

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

"Introductions"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT. 1

TITLE OVER - Atlanta, August 2004.

A quiet city street. Cars and taxis scurry like ants. The streetlamps flicker and illuminate the pedestrians ambling beneath them. They are far removed from the dark alley across the road nestled between two tall buildings.

2 EXT. CITY STREET - ALLEYWAY. NIGHT. 2

DECKARD, forties, scruffy, bald and reeking of thrift stores, hurries along the alley. He has a large, wrapped package tucked beneath his arm. He looks around the alley, peeks at his watch, huffs impatiently, then peers back around, squinting at all the crates.

TWIST (V.O.)

So start talking! That is why we're
having this conversation, right?
You fill me in on the background so
I know what I'm letting myself in
for?

A shadow falls across Deckard. He freezes.

Wrapped in darkness and a black coat, CHRIS cuts a tall, lean figure. A wide-brimmed fedora hides his face throughout the exchange.

CHRIS

Good evening, Deckard.

Deckard breathes a sigh of relief and roots inside his coat pocket for a handkerchief, mopping his sweaty brow.

DECKARD

Jeez, Chris, you need to stop doing
that lurking thing, ya know? Give
an honest guy like me a heart
attack!

CHRIS

(chuckles)

Deckard, you're about as honest as
I am Jamaican.

DECKARD

Hey, that's slander!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Not if it's true, it isn't. Now then, I believe you have something for me?

DECKARD

Yeah, yeah, here you go.

Deckard hands the package to Chris. He takes it and weighs it with his hand. Deckard shifts nervously from foot to foot as Chris cocks his head to one side.

CHRIS

You're not trying to rip me off, are you, Deckard?

DECKARD

No way, it's all there, as always! Would I do a thing like that?

Chris holds the package for a beat before tucking it under his arm and reaching into his jacket.

CHRIS

Never hurts to check. I like to think it keeps you on your toes.

Chris tosses a small envelope to Deckard, who tears it open and greedily eyes up the money inside.

CHRIS (cont'd)

It's all there. Unlike you, I am a man of my word every time.

DECKARD

Jeez, Chris, you gonna bring that up every time I see ya?

Chris chuckles. Deckard flaps his arms at him before he turns and walks away. He mutters as he leaves Chris alone. Chris tears open the paper. He opens the brown box revealed and removes its contents.

He holds up a small, glass bottle to the light and examines the red liquid within. He uses his thumb to pop the stopper, it swings off a thread, and raises the bottle to his lips-

A woman SCREAMS.

Chris's head whips round. He fingers the bottle, considering, then places the stopper back on. He gently places the bottle back in its case, then carefully hides it among the crates.

3 EXT. CITY - ALLEYWAY. NIGHT.

3

A GIRL, late teens, is towered over by HOOD #1 while HOOD #2 circles them. The girl sobs. Blood runs from a small wound in her neck. The hoods hiss louder as her cries become more desperate.

Chris crouches on the fire escape above. Face still obscured, he watches.

The terrified girl desperately tries to push past them. They push back and laugh even louder.

GIRL

Please... please! Let me go!

HOOD #1

Aw, what's the matter, honey, you don't want to play anymore?

The first man playfully shoves the girl back and forth.

HOOD #2

Come on, Bruno, let's just bleed this little screamer and then scoot!

His face pressed close to her neck, the first man sneers and draws back her hair to expose her jugular.

HOOD #1

Sorry it had to end like this, sweetheart, but a man's gotta eat...

The man's face TRANSFORMS. With a HISS, his teeth lengthen and sharpen into points. He blinks once. His eyes turn a baleful red. The girl shrinks from him, but

his grip is firm. He leans in close, tongue snaking out to lick his lips.

Hood #2 giggles as he watches his comrade. He doesn't see or hear the dark shadow drop to the ground behind him.

Chris rises up. There is a faint SNICK. Metal FLASHES in the lamplight.

The man turns. Eyes widen.

SWOOSH.

The metal slices down.

The body collapses. The head rolls down the alley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The girl whimpers. The hood's eyes widen in terror and confusion.

HOOD #1 (cont'd)
Hey... hey! What the hell!?!

Chris, the man, is finally revealed. Chiselled features and long dark hair grace a youthful face that is belied by a mature strength.

CHRIS
Let her go.

Chris points towards the man with his sword, a long and master crafted Japanese katana sword.

HOOD #1
No way, she's mine! I saw her first!

CHRIS
That's not what I mean, you low life idiot. Let her go.

HOOD #1
But... ain't you one of...

Chris SNARLS - and as he does, his features change just like the man's did. Red eyes, pointed teeth.

CHRIS
I'm *nothing* like you, vampire.

The first man panics and shoves the girl towards Chris, sprinting down the alley as Chris helps the girl to a sitting position. She's still shaking with terror.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Stay there.

Looking back up and after the fleeing man, Chris reaches into his jacket and draws a thin wooden stake, and after a moment's aim THROWS it down the alley.

The stake bullets through the man's back and through his chest. Direct hit to the heart. The man HOWLS and drops to his knees, and then collapses face down to the ground.

Satisfied, Chris nods once and then turns and reaches a hand out to the girl. She whimpers and shuffles away from him, until with a shake of his head Chris' features return to normal, and he offers his hand again.

GIRL
Wh-what... what are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

Name's Chris. I'm sort of a vampire.

(beat)

It's a long story. Come on.

Chris pulls the girl to her feet, sheathes his sword and starts to walk away. The girl stumbles after him, throwing a look down at the headless vampire body.

CHRIS (cont'd)

There are people who clean that up for us, it's not our problem right now.

TWIST (V.O.)

Nice. Totally getting that whole 'anti hero' vibe already.

CHRIS (V.O.)

As I said before, there are worse alternatives. But that doesn't mean I have to like my choices.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. BAR. NIGHT.

4

A variety of shady clientele line the chairs, booth and bar stools of the low-class bar. At the end of the bar, Chris sinks a shot, winces and slams the empty glass down. Several other empty shooter glasses are laid before him. He signals the bartender to bring another.

On the stage, to the music of 'Skeleton Song' by Johnny Hollow, a pretty female singer is struggling against the indifference of the patrons. Chris cranes around to check her out. When he turns back to his glasses a world-weary brunette, CAROL, sits next to him, looking him over.

CAROL
Trying to forget?

CHRIS
Something like that.

CAROL
Must have a lot of things you don't want to remember, if that impressive little pile of cheap glassware in front of you is anything to go by.

Silence for a beat. Carol grins - she likes a challenge.

CAROL (cont'd)
My name's Carol, thanks for asking.

She waits for Chris to answer, but he's still quiet.

CAROL (cont'd)
Y'all don't say much, do you?

CHRIS
I'm afraid I don't have much to say.

CAROL
See, I would have thought a guy drinking in here, alone, on a weeknight, must have some kind of a story to tell. Why don't you start with me? You never know, talking may be a new and scary prospect at first, but you might like it...

Chris looks across at last. Carol grins cheekily at him, and Chris can't resist a smile back.

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CONTINUED:

CHRIS

I'm sorry. Don't take it personally...

CAROL

Carol. It's Carol.

CHRIS

Right. Don't take it personally, Carol, but I'm really not the sort of person you want to get involved with.

CAROL

Mystery man, huh? And you say you're trying not to attract any attention?

CHRIS

Trouble tends to follow me around. I wouldn't want you to get hurt.

CAROL

Oh yeah? And what makes you think I can't handle myself?

As if on cue, two pairs of hands slap down onto Chris'

shoulders, accompanied by two thick-set men who are now standing behind Chris. He smiles at the irony and places his glass back down.

CHRIS

Excuse me. Looks like some of that 'trouble' I mentioned earlier wants to see me.

Chris stands and heads to the exit without looking at or arguing with the men sticking close behind him. Carol watches him go, not sure whether to be concerned.

5

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

5

Chris steps into the dingy alley out back. The music from within filters out. Chris pulls his collar up and looks around. The only light comes from the security lamp over the door.

The two heavies step outside and flank Chris as they lead him further into the alley. The orange glow of a cigarette directs him to his target.

CHRIS

Renfro. A little late in the day for you to be making business calls, isn't it?

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CONTINUED:

RENFRO steps into the light - old in the face but well-built in the body, he is dressed smartly and knows how to carry it - and towards Chris.

RENFRO

We had an agreement, Christopher.

CHRIS

Oh, not *this* again... look, tell your boss what I've told you. I don't kill humans unless I have a damn good reason. And a suitcase full of money does not qualify as a 'damn good reason.' If your ever-reclusive master wants this reporter dead, he's going to have to kill her himself. I'm nobody's whipping boy.

RENFRO

Really? That's not what I heard.

(beat)

Have you heard from Malkuth lately?

Chris stiffens. Renfro gives a toothy grin. His teeth sickeningly yellow.

CHRIS

He has nothing to do with this.

RENFRO

Hey, I'm just saying what I heard. Word on the street is, he's got more than just a persuasive hold over you. I hear he owns a piece of your soul.

Renfro steps right up to Chris' face, blowing smoke across it. The two heavies watch on, ready to jump Chris if he so much as breathes the wrong way. Chris squeezes his fist until his knuckles turn white.

CHRIS

So what if he does?

RENFRO

Makes you something of a liability, doesn't it? And if you're a liability, Mr. Ghost can't trust you, and if he doesn't trust you, you'll get no more work, and that means...

Renfro lets that hang. Chris knows exactly what he means.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

That means no more blood. And let me guess, if I take up this reporter job, I'll get all the fresh blood I ever need, right?

RENFRO

(smiles)

You know me, Chris. Man of my word.

CHRIS

Yes, that you certainly are.

There is a faint SNIKT sound, and Renfro's eyes suddenly bulge. Chris leans in close to him.

CHRIS (cont'd)

So it's a crying shame I don't trust that word, isn't it?

We pull back - Chris has drawn his katana and sunk it into Renfro's chest. The elderly man gurgles once and then starts to slide slowly backwards. The two heavies react too late. They rush toward Chris, but he is already off. They scan both sides of the street, but Chris has become one with the shadows.

CHRIS (V.O.) (cont'd)

In my defence, Renfro was hardly a model citizen. He had a hand in everything from black market organ trading to assassination and kidnapping. I'd done the world a favour by taking him out that night.

6 EXT. ROOFTOP. NIGHT.

6

Chris strides into frame, the moon high in the sky overhead. He's on the top of a large apartment building, and he heads for the fire escape.

CHRIS (V.O.)

That wasn't the main thing that happened on that night, however, as you know by now. And before I get to that, let's head back a few years.

Chris travels down two floors and slides up an apartment window, slipping inside.

7 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT. NIGHT.

7

Modestly furnished, the room is mainly full of books of all shapes and sizes, stacked precariously all round.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The main focus is the large pentagram marked out on the floorboards, with a ring of unlit candles stationed round it. Chris throws off his coat and places his sword carefully on two mounts on the wall, before grabbing two books from the piles and opening them out on the floor.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Almost sixty, in fact, and change
the location to my homeland,
England. It was the day I was born...

8 EXT. BERKELEY MANOR. AFTERNOON. 8

TITLE OVER - Edgbaston, England. 1944.

We're looking at a well-built manor house, surrounded by fields and trees as a small old-fashioned car pulls up outside the front door. A rushed-looking man in a clean cut suit jumps out and runs inside.

9 INT. BERKELEY MANOR - MASTER BEDROOM. AFTERNOON. 9

A woman MOANS as the man steps inside the luxurious master bedroom. EDWARD BERKELY, mid thirties and well groomed, shakes the man's hand. THERESA BERKELEY, heavily pregnant, writhes on the bed in pain. The man lifts a doctor's satchel as he sits down beside her. He takes her pulse and lays a hand on her head.

10 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER 10

Theresa is asleep, pale and covered in sweat. Edward paces with the baby, smiling proudly. The doctor packs his tools of trade away.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I wasn't a particularly easy birth,
but this was the Forties, rolling
my mother into the E.R. wasn't
really an option. I was born
Christopher Edward Berkeley in May
1944, to rich parents in a world
that was waiting for the Second
World War to finally wind to a
halt. We can gloss over my early
years, as the first major thing to
happen in my life was at age ten,
one summer's afternoon...

11 EXT. BERKELEY MANOR - GARDENS. DAY. 11

TITLE OVER - Summer 1952

Young Chris sits at the rear of the manor under the shade of poplar trees. He sobs. A dead bird lies on the ground in front of him. Chris reaches out to cradle the bird. He leans his head upon it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS (V.O.)

I'd found a nearly dead bird in our garden, and something about it made me want to try and help. I was just trying to see if I could somehow wish it back to life, when...

Chris snaps his head back at the sound of a low HUM. He looks from side to side, sees nothing, returns his wide eyes to the bird. He has a thought and places his palm flat on the bird. He closes his eyes. Concentrate. The tip of the bird's wing flickers. Concentrate. The wing slowly flaps. Chris opens his eyes.

CHRIS (V.O.) (cont'd)

I didn't know how I'd done it, but I knew in my heart that it was because of me that the bird was alive again.

Chris smiles. He removes his hand. The bird hops to his feet and flutters away. Chris runs after it, waving joyously. His mother watches from the house.

Wearing a white summer dress and with her long auburn hair blowing in the wind, Theresa looks angelic as she beams down at Chris, having watched the whole thing.

What she doesn't see as we pan a little to the left is Edward, watching from inside the house and not looking pleased. He turns and walks away from the window.

CHRIS (V.O.) (cont'd)

There were a few things my parents had kept secret from me, and one was about to come out into the open...

12 INT. BERKELEY MANOR - CORRIDOR. DAY.

12

Chris creeps along inside the house, as we hear raised voices arguing up ahead.

Chris peeks through the open door of the bedroom. Edward and Theresa stand at the other end of the room, away from the door. They are yelling.

Sophia raises a hand, and the door SLAMS shut.

13 INT. BERKELEY MANOR - MASTER BEDROOM. DAY.

13

We're in with the argument as Edward continues to shout at Theresa, who is sitting on the bed and sobbing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS (V.O.)

In simple terms, my mother was a white witch. She'd been born with the power to heal, like her mother and her mother before her. My father knew about this but had made her promise not to use her powers when they were married, and out of her love for him she agreed. Then I came along, and that little episode confirmed what my father had feared - I'd inherited some of her powers.

14 INT. BERKELEY MANOR - CHRIS' BEDROOM. NIGHT.

14

A storm rages outside. Chris huddles on the edge of his bed. The curtains open. Rain lashes at the windowpane. Flashes of lightning illuminate the scene. The door opens. Chris's father is a silhouette in the doorway.

CHRIS (V.O.)

One night, the one thing I feared most in the world came true.

Chris' father walks into the room and sits down on the bed next to him. Without a word being spoken, Chris' lip starts to tremble, and before he can start to cry his father draws him close, hugging him tightly.

CHRIS (V.O.) (cont'd)

Apparently, a tractor taking a shortcut down a pedestrian path hadn't been looking where it was going, and my mother had been in its way. She died instantly. I never even had the chance to say goodbye.

15 INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY. DAY.

15

TITLE OVER - Birmingham University, 1962

Chris is in his late teens. He sits at a desk in a large university library as the sunlight streams in from outside. Noticeably, Chris is sitting away from where any of the light can reach him, his glasses on as he leafs through a stack of impenetrable-looking books across the table in front of him.

Through the windows we can see sports teams playing out on the fields, but it's a world away from Chris and his books.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Years passed, and I took up medicine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS(cont'd)

I still used my gift as often as I could, but I kept it a closely guarded secret throughout my time at university, and then medical school.

16 INT. GOOD HOPE GENERAL HOSPITAL. DAY. 16

CAPTION - Good Hope Hospital, 1973

We're looking at the main reception doors from inside the hospital as the now twenty-nine year old Chris pushes them aside, cutting a smart figure in his white doctor's coat. He nods to other doctors and nurses as he walks past, scoops up some charts and starts to read them.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Becoming a doctor was a logical step. I could combine my interest in medicine with the gift my mother had given me, and in my spare hours...

17 INT. CHRIS' DIGS. NIGHT. 17

In a small room in his rented accommodation, Chris is poring over more thick and dusty books, which we can now see the pages of - they are covered with arcane symbols, diagrams of outlandish looking creatures and lines of indecipherable script. He reads by lamplight, making copious amounts of notes.

CHRIS (V.O.)

... I could continue my studies of the occult. My library access got my hands on some surprising reads, and it wasn't hard for me to chase up some of the more stubborn texts with a little know how and the right contacts. Things were going along just fine, until one night in 1974...

18 EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT. 18

Chris walks down a street lined by angular houses, his coat wrapped round him and his breath misting in the air. Alongside him walks STEPHANIE, a pretty red-haired nurse, the two chatting as they head towards us. They stop outside one house as we draw close enough to listen in.

STEPHANIE

Well, this is *chez moi*, so I guess this is it for tonight.

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CONTINUED:

CHRIS

It's been a pleasure to freeze my outer extremities for you tonight, Stephanie, I hope we can do it again.

STEPHANIE

Tomorrow night after shift works for me. See you later, Doctor Berkeley.

CHRIS

Goodnight, Nurse Jones.

The two share a smile - there's an obvious chemical attraction here as Chris nods and makes his exit, walking down the street towards us again as Stephanie watches.

19

EXT. PARK. NIGHT.

19

Chris takes a shortcut through a darkened park, following the path by the moonlight. A dog barks somewhere off in the distance, but it's a sudden rustle of leaves nearby that makes Chris stop and turn round.

From inside the cover of bushes just off the path, something is watching Chris. We hear heavy, almost animal like breathing as Chris scans round. He frowns as he tries to locate the source of the noise.

CHRIS

Who's there? Is somebody out there?

He waits for a beat, then with a shrug starts to walk on.

He's made about four steps when the leaves rustle again, but this time someone BARGES into Chris and knocks him off his feet before he has chance to react.

Chris tries to get up but his assailant is too fast, grabbing him and dragging him to his feet. We finally get our first look at the attacker.

A human face, but with blood-red eyes and long, wickedly sharp incisors, distorted into a hissing snarl.

Chris' eyes widen and he tries to shove the man away, but it's far too strong and LUNGES forward, sinking its teeth into Chris' neck. Chris yells in pain as the vampire hungrily gulps blood from Chris' neck.

Chris' beating arms start to grow weak and his legs sag, when the vampire suddenly breaks from its meal, blood glistening down its chin, and snaps its head round. Hearing someone approaching, the creature throws Chris to the ground and darts away, disappearing into the shadows.

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CONTINUED:

Chris writhes on the ground, pressing a hand to his wounded neck and trying to sit up.

Looking up at the moonlight as our vision blurs, we see someone lean into frame - a MAN, looking down on Chris.

MAN

Ach! I'm sorry I didn't get here sooner, Christopher...

CHRIS

What... what did...

MAN

Don't try to speak. You've just had a generous helping of your blood drained out of you, I'm surprised you're not a ghoul by now... Listen to me very carefully, Christopher.

CHRIS

How... do you... know my...

MAN

That's not important. You've had an infection passed over to you, Chris, and it'll turn you into something awful unless we act quickly. Drink.

The man holds something up close to frame.

Chris reaches up for whatever's being held out to him, and draws it close to his mouth. His eyes close as he drinks for a beat, then suddenly widen - we pull back and see that Chris is drinking from the man's forearm!

Chris grunts and shoves the man backwards, struggling to his feet and stumbling off, back towards the entrance. The man watches him go, rolling his sleeve back up.

MAN (cont'd)

Chris, come back! You don't understand! That wasn't enough!

We hear another HISS from off screen, and with a wary look to his side, the man dashes off screen, leaving Chris to his fate.

Chris totters along for a few more steps before stumbling to the floor, landing in a heap with a groan.

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CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS (V.O.)
And that's how it all started...

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

20 INT. CHRIS' DIGS. NIGHT.

20

Chris bursts into his room, one hand pressed to the wound on his neck, dark red lifeblood running from it down his shirt as he uses his free hand to sweep papers out of the way, clearing the desk and searching for one book in particular. He rapidly flips through the pages, wincing with pain, before flopping into the chair.

TWIST (V.O.)

Not an ideal end to the evening,
huh?

CHRIS (V.O.)

I didn't know what was happening to me, but I knew I didn't have a moment to waste. I quickly searched for every healing spell, protective charm, magical defence against curses, hexes; anything that I thought would help.

Chris starts to mutter an incantation under his breath, and a blue GLOW emanates from his hand resting on the book, up along his arm and to his wounded neck, before fading away again.

Undeterred, he leafs through the book and starts again.

CHRIS (V.O.) (cont'd)

I could feel something changing inside me, some awful darkness trying to grab hold of my soul, and all I knew was that I had to stop it somehow. I must have been working for hours, and eventually I passed out.

21 INT. CHRIS' DIGS. MORNING.

21

We dissolve to see Chris slumped, asleep, across his desk, papers, scrolls and books fluttering in the breeze creeping in through the window. He stirs and sits up, stiff from the awkward sleep, one hand checking his neck.

The wound is still there, but has healed to two ugly red patches, with tiny criss-cross patterns of red veins stretching out in a web pattern beneath his skin.

Chris gets shakily to his feet, staggering over to the window. Bright sunlight shines in from outside, and Chris puts a hand over his eyes, wincing.

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CONTINUED:

CHRIS (V.O.)

The words of the stranger in the park came rushing back to me, something about ghouls and infections, and something 'not being enough.' I had no idea what he meant, and I couldn't explain my wounds either.

TWIST (V.O.)

And it never occurred to you that you might've become, you know, a *vampire*? Jeez, don't you watch movies at *all*?

22 EXT. OUTSIDE CHRIS' BUILDING. MORNING.

22

Chris walks out of his apartment block and into the sunshine, a pair of dark sunglasses on and a coat pulled tightly around him despite the obvious warmth.

TWIST (V.O.)

How did you feel? I heard it's a little different for everyone.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Cold. Like every last drop of heat had been drained out of my body, and I would never be warm again. And the sunlight hurt my eyes more than I'd ever felt before, so I did what I could to stay out of it while I went back to the park for some answers.

23 EXT. PARK. MORNING.

23

A COUPLE strolls around. Chris waits for them to leave. He kneels down at the scene of the attack, when a man's voice startles him.

MAN (O.S.)

I knew you'd come back...

Chris jumps to his feet and spins round.

Standing in the shade of one of the park's huge oak trees is the man who came to Chris' aid last night, a smirk on his face. He's tall and pale with short, neat black hair and an expensive black suit on.

CHRIS

Who are you? And... and what exactly happened to me last night?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANCTUS

My name is Sanctus. And what happened was that you were saved from a terrible fate by a gift that I tried to give to you.

CHRIS

Gift? All I remember is...

He drifts off, then looks at one of Sanctus's arms with wonder, confusion, fear. Sanctus pulls his sleeve up. Chris sees the bite marks just below the veins on Sanctus' wrist. Sanctus walks away. Chris follows.

24

EXT. PARK - SUBWAY ENTRANCE. MORNING.

24

Shaded inside the entrance to a subway tunnel beneath the park, Sanctus waits patiently as Chris appears at the entrance. Sanctus starts to walk down into the tunnel, and after a moment's hesitation Chris follows.

SANCTUS

The creature that attacked you last night was a poryphrian, or as they are more commonly known, a 'vampire.' Its aim was to drink your lifeblood to continue its own filthy existence.

CHRIS

Vampires? There's no such...

Chris stops himself, starting to realise that an open mind would be a good asset at this point.

SANCTUS

Good, you're catching up! I could tell you were smart. What I'm going to tell you will seem impossible, but you should listen well.

CHRIS

Okay then, let's see if I understand this. A vampire attacked me, and you must have disturbed it before it was done, or I'd be dead. So... thanks.

SANCTUS

You're welcome.

CHRIS

So why did I...

Chris hesitates, and Sanctus smiles, laying a comradely hand on his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANCTUS

Why did you surrender yourself and drink the blood I offered you? Because the moment you were bitten, you became infected. I wish there was a more elegant word for it, but that's the net result. Your blood now carries, among other things, a severe iron deficiency that will require you to drink human or animal blood.

Sanctus pauses, looking Chris up and down.

CHRIS

What?

SANCTUS

You're familiar with magic, yes?

CHRIS

Since I was a child.

SANCTUS

Keeping up a family tradition?

CHRIS

My mother was a white witch. She died when I was ten.

SANCTUS

Ah, I'm sorry. I should have remembered.

CHRIS

Remembered?

SANCTUS

When you drank from me, we shared more than just blood - we shared some of each other's lives. Histories, experiences, skills and talents. I received many visions of your life thus far, and I'm glad to say you confirmed my beliefs about you.

CHRIS

You've been watching me?

SANCTUS

For many years. I wanted to offer you the Gift because I believed you were the right sort of character to use it for the greater good.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANCTUS(cont'd)

However, it seems things did not go to plan...

CHRIS

Alright, start all this again. I'm... having a hard time taking any of this in. What are you trying to say? You've said that I'm infected, that I need to drink blood, that we've undergone some kind of transfusion of information... am I going to turn into one of those vampire things?

SANCTUS

In all likelihood, no. Poryphrians are the lowest breed of vampire. Scavengers, pack hunters, easily led by the more strong-willed among us. You and I are made from purer blood. When you broke away from me last night, I was only partway through the ritual for transforming you into one of us. It seems that your knowledge of magic has helped you thus far...

CHRIS

When I got back to my home I cast every protective spell I could on myself... What did you do to me?

Sanctus steps closer, looking into Chris' eyes with a proud smile on his face.

SANCTUS

I wanted to make you stronger, faster, more powerful than you could ever imagine, but instead... instead I've created something new, something not quite a man, yet not quite a beast. Somewhere in between.

CHRIS

I don't understand...

SANCTUS

I'm afraid I don't fully understand it myself, I can't think of a time when this has happened before, but that's not important now. Chris, you would have died if I had not stepped in to help you, remember that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHRIS

Listen, leave the cryptic babble to one side for a second! I want to know what I've become!

Sanctus smiles again, nods, and walks away. Chris blinks in surprise and then takes a step after him, his hand outstretched. Sanctus snaps around impossibly fast, his long finger-nailed hand lashing toward Chris' throat.

Chris dodges, moving faster than Sanctus, grabs him by his throat and lifts him off his feet. He slams Sanctus against the subway wall. Sanctus laughs.

SANCTUS

Well! I think the test of your reflexes indicates all is well...

Chris GRUNTS - and we pull back to see that Sanctus has drawn a dagger from his belt and plunged it deep into Chris' gut.

He TWISTS it once, and Chris coughs, blood running from his mouth. Sanctus lets him fall, watches him writhe in pain for a moment, then kneels beside him.

SANCTUS

Now... did that hurt?

CHRIS

(incredulous)

Did that... you bloody bastard! Of course that hurt!

SANCTUS

Then ask yourself, 'if I've been stabbed, why aren't I dead?'

Sanctus grins, and Chris stops writhing. With a bewildered look, he reaches his hands slowly down towards his shirt and lifts...

The knife wound is already starting to close up, Chris' pale white flesh knitting itself together, quickly leaving just a red bruise and a trail of blood.

Chris jumps to his feet, scrabbling backwards in alarm and falling on his ass again as Sanctus laughs. Chris looks in disbelief from his chest to Sanctus.

SANCTUS

Good! You heal like we do. Well, I must say, you've got the best of both worlds at the moment, Christopher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHRIS

(frantic)

What have you *done* to me?!?

SANCTUS

I told you, I saved you. You'd be dead on that park floor by now if not for me. I've given you a second life, a chance to continue your work! You should be thanking me, Chris.

CHRIS

Change me back!

SANCTUS

What?

CHRIS

Change me back! You said you were the one who did this to me, change me back! Make me human again!

SANCTUS

I'm afraid I can't. The Change is a one way journey. If it were that easy, there'd be far fewer of us.

Chris' hands cover his face - he starts to sob.

SANCTUS (cont'd)

I wish this had all taken place under more favourable circumstances, but *c'est la vie*. Be careful, Chris. They may come back for you.

Chris doesn't hear him, continuing to sob into his hands. When he looks up, Sanctus is gone. Chris frantically looks up and down the tunnel, but he's nowhere in sight.

TWIST (V.O.)

Wow. Now that is a harsh thing to happen. What did you do next?

CHRIS (V.O.)

What would you have done? I'd just found out that I'd been as good as killed the night before, and that suddenly I'd been reborn as some kind of mutant... it was all too much. I headed for the nearest tower...

25

EXT. UNIVERSITY - ROOFTOP. MORNING.

25

Chris shoves open an access door and staggers out onto the rooftop of one of the nearby university buildings, scattering a pack of birds as he heads for the edge.

We look over Chris' shoulder, down into the courtyard of the university a long, long way below. Chris stands for several moments, breathing heavily, his eyes closed.

TWIST (V.O.)

Oh my God! You didn't jump, did you? I mean, you knew the fall wouldn't have killed you, right?

CHRIS (V.O.)

For a moment, I hoped it would. I thought if some part of me was still human, maybe I could kill it and free myself of whatever existence I'd been forced into. But as I stood there, a new sensation came over me, something I couldn't explain.

Chris opens his eyes, taking a deep breath and looking around as though seeing the world for the first time.

CHRIS (V.O.) (cont'd)

I don't know where it came from, but it was almost like... duty. Purpose. Like Sanctus had passed on some kind of mission to me, something I had to fulfil before my time was over. And the longer I stood there, the stronger that desire became.

Chris turns and slowly steps down off the roof, his expression starting to change from one of desperation to one of quiet acceptance and peace.

TWIST (V.O.)

I guess that's what you'd call an epiphany, huh! I always did wonder what one of those was. So what next?

CHRIS (V.O.)

From that high point, no pun intended, I quickly learned about the darker side of what I had become. When night fell, something new crept into me. Hunger.

26 EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT.

26

Stephanie and another nurse walk down a street lined with houses, the last of the night shift. One breaks away to head for her house, and they wave goodbyes as they part.

Hiding in the bushes across the street, Chris watches Stephanie the same way his attacker had the night before.

Stephanie keeps walking, pausing as a gust of wind shivers through the bushes opposite her. She stops under a streetlight to reach for a cigarette.

She's fumbling with the lighter and doesn't hear the footsteps running towards her until it's too late - and CRASH! Chris leaps onto her and the two of them are thrown to the ground.

She SCREAMS as Chris, his eyes blood red and his fangs exposed as he snarls down at his prey, pins her to the floor. She struggles to get free, but it's no good, he's too strong, and he lunges down towards her, sinking his fangs into her neck. From another SCREAM, we:

BLACK OUT:

27 EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT.

27

We fade up to see Stephanie lies still on the ground. Her wide eyes stare ahead. Dead. A trail of dried blood leads from the ugly wound on her neck. Chris can't take his eyes from it. There is blood on his chin and tears on his cheeks. He huddles in the doorway and sobs.

CHRIS (V.O.)

The first person I killed was somebody I knew. A nurse I worked with, Stephanie Jones. Charming girl, always ready with a smile and a pleasure to be around. And now she was dead. She was dead so that I could stay alive one night longer.

TWIST (V.O.)

First one's always a bitch.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Sanctus came back one week later.

28 INT. CHRIS' DIGS. NIGHT.

28

We're inside Chris' room as the front door slowly CREAKS open, revealing Sanctus in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He cautiously steps inside, looking around for any sign of Chris. The TV is on as he enters the main room, and curtains flap in the breeze through the open window.

Sanctus tuts and steps over to close it, when BAM! A wooden chair is smashed over the back of his head, and he drops to the floor. In an instant, Chris, wild-eyed and unshaven, pins him by the neck to the ground, an improvised wooden stake in one hand.

CHRIS

You sick *freak*! You've turned me into... into a killer!

SANCTUS

Chris, every one of us is a killer, that's what mankind is!

CHRIS

For you, maybe, but not for me!

Chris drags Sanctus to his feet and THROWS him against the apartment wall, quickly back with the neck hold and the stake to keep the vampire still.

SANCTUS

What are you-

CHRIS

Quiet! Just stay quiet! I may not know too much about vampires but I'm pretty sure that this will kill you...

He pushes the stake a little into Sanctus' chest, and the vampire GASPS with pain.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Tell me why I shouldn't do it. Tell me what right you have to live when hundreds, maybe thousands of people have died just to keep you here!

SANCTUS

I can't! I don't have an excuse, or a reason! It's just something we have to live with, every single day!

The answer surprises Chris, and he steps back, releasing the stake which Sanctus pulls out from his chest with some effort. He sighs and straightens his clothes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SANCTUS (cont'd)

I'm sorry you had to find out about the other side to your new life that way. I would have stayed with you when we first met, but you didn't seem in a very receptive mood...

Chris slumps down onto the sofa, the fight leaving him. Sanctus lays a sympathetic hand on Chris' shoulder.

SANCTUS (cont'd)

I see now that I made an error. For what it's worth, I'm sorry.

CHRIS

Sorry isn't going to bring her back...

SANCTUS

Chris, listen to me very carefully. You will kill again. However, unlike others of our kind, you have the luxury of being able to choose your targets. You'll learn to control your lust for blood, to be able to survive without it, but for now you need to feed, or you will grow weak, and eventually enter a coma from which you will never wake again.

CHRIS

(shakes head sadly)

I can't do it... if this is what I am now, then I can't do it.

He snatches the stake up and offers it to Sanctus.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Finish what you started. I've got no right to live now that she's dead.

Sanctus tuts again and swats the stake away.

SANCTUS

There are other ways, other sources. Modern medical science has these wonderful things called blood banks, I'm sure a doctor like yourself will have heard of them!

Chris looks up, intrigued, and Sanctus grins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SANCTUS (cont'd)

I'm not as bad as you may think, Chris. And there are others like me. Many more. You'll find them one day. The fact that you were made from my blood means that you'll feel the same way too. Have you felt it yet?

CHRIS

Felt what?

SANCTUS

The feeling of... of righteousness, one could say.

That there's more to all of this, there's something higher to aim for. It's the reason I chose you, the one task I wanted to entrust to you.

Chris drops his head again, but Sanctus lifts it up to make eye contact. He whispers to Chris.

SANCTUS (cont'd)

There is a cure...

Chris' eyes widen, and we:

BLACK OUT:**END OF ACT TWO**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

29 EXT. TIBET - MOUNTAIN PASS. DAY.

29

TITLE OVER - Tibet, 1977

Chris walks through a wall of snow, wrapped warmly and carrying a large backpack. It is a treacherous pass.

TWIST (V.O.)

Woah, woah, woah, back up! You can't just skip three years on me after a cliffhanger like that! What happened to the dead girl? What went on between you and Sanctus?

CHRIS (V.O.)

I'm not going to sit here all night and recount every little thing that I did between then and now! You wanted a brief history, that's what I'm giving you. The details come later.

Chris continues walking as the voice over carries on, heading for a large monastery up ahead.

TWIST (V.O.)

So, what, there's a cure? For being a vampire? That's new...

CHRIS (V.O.)

I'll get to that. Right now, we're at the start of my many years of training. Sanctus and I had parted ways two years ago, and I'd been using the time since then to develop my new abilities to their limits, through whatever means I could find.

30 EXT. TIBET - OUTSIDE MONASTERY. DAY.

30

Chris walks up the steps to the front gates of the monastery, pushing them open so that he can walk inside.

CHRIS (V.O.)

The monks of the Budokan monastery in Eastern Tibet were excellent teachers...

A beat, then Chris runs back out through the doors, an

angry pack of orange-robed BUDDHISTS in pursuit. They shout angrily, armed with staffs and flaming torches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS (V.O.) (cont'd)
 ... once they'd overcome initial
 misgivings about what I was.

31 INT. TIBET - MONASTERY COURTYARD. DAY. 31

Chris stands opposite an ELDER, and they bow to each other. Other MONKS line the courtyard. The elder places his wizened hands on Chris's temples and closes his eyes. Chris JOLTS as though receiving an electric shock.

CHRIS (V.O.)
 There were many other places I
 trained over the next twenty years,
 but that was the first. And best.

The monk opens his eyes and smiles, holding his hands out for Chris to shake. There is a ripple of applause from the assembled monks as Chris does so.

32 EXT. TIBET - HILLTOP. SUNSET. 32

Silhouetted against the red sky and yellow setting sun, Chris shadowboxes through his kata movements alongside two other figures, Seventies kung fu movie style.

33 EXT. TIBET - MONASTERY STEPS. DAY. 33

A long chain of hopefuls, scrawny, shaven-headed teenagers, jog up and down the hundreds of stone steps leading up to the front of the temple, water buckets in their hands. They stop and stare in amazement as Chris, stripped to the waist and carrying four full buckets, jogs past all of them with a look of raw determination.

34 INT. TIBET - MONASTERY INNER SANCTUM. DAY. 34

Chris, dressed in plain orange robes, kneels before three ELDERLY MONKS, who offer him a ceremonial tea bowl. Chris bows his head and drinks, passing the bowl back.

ELDERLY MONK #1
 Many men have faltered where you
 have succeeded, many have taken
 example in your strength and
 fortitude.

ELDERLY MONK #2
 Your training is complete now,
 there is nothing more we can teach
 you.

ELDERLY MONK #3
 We only ask one thing - to know the
 nature of your quest.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELDERLY MONK #3(cont'd)

To what end will you use the skills
you have learned here?

CHRIS

I seek redemption. I wish to find a
way to cleanse my soul of all
impurity, and to restore my
humanity.

ELDERLY MONK #1

Do you seek this cure for yourself?

CHRIS

There is one other, the one who set
me this task. One day, we shall
meet again and I only hope I have
succeeded by then.

ELDERLY MONK #3

May Buddha always smile on you.

CHRIS (V.O.)

And I had a death on my conscience
that I needed to make amends for.

TWIST (V.O.)

But this is years later! You must
have had to feed since then, right?

CHRIS (V.O.)

Guilt is an excellent appetite
suppressor. Like Sanctus said,
there were other ways to get by.

35 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT. NIGHT.

35

We're back inside Chris' apartment as he enters, throwing off
his coat and settling down with the two books before the
pentagram. He lights the candles in turn.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Now, you were about to start
telling me your side of the story
at last...

TWIST (V.O.)

Well, it's kinda like this...
Remember how we first met?

CHRIS (V.O.)

It'd be hard to forget! I was
working on a locator spell as part
of a favour I was doing for
someone, but something went a
little bit wrong...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris sits cross-legged on the floor inside the pentagram, eyes closed and muttering something under his breath. Wind starts to blow across the room, disturbing the papers, but he doesn't notice.

The wind increases, blowing papers around and causing the candle flames to splutter for life, but it's not until a man-sized VORTEX opens up before him that he opens his eyes.

Like a flattened tornado, the vortex fills the room with white light, snapping with electricity and scattering the books and papers around the room.

Chris looks up and mouths 'What the?' before there is a loud CRACK, and TWIST falls out of the air and lands on the floor before him. Chris looks down at her, her skin still smoking slightly from the journey, eyes wide.

Twist is a young woman, dressed in the remains of a tattered outfit still clinging to a slim body, her long, curly blonde hair trailing down across her face and shoulders. She's panting for breath, shivering as Chris reaches a cautious hand out towards her.

Twist's hand SNAPS out, grabbing Chris' wrist. She slowly raises her head - she's a vampire too, eyes red and fangs out as she HISSES like a cat backed into a corner.

TWIST (V.O.)

Did I ever say sorry for attacking you that first time?

CHRIS (V.O.)

Now you mention it... no, you didn't.

TWIST (V.O.)

Oh, good.

Twist suddenly LEAPS at Chris, slamming him backwards onto the floor and snarling at him. Chris has one arm up to defend himself, and she sinks her teeth into that.

Chris YELLS in pain and pushes up, but Twist is stuck fast, blood running down from the wound.

Twist suddenly GASPS loudly and pulls back, sitting half upright for a moment before fainting away. Chris catches her before she can hit the floor, still looking confused as all hell.

36

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

36

Chris nudges open the bedroom door with his foot, carrying the unconscious Twist in his arms and laying her gently down on the bed. He pulls the covers over her and switches off the bedside lamp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist starts to shift slightly, frowning and moving her head from side to side as she suffers a particularly vivid nightmare.

Chris watches for a few more moments more before quietly closing the door, leaving her to rest.

CHRIS (V.O.)

You weren't in a fit state to do anything when you appeared, so I left you to rest for a while, waiting for some answers. 'A while' turned out to be almost two days, however...

37 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM. DAY.

37

It's daytime outside but the curtains are drawn, keeping the room safe from the sunlight. Chris opens the door to check on Twist, but looks alarmed when he sees that the bed is empty.

He glances around, looking for a sign to say which way Twist went, but he notices something and kneels down to look under the bed...

And there she is, the bedclothes wrapped round her, curled up tightly in a little ball. Chris grins.

He steps over to the wardrobe and grabs some fresh clothes, dropping them on the bed before leaving again.

38 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM. LATER.

38

Chris is in his front room as Twist steps in quietly, dressed in the baggy t-shirt and combat trousers. Chris sees her and moves off the sofa, patting for her to sit.

CHRIS

Well, hello there. Good sleep?

Twist sits down and just nods, eyes darting around nervously as she takes her new surroundings in.

CHRIS (cont'd)

I'm Chris.

TWIST

I'm...

(beat)

Twist. My name's Twist.

CHRIS

Hello, Twist. Pleased to meet you without getting attacked this time.

Chris sips from his coffee as Twist looks round the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Where am I? Am I...

CHRIS

You're in America. Atlanta, to be exact. I'm going to be here a while yet. Do you have anywhere to go? Anybody who knows you're here?

Twist shakes her head. Her lip starts to tremble suddenly, and Chris puts the mug down and leans forward before the sobbing starts. He cradles her as she weeps into his chest, years of pent up pain flowing out of her.

CHRIS

Ssh. Ssh. It's okay. Wherever I brought you from, you're safe now. It's alright.

We pull back from the two of them slowly, Twist's sobs filling the air as Chris tries to soothe her.

CHRIS (V.O.) (cont'd)

You calmed down later, but you didn't breathe a word to me about what you were doing on the other side of that portal, or what had left you in such a state. That brings us up to now.

TWIST (V.O.)

Time for me to fix that... Are you sitting comfortably? Then I'll begin.

39 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

39

TITLE OVER - New York, 1979.

The door's of the delivery room swings on their hinges. A woman in labour SCREAMS.

40 INT. DELIVERY ROOM - SAME

40

ELENA, 20, still with fashion model looks, is writhing on the bed. TOM, also in his early twenties and looking like he hasn't worshipped personal grooming for two days, hovers at the side, squeezing her hand and mouthing exaggerated breaths for her to copy. The DOCTOR and NURSES attend to the birth.

DOCTOR

That's it, Elena, one more push!

ELENA

I am pushing!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

Come on, sweetheart, we're almost there! Just a little bit further!

ELENA

When I want your advice, I'll ask for it! Now shut up and help me breathe!

TWIST (V.O.)

I've always caught people by surprise, none less so than my folks, Tom and Elena McFadden, when mom suddenly found herself staring at a little blue strip one morning.

41 INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM. DAY - LATER.

41

We dissolve through to the same scene a few hours later, with an exhausted looking Elena dozing on the bed as Tom stands dutifully by her side. He looks up as the doors swing open and a NURSE walks in, pushing a cot along.

Tom reaches in with a proud look on his face and lifts out the little baby Twist, yawning as Tom wraps her up in a fresh white blanket. Elena wakes up and Tom passes the baby down to her, the two of them lost in the fuzzies.

TOM

There she is then... our little surprise. Our little twist of fate.

ELENA

(as the thought hits her)

Twist... Twist!

(to baby)

What do you think, kiddo? How does 'Twist McFadden' suit you?

Twist gurgles happily, and Elena smiles.

TWIST (V.O.)

My mom was a model and my dad was a factory worker, one of those forbidden romances that makes for so many trashy romance novels, and while we never had much cash in the bank, we were never short of opportunities. My mom got me a job working at a photography studio when I was still a kid, and I kind of grew up there.

42 INT. LAMBERT PHOTOGRAPHY - STUDIO. DAY.

42

TITLE OVER - 1991.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist, now aged 12, watches on as a model poses in front of a white canvas for a series of shots, the busy studio buzzing with life all around her. A tall, dark-haired photographer guides the shoot on.

TWIST (V.O.)

I always wanted to get into fashion, but behind the lens instead of in front of it. I mean, I'm too smart to be a model-

CHRIS (V.O.)

Sorry to interrupt, but is this story going somewhere?

TWIST (V.O.)

Just filling in the gaps. Let's skip forward a few years. I'd just finished a Photography degree at Empire State Uni, and I was on my way back to my flat one night, when...

43 EXT. NEW YORK - STREET. NIGHT.

43

TITLE OVER - 1999.

Twist, now aged 20, walks down an inner city street towards a convenience store off the main road. She pauses as she notices the line of motorbikes parked outside.

44 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE. NIGHT.

44

Tinny muzak plays as Twist steps inside, the SHOPKEEPER nodding at her as she grabs a basket and starts prowling the shelves. We follow her down one of the aisles as she grabs some groceries, and she pauses as she hears laughter from the next aisle along.

Twist removes a box of cereal and reveals BOYCE through the gap on the shelf, a square-jawed, good-looking biker whose eyes glint as he sees Twist. He grins, and Twist can't help but smile back, heading for the counter.

The shopkeeper is in a heated discussion with one of the other bikers, who appears to be buying about twenty crates of beer.

SHOPKEEPER

No, I can't give you a discount just because you're buying so much! That'll be three hundred and eighteen dollars, sir!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIKER

Ah, jeez, look. All outta change.

(beat)

Oh, wait, here's an idea!

With a ROAR, the biker lunges forward, sinking his teeth into the shopkeeper's neck. He yells out in pain, and Twist SCREAMS, dropping her basket and stuttering back.

She bumps into Boyce, who chuckles as he watches the scene at the counter.

BOYCE

If he'd only let us off a few bucks...

Twist turns back round, shaking.

The shopkeeper is sprawled across the top of the counter, the biker who attacked him wearing the red eyes and fangs of a vampire, licking the blood from his lips and fingers as his colleagues laugh. He cracks open one of the beers and gulps it down greedily.

Twist starts to back away, trying to get to the door, but Boyce stops laughing and glares at her.

TWIST

Alright, look, you guys obviously have this all worked out, so I'm just gonna back out of here and start running, okay? Even if I did go get the police, you'd be long gone by the time they got here, and so-

She bumps into one of the other bikers, who's guarding the door. He grins down at her, showing his fangs, and Twist starts to get frantic.

TWIST

Oh God... please don't kill me, alright? I just finished my degree, I haven't even got a proper job sorted out yet, and I-

BOYCE

Relax, kid. You're alright. We're gonna take care of you.

BIKER VAMPIRE

Hey, Boyce, we gonna have some fun with this one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST

Oh, no... you're gonna rape me,
aren't you? You should know, I
have, uh, herpes. And chlymidia.
Yep, I'm a regular disease factory,
you don't want to get too close to
me!

Boyce and the other bikers laugh as Boyce steps forward.

BOYCE

Trust me, if I wanted to do
anything like that, I'd do it.

He grins, revealing his own set of fangs, and Twist lets out
a whimper of fear.

BOYCE (cont'd)

I tend to get what I want.

He reaches over and pulls her close to him. She's mesmerised,
too scared to move, and he gently sinks his fangs into her
neck.

She goes limp in his arms as he drinks, and we pull back as
the rest of the bikers set about looting with a cheer.

TWIST (V.O.)

It could have been worse, I guess.
Seems that Boyce, their leader, had
taken a shine to me..

45 INT. BIKER'S LAIR. NIGHT.

45

Twist jolts up into frame with a shout, looking round and not
knowing where she is. She winces and puts a hand to her neck,
her fingers coming away bloody. She looks round - she's in
some kind of cave, the walls spray painted with various
slogans and logos, broken furniture and piles of loot
scattered across the floor.

Twist tries to stand but fails, and as she falls back on the
dirty old sofa, Boyce appears again, holding a bottle of Jack
Daniels in one hand. Twist looks across at him.

TWIST

(weakly)
Where am I?

BOYCE

Home. How are you feeling?

TWIST

Like a vegetarian during Ramadan...
What did... what did you do to me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOYCE

(shrugs)

Drank your blood. I'm a vampire.
And, unless we do something pretty
soon, you're going to die. Or
worse, turn into a ghoul, and that
would just suck. Here, drink this.

Boyce rolls up his shirt sleeve and drags his finger nail
across his wrist, exposing a dark trickle of blood. Twist
recoils in horror, but Boyce steps closer.

BOYCE

It's very simple. You drink this
and make yourself into one of us,
or you die, here on this couch.
Your call.

(smiles)

Time for you to find out what's on
the other side.

Twist hesitantly reaches up, takes hold of Boyce's wrist and
guides it towards her mouth. She starts to drink, and Boyce
grins as she quickly takes to it, gulping hungrily.

TWIST (V.O.)

I've always had what you'd call an
'addictive personality,' but I
found something new to get hooked
on that night. Once Boyce turned me
into a vampire, there was no
looking back...

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

46 EXT. HIGHWAY. NIGHT.

46

Twist rides on the back of Boyce's bike as he leads a group of seven other bikers down a busy highway, weaving between the cars at high speed to whoops of joy from Twist. He shouts something back over his shoulder to her and she laughs, giddy with her new found freedom.

TWIST (V.O.)

In a few months out on the road with Boyce and the gang, I forgot about everything. My parents, my career - the only things I wanted to do was sleep all day and party all night.

47 EXT. ALLEYWAY. NIGHT.

47

Boyce watches on proudly as Twist drinks from a struggling teenager, inside an alley off the main street.

TWIST (V.O.)

I'd killed my first after two days, and over the next three years I lost track of how many people I finished. It didn't matter. I was in love.

Twist drops the teenager's lifeless body to the floor and runs over to the waiting arms of Boyce, who laps the blood from her chin before the two kiss passionately.

TWIST (V.O.) (cont'd)

But, like most good things these days, it didn't last. We pulled into a very familiar suburb one night...

48 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. NIGHT.

48

The bikers pull up over the road from a house in a quiet neighbourhood, Boyce dismounting and leaving Twist necking a bottle of Bacardi, still seated on the bike.

TWIST

Hey, I know this place! Where are we again?

BOYCE

Just making a house call, sparky. You wait here, we'll be right back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Boyce and the other vamps head towards the house. Twist watches as Boyce jimmys the lock and the group slip inside, still looking up and down the street.

TWIST (V.O.)

We were out on a run to pick up some gambling debts. Boyce made ends meet by doing odd jobs for local gangsters, and we normally took our fee out of the people we were hitting. Thing is, this particular run hit a lot closer to home than I could ever have expected..

Twist's head snaps round as she hears a SCREAM from within the house, recognition crossing her features.

TWIST (cont'd)

Mom?

INT. McFADDEN RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

Twist dashes in through the open door and into the front room, and sees her father, dead, sprawled across the floor. The memories flood back to her and she staggers backward, hands over her mouth. She hears her mother SCREAM from upstairs again, and after shaking her head to collect her senses, she races out of the room.

INT. McFADDEN RESIDENCE - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Elena, wearing a dressing gown, stands before a baby's cot, arms out to protect it as she yells defiantly at Boyce and the two other bikers before her.

ELENA

Get away from her! You can't have her! I won't let you touch her!

BOYCE

Hey, look lady, I don't like this any more than you do, but we got our orders! If it's any consolation, it'll be quick. It was quick for your husband downstairs..

Elena lets out a terrified sob.

BOYCE (cont'd)

... and we'll do the same for you and the kid. So come on, let's stop all this and-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST (O.S.)
 (softly)
 Mommy?

The bikers turn round and see Twist standing in the doorway. As mother and daughter lock eyes for the first time in three years, both start to sob. Boyce laughs as he realises the connection between them.

BOYCE
 Oh, no way, man! You have got to be kidding! She's your mom?

TWIST
 Mom, run! Get out of here, now!

ELENA
 Twist? But... we thought you were...

There's silence for a beat until the baby in the cot starts to cry, and Boyce beckons to Twist.

BOYCE
 Come on, Twist. I think you should handle this one.

TWIST
 Are you crazy? That's my *mom*!

BOYCE
 All the more reason you should be the one to kill her. And the kid, too.

TWIST
 (growing alarm)
 Kid? Mom, what's... who is that?

Elena, still sobbing, reaches into the cot and protectively lifts out a BABY, wrapped in nightclothes.

ELENA
 She's... this is Sophia. When we thought we'd lost you, we... your father and I, we... we tried again...

BOYCE
 Oh, this is *priceless*! Alright, Twist, come on. Do what you gotta do so we can all get out of here.

TWIST
 (defiant)
 No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BOYCE
 (suddenly unpleasant)
 Excuse me?

Twist walks round to stand between her mother and the bikers, fury blazing in her eyes.

TWIST
 I'm not hurting them. And neither
 are any of you.

The bikers burst out laughing.

BOYCE
 Man, that's sweet. It really is.

He suddenly LASHES out with a fierce backhand that catches Twist across the jaw, sending her clattering to the ground, out cold.

BOYCE
 Stupid, but sweet.

We pull in close to Twist's unconscious face as we hear the sounds of a struggle between Boyce and Elena, her screams filling the room.

FADE TO BLACK:

TWIST (V.O.)
 I still don't know what happened to
 her... or my sister. When I woke up,
 I was in even more trouble.

49 EXT. HILLTOP. DAWN.

49

We fade up to see Twist lying on the ground, out in the open on top of a hill overlooking the city. She groans and stirs, trying to stand but quickly finding she's been crudely restrained, chains hammered into the ground locking her in place.

She pulls against them but to no avail, and she looks up as Boyce steps in front of her.

BOYCE
 I'm sorry to have to do this, kid,
 I really am.

TWIST
 You... *bastard!* What did you do to
 my mom?

BOYCE
 That's one thing you won't have to
 worry about, kid. You see that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Boyce points out towards the first glints of sunlight poking through the clouds.

BOYCE (cont'd)
In about five minutes, the sun's gonna rise. Nothing unusual about that. Except, that is, for when it hits you.

Twist sags as she realises what'll happen.

TWIST
Oh, *crap*...

Boyce stands and starts to back away.

BOYCE
You broke our code, Twist. It's us against them, and we can't ever put a human life before our own. Ever. Too bad you had to find out the hard way.

Twist is tearful now, suddenly desperate.

TWIST
Boyce... Boyce! Don't leave me!!

Boyce just shakes his head, turns and walks off screen. Twist is left alone, struggling frantically against the chains, but it's no use.

The sun's rays clear the clouds and reach out towards us, filling the screen with dazzlingly bright light.

As the light strikes her, she SCREAMS - and her flesh starts to burn.

Within a moment, she's erupted into flames, still howling and trying to break free, and after a few agonisingly long moments, she quietens and sinks to the floor, still burning.

CHRIS (V.O.)
My God... But... what happened? You can't have died out there, otherwise you wouldn't be here now, talking to me.

TWIST (V.O.)
Oh, no, I died alright. Burned up good and crispy. But something pretty major did happen next. As I'm sure you're aware by now, vampires don't go to the happy place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

We close in on the burning body that was once Twist McFadden, and push through, into the flames, to:

50 INT. TUNNEL OF FLAMES. 50

We flip into a red tunnel spiralling downwards, with an opening in the distance full of flames heading towards us at high speed. The camera plunges into the flames, and we get a blurred series of images of people screaming, surrounded by leering demonic faces.

BLACK OUT:

TWIST (V.O.)

You ever go to Hell, Chris? It's not what you'd imagine.

51 EXT. HELL. 51

We fade up on a large city, surrounded by mountains. The whole scene is bathed by the crimson sky overhead, a bewildering metropolis of skyscrapers, buildings, teeming with life on every level, some airborne, some walking. The city is dominated by a huge stone tower.

We pull a little closer and arrive at a large chute, manned by two DEMONS with clipboards. The chute runs up into the air beyond our view, but opens out into a small area fenced off from the rest of the street.

With a YELL, we hear Twist hurtling down the chute until she is dumped unceremoniously out of it, rolling to a halt. As she sits, dazed, one of the demons lift her up as the other checks something on his clipboard.

TWIST

What... what the hell is going on?

1ST DEMON

(rolls eyes)

Take a look around, blondie, what do you think?

Twist looks up and all around her. Something flaps by overhead, and she sees how the streets are filled with a mixture of humans and demons. Suddenly, the penny drops.

TWIST

Oh, no...

1ST DEMON

That's right, chuckles, you're in the only place you deserve! What's the board say about this one, Floyd?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2ND DEMON

(reads from clipboard)

Ah, she's a... oo, she's a vampire!
 Boy, you were a bad girl, weren't
 you, Twist?

2ND DEMON (cont'd)

And those boots with that skirt?
 (tuts)
 No, no, no.

TWIST

(offended)

Hey!

2ND DEMON

Take her away, Tony. Wing 4-D with
 the other vampires.

TWIST

Now just a minute, you can't... hey!
 Get offa me!

1ST DEMON

Oh, right, because *that'll* make me
 let you go...

The demon drags Twist away, kicking and screaming, into a cubicle building to the left of the chute.

He taps a number into a keypad and the building's steel doors slide open, and once he gets her in they close again, sealing off her cries.

TWIST (V.O.)

Hell ain't a great place to be.
 Especially when you're a vampire
 with a three-year rap sheet and a
 bad attitude to match. I mean, I
 think I'm reasonably well behaved
 when it comes to some of the guys
 you must've put down there in your
 time, but boy, did they ever stick
 it to me..

52 INT. HELL - WARD 4-D.

52

We cut to Twist banging noiselessly against a clear screen. She's inside a large, plain white room, and as we pan back we see there are two DEMONS in white lab coats stood in a corridor that runs outside the room, a bespectacled one and a tall, stately-looking one. Similar windows can be seen stretching off to either side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TALL DEMON

So what does this one have in store?

SPECTACLED DEMON

A new idea I've been working on at the lab. We call it 'Fixed Extreme Anti-Reinforcement Therapy,' or 'FEAR' for short. What we do is...

53 INT. HELL - PRIVATE ROOM.

53

Switch to Twist's side of the glass.

TWIST

Let me out of here! Hey! Can you hear me? I said let me out of here!

She stops as the lights go out in the room, plunging it into total darkness. Twist stops hammering for a moment.

TWIST

Oh, great... Hey!!

54 INT. HELL - WARD 4-D.

54

Outside in the corridor, as the two demons watch, we see Twist turn round slowly and start to back away from some unseen horror, her hands shooting up to defend herself as she drops, SCREAMING, to the floor. The tall demon nods.

TALL DEMON

Very, very clever. Is there any way we can see what they see in there?

SPECTACLED DEMON

We can, but we prefer not to. What they see is entirely up to the psyche of the individual. It's tailored to provide them with their very own personalised punishment for however long we need it to. Not bad, eh?

TALL DEMON

The Boss will be very pleased.

They walk away. We pull back from Twist to view her as she covers herself with her arms against an invisible melee, scampering around and trying to get away.

The camera pulls back out into the corridor, then rapidly sweeps to the left, past hundreds of similar rooms, but too fast to look into them, before we:

Fade to Twist sitting at a bar. It's noisy and crowded, but she sits alone, sipping quietly from a glass of blue liquid. Her eyes are sunken and her hair is a mess. Various humans and demons clamour around, a TV flickers away in the background and a jukebox plays some crappy tune over in the far corner by the pool tables.

TWIST (V.O.)

Not a great way to spend eternity.
An excellent rehabilitation
technique, maybe, but still...
Anyway, once every few months
they'd let me out for a day so I
could appreciate the fact that
there was somewhere less tortuous
than where I was stuck. I used to
find a bar and sit there drinking
all day until I had to go back.
Hangovers last longer in Hell.

The glasses on the table around her begin to RATTLE, and Twist frowns, trying to work out what's going on. As she watches the rattling intensifies, joined by a low RUBBLING sound which gradually drowns out the noise around her.

The bar patrons start to notice it as well, and everyone starts to look round, searching for the source.

Twist stands as the noise reaches a crescendo, and glasses and bottles start to SHATTER, people pressing their hands to their ears to block out the noise. Electricity starts to form in the air behind her.

Other people start to back out of the way as the energy FLASHES and turns into a man-sized swirling VORTEX. A strong wind kicks up all around the bar, scattering things into the air.

Twist turns and looks into the black, howling heart of the vortex, rooted to the spot.

TWIST (V.O.) (cont'd)

Whatever spell you were trying to
do back in the real world, you
accidentally managed to open up a
summoning portal slap bang in the
middle of the best bar in Hell...

The vortex expands, and with a SHRIEK Twist is sucked into it, then just as suddenly it FLASHES out of existence. The wind and noise stop and the bar returns to normal. There is silence from a beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEMON
Who was that, anyway?

OTHER DEMON
(shrugs)
Beats me.

With that, the jukebox starts up again and the bar patrons get back to crowding round the pool tables.

56 INT. VORTEX.

56

We are flying up through a tunnel filled with lightning, spiralling back upwards. A dim light can be seen ahead.

TWIST (V.O.)
... and you dragged me right out of there and into your front room.

57 INT. CHRIS' PLACE. NIGHT.

57

We're back in Chris' room, a while after when Twist was first thrown unceremoniously into Chris' life.

CHRIS
What happened inside that chamber?

TWIST
That part of the story is something I'll never tell you. Trust me.

CHRIS
Alright, point taken.

TWIST
So... what now?

CHRIS
That's a very good question. And I have absolutely no idea.

TWIST
I know it was an accident that I'm here, but that's not the point. Since I woke up, I've been feeling...

CHRIS
Like what?

TWIST
Like you did that day on the university rooftop. Like there's something I've got to do, I just have no idea what it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris rubs his arm thoughtfully, then realises something. He holds up his arm to Twist, displaying the bite marks from where she attacked him.

TWIST

Now wait just a minute...

CHRIS

You drank some of my blood. You know what that means, don't you?

TWIST

Does it mean I'm going to develop a craving for tea and starting feeling guilty about everything?

CHRIS

No, Twist, you're not going to suddenly become British. And I swear I have no idea where you Americans got that ridiculous stereotype from...

TWIST

British TV.

CHRIS

(beat; changes subject)

It means that you've absorbed a little part of me, and in turn a little part of Sanctus. And seeing as the desire to accomplish good was one of the strongest traits I received, it stands to reason some of that has filtered down to you.

Twist nods, looking at the floor for a long beat.

TWIST

Chris, I've... I've got a second chance, thanks to you. And I'm not going back to that room. Ever. If I can start to make amends for my past up here, then maybe... maybe I can stay out of there for good.

CHRIS

What are you suggesting?

TWIST

You mentioned a 'cure' that Sanctus dude wanted you to find, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

(beat)

Are you saying you want to help me
find it?

TWIST

I ain't gettin' any older, chief!
We have all the time in the world,
as Louis Armstrong would say. I'm
sure your little quest could use a
woman's touch..

Twist looks up at him with big old puppy dog eyes. There's a
long beat as he weighs up his options, then he nods.

TWIST (cont'd)

Woohoo!

CHRIS

I've got a job to do next week,
that should give us time to get
started.

Chris walks off screen, out of the front room.

TWIST

Get started on what?

A pair of boxing gloves are thrown into her lap, and she
picks them up.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Your training!

And off Twist's incredulous look, we:

BLACK OUT:**END OF SHOW**