sown back on, in this light it clear Lily is a Zombie.

INT. SMALL WAREHOUSE. DAY

LILY and PARK are moving old boxes, chairs, and cleaning supplies around a small warehouse space, there are no windows, skylights provide the only natural illumination.

SALLY enters, hair plaited to cover the bare patches.

SALLY  
I can arrange chairs, your first  
patient is here.

KEN enters with a box and waves a hand with missing digits.

PARK leafs through a cleaning supplies catalogue.

JOAN calls suppliers.

Boxes are delivered and opened.

In the waiting area the chairs fill and empty as the light through the skylights changes.

Walls are painted.

Spaces rearranged.

A jar labelled 'Pay what you CAN' fills up.

A surgery created.

INT. MAKESHIFT SURGERY. DAY

PARK sits in her chair, her cactus is on the desk SALLY enters, bald-patches healed, hoodie swapped for a blazer.

SALLY  
Do we do home visits?

PARK  
Not sure.

SALLY  
Patient's a vampire, can't come out  
in daylight.

EXT. GRAND LOOKING RESIDENTIAL ADDRESS. NIGHT

It is raining theatrically, SALLY pulls up outside a distinctly Gothic looking property and PARK gets out, putting up an umbrella.

PARK  
See you in the morning.

Sally turns off the engine and folders her arms.

Park opens a black gate, walks up a short path and hesitates before pressing the brass doorbell button.

Rain drips rhythmically off Park's umbrella.

The door creaks open, Park squints at the silhouetted head.

TREVOR

Thank you for coming.

The door is opened wider inviting Park in, she hesitates at seeing TREVOR, now dressed in a burgundy evening jacket.

PARK

How can I help you?

TREVOR

I'm human but my wife

INT. GRAND LOOKING BEDROOM. NIGHT

AGATHA, (appears 50) wearing black silk blouse, reclines in a sumptuous four poster bed, cradling a gold sick bowl.

Agatha goes to welcome PARK but instead is sick.

TREVOR

She's not dangerous

PARK

I didn't ask.

TREVOR

(Mansplaining)

She eats black-pudding. The same butcher, but he must have.

Trevor lovingly strokes his wife's back.

TREVOR (cont'd)

We thought it would pass but it's been a week now.

PARK

Have you still got it?

Agatha nods.

INT. GRAND KITCHEN. DAY

In the black tiled kitchen TREVOR and PARK inspect a small piece of innocent looking black-pudding.

PARK

I thought that it might be garlic but it doesn't smell.

TREVOR

I tried a piece, no garlic.

Park gets out her notebook.

TREVOR (cont'd)

I've poisoned her before with garlic, by mistake, in France. It wasn't this bad.

PARK

She's my first Vampire, is Holy-water just a movie thing?

Trevor looks shocked.

PARK (cont'd)

Maybe they boiled it in it?

TREVOR

We can check for that.

Trevor lights a black candle and they introduce the meat to the flame, as soon as it ignites there is an intense white light and Park and Trevor have to shield their eyes.

PARK

Boil three large cloves of garlic in red wine and get her to drink it.

Trevor looks perplexed.

PARK (cont'd)

I think it should flush her out.

TREVOR

The wine?

PARK

So it tastes better in both directions.

INT. GRAND LOOKING HALLWAY. NIGHT

PARK and TREVOR are at the front door, as she is leaving he presses a very full envelop into her hand.

TREVOR

I couldn't, can't, do more.

Park goes to speak then decides better.

TREVOR (cont'd)

I love her

Park continues to hold her tongue.

TREVOR (cont'd)

and I'm scared.

Park turns to leave.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Don't go back there, people know.

EXT. URBAN STREET. NIGHT

SALLY and PARK are driving quickly, but not so fast as to draw attention to themselves.

SALLY

Is that all he said?

The steering wheel begins to buckle under Sally's grip.

PARK

They might have left.

Rounding a corner the distinctive glow of fire greets them.

SALLY

GRRRRRRRRRR.

PARK

But need to check.

The small car whines as Sally accelerates.

EXT. MAKESHIFT SURGERY. NIGHT

LILY dashes towards the car as it pulls up.

LILY  
(Shouting)  
Mom's in there.

Lily pulling at PARK's coat.

LILY (cont'd)  
They locked her in her office.

SALLY is already diving through the door and into the smoke. Park has to hold Lily back from following.

INT. BURNING MAKESHIFT SURGERY. NIGHT

All of the dry boxes and cleaning products are perfect fuel, the fire has really taken hold, SALLY scrambles under the flames on all fours.

She searches back and forwards to find a way through, her singeing, a bottle explores scorching her further.

She crashes through a door into the small office, JOAN is unconscious, the door handle broken-off in her burnt hand.

Sally wraps the remains of her jacket over Joan's face, picks her up easily and leaps back into the fire.

EXT. MAKESHIFT SURGERY. NIGHT

SALLY emerges from the inferno carrying JOAN, LILY and PARK rush towards her.

SALLY  
We have to go, I smelt them, they're still here.

Park jumps into the drivers seat and starts the engine while Lily helps Sally put Joan into the back.

Park drives.

EXT. SECLUDED HILLTOP GRAVEYARD. NIGHT

The car is parked by an graveyard on top of a small hill overlooking the city.

SALLY, PARK, LILY and JOAN sit on the bonnet. Sally and Joan are burnt but alive.

SALLY

Shame about the work we put into  
getting the place nice.

JOAN

Thank you for coming back.

Lily buries her face into her mother.

Park is lost in thought.

In the distance more sirens piece the night sky as rather  
more than one building seems to be burning.