

TURNCOATS

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FIELDS OF YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA - DUSK

SUPER: "1781. Yorktown, Virginia."

The edge of battle. Redcoats and Patriots alike lay scattered about, some injured, some gone. A DRUMMER plays through the mess and as he walks, he sees:

A DEAD MAN WEARING A WEDDING RING, an INJURED YOUNG MAN crying and clutching a letter, a DECEASED MAN WEARING ONE SHOE.

The Drummer plays on.

GARRETT (V.O.)

The ghosts from that day are still vivid in my memory now: Fathers, sons, husbands, brothers. Though I hadn't been a vampire long, something happened that drove me beyond the thirst for my next kill. Something very human.

INT. MEDICAL TENT - CONTINUOUS

CARLISLE CULLEN finishes bandaging an INJURED AMERICAN SOLDIER's leg, while drums slowly fade in the distance. A stout German nurse named HILDE assists Carlisle.

Carlisle helps the Injured Soldier to his feet. He shakes Carlisle's hand and hobbles away. Hilde cleans up their station.

HILDE

Doctor Cullen, it appears we are running low on bandages.

CARLISLE

I think there's more in the bottom of my bag, Hilde.

Hilde crosses to a table of supplies. She pulls some bandages out of a bag, and through an opening in the tent she sees: A distant figure, GARRETT, running at an inhuman pace across a field. He carries an injured soldier, JAMES, on his back, making his way towards Carlisle's tent.

Hilde fumbles with the bandages, practically dropping them as she watches Garrett and James race toward her.

HILDE

Zounds!

INT./EXT. MEDICAL TENT - MOMENTS LATER

James GROANS as he and Garrett enter the tent.

HILDE

I have never seen a man move at that pace while carrying such a burden.

James is considerably smaller than Garrett, and Garrett handles him with kid gloves. Hilde notices Garrett's RED EYES immediately.

HILDE (CONT'D)

Your eyes, sir? What's happened to you?

Garrett ignores Hilde, making a beeline for Carlisle. James YELPS in pain. Carlisle is momentarily taken aback as he senses a fellow vampire in his midst.

GARRETT

Are you Doctor Cullen? Please, he he's been shot...

CARLISLE

Set him down here.

Carlisle motions to a cot. Garrett races over with James in his arms and begins to set him down.

Garrett locks eyes with Carlisle. He throws a protective arm over James.

GARRETT

What-- what are you? I haven't seen one like you before.

Carlisle looks over his shoulder, and sees Hilde gathering supplies on a tray at the other corner of the tent.

CARLISLE

I know it's the oddest of circumstances-- two of our kind-- meeting this way. I assure you I will do everything in my power to save him, but we must work quickly.

GARRETT

Did you mean to feed on him?

CARLISLE  
Of course not. I only feed on...  
animals.

Garrett's anger subsides.

GARRETT  
I see. But how can you be around  
all of this--

CARLISLE  
I've been working at it for a long,  
long time, my friend.

Garrett gradually retracts his arm.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)  
(to James)  
What's your name, son?

James speaks laboriously.

JAMES  
James, sir...

CARLISLE  
Very good, James, let's have a look  
at you.

Carlisle pulls back James' ripped coat, studying the wounds on his ribs. Blood Oozes. Garrett avoids looking at the wound, periodically drawing his hand up over his nose.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)  
And how do you know James?

GARRETT  
He's... my brother. Or used to be.

CARLISLE  
Ah, of course. Even so, you must  
have an iron will.

Hilde scurries over with her tray of supplies.

HILDE  
(to Garrett)  
I do not meddle in affairs that are  
not my concern. But you should know  
that Doctor Cullen is the finest  
physician I know. He is highly  
trained.

CARLISLE  
Thank you, Hilde.

HILDE  
From Italy!

CARLISLE  
We need to get his coat off.

Carlisle begins to cut James' coat. Panic flashes across Garrett's face.

GARRETT  
You should leave his coat on. My brother, he's... he's got a condition of the skin.

CARLISLE  
Do you honestly think I'm worried about a skin condition?

Carlisle continues removing the coat, while James GROANS.

GARRETT  
Of course not.

CARLISLE  
I can't properly treat him with the kind of wound he's--

JAMES  
No... Please...

Carlisle gets the coat off, then works on removing James' blood-soaked shirt. As Carlisle pulls James' shirt off, an increasingly terrified Garrett pulls it the other way, trying to stop him.

Hilde grabs on to Garrett's waist and tries to pull him backwards.

HILDE  
Are you mad?

GARRETT  
He wants... the shirt... to stay on...

CARLISLE  
It must come off!

HILDE  
It must come off!

JAMES

Garrett...

HILDE

He trained in Italy!

Hilde gives a final tug at Garrett's waist and he FLINGS her across the room.

James resists Carlisle faintly, throwing an arm up in his defense, but Carlisle gets his shirt off, revealing a lady's chest wrapped in bandages. This is not Garrett's brother. It's his sister.

Hilde stands up, immediately forgetting what Garrett has done as she catches sight of the bandaged chest and GASPS.

Carlisle's eyes go wide. Garrett rubs the back of his neck.

GARRETT

There might be a few details I forgot to mention.

CARLISLE

I can see that.

HILDE

Zounds.

James WHIMPERS while Garrett pats her arm. Carlisle continues working on the wound.

GARRETT

This is my sister, Lottie...

A HANDSOME CAPTAIN appears, looking around at the scene.

HANDSOME CAPTAIN

I heard a commotion. Is everything well here?

Garrett covers Lottie with her coat a little too late. The Handsome Captain's eyes dart among the group suspiciously. Carlisle stares him down.

CARLISLE

This is a serious case and I will not have my procedures interrupted again. Please leave, Captain.

A BEAT.

HANDSOME CAPTAIN

My... apologies, sir.

He glares at Lottie long and hard, then exits.

Lottie looks horrified.

JAMES/LOTTIE

Did he see?

CARLISLE

I can't say for certain, but I will do whatever I can to make sure your secret is kept. As will Hilde. Won't you, Hilde?

Hilde stands with her mouth open, and Carlisle elbows her.

HILDE

Yes, Doctor. Only kept secrets in here!

CARLISLE

Only kept secrets, that's right.

Carlisle cleans Lottie's wounds as Hilde hands him fresh cloth. Garrett paces, full of nervous energy.

GARRETT

Lottie wanted to find me after I enlisted, but knew she would not be allowed to fight. She managed to enlist under a fake name. And with the help of a good haircut, of course.

CARLISLE

Clever.

JAMES/LOTTIE

Was it? I thought it was the right thing to do.

Hilde exits. Carlisle continues working.

CARLISLE

(to Garrett)

You are still new to this way of life.

GARRETT

Yes, it's been just about a year.

CARLISLE

Quite a time to be a newborn. I cannot imagine what you've endured.

GARRETT

I couldn't control myself very well at first, but tried to stick with Redcoats only when I fed. I happened upon Lottie's regiment. I stayed nearby, never getting too close. Just to see that she was safe...

Lottie puts her hand on Garrett's arm. Garrett takes Lottie's hand and squeezes it.

JAMES/LOTTIE

He won't tell?

CARLISLE

Not a word to anyone.

JAMES/LOTTIE

Thank you, Doctor. Such a wonderful, pretty man...

Lottie smiles weakly, delirious, then passes out. Garrett takes her hand and looks to Carlisle.

CARLISLE

She's just lost consciousness. It's not that uncommon.

GARRETT

I tried to talk her into deserting...

Carlisle holds up a pair of forceps. He gets down close to Lottie's wound, squints, and pulls out a musket ball. It falls into a tray with a loud CLINK.

CARLISLE

(to the musket ball)

There you are!

Hilde zips back in with a pot of steaming water, and drops some soiled bandages in the pot. She passes Garrett to exit again, and he is overwhelmed by the scent of blood.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

I forgot how difficult the smell could be.

Garrett collects himself and returns to his sister's side.

GARRETT

It doesn't ever bother you? How old did you say you were?

CARLISLE  
A hundred and forty one.

Garrett's eyes widen.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)  
It gets easier... If you practice.

Lottie GROANS. Hilde returns with more clean bandages.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)  
We must get this other musket ball  
out, or she will die.

GARRETT  
Is there anything else we can do  
for her?

CARLISLE  
Would she drink some whiskey?

GARRETT  
Sure. Do you have some?

CARLISLE  
We ran out a week ago. Do you?

GARRETT  
What use do I have with whiskey?

Carlisle shrugs. Hilde pulls a bottle of schnapps out of her dress and passes it to Carlisle. He looks at her, confused.

CARLISLE  
Thank you, Hilde...

HILDE  
Happy to help as always, Doctor.

Garrett gives Lottie some schnapps and she GULPS it down. Carlisle concentrates on the wound.

He puts down the first pair of forceps and tries a longer pair.

Lottie GROANS again.

Garrett gives Lottie another swig of schnapps. She drinks it down, then CHOKES, spewing liquor everywhere. She pushes the bottle away.

LOTTIE  
If this musket ball doesn't kill  
me, you will, Garrett!

Garrett puts the bottle down and mops up the liquor with a cloth.

GARRETT

Sorry.

Carlisle hands Hilde some clean cloth.

CARLISLE

Apply some pressure here.

HILDE

Of course.

Carlisle searches through a bag and finds a third, even longer pair of forceps. He holds them up, WHISTLES and digs in to Lottie's ribs.

CARLISLE

Steady...

Lottie SCREAMS as Carlisle removes the second musket ball, throwing it on the tray with a CLINK.

GARRETT

Thank you, Doctor!

CARLISLE

We need to sew her up, and fast.

Carlisle gets to work suturing the wound.

INT./EXT. MEDICAL TENT - CONTINUOUS

The Handsome Captain appears with another COMMANDING OFFICER. Hilde hurries after them as they head straight for Lottie.

HILDE

The doctor explained that he was not to be interrupted!

Garrett sees them coming and drapes Lottie's jacket over her. Carlisle works on her stitches.

CARLISLE

Gentlemen.

HANDSOME CAPTAIN

I informed my Commanding Officer of the situation here. May we examine this soldier?

CARLISLE

I assure you he's been examined.

HANDSOME CAPTAIN

Then we will question him. Or should I say *her*?

CARLISLE

You must be mistaken. Lord Cornwallis will surrender at any moment. You should be celebrating, not berating a wounded soldier.

Carlisle continues working. The Commanding Officer takes a step towards Lottie.

COMMANDING OFFICER

Do you have anything to tell us?

Lottie COUGHS, and speaks a bit deeper now.

JAMES/LOTTIE

Not that I'm aware of, sir.

COMMANDING OFFICER

Then unfortunately, this is about to get very embarrassing for you.

Garrett grows angry. Lottie stares at the Commanding Officer for a moment and clears her throat.

CARLISLE

Gentlemen, could this possibly wait? My patient needs rest.

GARRETT

Yes. You should come back later.

Carlisle begins dressing Lottie's wounds with bandages.

The Handsome Captain turns his attention to Garrett.

HANDSOME CAPTAIN

You carried this soldier in here. Do you have anything to report?

GARRETT

No.

HANDSOME CAPTAIN

What's wrong with your eyes?

GARRETT

I have a rare disease.

The Handsome Captain glares at Garrett. Out of nowhere, the Handsome Captain YANKS Lottie's coat off of her. He points to her bandaged chest.

HANDSOME CAPTAIN

What did I tell you, sir!

COMMANDING OFFICER

You are finished here, Doctor. This should have been reported immediately. All of you are under arrest.

Hilde is disgusted. She wags her finger at the Officers.

HILDE

You should be ashamed. You are not gentleman. Neither of you!

Lottie fights back tears while Garrett's blood boils. He pounds the table with his fist and starts toward the Officers, but Carlisle holds him back.

CARLISLE

(whispers to Garrett)  
You don't want to do this.

GARRETT

Give me one reason why I shouldn't.

CARLISLE

Because we're all on the same side.

GARRETT

We were. I'm not asking for your permission.

The Commanding Officer draws his pistol.

COMMANDING OFFICER

Finish your work, doctor. We are taking this man into custody and will be back for the rest of you shortly.

CARLISLE

As you wish.

Garrett smiles and willingly exits with the officers. As Carlisle and Hilde finish bandaging Lottie, they hear LOUD SCREAMS from outside that are quickly silenced.

JAMES/LOTTIE

What in the world was that?

HILDE

Sometimes wolves come around the  
camp at night. Not to worry, Love.  
You are safe here.

Garrett returns, wiping blood from his mouth with the back of  
his hand. Carlisle gives Garrett a rag.

CARLISLE

You missed a spot.

In the distance, something HOWLS.

FADE OUT.