

**WHERE BLOOD LIES**

"Pilot"

written by

Byron Qiao

byron.bcp@gmail.com

FADE IN:

CHYRON: TRANSYLVANIA, 1942

TEASER

**EXT. ROMANIAN VILLAGE - DAY**

A FUNERAL PROCESSION.

A HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE pulls a COFFIN covered in FLOWERS followed by 30 some-odd VILLAGERS dressed in black. Some chanting. Some singing. Some weeping.

A band of MUSICIANS, with instruments ranging from VIOLINS and VIOLAS to ACCORDIONS, play a melancholic tune.

The WIDOW, 50s, riding at the head of the cart takes a handful of COINS and tosses them in the air, letting it rain on the procession befitting tradition.

A GANG OF CHILDREN quickly scatter to collect the coins.

A YOUNG GIRL chases a rolling coin, picks it up and drops it into her patchwork pocket. This is EMELIA, 11, peculiar and with a maturity about her.

Her best friend, MARIA, 11, bookish, pulls her along.

MARIA  
Come on, Emelia!

Together they follow the procession as it enters the tombstone-lined CEMETERY.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

The villagers are gathered around a bloating CORPSE laid on wood risers, chanting prayers.

Emelia squeezes past the villagers to reach the front.

Her father steps up behind her, THE HUNTER, 50s, a calculating man with dark eyes that reveal a painful past.

THE HUNTER  
(chanting)  
When darkness comes we pray to  
thee, let the spirit of the bear  
save his soul, and when the bear  
rises once again, from the snow to  
burning ashes--

EMELIA

(chanting, together)

--Let his body lay to rest, rest in  
the magic of the ancestral land,  
rest forever and never wake,  
until the morning sun calls his  
name once more.

The Hunter looks down at his daughter and rests his hand on her shoulders.

EMELIA (CONT'D)

Papa, are they gonna do it?

The Hunter only offers a solemn nod.

THE HUNTER

Run along.

EMELIA

I want to see it.

THE HUNTER

It's not for children.

EMELIA

Please, Papa. I won't be able to  
sleep again if I don't see it.

The Hunter considers this as he sees some villagers quietly leaving.

THE HUNTER

Go, Emelia. I'm not going to ask  
twice.

Emelia turns away indignantly, sauntering towards the entrance. She makes sure her father sees her and thinks that she's leaving.

When she is sure he's not watching anymore, she ducks behind other VILLAGERS, weaving her way through the bodies until she gets a clear view of--

THE CHIEF, 60s, and another village elder, CONSTANTIN, 60s, walking up ceremoniously to the corpse.

Constantin carefully opens the shirt of the corpse.

The Chief pulls out a large STAKE. Dips it in some sort of religious OIL.

The PRIEST, 70s, recites prayers. The RELATIVES wail loudly as the Chief positions himself beside the corpse.

The Chief raises the stake with both hands, he stares down at the corpse, at the face of his friend.

He brings the stake down hard into the chest with a CRUNCH.

Then he strikes it with a MALLET, burying it into the chest cavity.

IONUT, 60s, another elder next to the Chief sticks garlic in the corpse's mouth and sprinkles the broken cloves across the body.

Emelia watches, captivated, listening to the loud sobs of the Widow.

Suddenly, the corpse CONVULSES, the chest rising, a loud demonic SCREECH erupting from its throat--

Gasps and screams from the crowd as the Chief and Ionut struggle to hold the body down.

The corpse's arm shoots up and grabs Ionut's throat, choking him--

The Hunter leaps into action, taking out a WOODEN STAKE from his waistline, he stabs the corpse through the face.

The body twitches one last time, light wisps of smoke drifting out from the mouth and nostrils.

Ionut rubs his throat as the others breathe sighs of relief and offer their gratitude to the Hunter.

Emelia stands there still as a statue, her eyes wide open.

END TEASER