

**SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN**

"Part-Time Nemesis"

by  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. GYM. AFTERNOON.

1

CLACK! Two wooden quarterstaffs smack together into frame, and as we pull back we see CHRIS holding one and TWIST holding the other. We're inside an otherwise empty gym, Chris wrapped in a plain black outfit while Twist favours grey tracksuit bottoms and a Nine Inch Nails t-shirt. Both are sweating, this is an intense workout.

CHRIS

Good! I must say, you're picking this all up incredibly quickly.

TWIST

And I'm telling you, I couldn't have told my katana from my wakizashi until I bit you a few days ago!

Chris tries a few swipes with the staff, but Twist is very quick on her feet, effortlessly blocking every one.

CHRIS

Remarkable... and you're sure you've never used a bo staff before either?

TWIST

Hey, I like Cynthia Rothrock and Michelle Yeoh as much as the next chick, but the closest I ever got to bustin' any mad style kung fu moves was when I kicked this jock Billy Freeman's ass in my freshman year.

CHRIS

What did he do, might I ask?

TWIST

Ah, you know, he was just being a jock. 'Nuff said.

Chris tries a jumping strike, but Twist blocks that, rolls underneath him and lands a solid blow across Chris' back, knocking him to the ground. She helps him up.

TWIST

Heh, sorry, chief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

That's alright. I think I can safely assume that you took on some of my fighting prowess when you bit me! Although the bad jokes are all your own, I'm glad to say...

TWIST

Sweet! I always wanted the power of ten ninjas.

CHRIS

It saves us some time, I'll say that much. Now it's up to you to hone these skills to your own needs.

TWIST

And I know just the thing for that!

Like a pro, Twist kicks her staff up with one foot, catches it, spins it round and throws it towards a rack on the wall. She's already walking towards a small ghetto blaster by the time the staff slots neatly into place.

CHRIS

Oh, no... this isn't going to be what I think it is, is it?

TWIST

Three guesses. And the first two not only don't count, they get you a pointy stick in the eye.

We close up on Twist's finger as she hits 'Play' on the stereo's tape deck - Rob Zombie's 'Superbeast' kicks in.

Twist spins round with a mischievous glint in her eye.

TWIST (cont'd)

And now, brave traveller, it is time for your introduction to the noble art of... Goth Fu! Round one... fight!

Chris grabs a katana and throws one to Twist, and within moments the two are back into their fight, blocking and parrying, sparks flying as their two sword blades clash together at dramatic speeds.

Twist's sword gets knocked away, but as Chris lunges at her, she neatly flips over to the side, grabbing a pair of nunchucks from the rack of weapons on the wall and attacking Chris with them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He dives to the side as she advances, swinging the flails left and right, and with one solid thwack to his chest, he drops his own katana and rolls away.

Twist comes at him with the nunchucks again, but he flips up and to his feet, kicking her in the chest and sending her hurtling backwards, slamming into one of the cabinets on the edge of the room, which explodes into fragments.

Unbowed, Twist jumps up, veers to the side and grabs a pair of sai daggers from the wall and is back on the offensive, forcing Chris to grab another staff and use it to defend himself.

Twist snares the end of the staff and wrenches it free from his hands, and it flies off screen to the sound of breaking glass. Chris jumps in with a kick and hits Twist, but she punches back, grabs his arm and swings him round, throwing him against the wall and dislodging several framed certificates and photos.

Chris jumps up, plants his hands against the edge of the vaulting horse and shoves it towards Twist, who hops neatly on top of it, only to get knocked off by Chris tackling her. The two of them slam to the ground and roll down a set of stairs, Twist kicking Chris off and into another wall-mounted display.

Chris is grabbed off the floor and dragged to his feet, but he and Twist trade a rapid series of chops and punches before he gets a hit in, knocking Twist down.

She flips up and backwards, delicately running back up the stairway railing and onto the main gym floor.

Chris is right behind her, but she charitably throws him his sword and the two get to it again, this time slicing into the walls, the wooden dummy, the floor and everything but each other as they fight.

We close on the stereo as the song ends, and the tape stops with a loud CLICK.

Back on the scene, and Chris and Twist, panting for breath, regard each other. Twist is grinning broadly, and as we pull back we see that the two of them have completely demolished the entire gym.

TWIST  
Flawless victory!

WOMAN (O.S.)  
(screeches)  
Oh, my God! What have you two  
maniacs done?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Chris and Twist look round, and just entering the room we see a middle-aged WOMAN, the owner of this dojo, her hands over her mouth in shock as she surveys the damage.

TWIST

Uh... sorry, ma'am, I guess we got a little carried away.

Chris flinches as another display crashes from the wall behind him, and Twist carefully puts her sword back into its place on the rack. Which also promptly collapses.

WOMAN

Get out... get out! Get out of here and never come back!

CHRIS

Come on, Twist, time to go!

He grabs her by the arms and leads her off screen. We stay on the dojo owner as she treads carefully into the wreckage that used to be her gym.

Twist dashes back into frame, heads up to the stereo and retrieves her tape, then with a nod and a smile, exits.

WOMAN

(blazing with anger)  
God damn vampires!!

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 EXT. ROOFTOP. NIGHT.

2

Chris, wearing a bulky-looking backpack, steals across the moonlit rooftop, Twist close behind.

TWIST

So... what else do I need to know?

CHRIS

About what? Tonight, or just generally?

TWIST

Well, you know, general stuff. I've only been a vamp a few years, so relatively speaking you've got a mortgage and two kids on me in terms of vampire years.

Chris pauses at the edge of one roof, scanning the surrounding area. We're overlooking the downtown district of a busy city, plenty of apartment blocks.

CHRIS

Alright, what do you want to know?

Chris kneels down at the roof's edge and opens up his bag. Twist squats down next to him, watching idly as he starts to unpack several pieces of equipment.

TWIST

Plenty of stuff. You know, things I never got chance to find out before.

CHRIS

From the sounds of things, you had three busy years before your...

TWIST

You can say 'before your horrific death when you got burned alive by the sun.' I mean, it was traumatic, but I'm over it. Greedo shooting first has left much deeper scars.

Chris starts looking out towards the city with a pair of binoculars.

CHRIS

As usual, I have very little idea what you're on about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Never mind. I'll rent us some movies so you can catch up on pop culture. Anyhoo, one thing always bugged me...

Twist watches as Chris starts to set up a small satellite receiver dish and open up his laptop, plugging them in.

TWIST

I know that being a vampire doesn't stop you being able to have sex.

CHRIS

And what a charming mental image *that* is for me.

TWIST

Yeah, well, anyway, can we still get pregnant? Girl vampires, I mean. Can we have vampire babies?

CHRIS

It's not amazingly common, and very few come to term, but yes, you can.

TWIST

Woah. What are they like?

CHRIS

It depends. Sometimes they're human, sometimes vampire, very occasionally a hybrid of the two.

TWIST

Like you?

CHRIS

Something like that. As I said, there haven't been many.

Chris looks through the binoculars again, finding his target and grinning. He aims the receiver dish towards where he's looking. Twist watches, curious.

TWIST

Can I ask what'cha doin'?

CHRIS

We're here to get some information off a local informer, a young man by the name of Benjamin. His mother was part visionary, and his inherited skills make him very valuable to both sides of the fight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST  
'Visionary'?

CHRIS  
Psychic. Receiver of messages and  
visions from whatever's going on  
above and beyond in the heavens.

TWIST  
Oh. Cool.

CHRIS  
He doesn't know it yet, but he's  
going to lead us right to a  
gangster on his way to this city,  
so I can put a stop to him once and  
for all.

TWIST  
By us listening in on him?

CHRIS  
Correct.

Chris puts on a pair of headphones and opens a recording program on his laptop. Speech wave patterns start to play on the screen, and Chris starts typing commands in.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
This is your first lesson in  
surveillance, Twist. It requires a  
degree of patience, and-

A series of bleeps sound from off screen, followed by tinny electronic music. Chris looks to his side, and we see Twist lying on her back, absently playing a Game Boy Advance, a million miles away.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
Twist! What are you doing?

TWIST  
Trying to get past this level on  
'Mega Man 4,' why?

CHRIS  
Put that thing away!

Twist pouts and puts the Game Boy back in her jacket, before shuffling up to the roof edge and taking the binoculars off Chris.

TWIST  
So who am I looking at?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHRIS

The apartment block. Third floor,  
second window from the left.

Looking through the lenses, we close in on one apartment:

3 INT. BENJAMIN'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

3

BENJAMIN is a pale guy with long, scruffy brown hair and a malnourished physique. He paces up and down inside his messy apartment, wringing his hands nervously, jumping a mile when there is a KNOCK at his door.

FORBES is revealed, tall and lean with neat, back-length white hair, dressed in a black suit. He steps into the apartment, turning his nose up at the disarray.

FORBES

Ah, Benjamin. Still living the high  
life, I see?

BENJAMIN

Yeah, well, you know how it is, Mr.  
Forbes, can't get too flashy with  
the cash I make or people'd, you  
know, start asking too many  
questions about where it came from!

FORBES

Quite.

(beat)

You have some information for me?

BENJAMIN

Yeah, yeah, I found out where  
Malkuth is bringing his next  
shipment into the city.

FORBES

Excellent.

4 EXT. ROOFTOP. NIGHT.

4

Twist, now wearing the headphones, frowns and looks up at Chris, who is busy typing on the laptop.

TWIST

Malkuth? Hey, Chris, where do I  
know that name from?

CHRIS

(quickly)

You don't.

TWIST

But I'm sure-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS  
(sharp)  
Twist. Leave it.

Twist looks puzzled but lets it drop.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
Alright, that's all we came here  
for, time to leave. Benjamin's told  
us where we can find the gangster  
we're after, now we just need to go  
and prepare our ambush.

TWIST  
Groovy.

They get up to leave, when Twist notices something.

TWIST (cont'd)  
Uh-oh... Chris! You'd better see  
this!

She hands the binoculars back to Chris.

Through them, we see that Forbes is throttling Benjamin, who  
is weakly starting to slump to the ground.

Chris throws the glasses down and reaches into his bag,  
bringing out a small personal grappling gun.

TWIST (cont'd)  
Oh, what, are you like freakin'  
Batman now?

Without answering, Chris aims and FIRES the gun, shooting the  
grapple line across the street.

The hook SLAMS into the apartment building opposite.

Chris secures his end of the line round a fusebox on top of  
the roof, then prepares to slide across it.

TWIST (cont'd)  
Hey, wait, you're not just gonna...

Chris JUMPS off the edge of the roof - and slides rapidly  
along the grapple line, using a small pulley in one hand to  
hold on. In a moment, he lands feet first against the  
building, swinging back and then to the side, CRASHING  
through the apartment window.

TWIST (cont'd)  
Damn... that boy's got some talent!

Twist realises she has to follow, and sighs.

5

INT. BENJAMIN'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

5

Chris lands on the floor, glass flying, his katana drawn and ready in an instant. Forbes is long gone, the door swinging on its hinges, and Chris kneels down by the prone form of Benjamin. He presses his fingers to the informer's neck, but sighs as he realises he's dead.

TWIST (O.S.)

Incoming!!

From across the street, we hear Twist's yell of alarm grow in volume until she hits the wall with a THUD, clambering with difficulty through the broken window.

TWIST (cont'd)

Have to say, old chum, you made that look a helluva lot easier than it actually was...

CHRIS

(off body)

He's dead.

TWIST

Bummer. Did we know him?

CHRIS

Not personally. He wasn't exactly one of the good guys, but he was on the right path.

Chris gently closes Benjamin's blankly staring eyes.

TWIST

(sniffs air)

Wherever he was headed, that path sure didn't go past any drugstores - this place reeks!

CHRIS

It's not our place to judge, Twist. People like Benjamin are in danger every single day of their lives, just because they want to try and do the right thing.

Chris walks past Twist on his way out.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Puts things into perspective, I always think.

Twist is left alone for a moment. She looks around the apartment, then exits with a sympathetic nod down to Benjamin's body.

6

EXT. DRIVING RANGE. NIGHT.

6

Chris walks into shot inside a cheap golf range just past city limits. The place is closed for the night, but Chris has picked up a basket of golf balls and walks along the booths, settling on one and setting the basket down.

Twist joins him, holding a golf club and a baseball bat and not looking like she knows what's going on.

TWIST

Okay. So. Back up. First we're teaching me how to be a spy, and now we're playing golf? Does recreational sports fall into my training now too? Because, you know, I'm sure there's a bowls club we can crash somewhere. Those grannies may look cuddly, but they turn into tigers when they get those competitive juices flowing-

CHRIS

Twist. Stop. Breathe.

Chris takes the golf club from her, places a ball on the tee by his feet and takes aim. The driving range is lit by powerful floodlights, and we can track Chris' shot as he thwacks the ball far into the distance.

CHRIS (cont'd)

This is just an excellent hand/eye co-ordination exercise I discovered some time ago. However, in your case, I'm going to modify it a little.

Chris motions for Twist to step up to the tee.

CHRIS (cont'd)

You told me you used to play baseball a lot when you were younger, right?

TWIST

Yup. I even had a special swing named after me at high school!

CHRIS

Perfect. Choosing a preferred weapon is an important part of any combat training, and tonight we're going to help you with yours.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS(cont'd)

We've got a while before we need to get ready for our ambush, so I wanted to take the opportunity to do some more training with you.

TWIST

Man, Chris, you make this sound like school or something! When are we-

SLAM! Chris throws a golf ball towards Twist, and she instinctively hits it away with the bat. Stunned by her own reflexes, she looks out across the range, and we hear a distant 'thump' as the ball hits the ground.

CHRIS

Excellent! See if you can hit the fifty yard marker this time.

Chris tosses a second ball towards her, and this time Twist is ready, rearing back and hitting it dead on.

We get a brief shot of the white '50' marker as the ball pings off it.

Twist looks down incredulously at her hands.

TWIST

Since when could I move *that* fast?

CHRIS

It's like I said, you've absorbed several things from me, and my fighting skills are part of the package. We'll find out the rest in due course, but for now, let's concentrate on your swing, because I think after much head scratching I've finally found your chosen weapon!

He picks up another golf ball.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Hundred yards.

He throws it to her - BAM! She hits it again. There is an offscreen 'ping' as it hits home. Chris continues to throw balls for her to hit throughout this exchange:

TWIST

Okay. Few more things I need to know.

CHRIS

Ask away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST

I'm just trying to work out what's different now I've been 're-vamped' or whatever you want to call it. I used to eat a lot before, as well as the blood drinking.

CHRIS

Really?

TWIST

Yeah, guess my sweet tooth was too strong to die with me! So can I still eat normal food?

CHRIS

It won't keep you going anywhere near as well as blood, but yes, I should think so.

TWIST

Cool. So give me an idea of other things I may have picked up from you.

CHRIS

Martial arts, obviously. As well as proficiency with a variety of melee weapons, although I expect you'll find certain ones more suited to you over time. Your reflexes and physical strength seem to have improved too.

TWIST

What about all these memories I've got? Stuff that I didn't do?

CHRIS

Part of the deal. I inherited almost two thousand years' worth of experiences from Sanctus, I expect it's been diluted a little on its way down to you. What do you remember?

TWIST

Just flashes, mainly. Brief images. It's like... like a series of mental postcards, but I can remember what it was like to actually be there. Smells, sounds, things like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHRIS

That fits, although I expect they won't be as strong as mine because you took in less blood from me than I did from Sanctus. Anything else?

TWIST

For now, I think that's it.

CHRIS

Alright, let's try three hundred yards and then we'll get out of here.

TWIST

(squints)

There isn't a three hundred yard sign!

CHRIS

That's code for 'hit this one as hard as you can.'

TWIST

Ah... got it. Batter up!

Chris throws, and as Twist hits the ball, we cut to:

7

INT. FERRY - CABIN. NIGHT.

7

We're pulling close to the cabin of a rusty old ferry, picking up the bearded CAPTAIN ROSS as he steers. Two other crewmen are in the cabin with him.

ROSS

How much farther to the docks, Braggart?

BRAGGART

Dead on four miles, captain.

ROSS

Good.

(turns to his left)

That means we should be there in a few hours, just like you wanted.

We get an angle on the end of a fat cigar as it is lit up, the owner taking a deep drag on it and puffing thick smoke back out onto the bridge, the rest of him covered by the shadows in his corner of the cabin.

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CONTINUED:

SMOKER

Good work, Captain. You got me to my destination on time, as you promised, so I'll keep my part of the bargain and not eat you when we get there.

Ross and the crewmen exchange nervous glances.

SMOKER (cont'd)

Well, I mean I know that *I* won't, I can't really speak for the rest of my men. They do get awfully hungry.

As the Smoker chuckles, we look out through the cabin's windows, to:

8

EXT. FERRY - DECK. NIGHT.

8

As we continue moving out across the deck of the ship, past the large 18-wheeler parked in the main loading bay, we pick up a horde of men, women and monsters down below - some demons, some humans, some vampires, even werewolves and dozens of other, equally evil looking creatures. They're chatting, laughing, milling around.

SMOKER (V.O.)

Now, you just get your head down and get us into harbour before sunrise, and I'll let you keep it. Your head, that is. I have unfinished business in this town.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9 EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT.

9

Twist is buying herself a hot dog from a street vendor while Chris stands a few feet away. Twist wanders over, wafting the hot dog under Chris' nose with a grin.

CHRIS

(waves it away)

Yes, very clever. You still like to eat. Consider me impressed.

TWIST

And you know the best thing? These have tasted better ever since I got turned. Must be one of those 'enhanced vampire senses' things I hear so much about!

CHRIS

When you're quite through shovelling that processed rubbish down your neck, we have some actual work.

TWIST

Clue me in, Clouseau.

CHRIS

Our plan for tomorrow night is going to involve engaging a large number of hostile targets. And for that, we're going to need a little support from the rights kinds of people.

TWIST

Rolling out the big guns, huh?

CHRIS

Exactly. And there are several places in this city to find them, if you know where to look. Consider this your next lesson - how to get the things you need.

10 INT. NAOMI'S COFFEE HOUSE. NIGHT.

10

We're in a small, old style coffee house, its warm furnishings far removed from the average Starbucks.

Behind the counter set against one wall is NAOMI, the owner, busy at the cappuccino machine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

A coffee shop? What are we gonna do, scald our victims to death?

CHRIS

Rule number seventeen in an increasingly lengthy list: things are rarely what they seem.

Chris walks up to the counter - up close we see Naomi is a slim, pretty woman in her early thirties, with long, wavy dark hair. She turns round, a full cup of coffee in her hands, and smiles broadly when she sees Chris.

NAOMI

Hey, stranger!

CHRIS

Hello, Naomi. Sorry I haven't been round in a while.

NAOMI

Oh, I know how it is, always off fighting monsters and saving damsels, that kind of thing, right?

CHRIS

Something like that. Naomi, I'd like you to meet Twist.

Chris ushers Twist forward, and Naomi wipes her hands clean before offering one to Twist.

NAOMI

Hi!

TWIST

Um, hey.

CHRIS

Twist is, for want of a better word, my new partner. We met about a week ago, I've just been showing her the ropes.

Twist shakes Naomi's hand, but frowns as she realises Naomi isn't letting go. Naomi's expression changes, her brow creasing with concentration, and Twist throws a worried look to Chris. He just nods back.

CHRIS (cont'd)

It's alright, Twist. Naomi's a reader, let her do her thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NAOMI

So much... so much pain! Trapped  
inside... they wouldn't let you  
leave... made you watch them die  
again and again...

Naomi GASPS and breaks away, pressing a hand to her head as  
she catches her breath. Twist backs away, spooked.

TWIST

Alright, what the hell was *that* all  
about, Madame JuJu?

NAOMI

Whoo! Sorry... You've got a lot of  
stuff up in that noggin of yours,  
Twist, that's for sure! Chris,  
you're certainly going to have your  
hands full with this one...

CHRIS

Way ahead of you. What did you see?

NAOMI

Well, your new friend here's seen a  
lot of pain and suffering for  
somebody so young. She spent a long  
time in a very dark, very evil  
place...

TWIST

(sarcastic)

Yeah, but once I left school,  
things got much better...

NAOMI

But there was something else... I  
couldn't tell you what exactly, but  
this girl's got a lot ahead of her.

Naomi takes Twist's hands in her own with a benign smile.

NAOMI (cont'd)

You take good care of him for me,  
sweetheart. There's a lot of good  
in you, I can feel it.

TWIST

Uh... okay.

Naomi lets Twist go and wipes away a tear from her eye,  
chuckling as she starts readying another coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NAOMI

Heh, sorry! I always get a little teary when I read someone like that.

CHRIS

We'd best get moving, we've got a few places to hit this evening.

NAOMI

No problem. See you soon!

Chris turns to leave, but Naomi calls back out to him.

NAOMI (cont'd)

Oh, Chris! Here.

She hands over the two coffees, sealed in cardboard cups.

NAOMI (cont'd)

It's getting cold, you two could use these. On the house, same as always.

Chris nods and smiles his thanks, and they exit. Naomi watches them with a smile.

11 EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT.

11

Chris sips his coffee as they take a turn down towards a quiet industrial estate.

TWIST

Right. Just going to go on the record and say that was very definitely A Spooky Thing. Who the hell was that chick anyway? Some kind of crazy coffee-making psychic?

CHRIS

Pretty much, yes. Readers like Naomi can see a little into a person's past, present and future when they touch them. I could have taken her an article of your clothing, but the reading is always better in person.

Twist blinks as she tries to take all this in, and then takes a sip of coffee, reacting as she drinks it.

TWIST

Damn, this is good! What'd she put in this, crack?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Special ingredient. Naomi has a witch working in her kitchens, puts a shot of magical goodness into every cup.

TWIST

You know, I really think I've been missing out all these years... so what's up next?

CHRIS

We find you a weapon of choice.

12 INT. FERRY - DECK. NIGHT. 12

We pan across the deck of the ship as it sails through the evening - but this time, the deck is empty. Empty at first, for as we pan, we start to see dead, twisted bodies littering the deck. The unfortunate crew of the ship have fallen foul of the Smoker's men, and are now just so much dead weight.

13 INT. FERRY - CABIN. NIGHT. 13

A bulky demon, comically wearing the Captain's hat perched awkwardly on his head, mans the rudder, the actual captain being slumped dead across the console.

SMOKER (O.S.)

And you couldn't have held your appetites in for another hour until we reached the harbour?

(beat)

Never mind. Just do your best to keep the ship running and hope I don't have to come down there looking for you.

There is the sound of a phone receiver slamming down, before the Smoker steps into the foreground, his back to us and a hooded cloak obscuring him from view.

SMOKER (cont'd)

You just can't find the help these days... and even when you do, they have a tendency to eat each other!

(to demon)

And will you take off that ridiculous hat! Who do you think you are, Captain Ahab?

The Smoker snatches the hat away and stomps off screen.

14 INT. MALL - SPORTS STORE. NIGHT.

14

We're looking into a spacious sporting goods store, dark just like the rest of the closed mall outside. There is a loud THUNK and a display tips over, spilling footballs all across the floor.

TWIST

Ouch! Stupid display board...

The display RATTLES as it is kicked.

CHRIS

Twist! Honestly, I've never met a clumsy vampire before now but you're doing your best to make up for it...

TWIST

Well, maybe if the lights were on, I could see what I was doing!

CLICK. The lights come up, and we see the inside of the store properly. Chris and Twist are standing in the middle of the baseball section, with a wall lined with dozens of bats before us. Twist looks up at the lights.

TWIST (cont'd)

How'd you do that?

CHRIS

Magic. Okay, Twist, this is the last thing to do tonight. Find the one you want and then we're out of here.

TWIST

Isn't this kind of like stealing?

CHRIS

It's actually a lot like stealing.

The two share a grin as Twist steps up to the display, and 'Weapon of Choice' by Fatboy Slim starts to play.

Twist rubs her hands together and walks along the display, finally settling on a sleek black bat. She lifts it up and kneels, holding it in the air reverently.

TWIST

There she is... Excalibur!

CHRIS

Is that the one you want?

Twist stands, taking a few practice swings to try it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Think so... can we have a field test?

CHRIS

Be my guest. This store's owned by a local crook, so any collateral damage earns you extra brownie points.

With a grin, Twist gleefully starts smashing up every display in sight - video walls, sports gear, the works.

15 INT. FERRY - HOLD. NIGHT. 15

We're walking down a set of steps inside the bowels of the ship, passing a few other human grunts before coming to a pressure door. Hands, one holding a cigar, reach out and turn the circular door handle, shoving it open.

16 INT. FERRY - ROOM. NIGHT. 16

A terrified family huddle together as the Smoker shines a torch towards them. There is a father, his wife and two kids, arms around each other, shaking in fear. The father raises his arm to shield his eyes from the light. All of the family show signs of rough treatment.

FATHER

What do you want?!? Why are you keeping us here?

SMOKER

Could you keep it down? There are other terrified, kidnapped families down here, I don't want you making them any more scared!

(beat)

Although, it would be quite funny...

FATHER

You're going to have to get through me before you lay one scaly damn finger on my kids!

SMOKER

(beat)

Suit yourself.

BLAM! The Father's eyes widen, and with a gulp he keels over backwards, a red gunshot wound on his chest. His wife and kids start screaming as the Smoker laughs.

SMOKER (cont'd)

What sweet music they make, these creatures of the light... Ta ta!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door is closed again, leaving us in the darkness with only the cries of the rest of the family for company.

17

EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT.

17

Twist, jet black baseball bat over her shoulder, price tag still hanging from it, walks alongside Chris as the two pass a sign that reads 'Docks.'

TWIST

(in TV commercial voice)

DeMarini 2005 DXVXW wooden baseball bats are maple/hickory composite for unmatched feel and durability. This minus 2 drop bat is BESR certified, and has a 2.5/8 inch pro-maple barrel and a composite handle. And more importantly, it matches my outfit!

CHRIS

Glad to see you know your bats!

TWIST

Me and this bat are going to have some good times. I can feel it in my bones. Speaking of which, when do I get to break some? Are we going to set up this ambush of yours at last?

CHRIS

Yes, we are. If Benjamin was right, Malkuth should be arriving at the docks on board the ferry 'Routledge' in about twenty minutes. Which gives us time to get into position.

TWIST

Tell me more about this Malkuth guy, then. I swear I've heard that name before. Didn't you two-

CHRIS

Twist. Remember how you said you were never going to tell me what happened to you in that Private Hell Chamber?

TWIST

Yeah, so?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Same logic applies here. Malkuth has to be stopped, and that's all you need to know.

TWIST

Cryptic, aren't we? Why don't you try talking in riddles or rhyming couplets too, really bump up the 'man of mystery' angle for me? Jeez, you're like Bowie in 'Labyrinth,' although mercifully minus the tights...

Chris doesn't answer, he just keeps walking on. Twist slows down and sighs.

TWIST (cont'd)

Okay, I'll keep quiet. But the first thing we do after this is find somebody to give you a sense of humour!

CHRIS (O.S.)

I had one once - didn't much care for it.

18 EXT. DOCKS. NIGHT.

18

We're looking at three long, black cars waiting by the edge of the dockside warehouses as a fourth pulls up. The rear door opens and Forbes steps out, scanning the area. Several more black-suited men stand around, armed with both guns and swords. Forbes approaches the closest suit.

FORBES

Is he here yet?

SUIT #1

Not yet, sir. Another fifteen minutes. We've got his ship on radar, it's on final approach.

FORBES

Good. Is everyone in place?

SUIT #1

All teams are in position.

Forbes nods, grinning, and gets back into his car.

19 EXT. DOCKS - APPROACH. NIGHT.

19

We zoom across to the far side of the harbour and pick up Chris and Twist, scurrying along behind cover. Chris looks out towards Forbes' collection of cars and grins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

I knew old Forbes couldn't resist  
an opportunity like this one...

TWIST

Isn't that the guy who killed  
Benji?

CHRIS

Yes. Forbes is the head of one of  
many rival crime families fighting  
for control of this area. He's had  
a beef with Malkuth for many years,  
and Forbes probably thinks he can  
get the drop on Malkuth tonight and  
take care of the problem...

TWIST

I'm sensing a 'but' screaming into  
play right about now...

CHRIS

But... they don't know we're here.

Chris gets up and heads towards the cars. Twist follows.

Chris climbs to the roof of one of the warehouses, moving  
swiftly across it and pausing at the roof edge. He heaves at  
a drainpipe and pulls it away, guiding it forward until it  
lands neatly on top of a building opposite.

Chris balances on it and then slides down it, landing on the  
opposite roof and beckoning for Twist to follow.

She's less certain but still makes it, landing with more of a  
thump next to Chris. With a raised finger to urge her to be  
quiet, he carries on.

Chris drops down silently between two buildings, ducking down  
as a machine-gun toting suit walks past. Keeping to the  
shadows, Chris silently stalks up behind the suit and grabs  
him, one hand over his mouth as he drags him back out of  
sight.

Twist pops her head round a moment later, and when Chris  
reappears she starts forward, crouched down low.

20

EXT. DOCKS. NIGHT.

20

Twist is up close to Forbes' crew of cars now, and stays low,  
out of sight, as the cars turn their lights off and the suits  
hide themselves.

A distant FOGHORN blows as we see the huge black shape of the  
ferry drifting towards us. Chris joins Twist, eyes on the  
ship. They whisper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

That's our boy incoming, right?

CHRIS

Yes. Stay hidden, we'll let Forbes do the hard work for us. I don't know what Malkuth's bringing with him in terms of support, so we'll let these goons soak up the fire.

TWIST

You're all heart, you know that?

CHRIS

They'd have done the same to us.

We pull back from those two and focus on the approaching ship. It draws ever closer to the edge of the docks, slowing down, but it's soon obvious that it isn't going to make a conventional landing.

With a loud CRUNCH of splintering wood and metal, the brow of the ship ploughs into the edge of the dock, using the harbour itself as a brake, grinding to a halt in a cloud of dust.

All is silent for a moment, and we see Forbes' men start to move into position, guns and weapons ready, when we hear an engine REV, and then with a CREAK the bay doors at the front of the ship start to open, pushing more timber out of the way as it descends.

A handful of Forbes' men step out into the lights cast from the ship, wondering where the engine noise is coming from, when a pair of headlights FLARE out from inside the cargo hold, and with another REV, a large truck blasts out from the ship and onto the docks, scattering the suits and knocking a handful down as it barrels out towards the exit.

The suits recover and open fire on the 18-wheeler, but with a defiant blast of its air horn it drives on, SMASHING through the exit gates in a shower of sparks.

Chris leaps to his feet and starts running, dragging Twist with him.

TWIST

What the-

CHRIS

Come on! We have to catch that truck!

They both duck as bullets ZING past them, Chris yanking Twist out of the way as he heads for the roads nearby.

21 EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

21

Twist watches helplessly as the truck steams away up towards the city centre, shouts from Forbes' remaining men echoing round the docks behind them

TWIST

How are we gonna catch up with a truck, exactly?

Chris races up to a parked Ford and smashes the driver's side window, leaping inside and opening the other door for Twist. He presses his hand to the steering wheel as she clambers inside, and after a flash of purple light, the engine starts.

TWIST

Man, MacGyver would've killed for that trick...

CHRIS

Hold on!

Chris drops it into gear and accelerates out of frame.

**CUT TO BLACK:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

22 EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT. 22

We're looking at a busy intersection, cars waiting patiently at the lights as other traffic filters past...

And then with another BLAST from the horn, the moment is shattered as the truck cannons into frame, SMASHING cars out of its way and ploughing onwards, leaving smoking wrecks in its wake.

Moments later, the stolen car with Chris and Twist weaves through the stricken vehicles, in hot pursuit.

23 INT. STOLEN CAR. NIGHT. 23

Chris grits his teeth and drives, dodging the traffic which blurs past us as he accelerates towards the tanker ahead. Twist is holding on for dear life.

TWIST

Give it some faster, pussycat!

CHRIS

Twist! I'm concentrating!

TWIST

Oh, come on. Tell me there isn't some small part of you loving every second of this!

Chris glances across at Twist, then sighs and nods.

TWIST (cont'd)

Man, I wish I had one of those little Starsky & Hutch lights to stick on the roof! So what do we do when we catch it?

CHRIS

I'm still working on that part. Any suggestions would be greatly appreciated, as long as they don't involve us both getting squashed!

TWIST

(thinks)

You ever see 'Speed'?

Chris throws her a puzzled look, as we:

24 INT. 18-WHEELER - RIG. NIGHT.

24

The same demon last seen steering the cargo ship is driving, one hand sounding the air horn every few moments. He's grinning broadly, clearly loving this, although the two GOONS packed in there with him are less sure, growing more scared by the second.

GOON #2  
(points)  
Look out!

There is a CRUNCH and the distant blare of car horns as the rig shudders, but the Driver just laughs.

DRIVER  
'Scuse me!

25 EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

25

Chris' car pulls up to the rear of the truck's container, still dodging the odd car as Twist climbs out through the passenger window. Chris pulls the car closer to the back of the truck, and Twist reaches out for a ladder running up the container.

Her fingers stretch out for it, and she grabs hold - just as Chris is forced to SWERVE to avoid a slow-moving car, and Twist is wrenched from the car, hanging by one hand from the ladder.

She flails for a second before getting her other hand onto the ladder, clambering up and onto the ledge next to the door hinges. She sighs with relief.

Chris' car pulls closer and he leans out of the window, tearing off the headrest of his seat and using it to wedge the accelerator down.

The car hits the back of the truck with a CRUNCH, and in a second Chris is out, running across the bonnet and hopping onto the ledge opposite Twist. She gives him a thumbs up.

The car starts to drift away, finally slamming head-on into a city bus coming the other way and EXPLODING. They watch as it crashes back to earth, scattering traffic all around.

TWIST  
(shouts over noise)  
Let's hope their insurance covers  
Acts Of Chris, huh?

CHRIS  
Get the door controls!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist looks down, and grabs the yellow control box that opens the container doors.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
Unlock it, and then on three, we go in, okay?

TWIST  
Okay!  
(beat)  
Wait! On three, or just after three?

CHRIS  
(flustered)  
Twist!

TWIST  
Okay, okay! I got it! On three!

She hits one of the buttons, and with a CLICK the bolts locking the doors slide out of place. Chris reaches across and grabs the door handle, as does Twist.

CHRIS  
Pull, then duck, let it swing open, then get inside! We can get to the driver through the container!  
Ready?

TWIST  
Let's do it! One... two... three!

As one, they turn the door handles, duck as the tall doors swing open, then leap up and inside.

26

INT. 18-WHEELER - CONTAINER. NIGHT.

26

The doors swing closed again, plunging the container into darkness.

TWIST  
Chris?

CHRIS  
Yes?

TWIST  
Uh... I don't think we're alone.

The internal lights flicker on, and in a moment we see that the inside of the container is jammed full of the demons we saw on the ship earlier, as well as several of the monsters - clinging to the walls and ceiling where there isn't room, all grinning at the two intruders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Hmm. This could get tricky..

Chris slowly draws his sword, and Twist, after a few concerned glances around, readies her bat.

Both freeze at the sound of somebody clapping, insultingly slowly, and we pan round to see the Smoker, features covered by his hood, stepping forward out of the crowd of monsters and demons.

SMOKER

Bravo, bravo! The death-defying leap onto the truck, the heroic stance against impossible odds... why, Chris, if I hadn't spent so long trying to kill you, I'd actually be quite impressed. As it is, I'm just feeling an incredible lack of surprise. I mean, this is a trap, but still..

Chris tenses up at the voice, and at last we see its owner - the Smoker draws back his hood to reveal himself. This is MALKUTH, bone white skin and an almost skeletal appearance, two noticeable fangs and a fat cigar between his lips. He cackles, his men joining in.

TWIST

Uh-oh... you two have 'history' together, don't you?

MALKUTH

Another sidekick, Chris? Don't you ever learn?

CHRIS

(to Twist)  
Yes, I'm afraid we do.

TWIST

Is this going to happen a lot?

CHRIS

More than likely.

MALKUTH

You haven't told her about you and me, have you?

TWIST

Well, I did ask, but he-

CHRIS

(stern)  
Twist. Not now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MALKUTH

There'll be plenty of time for us to all sit down and have a nice chat later.

(beat)

Oh, actually, no, there won't. We have to tear you both to pieces now. Sorry.

(to assembled demons)

Take care of them. Messily.

As the demons start to advance, Chris and Twist back up, when Twist suddenly GASPS and we zoom rapidly up to her eye as she gets a FLASHBACK:

27

EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT.

27

We're looking through someone's eyes as they root around inside a dumpster, down the back alley of what appears to be a butcher's. The hands stop as they locate something, bringing out a filthy-looking hunk of meat.

The hands squeeze the meat, and as a little cold blood drips out, the hands quickly press the meat up towards us, as though we're being fed it.

A cat SCREECHES off screen, and we whip round to see a cloaked figure standing at the entrance to the alley. A brief glow of burning cigar tells us this is Malkuth.

MALKUTH

My, my, my, and what a sorry mess you are! You look like you could use a friend right now, as well as a good meal or two.

Malkuth walks closer as we hop down to the floor, and we hear Chris' voice speak.

CHRIS

Who are you?

MALKUTH

My name's Malkuth. I'm a local... businessman.

CHRIS

(cold)

You're a half-demon. I don't work with your kind.

MALKUTH

I don't think you're in a position to negotiate right now! Now do you want my help or not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Malkuth extends a hand, and we see one of Chris' hands reach cautiously out for it. As they make contact, we:

SMASH CUT TO:

28

INT. 18-WHEELER - CONTAINER. NIGHT.

28

We pull quickly back from Twist as she exits the memory, starting to realise that Chris and Malkuth have known each other for a very long time. There's no time to dwell on this, as the first wave of demons are on the attack.

Chris moves fast, sword flashing as it slices left and right, sending demons to the floor with a chorus of howls of pain. Chris moves fast, jumping after his targets.

Twist swings her bat into one monster, a quadruped with long arms ending in sharp claws, which SQUEALS as it clatters to the ground.

Two more jump her, yellow locust-like creatures, and she yells as she tries to fight them off.

Chris tries to reach her but is grabbed by two big demons, who SLAM him into the container wall. One punches him in the gut as the other kicks away his sword, but Chris flips up and over the second punch, crashing the demon's heads together.

Twist rolls to the floor and kicks one of the monsters off her - it collects a demon on its way towards the container doors which burst open, sending both creatures out onto the highway.

Twist stands, grimacing at the gooey monster blood splattered down here.

TWIST

Oh, this was so not in the contract...

CHRIS (O.S.)

Twist!!

Twist looks up - Chris is disappearing under a pile of monsters and demons, reaching for his katana. Twist kicks it towards him, and he slices backwards with it, sending his attackers scattering.

Chris stands and takes a breath - and then POW! He's hit full in the chest by a blast of orange energy. Chris hurtles back through the air, sailing straight out the container and onto the highway beyond.

Malkuth laughs, lowering his smoking palm, as the remaining monsters regroup and surround the young vamp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALKUTH

He was asking for that one. Now!  
What are we going to do with you?

Twist backs up, bat ready in case anything gets too close, as Malkuth's army closes in.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

I'll say this much, you're prettier  
than the last one.

TWIST

What 'last one'?

MALKUTH

Oh, there's a lot he hasn't told  
you, isn't there?  
(to demons and monsters)  
Now then, boys, shall we just kill  
and eat her, or shall we have some  
fun first?

The chant goes up: 'Fun! Fun! Fun!' Twist looks round again, then shakes her head.

TWIST

Oh, hell, no!

With that, she turns and JUMPS straight out the rear of the container. Malkuth's face drops.

MALKUTH

Oh well. 'Till next time.  
(relights cigar)  
Alright, men, onwards and upwards,  
we have a job to do!

29 EXT. HIGHWAY. NIGHT.

29

Twist staggers into frame, bruised and bloody from her quick exit, and heads for Chris, lying flat by the side of the road. Cars swerve past the duo, horns blaring.

TWIST

Chris... Chris!

She shakes him, and he groans and stirs. She helps him up to a sitting position as he rubs his sore head.

CHRIS

(woozy)  
What... happened...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

That Malkuth guy shot you with a big ass fireball, and you just went *fwoosh!* Straight outta the truck! Are you okay? Did it hurt?

CHRIS

(sharp)

I hit the road at about fifty miles an hour, Twist, what do you think?

Twist bites her lip and steps back. Chris sighs and opens his mouth to apologise, but she shakes her head.

TWIST

'S cool. So what are we gonna do about catching that guy?

CHRIS

I'd better find out where he was headed - it seems we fell foul of his diversion, so let's go back to the docks and see if there are any clues on that ship as to what he's up to.

Chris starts to walk away, but Twist pauses.

CHRIS (cont'd)

What is it?

TWIST

Chris, I got a flash of something in there. Of you and Malkuth. You know each other pretty well, don't you?

Chris sighs, looks at his feet and nods.

TWIST (cont'd)

I think you'd better tell me everything. No more lies.

Chris walks away, and we pull back as Twist catches up.

30

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING. NIGHT.

30

We're inside a run down building, windows boarded up and sparse furniture covered with sheets. The door is KICKED open by Malkuth's goons, followed by the man himself.

MALKUTH

Let's get set up, we're working to a tight schedule here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

More goons come in, dragging several hysterically yelling people with them. We see the now fatherless family from the cargo ship as well as three other family units, each shoved roughly down to the floor. Malkuth steps over.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

You're probably wondering why we kidnapped you and brought you all here. It's really very simple. I need your blood and several of your organs to complete a complex and ancient ritual so that...

(beat; smiles)

Well, that bit isn't really important. What matters is that you're all going to die soon, so if you have any last requests... nobody really cares.

Malkuth stands as several of the people start sobbing. He motions to one of the goons.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

Get them some tissues, will you?

He turns and walks away, over to a midget who holds a grey box up to him.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

Is everything we need in here?

MIDGET

All ingredients present and correct, boss. So, who are we bringing back?

MALKUTH

Curaq. He's an old friend who's been locked in a particularly nasty dimension for many years now, and it's time I kept my side of our bargain and got him out of there.

MIDGET

What about Chris? I mean, now he knows we're here...

MALKUTH

Chris won't be a problem. If he shows up, it'll be too late to stop me bringing Curaq back, and then we can sit back and watch Curaq turn him inside out!

Malkuth laughs, and the Midget joins in.

31 EXT. DOCKS. NIGHT. 31

We walk towards the ship, still with its bay doors wide open, past the bodies of all of Forbes' men who lie scattered across the ground.

32 INT. CARGO SHIP - ROOM. NIGHT. 32

Twist watches as Chris examines the room we saw the kidnapped family in earlier. The body of the father lies sprawled awkwardly on the floor, his chest torn open.

TWIST

Ick. Why kill him and then cut him up? Isn't that labouring the point?

CHRIS

This was ritualistic. They've only taken certain organs.

Chris pokes around inside the dead man's chest, but Twist isn't put off, craning over for a closer look. Chris peers back over his shoulder at her, chuckling.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Certainly takes a lot to shock you, doesn't it?

TWIST

(shrugs)

I've seen enough horror to last me. Everything else is just like a trailer before the feature. So what's the diagnosis, apart from a slight case of 'death by disembowelling'?

CHRIS

I'm not sure yet. I know someone who could help me work out what ritual this is likely to be for, but first we need to find where Malkuth is.

TWIST

And how do we do that?

Chris closes his eyes and lays his palm down on the floor of the ship. A beat, then a red GLOW forms beneath his hand, stretching back to the dead man and then out of the door. Twist watches it go as it snakes past her.

CHRIS

(eyes still closed)

We follow the trail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Huh. Nice job, Lassie!

Chris stands and tosses his phone to Twist.

CHRIS

Call a chap named Buckley, he'll be able to help us find out what Malkuth's up to. The number's in there already.

TWIST

Got it. What are you going to do?

CHRIS

I'm going to take us to Malkuth.

Twist nods, and the duo exit. We pan down to take in the blood trail on the floor, before we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

33 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING. NIGHT.

33

We fade up on the room we left Malkuth in, only this time there is a large pentagram marked out on the floor, complicated symbols clustered at each point. Candles and human organs are at the tip of each point, with a pile of dead bodies heaped up in one corner of the room.

Malkuth watches as one of his goons stabs the last struggling hostage, a middle aged man, and drops him to the ground.

MALKUTH

Very good, Levern. Now, just like we practised. Take the knife...

Slowly, the goon reaches down and drags the knife clumsily across the dead man's chest. Malkuth winces at his lack of precision, but nods as Levern holds up a bloodied extracted organ from the man.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

Alright, now, put it at the point closest to you.

Levern dutifully places the organ carefully down and steps away. Malkuth stands, grinning, as the Midget passes him a leather-bound book. He opens it.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

Guardians of the barrier between this world and your own, mighty Azmothep and Churartl, hear my command. This sacrifice of flesh and blood we give to you, man, woman and child, so that you may feed and supply the power I require, the power to free one who is captive between two worlds.

A beat. Nothing happens. Malkuth looks round as his goons exchange concerned looks, then sighs and shakes his head, turning to the next page.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

Don't worry, this does take a while.

34 INT. CITY BUS. NIGHT.

34

Twist is on Chris' phone, scribbling notes down on a scrap of paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Uh-huh... yeah... okay, got it. Thanks,  
Buckley.

Twist hangs up and heads for the front of the otherwise empty  
bus - where we see that Chris is driving.

CHRIS

Well?

TWIST

Buckley says he thinks Malkuth is  
trying the Summoning Ritual of  
Zaguset, used to drag beings from  
one dimension to another, given  
what we've told him.

CHRIS

It must be for Curaq... bugger!

TWIST

Cur-who?

CHRIS

If he's right, then Malkuth may  
well be trying to bring a very,  
very powerful demon into our world,  
and we cannot let that happen.

TWIST

Do we know where we're headed?

CHRIS

I'm following my nose, so to speak.

TWIST

Groovy. So, this means you've got  
time to tell me how you and Malky-  
boy know each other, right?

A beat, then Chris sighs and nods.

TWIST (cont'd)

When we were back in that truck, I  
had a vision of you and him in an  
alleyway. Seemed like you were  
rooting for scraps or something..

Chris grimaces as he recalls the memory.

CHRIS

It was 1984. Not a good year for  
me. I was in a slump after an  
incident in Austria many years  
previously, and..

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS(cont'd)

Never mind. Malkuth approached me and said he had some work for me, he'd heard about my previous exploits and wanted to help me out. I didn't really have any other options.

DISSOLVE TO:

35 INT. OFFICE. DAY.

35

A well-kept and furnished executive office suite, with Malkuth behind a desk and the still-scruffy Chris before it. Malkuth, looking less skeletal and lacking the fangs, pushes a dossier towards Chris, who opens it.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Just simple jobs at first. Escorts, picking up packages, the odd strike on a demon or vampire nest. I thought I was working for the good guys at last, but one night I found out things weren't as they seemed.

36 INT. BAR. NIGHT.

36

Malkuth strides towards a fat, sweaty man, the owner of the run down bar we find ourselves in. The man is on his knees, held there by a goon's heavy hand.

The man pleads with Malkuth for a few moments, before Malkuth laughs, draws a sword and runs the man through.

With a shudder, he goes limp and Malkuth lets him drop to the floor.

Unseen by Malkuth, we pull back to see Chris, hidden safely behind the bar, watching the scene with wide eyes, that narrow with anger as he realises he's been lied to.

CHRIS (V.O.)

When I saw Malkuth execute a local bar owner for failing to pay his protection money, I started to realise that I'd been played all along, that Malkuth had been using me to do his dirty work.

Chris steals away, but as he exits, Malkuth's head snaps round as though hearing something.

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

Malkuth invited me to a spellcasting that was taking place a week later, but I didn't know at the time that I was going to be the subject...

37

INT. CEREMONIAL CHAMBER. NIGHT.

37

Chris walks down a flight of steps and into a long, black room, complete with flaming torches on the wall and dozens of crates and boxes strewn across the dusty floor.

In the centre of the room stands Malkuth with a short, purple-robed SHAMAN, welcoming Chris with open arms. A pair of clear vases stand on two plinths in the centre of the room, and the Shaman steps between them, closing his eyes and placing a hand on each.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Malkuth said he wanted me to keep an eye on the ceremony, make sure things didn't get out of hand, but all he really wanted was for me to be there.

White energy starts to build up in one of the vases, escaping over the brim like smoke and curling its way towards Chris.

Concerned, he takes a step back and looks up at Malkuth, who suddenly has a triumphant grin in place. The white mist gathers round Chris as he backs up.

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

The spell being cast was supposed to suck out my very soul, to take out my conscience and spirit and turn me into some kind of slave to Malkuth, to make sure I never questioned his orders. As he predicted, however, things got a little out of hand..

As the mist starts to envelop Chris, he throws his arms back and SCREAMS. The energy blasts away from him, two bolts striking each of the vases, shattering them and showering the shaman with fragments, while a third hits Malkuth, knocking him off his feet.

Malkuth writhes in agony on the ground, hands pressed to his face, as a woozy Chris staggers to his feet and runs up the steps and out.

Malkuth stands, hands covering his face, but as he slowly takes them away we see his eyes have become blood red and he has developed a pair of fangs. His eyes widen as he realises something has gone very wrong, and, clutching at his chest, he drops to his knees.

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

A little piece of me had gotten into Malkuth somehow, changing him into what you saw earlier.

38 INT. CITY BUS. NIGHT.

38

Twist sits, watching Chris, captivated by the story.

CHRIS

I found out what had happened when I had Naomi read me a few days later, she told me part of my chi was... missing somehow.

TWIST

And this missing bit of you, it's in Malkuth now?

Chris nods. Twist whistles sympathetically.

TWIST (cont'd)

Wow. So, what does that mean, exactly?

CHRIS

It means I have to get it back. Since that happened, I've felt incomplete, somehow. He's used it to find me dozens of times, to attack me as well. We're connected at some level and I need to break that connection before I can finish him for good.

Chris brings the bus to a stop outside an old building.

CHRIS (cont'd)

We're here. Get ready.

Chris opens the bus doors and leaves, and Twist pauses to watch him go, wondering what to make of it all. Shaking her head, she grabs her bat and hops off the bus.

39 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING. NIGHT.

39

A howling wind has kicked up now, and a yellow crackling ball of energy hovers in the air above the pentagram. Malkuth continues to read from the book, shouting.

MALKUTH

Burn the offerings, fuel the fire!

The organs at each point of the pentagram burst into flames, shooting columns of fire several feet upwards.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

Open the gateway, return the lost one to us at last!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With a CRACK like thunder, a PORTAL opens up, a tear in space that howls like a tornado, streaks of lightning lancing out to ripple across anything nearby.

40 EXT. OUTSIDE BUILDING. NIGHT. 40

With light from within shining out between the planks over the windows, Chris races towards the door.

CHRIS

Ready?

TWIST

Chris, I was born ready!

Without breaking stride, Chris jumps and KICKS out towards the building's door, and we:

41 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING. NIGHT. 41

Cut to the inside of the room as, in kung fu slow motion, the building's door is BLASTED off its hinges by Chris' kick, knocking two goons to the floor. 'Reject' by Watts starts to play as the duo make their entrance.

Twist skids to a halt inside the room, taking in the bodies, Malkuth, the portal and the several other goons inside, leaping in with her bat and CRACKING it off the skull of the closest bad guy.

Chris advances on Malkuth, the wind ripping round the room almost taking him off his feet.

CHRIS

It's over, Malkuth! You didn't bring him back in time!

MALKUTH

(wicked grin)  
Didn't I?

As we watch, a huge, clawed HAND reaches out from within the portal, and within moments the torso of CURAQ has pulled itself through, fighting against the energies of the vortex.

Curaq is a huge, broad-shouldered demon in muddy chainmail armour, his flat-topped, dark gray head leering out with bright yellow eyes.

Chris' eyes widen as he watches the monster claw its way into our world, hopping back as he avoids a clumsy tackle from one of the goons and crossing swords with another.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALKUTH (cont'd)

Come on, Curaq! We haven't got all day for you to wrench your carcass out of that hell hole, there's a whole world to destroy out here!

Curaq ROARS as he struggles onwards, and Chris yells over to Twist above the increasing noise in the room.

CHRIS

Twist! The book! Destroy the book, it'll close the portal!

Twist nods and starts to head towards Malkuth, but he neatly tosses it towards the Midget, who looks terrified as he realises he'll be the new target.

Malkuth raises one hand, and a crackling tendril of blue energy snakes out towards Twist, wrapping round her throat and lifting her into the air. She struggles against it as she's hoisted upwards, her head BASHING into the ceiling.

Chris is losing the fight against three goons at once, pinned down and taking many hits and kicks, but he gets one free hand up for long enough to ZAP Malkuth's hand with a bolt of green magic.

Malkuth snarls and clutches his wounded hand, dropping Twist to the ground. Coughing as she gets up, she sees that the Midget, still clutching the book, is only a foot away from her. The terrified guy freezes as Twist stands and rears back with the bat. She grins.

TWIST

Batter up!

THWACK! She hits the book as hard as she can, knocking it out of the Midget's hands and sending the tiny man SMASHING through the wooden planks over the boarded up window. He disappears from view with a SCREECH.

Twist snatches up the book and looks to the portal.

Curaq is half out, one foot starting to force its way through as his huge arms flail around for support.

Twist lines up the book to throw it back into the portal.

MALKUTH

Nooo!!!

TWIST

Overdue fines, comin' your way!

She THROWS the book - and we watch as it sails over the head of Curaq and back into the portal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Curag grunts with surprise, then with a FLASH of light the portal disappears in an instant - and the severed chunks of the mighty demon's body fall to the ground.

MALKUTH

(furious)

You... *bitch!*

TWIST

And yet, I still won. What'cha gonna do, eh?

Malkuth stands, and with a raging glare at Twist wraps his cloak round him with a flourish. The cloak folds up into thin air as Malkuth teleports away, gone in a flash.

Chris SHOUTS with effort and throws the goons off him, running one through with his sword, breaking the neck of the second and standing back as Twist SMASHES her bat into the back of the last one, who slumps to the ground.

CHRIS

Nice shot!

TWIST

Thanks. I'm thinking of trying out for Little League this summer.

CHRIS

Where's Malkuth?

TWIST

He did this kind of 'swoosh' thing with his cloak and did a trademark 'Villain Of The Week' getaway move.

Chris dusts himself. The floor around the pentagram is covered with scorch marks, and the wooden boards HISS as Curag's corrosive blood eats into them.

TWIST (cont'd)

Do all dead monsters smell that bad?

CHRIS

Worse, usually. Let's go, the Cleaners are probably already on their way.

TWIST

Cleaners?

CHRIS

Not the mop and bucket kind. Government men, who clean up after our messes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHRIS(cont'd)

And they don't much like being seen, so let's stay one step ahead and get out of here.

TWIST

Lead on, coach. I have a sudden craving for another one of Naomi's special recipe cups of joe..

The duo exit through the shattered front door.

42

INT. COFFEE HOUSE. NIGHT.

42

Chris and Twist sit in Naomi's otherwise empty cafe, Chris with an icepack pressed to his sore head as Twist slurps loudly from a milkshake.

TWIST

Another mission... and a roaring success! This stuff is easy. I could definitely get used to it.

CHRIS

It's rarely this simple, but... you did a good job tonight, Twist. Well done.

Twist beams as Naomi wanders over with a coffee.

NAOMI

Busy night?

Chris nods as Twist starts to spin round on her bar stool. Naomi takes the icepack away and replaces it with a bag of frozen vegetables.

NAOMI (cont'd)

Did you get the bad guy at least?

CHRIS

Sort of. We stopped him bringing a near invincible demon into our dimension, so I can tentatively add 'one' to our scorecard.

TWIST

And I kicked some ass too!

NAOMI

Good for you, honey. You want another frappucino?

TWIST

Hai!

Naomi takes Twist's empty milkshake away as we pull slowly back from the scene at the counter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALKUTH (V.O.)

Mark my words, Chris. You may have gotten the better of me this time, and, I might add, sliced up one of my oldest and best comrades, but you won't have the advantage for long.

43 INT. ROOM. NIGHT.

43

We slowly dissolve to a close up of Malkuth's glowering face, a flickering candle flame off screen illuminating through the gloom as he continues to speak.

MALKUTH

I've just begun my work in this stinking country, and I promise you this - I will be victorious, and I will have my revenge...

We pull back a little further to see Malkuth is glaring down at several rows of surveillance photos of Chris and Twist.

A beat, then with a SNARL of frustration, Malkuth raises a dagger and SLAMS it into the table, through the photos, and as it hits, we:

**BLACK OUT:****END OF SHOW**