

a southern
bio-horror
thriller



SWEET *Blood*

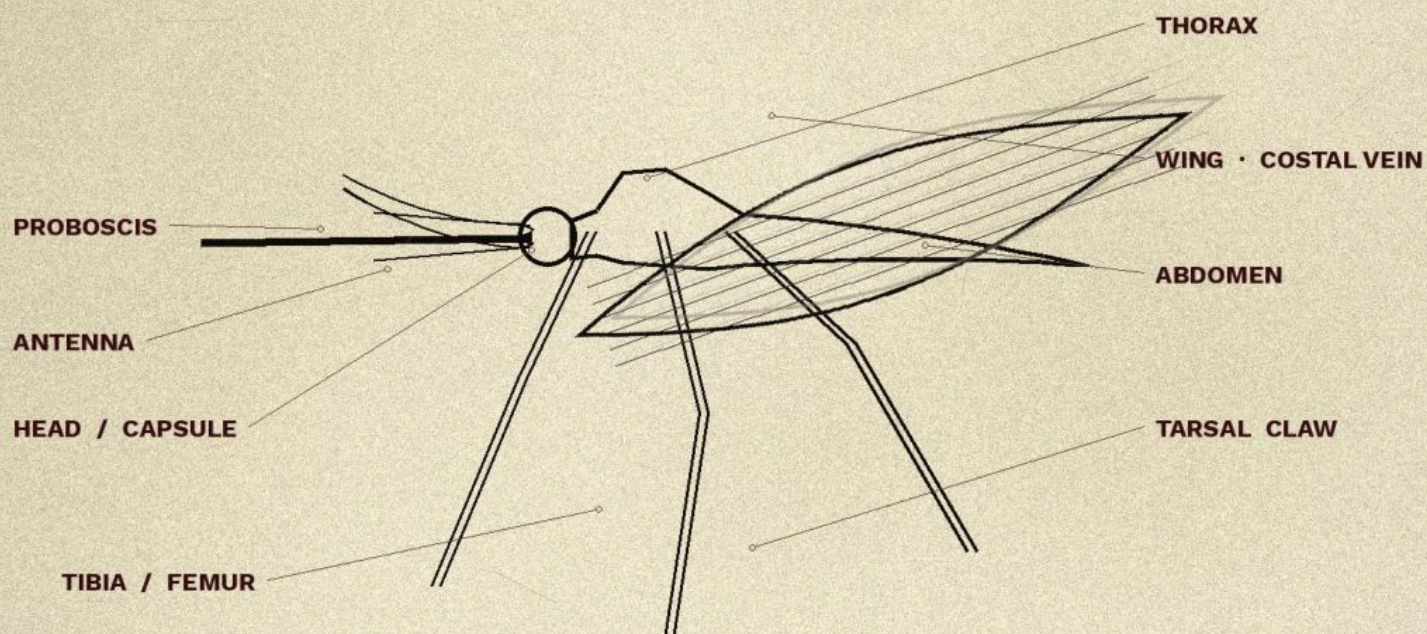
VECTOR · AEDES VEXARIS · N° 0001

BOTH SIDES OF THE CAMERA STUDIOS

FIG. 01 · VECTOR ANATOMY

AEDES VEXARIS — PRELIMINARY FIELD IDENTIFICATION

CLASSIFIED



0 6 MM (WINGSPAN)

*The richest substance on earth is no longer oil.
It is human blood that refuses to die.*

— DR. ANJALI NAIDU, CONFIDENTIAL TRANSCRIPT · CDC ARCHIVES



PREMISE



A Black father in coastal Georgia discovers his teenage daughter is the only known survivor of a weaponized bio-engineered plague — and every man with money or a badge wants her drained before sundown.



STORY



This is the story of Isaiah Brooks.

To understand Isaiah, picture coastal Georgia in late summer. Savannah heat. Spanish moss. A welder who works nights at the shipyard and walks his daughter to school every morning he can. Picture a father who left the streets a decade ago for a wife who later left him, and a kid named Maya who calls him every Sunday whether she has news or not. Picture a man who has built a quiet life on the wreckage of a loud one.

Now picture an outbreak. Not on the news yet. Just whispered between paramedics on the second shift. A fever moving up the coast that turns blood thick and dark. The CDC calls it Vexaril. The street calls it sweet. They name it for the way the victims smell in their last hour — like overripe fruit. The vector is mosquitoes. The carrier is the river. And the river runs straight through the neighborhood where Isaiah was raised.

When Maya goes down, Isaiah carries her into Atherton General himself. The ER is already triaged into colors. Black tags everywhere. A junior doctor pulls him aside and says the words that change his life: she should be dead. She is not dead. Her blood is doing something the lab has never seen.

Then the man named Lark walks into the hospital. Suit. Smile. Two men behind him. He is not a doctor. He is not federal. He represents the company that built Vexaril in the first place — and immune blood, Lark explains, is worth more than infected blood. He offers Isaiah a number. Isaiah swings on him.

That night, Isaiah pulls Maya out of the hospital with her mother Sarah at his side. By morning, the cloud of mosquitoes is forty miles wide and moving on Atlanta. By nightfall, the men in the SUV are on his bumper. And somewhere in a conference room he is not allowed to describe, a scientist named Naidu is being asked, quietly, whether the vector was a mistake or a market.

For Isaiah Brooks, the question is no longer whether he can save his daughter.

The question is what he is willing to become to do it.

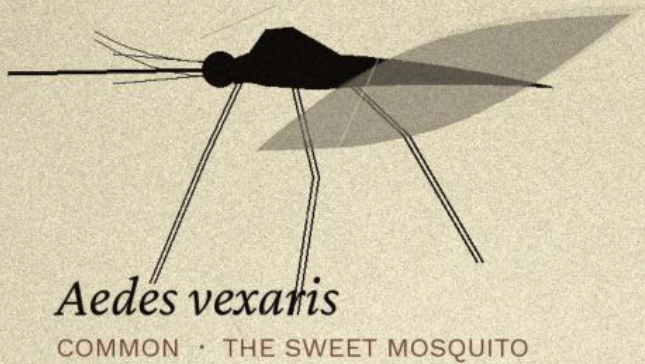
DAY 03 · 18:42 · GA-21 CORRIDOR
EVACUATION ZONE / POPULATION DISPLACED



FORTY MILES WIDE. STILL MOVING.

VECTOR PROFILE

CONFIDENTIAL · SPECIES IDENTIFICATION CARD · REVISION 03



CLASSIFICATION	DIPTERA / CULICIDAE / AEDINI
WINGSPAN	5.8 — 6.4 MM
BODY LENGTH	4.2 — 5.1 MM
FLIGHT RANGE	1.2 KM PER DAY
ACTIVE HOURS	DAWN · DUSK · NIGHT
LIFESPAN	14 — 21 DAYS
HOST PREFERENCE	HUMAN · PRIMARY
BITES PER FEED	3 — 7
VECTOR FOR	VEXARIL HEMORRHAGIC VIRUS
MORTALITY RATE	94.2% · UNTREATED
ORIGIN	LAB-RELEASED · SAVANNAH GA
FIRST DETECTED	DAY 0 · CONFIRMED CASE 7

DO NOT APPROACH
DO NOT CAPTURE
CDC EMERGENCY DIRECTIVE · PROTOCOL VEX-7

Specimen recovered from Atherton General.
Lab tag confirmed: BSC-LAB-04 / Lark Industries.



WHY NOW



The horror genre has stopped pretending. Audiences arrived at the truth before the studios did: the monsters are us, in tailored suits, behind regulatory firewalls, monetizing the bodies of people who were never meant to survive long enough to ask questions.

Sweet Blood lives at the intersection of three live wires in American culture right now. Climate-driven disease vectors moving north every season. The biotech industry's quiet conversion of Black biological material into private equity — the lineage runs from Henrietta Lacks to the genomics gold rush of the last five years. And the unresolved trauma of a healthcare system that has historically treated Black bodies as raw material rather than patients.

The film takes those three currents and binds them inside the oldest American story we have: a father who will burn the world down for his child. The result is a southern thriller that reads as horror, plays as action, and lands as indictment. It pulls from the bone-marrow of *Get Out* and the kinetic terror of *28 Days Later*, but it is not derivative of either. It is its own thing — Black-led, southern-rooted, commercially loaded, and built for a moment that is already happening.

The window is now. Not next cycle. Now.



TONE & STYLE



Sweet Blood is shot like a thriller and lit like a horror film. Handheld in close. Wide and still in the silence. The camera lives at shoulder height with Isaiah and drops to Maya's eyeline when the world becomes dangerous, which is often.

The palette runs swamp-black, hospital fluorescent, and the rust-red of dried blood on a concrete floor. Daylight gets bleached. Night gets saturated. The South is never picturesque. It is humid, it is loud, and it is watching.

The music of the world is regional and specific. UGK on a passing car stereo. A church choir leaking out of a Sunday morning door. A Lil Boosie hook on a corner. The score is sparse and unfriendly — Mica Levi territory, with the low-end pressure of Hildur Guðnadóttir.

FILMS SWEET BLOOD DRAWS FROM

It Comes at Night / Children of Men / Get Out / Nope / 28 Days Later / The Last of Us / Sicario / Beasts of the Southern Wild

INT. RIVERSIDE PORCH · 03:47 A.M.



THEY COME FOR THE LIGHT FIRST.



CHARACTERS

ISAIAH BROOKS

Late 30s. Welder. Black. A father first, an ex-everything else. Speaks in short sentences and long looks. Spent his twenties running and his thirties unlearning it. Will not lose his daughter twice.

MAYA BROOKS

Sixteen. Sharp, observant, raised on her father's silences. Sick at the open of the film and stronger than anyone in the room by the close. Carries the cure in her blood and does not yet know what that means.

SARAH BROOKS

Late 30s. Maya's mother. Nurse. Left Isaiah for reasons that were valid at the time and feel smaller now. Returns to the marriage the way you return to a house in a storm: because there is nowhere else.

LARK

40s. White. Tailored. Calls himself a consultant. Represents the company that built the vector and the company that will sell the cure. Never raises his voice. Has not had to.

DR. ANJALI NAIDU

50s. Virologist. Was in the room when Vexaril was approved as a containment study. Walks into the story carrying the guilt of a scientist who saw what was coming and signed the paperwork anyway.



THE THREAT

Vexaril is the name on the paperwork. On the street they call it sweet, for the smell. It begins as a fever, ends as a hemorrhage, and travels by mosquito. The cloud that rises out of the Savannah marsh in act one is forty miles wide by the time the news catches up to it.

The film treats the outbreak with documentary restraint, never spectacle. You will not see a city burning from a drone shot. You will see an ER nurse running out of black tags. You will see a child sealed into a hospital bag. You will see a father wash his daughter's blood off his hands in a gas station bathroom three states from home.

The real horror in Sweet Blood is not the disease. It is the men in the next room deciding what her life is worth in cash.



INT. CAR • TURNER ROAD • 03:47 A.M.

FROM THE CREATOR



I wrote Sweet Blood for the people who already know.

Who know that the next pandemic is not a question of if. Who know that the cure will be priced before the bodies are counted. Who know what it means to walk a child to school past a corner that used to be a corner. Who know that the same hand that signs the relief check signs the patent.

I grew up in a house where the rules of the world were explained early and clearly. The men with money decide. The men with badges enforce. The rest of us figure out how to keep our people alive in the margin between those two facts. Sweet Blood is a thriller built from that margin.

The father at the center of this film is not a hero. He is a man trying to outrun a system that was designed to convert him into raw material. The daughter at the center of this film is not a victim. She is the thing the system was not ready for.

This is the kind of movie I want to see in a theater on a Friday night in summer with a sold-out room of people who recognize themselves on the screen. We are going to make it. The only question is who has the stomach to make it with us.

Markice Moore

WRITER / PRODUCER



MARKICE MOORE

Writer / Producer / Founder, Both Sides of the Camera Studios

Markice Moore is an actor, writer, and producer based between Los Angeles and Atlanta. He founded Both Sides of the Camera Studios as a vertically integrated creative-tech operation built to develop Black-led, commercially loaded, legally distinct IP for streaming and theatrical.

On-camera credits include work in independent feature, episodic, and commercial spaces. Behind the camera, Markice has built and shipped original feature screenplays across thriller, crime, satire, and elevated horror — including *The 63rd* (political thriller series in development), *HomeBrew* (hacker feature), *Blue Ink* (legal crime thriller), *Indictment* (faith-led ensemble drama), and the Tubi-targeted urban thriller slate anchored by *Trap Star* and *Consent Room*.

Both Sides of the Camera operates a proprietary development pipeline covering casting, packaging, AI-assisted previsualization, and outreach automation. The studio's slate is built for the moment American audiences are already in.

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Thank you.

MARKICE MOORE • BOTH SIDES OF THE CAMERA STUDIOS

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