

Bloodthirsty

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INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A dim basement. Dirt floor, wooden four-by-four pillars, exposed beams. An open wooden staircase leads upwards. Bodies are piled near the base of the stairs - at least ten. Blood has stained the dirt. Flies. We can hear some soft moans. Troy, Cassie and Charlene hurry down the stairs. Charlene carries her black medical bag.

TROY
(clasping his hand over
his nose)
Holy God!

CHARLENE
Rotting bodies. And shit.

The moans become panicked words in Spanish.

The room is wide, large. The darkness is split only by faint filtering light coming from the rooms above.

TROY'S POV
The room is bright, high-contrast,
filled with streaks,

A voice from the far end starts pleading with them in broken English.

WOMAN
Please. No, please, no.

She's walking forward, her hands clasping and unclasping as she speaks. She kneels down about fifteen feet away still begging.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Please. No child. Me, please, me,
no child.

Three of the people are women. Almost all the rest are children. Troy looks around - the body pile - a torso - the blood staining the dirt.

CASSIE
Thaine killed the men first. The
strongest ones.

Charlene quickly pounces on the woman, and begins to feed. The woman screams, then swoons and collapses. The other all respond with terrified cries.

CHARLENE

(to Troy)

Eat. You'll need strength to deal
with Thaine.

CASSIE

(quietly)

She's right.

Troy hesitates a moment before bending over the prone woman. Suddenly, sounds of the door upstairs OPENING. Booted feet on the floorboards. Several people. Troy puts his finger to his lips. Everyone listens.

THAINE (O.S.)

It's over-- over here. His voice is
strained, weak. Cassie looks at
Troy and Charlene, her eyes wide
with fear.

There's a CRACK, like a whip. We hear Thaine shout in pain.

VOICE (O.S.)

Do not. Speak. Another CRACK. No
shout this time.

CHARLENE

(whispered)

That's not Thaine.

CASSIE

(whispered, terror in her
voice)

It's The Portuguese. Oh my God...

Cassie steps to the stairs quickly.

CASSIE (WEAKLY) (CONT'D)

Hi guys, is that you? It's me,
Cassie.

A cough from upstairs.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello. Cassie.

Charlene backs away in horror – she tries to hide behind a pillar. Troy is getting ready. Cassie is paralyzed. A WHIPCRACK from above. Footsteps on the stairs, clumsy. THAINE falls violently down the stairs. Cassie catches him, stopping his fall as best she can.

It's dark, but we see that he's naked from the waist up, and covered in bruises, cuts, welts, and blood. His hands are tied in front of him and his wrists are bleeding badly.

THAINE

Cass... you ain't supposed to be here girl.

TROY

(whispered, stepping forward)
Neither am I.

THAINE

What the...!?
(whispered)
Fuck. Never thought I'd be glad to see you. If we don't stop him we're all dead. He's strong, man. Stronger than you can imagine. You gotta help me.

TROY

Fuck you.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS on the stairs. The Portuguese descends, with Barb in front of him, his hand on the back of her neck.

PORTUGUESE

I hear you. Troy.

He and Barb reach the bottom of the stairs. Thaine backs away in fear. The cargo people whimper and cry when they see him.

He is impossibly gaunt, in a long black trench-coat and round, dark glasses. He's bald, and pale. He walks with a hunch. He's curling up a whip, and tucking it into his coat. He looks quickly around the room - his gaze locking quickly onto each person like an insect, or a robot.

PORTUGUESE (CONT'D)

I value loyalty. Above all.

He is suddenly holding a thin, curving knife of some kind. It makes us think of surgical instruments.

PORTUGUESE (CONT'D)

These two...
(He gestures at Barb and Thaine. Barb weeps silently)
Are finished.

With the knife at Barb's throat, he snakes around her from behind and kisses her - probing into her mouth with his long, pointed tongue. Her revulsion is plain. Thaine twitches with rage and steps forward. The Portuguese points the blade at him with a swift, mechanical thrust. Thaine is instantly cowed. The Portuguese languidly returns his attention to Barb. She is now almost completely paralyzed with fear. With a vicious, sudden motion, the Portuguese thrusts the fingers of his free hand into Barb's throat, just under her jaw. Barb's eyes are huge with surprise.

THAINE

NOOO!!!!

The Portuguese quickly rips his hand up and back, tearing Barb's head from her spine. It is a practised, easy gesture. A geyser of blood paints the walls, The Portuguese, the stairs. The Portuguese gulps at the fountain of blood spewing from her neck. The cargo people scream in utter terror. Barb's headless body topples down the stair, spraying blood as it goes. The Portuguese throws the head, like a bowling bowl, at Thaine. It hits him in the chest, knocking him violently off his feet. The Portuguese steps gingerly down the stairs and over Barb's body.

PORTUGUESE

Troy. Now is your time. I cherish
loyalty. I reward it. Come to me.

Troy steps forward. The Portuguese sizes him up. Again, we get the impression of some great, inhuman insect.

PORTUGUESE (CONT'D)

Yes. A predator.
(pointing at Thaine)
Kill him.

TROY

Give me your knife.

The Portuguese's mouth twists into a cruel grin, a gruesome, effeminate snicker escapes his blood soaked lips.

PORTUGUESE

Yes.
(he starts to hand Troy
the blade)

CASSIE

NO!

She rushes forward and The Portuguese turns toward her, crouching slightly as slices into her belly with a series of almost elegant thrusts. She screams and staggers back, falling, hands to her stomach, as a pool of blood stains her clothes and the ground. Charlene scrambles to her side. The Portuguese turns back to Troy, handing him the bloody knife.

PORTUGUESE

Prove yourself to me.

Troy steps toward Thaine, grabs him by the hair and lifts him off the ground. He places the knife tip against Thaine's bare abdomen and slices up - cutting Thaine's bonds and freeing his wrists - then he spins on his heel and throws the blade at The Portuguese's throat. The Portuguese is faster, raising his arm in time to stop the blade, which goes straight through his forearm, the handle on one side, the tip of the blade on the other. The Portuguese screams in pain and rage. Troy seizes his chance and falls on The Portuguese, knocking him to the ground and grabbing the knife handle, forcing the tip of the blade downward with the weight of his body. The Portuguese's strength stops the blade a fraction of an inch from his eye. Thaine, like a pro wrestler, falls on the pair with all his weight, forcing the blade into The Portuguese's eye.

With a terrible scream The Portuguese hits Troy with his free hand, knocking him off. Jumping to his feet, he pulls the knife from his arm, blood streaming from his ruined eye, and falls on Thaine in a great fury. Before Thaine can even defend himself The Portuguese has sliced him a dozen times or more, stabbing him over and over in the chest, face and neck.

Thaine falls and The Portuguese begins to feed.

Troy tries to jump the Portuguese from behind, but at the last moment, his arm shoots out and he grabs Troy by the throat. Turning, he lifts Troy off the ground. Troy struggles, choking and kicking, clawing at The Portuguese, but Troy is no match for his strength or his fury. The Portuguese suddenly drops Troy and with a calculated move, slices his throat. Eyes wide with surprise, pain and terror, Troy's hands grasp his throat, blood pouring from between his fingers. The Portuguese raises his knife to deliver the killing stroke. BLAM! The Portuguese lurches in pain from a gunshot to the shoulder. BLAM! Another. We see Cassie, lying across the room, the gun that Thaine gave her in her hand. The Portuguese turns and leaps for her. Charlene grabs the gun from Cassie and empties the clip into the ghoul. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Chest, neck, face. Finally he falls, dragging himself toward them. Charlene picks up his knife from where it fell and stands over him.

CHARLENE

Die you motherfucker!

She stabs him through the heart. Troy staggers to his feet and stands next to her, still grasping his bleeding throat. They look at one another. Cassie's breathing is fitful and ragged. She's very pale and her chest heaves in fits-and-starts. The pool of blood under her is spreading. She looks at Troy.

CASSIE

(sadly)

I'm sorry... I'm so sorry...