

**SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN**

"The Art of Keeping Secrets"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. GREYHOUND BUS. NIGHT.

1

We walk down the aisle, taking in the various passengers before we get to the back row of seats. CHRIS is dozing, his fedora at an angle over his face, while TWIST is next to him, looking pretty bored. She nudges Chris, who mumbles and shifts slightly. She nudges him again.

TWIST

Bored.

CHRIS

Try the wonder that is sleep for a few hours if you've got nothing to do, we'll be in Washington soon.

Chris closes his eye and settles down again. Twist taps her hands on her knees for a few moments, then huffs and nudges Chris again. He stirs but doesn't look at her this time, even though he's awake.

CHRIS (cont'd)

You're like a tired baby sometimes...

TWIST

It's not my fault I don't need to sleep, is it? You're the one being all half human and stuff. You should be more considerate.

CHRIS

Twist...

TWIST

Okay, okay, fine. Go back to sleep.

CHRIS

Thank you, I will.

Twist scrabbles round inside her bag for a few moments before producing a Walkman. Popping the headphones in, she presses play, and we get a loud but tinny blast of some kind of nasty music.

She rocks her head to it for a few more moments before Chris sits up, looking disgruntled, and she clicks the stereo off with a smile.

TWIST

Oh good, you're up. Now we can talk. It'll pass the journey a lot quicker!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

It can't go fast enough at the moment...

TWIST

So come on, Mr. Moody Britches, what are we in town for?

Chris grabs a manilla envelope from his bag and tips out the contents, a set of black and white glossy photos.

CHRIS

Bagwell & Stitchley's Auction House. It's their big bi-annual sale tomorrow morning, and I intend to buy lots of nice shiny new things.

TWIST

What kinds of things?

CHRIS

Old, dusty books, largely, but the auction has a more 'specialised' section. You see, this is one of the few legitimate occult dealerships in the country, and this will be for the sorts of stuff you can't just wander into the shops and buy.

TWIST

Such as? Come on, you're the one with, like, three degrees here.

CHRIS

Weapons, spells, scrolls, forbidden literature, artefacts, mystical objects, things like that.

TWIST

(not impressed)

Sounds swell. So when do I get to do some real shopping with those fake AmEx cards of yours?

CHRIS

Who says they're fake?

TWIST

The people at Bloomingdale's did when I tried to use them last week.

Chris rubs his eyes wearily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST (cont'd)

But hey, don't worry about it,  
chief! I told them you'd pay the  
bills off soon enough and they let  
me keep all the neat stuff I  
bought.

CHRIS

That explains the extra suitcases...

Twist just beams brightly back at him. Chris sighs and looks  
back out through the window.

2 EXT. WASHINGTON HIGHWAY - GREYHOUND. NIGHT. 2

Looking down on the bus from outside as dusk sets in all  
around us, we pan back from Chris looking out and float  
upwards, taking in the capital city's lights.

3 INT. BAGWELL & STITCHLEY'S - BASEMENT. NIGHT. 3

We pan across rows and rows of shelves inside a disused  
storeroom, each one covered with a selection of objects  
covered by drapes against the dust. We head into the centre  
of the room, a large rectangular space which is currently  
adorned with painted mystical symbols, and a large magic  
circle has been marked out on the floor.

Flaming torches light the room up, and as we watch a  
struggling VAMPIRE is dragged into the room down steps  
opposite us by two hooded CULTISTS.

VAMPIRE

Let go a me, you religious nutjobs!  
What the hell do you want?

The cultists do not speak as they approach the circle and  
throw the vampire forward. He stumbles to the ground inside  
it, and leaps back up with a snarl to attack his two  
opponents, but hits some kind of magical barrier and is  
thrown back onto the floor.

He stands and faces the cultists defiantly.

VAMPIRE

Okay, you got me this far. Now  
what?

The cultists, still silent, part and take up positions either  
side of the magic circle as a third figure walks down into  
the room, his face obscured by his hood.

VAMPIRE

What is this, some kind of mass?  
(laughs)  
You gonna pray me to death?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The third cultist raises his hand, palm first, towards the vampire, and we see that he has the same symbol as the circle drawn on his palm. As we watch, the symbol starts to glow with yellow energy, and around the vampire the circle does exactly the same.

The circle suddenly flares brilliantly white and we hear the vampire SCREAM, before the light fades again.

Inside the circle, just a skeleton remains, still upright and its arms raised in an attempt to protect itself.

The cultist steps forward calmly and removes the skull, after which the rest of the skeleton collapses into dust.

The cultist turns it over in his hands and speaks.

3RD CULTIST (V.O.)

And now, we just need one more  
vampire...

From the skull, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. WASHINGTON BUS STATION. NIGHT. 4

Chris and Twist step down off the bus and into the station. Chris steps over to the baggage hold and retrieves his and Twist's luggage as she looks around the inside of the station.

She wears the same bored look as when she was pestering Chris on the bus. She looks round as he dumps her two very heavy suitcases down next to her.

CHRIS

Good grief, woman! What on *earth* have you got in there?

TWIST

Women's things. You wouldn't understand.

CHRIS

Well, we'll have to try and travel light for a bit, we're going to be picking up some heavy items.

TWIST

You can carry them, then!

Chris glares at her but the look bounces right off her. He reaches into his jacket and retrieves a folded flyer for the auction. He opens it up and shows it to Twist.

It shows the exterior of Bagwell & Stitchley's, an old-fashioned, large building, with some discreet occult symbols forming a border around it.

CHRIS (V.O.)

That's where we're going. All we need is somewhere to stay the night for now and then we hit that first thing.

TWIST

And where are we going to get the money for all of this exactly? I thought we were broke!

CHRIS

I have my connections.

TWIST

You mean we're ripping people off?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a long beat before Chris shoulders his bag and walks off screen. Twist smirks and jogs after him.

5 INT. CAB. NIGHT. 5

The duo pile into the back of a taxicab.

CABBIE  
Where can I take you folks?

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Nearest safe house, we need a place  
for the night.

The cabbie turns round with a broad smile.

CABBIE  
No problem! I know just the place.  
Hang on tight!

6 EXT. OUTSIDE STATION. NIGHT. 6

The cab revs its engine and screeches away from the kerb, narrowly missing a few pedestrians as it heads off.

7 EXT. STREET - BODIE'S GUEST HOUSE. NIGHT. 7

The cab skids to a halt on the pavement outside a dilapidated guest house, three floors high and looking like it could fall down at any moment. A buzzing neon sign reads 'Bodie's'.

Chris and Twist step out and the cabbie helps them get their luggage. Chris hands him a few bills and with a nod of his head he jumps back in his cab and roars off.

Twist looks up at the guest house, distaste on her face.

TWIST  
Travelling in real style again,  
huh...

CHRIS  
Oh, stop complaining. This place is  
just fine.

Chris walks up the steps and inside as Twist follows.

8 INT. BODIE'S GUEST HOUSE - RECEPTION. NIGHT. 8

The inside of the building isn't much better - peeling wallpaper adorns the reception area, and a mis-shaped desk houses BODIE, a fat, sweaty-looking man with balding hair and a cigar hanging out of his mouth. Bodie doesn't look up from the paper he's reading as Chris approaches.

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BODIE

Rates are twenty-five a night, no refunds. You get yer own food, and w-

CHRIS

Bodie, are you going to talk to your old buddy Chris like that?

Bodie looks up, and as he recognises Chris a grin breaks out across his face. He reaches out a hand and Chris shakes, although Bodie doesn't notice Chris wiping his hand clean on his jacket afterwards.

BODIE

How the hell you been, Chris? Been too long, man, too long.

CHRIS

Had a few errands to run. I'm back in town for a few days, any chance of the old penthouse suite?

Bodie reaches under the counter and fetches a key.

BODIE

For you, Chris, the house is always open. You remember the way up, right?

CHRIS

Yes, thanks, Bodie.

BODIE

(leers at Twist)  
Keeping better company these days?

TWIST

Hi there. I'm Twist.

BODIE

You can twist me round your little finger any day, darlin'!

He chuckles as Twist, grin still in place, throws Chris a look to suggest they should be going. Soon. Like, now.

CHRIS

Knock it off, Bodie. Twist's working with me.

BODIE

Oh, you still after that crazy-ass 'cure' thing, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS  
Yes, that's the one.

BODIE  
Heh, good luck with that, man.  
Lift's still in the usual place.

CHRIS  
(to Twist)  
Let's go.

Twist tries to ignore Bodie checking her out as they walk past the reception desk.

9 INT. BODIE'S - ELEVATOR. NIGHT.

9

The carpets and wallpaper look in need of replacing and the light fixture overhead flickers.

TWIST  
I dread to think what you did to  
make that guy like you so much..

CHRIS  
There were a couple of gangsters  
roughing up his clients, so I took  
care of them, saved the business.  
Now I've always got a place to  
stay.

TWIST  
I'd be touched, if it wasn't for  
Uncle Fester back there drooling  
quite so much at the sight of me.

Twist throws her hair back over each shoulder, mock fashion model style.

TWIST (cont'd)  
I mean, I know I'm stunningly  
beautiful and all, but these goods  
aren't on show for anyone, you  
know?

CHRIS  
Oh yes, I forgot, you're saving  
yourself up for... who was it?

TWIST  
(as the doors close)  
Antonio Banderas. As Armand.

10 INT. BODIE'S - PENTHOUSE. NIGHT.

10

The 'penthouse' suite actually isn't too bad - it's the cleanest room in the building, with a commanding view of the city. Chris is typing away at a laptop, the room dark but his face lit by the screen's glow. From behind the bathroom door we hear the shower running and Twist's voice, singing along to Fiona Apple's 'Criminal'. Chris dials a number in on his phone.

CHRIS  
Neuro, you there?

NEURO  
(filtered; through phone)  
This is he. Speak, o traveller.

CHRIS  
Need a favour, if you'd be so kind?

Chris leans forward and taps on the laptop keyboard.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
I'm in the nation's capital to do some shopping, but coming up short in the credit department. Any chance you can wing some funds my way?

NEURO  
Your PC plugged in and hooked up?

CHRIS  
Ready and waiting.

NEURO  
Alright then, keep one eye on your funds and you can thank me later.

CHRIS  
Cheers, Neuro. Speak to you in a bit.

Chris hangs up and leans back in his chair, hands behind his head with a satisfied sigh.

On the laptop screen, the amount of money in the account starts to creep up, a few dollars at a time.

11 EXT. BAGWELL &amp; STITCHLEY'S. DAY.

11

Chris walks up the street towards the outside of the auction house, joining a queue of potential buyers. Placards outside advertise the auction, but they make no mention of the occult side of the auction - this is obviously only for people in the know.

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CONTINUED:

Chris' phone rings as he's about to enter.

TWIST  
(filtered; through phone)  
You made it in yet?

CHRIS  
Almost, give me a couple of  
minutes. You still okay to get  
inside?

12 EXT. BAGWELL & STITCHLEY'S - DELIVERY ENTRANCE. DAY. 12

Twist lurks in the shadows, eyes on the large steel shuttered doors where delivery trucks unload, a thick blanket over her head against any stray sunlight.

TWIST  
Yup, I'm out back, waiting for you to open the doors. Trust today to be one of the sunniest days of the year, eh?

CHRIS  
(filtered; through phone)  
Murphy's Law, my dear. Hang tight for a few more minutes and I'll get you safely inside.

Twist hangs up and huddles down.

13 INT. BAGWELL & STITCHLEY'S. DAY. 13

Chris passes by three large auction rooms - a lectern on stage and rows of chairs, which are rapidly starting to fill up with clients - and a few burly looking security guards that keep an eye on everyone.

14 INT. BAGWELL & STITCHLEY'S - DELIVERY BAY. DAY. 14

Chris sneaks into frame at the top of a staircase above the bay. We can see the shutters that lead outside, and below us are several large trucks and teams of workers.

Chris spots something, and with a grin holds up his hand, clenching his fist and muttering something under his breath. Blue energy starts to gather round it, then he glances over to the left again and THROWS the energy on.

An unmanned truck sits by one side of the bay, and as Chris' spell hits it, it starts to roll forwards. A few workers have to dive out of the way as it CRASHES into the opposite wall, tipping onto its side and spilling its contents.

Workers shout at each other as they crowd round the wreck, trying to work out whose fault it was.

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CONTINUED:

With a sly grin, Chris sneaks down the stairs and over to a small door leading outside.

15 EXT. BAGWELL & STITCHLEY'S - DELIVERY ENTRANCE. DAY. 15

Twist looks up as the door opens and Chris pokes his head out, beckoning to her. She hops up and makes a dash for the door, and Chris shuts the door after her.

16 INT. BAGWELL & STITCHLEY'S. DAY. 16

Chris and Twist walk down one of the corridors leading back to the auction rooms. One of the guards eyes Twist suspiciously, but she just waves a cheery hello at him.

Chris stops outside the first auction room.

CHRIS

Right, I'm going in here to make a start. You stick around here and try not to get into any trouble, okay? There are a lot of unsavoury people round here, so keep a low profile.

TWIST

(salutes)  
Aye, cap'n.

CHRIS

And for god's sake, don't wink at anyone, or wave, or nod, or anything like that, because you'll end up buying us several thousand dollars worth of used cutlery or something.

TWIST

I'll sit on my hands in the corner till you come back, sensai.

CHRIS

Somehow, I doubt that...

Chris heads into the room, and Twist takes a moment to look around. The walls are adorned with paintings, and skylights overhead cast patches of sun down which she is careful to step around. She stops next to one of the paintings and leans forward for a closer look.

It's a medieval battle scene, lots of blood and death - two opposing armies tearing chunks out of each other as storm clouds gather overhead.

VOICE (O.S.)

It's magnificent, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist leans back and looks round - stood next to her is TRAVERS, a tall, handsome looking man in a suit.

TRAVERS  
Marcelli, late sixteenth century,  
depicting the final clash between  
two medieval warlords in ancient  
Italy.

TWIST  
It's missing something.

TRAVERS  
Missing?

TWIST  
Yeah. It needs something about  
here.

She points to one corner of the painting, then steps back to ponder again. Travers has a bemused smile on his face.

TRAVERS  
What would you suggest?

TWIST  
Something to offset all the blood  
and carnage, like a couple of  
fluffy kittens or something.. you  
got a pen?

Travers chuckles and holds out a hand which Twist shakes.

TRAVERS  
Hello there, I'm Bill Travers, I'm  
Mr. Bagwell's assistant.

TWIST  
I'm Twist. I'm here with a  
colleague, he's in the auction at  
the moment.

TRAVERS  
Ah yes, you must be here for our  
more.. exotic items.

TWIST  
That's his kind of thing alright!

TRAVERS  
I take it you're not much of an  
antiques kind of girl?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST

Me? Heck no, the oldest things I own are this jacket and my Madonna LPs.

Travers smiles again, bemused by this unusual visitor to the auction hall.

TRAVERS

Mind if I show you around a bit? I don't get much chance to meet anyone but stuffy art collectors these days.

Twist looks him up and down. Chris told her to wait, but this guy is pretty cute - what harm can it do?

TWIST

Okay. Just don't let me buy anything, he took my credit cards off me.

TRAVERS

You're in safe hands. Follow me.

The two walk O.S. We pan across and look in on the auction which is just starting.

17

INT. BAGWELL & STITCHLEY'S - AUCTION ROOM. DAY.

17

Chris sits towards the rear of the room, watching the auctioneer as he steps up behind the lectern. This is STITCHLEY, one of the owners, an elderly man with gold-rimmed glasses and an arched, hawk-like nose.

He taps his hammer on the edge of his lectern to get the room's attention, as two assistants walk out from backstage with a set of large, dusty leather-bound books in their hands.

STITCHLEY

Good morning, everyone, welcome to Bagwell and Stitchley's. Glad to see such a full and varied turnout, once again! Today's first item will be lot number 117, the complete set of Dureno's Dialogues, dating back to approximately 800 A.D. We'll start the bidding at twenty-five thousand.

The auction begins - people raise their hands or nod, and Stitchley keeps track of it all, raising the bids until Chris makes a late bid.

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STITCHLEY (cont'd)  
 Eighty thousand, gentleman at the  
 back. Do I hear eighty-five? Going  
 once... twice...  
 (taps hammer)  
 Sold, for eighty thousand dollars.

Chris grins and ticks off one item on a long list in his  
 hand, looking particularly pleased with himself.

18

INT. BAGWELL &amp; STITCHLEY'S - CORRIDOR. DAY.

18

Twist and Travers walk along, Travers pointing out various  
 objects of art as Twist listens, one eye on him.

TRAVERS  
 (points to a tapestry)  
 See that up there? That predates  
 the Bayeaux Tapestries, it's from  
 ancient England and is currently  
 priceless. It's just a fragment but  
 we believe the rest is still out  
 there, somewhere.

TWIST  
 Don't you ever get troubled by  
 thieves, having all this kind of  
 stuff around? And especially with  
 so many occult things on your  
 books.

TRAVERS  
 We have an extensive security  
 system. Alarms, guards, magical  
 barriers, the works. Mr. Bagwell  
 takes all this very seriously,  
 nothing gets in or out of here  
 without us knowing!

TWIST  
 (cheeky grin)  
 His hiring policy seems to be  
 working, at least...

They walk forward a few more steps when Twist almost steps  
 straight into a sunbeam filtering down from an overhead  
 window. With a YELP she hops back.

TRAVERS  
 What's wrong?

TWIST  
 (evasively)  
 Huh? Oh, that. Er, nothing, I just  
 have, uh, very sensitive skin. Try  
 to stay out of sunlight, you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a beat before Travers smiles disarmingly again.

TRAVERS

Yes, I do, my sister's like that. A few minutes out in the sun and she goes a lovely shade of lobster.

TWIST

Heh, yep, that's me alright!

They walk on, but we notice Travers looking at Twist entirely differently, as though he's worked something out about her. The pair walk off camera.

19 INT. BAGWELL & STITCHLEY'S - OUTSIDE AUCTION. LATER. 19

Twist stands, looking around as she waits for Chris to file out with the others. She spots him and waves.

TWIST

What'cha get me?

CHRIS

Well, there was this antique Egyptian necklace that caught my eye...

TWIST

(claps hands excitedly)

Oo!

CHRIS

But when the bidding passed three million I thought I'd better stop.

TWIST

D'oh!

CHRIS

I managed to pick up some great finds though, like all these books on Australian mysticism, which you jus-

TWIST

(interrupts)

Fascinating. So, anyway, I met this sweet guy, and he showed me round the place, said anytime we're looking for something we should give him a call!

Twist takes a business card from her shirt pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST (cont'd)

Bill Travers. Seemed like a nice guy too. Very buff.

CHRIS

I might have known you'd find some way to pass the time...

TWIST

What? I wasn't going to stand around by myself if there was a cute guy I could be talking to, was I?

CHRIS

Bill Travers... I'm sure I know that name from somewhere...

TWIST

(snatches card back)

Well, he's my contact now, so nerr.

CHRIS

Whatever keeps you quiet. Come on, I need to go pay for my winnings.

TWIST

I don't want to know where you got the money from, do I...

CHRIS

No, you don't.

20

INT. BAGWELL &amp; STITCHLEY'S - BAGWELL'S OFFICE. DAY.

20

We're watching the corridor via a TV monitor as Chris and

Twist walk off it. Panning back, we see that the monitor is mounted into a desk in a plush office suite, and sat behind that desk is BAGWELL, the other owner of the auction house.

A tall, slim man with dark hair, a neatly trimmed beard and distinguished features, he looks a lot more like the power behind the operation than frail old Stitchley does downstairs. He studies the monitors for a few moments before turning to his side.

BAGWELL

And this girl, is she what we're looking for?

Travers, stood dutifully by his boss' side, nods.

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CONTINUED:

TRAVERS

Absolutely, sir. The readers picked her up as soon as she walked in, and when I went to talk to her I spotted a few things that confirmed it - she's a vampire. We're not sure about the man with her - I thought I recognised him but I'm not sure.

BAGWELL

Never mind. Concentrate your efforts on that girl. We only have one day before the trace will be lost, and then all our work will have been for nothing!

TRAVERS

I understand.

Bagwell hits a button to pause the screen as it shows a clear shot of Twist. His finger presses against the screen.

BAGWELL (V.O.)

Bring me that vampire.

We hold on the flickering freeze frame image of Twist.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

21 INT. BODIE'S - PENTHOUSE SUITE. NIGHT. 21

Chris has ten books spread on the bed in front of him as laptop flickers away, lighting up the concentration on his face as he makes copious amounts of notes.

Twist, conversely, is on the sofa, hugging her knees and flicking through the TV channels, not finding anything to watch. Twist stares out through the window.

CHRIS

If you're bored, you may as well go for a wander outside, I'm going to be tied up in here for a while yet.

TWIST

How long is a while?

CHRIS

(indicating the books)

Well, this one's written in Demi-Kurzan, which is a swine to translate anyway, but I've worked out that it's actually been badly translated from the original Sumerian, so I've got to cross reference it with these two other books, and so on and so on.

TWIST

Be still my unbeating heart.

CHRIS

You're going to have to learn more about this sooner or later, you know.

TWIST

It can wait. I'm not getting any older, and neither are you.

Twist heads over to the door, picking up her short black leather jacket and a wallet off the table.

CHRIS

(without looking up)

That's my wallet.

TWIST

I know. Mine's empty. See ya!

She leaves. Chris sighs and turns back to his books.

22 EXT. WASHINGTON - CITY CENTRE. NIGHT. 22

A happier look is on Twist's face as she walks into frames, tall buildings and neon lights all around her. She's a city girl and feels more at home here than stuck in a small hotel room. People mill around her as she crosses a road, losing herself in the crowds and window shopping, soaking up the early evening atmosphere.

23 EXT. WASHINGTON - ALLEY ENTRANCE. NIGHT. 23

She walks past the entrance to an alleyway between buildings and stops suddenly. She takes her Walkman headphones out and tucks it back in her jacket pocket before turning to face the alley, sniffing the air a few times and crinkling her nose up.

TWIST  
Uh-oh... trouble!

She jogs down the alley, disappearing into the darkness.

24 EXT. WASHINGTON - ALLEY. NIGHT. 24

We can just about make out Twist, eyes glinting in the darkness, and we hear the sounds of a struggle up ahead - a woman's cries for help and two male voices.

Next to two dumpsters and a lonely streetlamp, two street punks are harassing a young WOMAN. As Twist gets closer, we see their snarling faces - they are VAMPIRES, trying to get their next meal.

VAMP #1  
Come on honey, don't fight!

VAMP #2  
Yeah, it'll only hurt for a minute...

WOMAN  
Oh God, just let me go, please,  
I'll give you all my money, please...

TWIST (O.S.)  
Hey!!

The vamps look up.

Twist appears, walking slowly out of the darkness towards them. She does *not* look happy.

TWIST (cont'd)  
You heard the girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VAMP #1

Hey, lookit that, Petey, fresh meat!

VAMP #2

Alright, two for the price of one!

TWIST

Well, they say gentlemen prefer blondes, but you two ain't gentlemen...

With a HISS, Twist bares her own fangs. The woman whimpers in fear as the two vamps look surprised - they don't get attacked by their own kind very often.

TWIST (cont'd)

And I ain't your average blonde.

The first vamp jumps at her with a roar, she catches him in mid-air and SLAMS him face first into the alley wall.

As he drops, the second vamp throws the woman to the ground and steps forward, but Twist is already there, landing three quick punches and then grabbing the vamp's arm, wrenching it round and hurling him over her shoulder to THUD into one of the dumpsters.

TWIST (cont'd)

Come on! This is the most exercise I've had for days... Fight back!

With a look of terror, the vamps run off back down the alley. Twist throws her hands up in despair.

TWIST (cont'd)

Phooey. Punks!

She turns round to their intended victim, sprawled sobbing on the alley floor. Twist reaches out a hand, and the woman looks up at it with fear.

TWIST (cont'd)

Relax, I'm with the good guys. The rescue ought to have proved that!

The woman slowly reaches out and Twist helps her up.

WOMAN

T-Th-thank you...

TWIST

'S cool. It's what I do.

WOMAN

W-What are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST

Me? Vampire.

Twist realises she should have phrased that a bit better.

TWIST (cont'd)

A good vampire, trust me. There's a few of us around. I'm Twist. You are?

WOMAN

Josie. J-Josie Brown.

TWIST

Well then, J-Josie Brown, you'd best get home and keep more of an eye out for trouble in future. I'm not always going to be around to help you out.

JOSIE

Thank you, thank you. Do you know about the other attacks?

TWIST

Nope, what other attacks?

JOSIE

This has been happening for a few weeks now, people keep being mugged.

TWIST

Hate to break this to ya, but nothing new there, sweetheart!

JOSIE

It's different. They don't just get mugged, they get... they get killed.

TWIST

(puts fingers to jugular)  
Let me guess, two bite marks here?

JOSIE

It's been happening a lot lately, everyone around here's terrified about it. The police aren't doing anything about it either.

TWIST

They never do, they're not so hot with things they don't understand. Josie, you get yourself home, I'll check out what's going on here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Josie nods, gathers her bag from the floor and heads off, jogging out of the end of the alley and off screen.

TWIST (cont'd)

And *this* looks like a job for...

25

INT. BODIE'S - PENTHOUSE SUITE. NIGHT.

25

As before, Chris looking up from the books around him.

CHRIS

Vampire attacks?

TWIST

She said they'd been happening all over town. Could be a nest.

CHRIS

Twist, we don't have time for this.

TWIST

What do you mean, 'don't have time'? We're the good guys, aren't we?

CHRIS

Don't get any ideas, we don't go around doing that 'help the helpless' stuff. We've got a job to do and if we let everything that comes our way distract us, then we're never going to get finished.

TWIST

Screw that! I need all the help I can get with my rap sheet, and if I can pay back the world a little every time I help someone out, then you're damn sure that's what I'm gonna do! And you, my stuffy British friend, are going to help me, or I'm walking.

Twist sweeps the books off the bed, glaring right into Chris' face. They stare each other out for a few moments, before Chris sighs, bows his head, then nods.

TWIST (cont'd)

That's better!

CHRIS

I'm not a bad person, Twist. I'm sorry that people need help at all, but the reason I'm still on the road now is because I used to keep stopping to help people on the way.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS(cont'd)

when it's a job to get us some money, that's a different matter, but trying to be the good Samaritan in every city we pass through... That just doesn't work anymore.

TWIST

What changed?

Chris goes very quiet, and Twist rolls her eyes.

TWIST (cont'd)

I get it, long story. Never mind. Look, let's just do a sweep, if nothing turns up, we leave it. Deal?

CHRIS

Deal.

TWIST

Groovy. Now, what she said was-

CRASH! The room's windows burst inwards and the penthouse's door is kicked open. Two black clad ASSASSINS have just rappelled down the outside of the building and kicked their way inside, with two more in the doorway.

Chris and Twist look each way, then with one co-ordinated movement leap off the bed, Twist towards the door and Chris towards the window.

Chris leaps to the attack, trading blows with the first two assassins, who are brandishing taser sticks.

A jump kick slams the first attacker into the doorframe, and as he falls Twist takes a hit off the second.

TWIST (cont'd)

Ow! That just bought you a month of hospital food, creep!

They step to it - the attacker is fast but Twist's boosted vampire reflexes kick in as she vamps up and sends a flurry of punches, chops and jabs his way.

Chris scoops up a sword from the floor and swings it round, SLICING through the arm of one of his attackers and leaving it lying on the ground.

As that man yells and staggers backwards, clutching what's left of his arm, the second lunges forward with his taser, but Chris dodges and with an elbow to his chest knocks him to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Twist lands an uppercut to her attacker's jaw which sends the man staggering backwards, out into the corridor and then flat on his back. She turns back round to Chris.

The man with half an arm slumps to the floor, and as the man with the taser tries to zap Chris again, he grabs his hand, reverses the taser and tags the man with it.

Electricity courses over his body, and he judders before keeling over backwards to the ground, knocking the TV to the floor as he falls. Chris rolls his eyes and sighs.

CHRIS

They never just fall over, do they?  
They've always got to hit something  
on the way down...

TWIST (O.S.)

Chris! The other one!

Twist is pointing out through the doorway. Her first attacker is still slumped by the doorframe, but the one she knocked out into the corridor is missing.

TWIST (cont'd)

Goon number four got away, come on!  
*Vamos!*

She races out through the door after him. Chris makes it to the door, sword still in hand, and throws one glance back over the now wrecked room before following her.

26 INT. BODIE'S - STAIRS. NIGHT.

26

The assassin bounds down the stairs, taking three at a time as he runs for the exit. Seconds later, Twist leaps down the steps after him, closely followed by Chris.

27 INT. BODIE'S - RECEPTION. NIGHT.

27

Bodie, behind his desk, looks up as the assassin races past him and out through the main doors. He shouts out to Chris as the duo race past moments later.

BODIE

Hey, Chris! You better not have  
messed up that room!

CHRIS

(over his shoulder)  
I'll pay for it when I get back!

Chris and Twist exit. We stay on Bodie for a second as he mutters and picks up his newspaper again.

28 EXT. WASHINGTON - CITY CENTRE. NIGHT.

28

The man runs across a street and into one of the city's main avenues, barging people out of the way as he goes.

A car screeches to a halt to avoid him as he darts across a road, and he slides across the bumper to keep moving. Chris and Twist are visible in pursuit behind him.

TWIST

Why do they always have to run?

CHRIS

Must be in the job description!  
Come on, don't lose him!

29 EXT. BAGWELL & STITCHLEY'S - REAR ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

29

We're looking at the loading bay doors from a distance as our would-be assassin races up to the door, fumbles with a set of keys and then disappears inside. Staying on the doors, Chris and Twist lean into frame.

CHRIS

I wonder what he's doing here?

TWIST

Well, I'm no detective, but do you think maybe those goons work for Bag Lady and Stitch-Up, or whatever they're called?

CHRIS

Looks that way... Why were they after us, I wonder?

TWIST

You think they want their stuff back?

CHRIS

Could be, it'd be a good gig, wouldn't it? Sell rare items for millions of dollars at a time and then just steal them back and kill the people who won them.

TWIST

I hope eBay don't start doing that...

CHRIS

Come on, let's go take a look inside.

The duo scamper across the small gravel courtyard and up to the back door of the building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris tries the door handle but it's locked, so he steps back and whispers one magic phrase. We hear the lock CLICK.

TWIST

Show-off.

Chris puts a finger to his lips as they step inside.

30

INT. BAGWELL & STITCHLEY'S - CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

30

Chris and Twist pad silently along. They can see lights from underneath a service door at the end of the corridor, and they take up positions either side of it.

CHRIS

(whispers)

Ready?

TWIST

(whispers)

Ready.

(beat)

Wait, for what?

CHRIS

Well, I was going to bust the door open and see what's down there..

TWIST

Hadn't we better listen a little first? There could be another few dozen of those half-baked assassin guys down there, and even though they weren't that tough I don't fancy taking on a whole platoon of them!

CHRIS

Good point. Okay, give me a second.

Chris sits down on the floor, facing the wall. Twist looks on, wondering what he's doing.

His eyes are closed and he's subvocalising a long string of incantations as the camera draws close to him.

We head towards the wall, but just as we're about to hit it the wall fades away and the camera floats down and into the storeroom we saw in the Teaser.

31

INT. BAGWELL & STITCHLEY'S - BASEMENT. NIGHT.

31

We're watching the scene through the spell Chris has just cast, so the camera appears to be floating in mid-air, bobbing gently with a blurred effect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This time there are no hooded cultists in the basement, just Travers, on his knees marking out a fresh magic circle on the ground. He looks up as the assassin walks up to him, and the man tears off his balaclava, looking breathless.

TRIVERS  
You took your time.  
(beat)  
Where are the others?

ASSASSIN  
Gone. All of them.

TRIVERS  
Well, that's no good. Mr. Bagwell  
isn't going to like that at all!

ASSASSIN  
We surprised them, they were  
staying in this fleapit downtown so  
we just broke in, but...

TRIVERS  
But what?

ASSASIN  
They... fought back. Took Martin's  
arm straight off and beat Davies  
and Hartley to the floor in  
seconds.

Travers pauses as he considers this for a few moments.

TRIVERS  
What about the girl?

ASSASSIN  
That's who fought me. She's pretty  
feisty, you know! And she's-

TRIVERS  
She's perfect. She's all we'll need  
to complete the summoning.

ASSASSIN  
Yeah, well, vampire or no vampire,  
I don't get paid enough for this  
crap.

The man walks away, leaving Travers with a cheshire cat grin on his face.

32

INT. BAGWELL & STITCHLEY'S - CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

32

Chris' eyes snap open, and he lets out a breath and falls to the side a little, but Twist is there to keep him up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Well? What did you see?

Chris tries to catch his breath to answer.

CHRIS

I'm not sure, but I think we need  
to spend a little more time looking  
into this place..

Twist's head snaps round - two voices are approaching.

TWIST

Sounds like the night patrol -  
Travers told me they have a lot of  
magical protection over the goods  
in this place.

CHRIS

Let's make a strategic withdrawal  
then, I'll come back in the morning  
and look round.

Twist helps Chris to his feet and the two sneak back away  
down the corridor. Chris looks up towards the ceiling as they  
head out.

Chris missed one thing - the tiny camera mounted high in the  
ceiling that's watched their every move. It's red light  
blinks once.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

33 INT. BAGWELL'S OFFICE. MORNING. 33

Bagwell is sat behind his expensive-looking desk, sipping a coffee and reading the morning paper. He finishes the drink and throws the paper down on the desktop, standing and leaving the room.

We stay on the scene and look up towards the ceiling, aiming up at an air vent.

34 INT. AIR VENT. MORNING. 34

It's cramped up there, and Chris is stuffed uncomfortably inside. His bag lies in the tunnel next to him, and he retrieves a small electric screwdriver from it, beginning to carefully remove the bolts holding the grille in place.

He takes the last bolt out and puts the screwdriver away, bringing out a small glass ball with a glowing sphere of purple energy inside it.

35 INT. BAGWELL &amp; STITCHLEY'S - SECURITY. MORNING. 35

A guard sits with his feet up on the control desk, a small bank of video monitors opposite him, as he reads the paper and sips at his drink. He isn't paying attention to the wall of screens.

Close up on one screen, we see the camera is looking out over Bagwell's office. We see the grille start to move as Chris removes it, then a line of purple interference runs across the screen and everything is back to normal.

36 INT. BAGWELL'S OFFICE. MORNING. 36

Chris moves the grille out of the way and peers down into the room, scanning to make sure nobody is around.

He sees the desk with a closed laptop on top, Bagwell having left by the only door and locked it behind him.

Chris grins and lowers himself down out of the vent, letting go and dropping the last few feet to the floor, landing lightly on his feet.

He steps up to the desk, waves his hand over the laptop once and we see a green glow before he opens the laptop.

Bagwell's screensaver is an image of Britney Spears. Chris grins, tuts and shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

What is it with these would-be evil  
masterminds and their pop tarts?

With a few deft keystrokes he starts up the laptop, trying to open a few folders. Each attempt is met with a BEEP and an error message, and he frowns as he realises the terminal is locked. He closes his eyes, cracks his fingers and takes a deep breath.

A light green hazy glow starts to form around his fingers, and as Chris holds his hands over the keyboard, a pair of ghostly hands form out of the mist and start to rapidly type away at the keyboard.

After a few moments, a happy BLEEP is heard, and Chris opens his eyes to see that the spell has given him free access. He sits down to search through it, his brow creased with concentration.

37

INT. VAMPIRE NEST. DAY.

37

We're looking at the iron door from inside a run down old apartment building, graffiti scrawled on the walls and refuse littering the floors. Someone is KNOCKING on the door, and as the sound echoes around a rough looking VAMPIRE walks into frame. He mutters and opens the door.

VAMPIRE

Yeah, what?

A fist streaks into frame, clocking the vamp on his nose. He yells and stutters backwards.

Twist steps inside, shaded from the morning sun outside, but wearing shades nonetheless. A stake is in one hand.

TWIST

Three guesses. Avon ain't calling.

The vamp snarls at her, but she just raises an eyebrow and doesn't flinch. The vamp can sense that she's tougher than she looks and backs up a little.

Twist steps into a small, dirty room with a table covered with empty food cartons and a patchy sofa spread around the room. Twist paces up to the table and inspects one of the cartons.

TWIST (cont'd)

Chinese?

VAMP

(defensive)

Hey, I like the sauce! Business is  
slow, anyway, you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist picks up and sniffs one of the cartons. She nods - it does smell good, but she puts it back down and walks towards the vamp, who backs away nervously. He's quite small and not particularly fearsome.

TWIST

That's not why I'm here. I need some information.

VAMPIRE

What on?

TWIST

This is the only vamp nest round here. I know, because I've spent all morning checking, and I'm now tired and more than a little irritable. If I have to ask you a question twice, I will not be happy. Clear?

VAMP

G-go ahead, ask what you want.

The vamp nods and steps back again, tripping into one of the sofas and landing in its seat. Twist grins.

38

INT. BAGWELL'S OFFICE. MORNING.

38

Chris is still at work. The laptop screen shows several folders are open, and Chris' hand rests against his chin as he ponders what he's seeing.

CHRIS

What are you up to, Mr. Bagwell?

Chris hears voices outside and quickly closes the laptop, walking back up to stand beneath the air vent. With one superhuman jump he leaps upwards and catches on the edge of the grille, swinging himself up and out of sight just as the door opens and Bagwell and Travers walk back in.

Chris lowers the grille gently back into place but still looks out into the office. We see Bagwell sit down and Travers take the seat opposite.

BAGWELL

So our retrieval operation didn't go according to plan last night?

TRAVERS

No, sir. Our team was neutralised and returned empty-handed. Literally, in one of the cases.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAGWELL

And where is this Chris Berkeley now?

TRIVERS

We don't know, he's not at his original lodgings, we've had it under surveillance since the raid.

BAGWELL

Well then, Travers, I suggest you find him and the girl quickly. We have several business interests in the area that won't like the idea of some random do-gooder running around, getting in the way. We are rapidly running out of time and I do not want to explain to our employer why we failed in this task. Is that clear?

TRIVERS

Yes, sir.

BAGWELL

Good. You may go.

Travers gets up and leaves. Bagwell waits until he's out the door and then picks up his phone to make a call.

BAGWELL (cont'd)

I need your men to be ready for tonight. We may have someone in the area who could pose a problem.

(beat)

No, not at all. I intend to deal with it, but to be on the safe side I want everyone assembled here as planned.

Inside the vent, Chris breathes out, glad that the danger has passed, and starts to shimmy back down.

39

INT. VAMPIRE NEST. DAY.

39

Twist is at the table now, picking through what's left of the buffet there while the vamp sits nervously on the sofa, watching her every move. She has her stake lying on the table and the vamp's eyes keep flicking to it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

So let me get this right. You get paid to keep a lid on any other nests in the area, or anyone who might be stirring up trouble, as well as looking out for the auction house, and in return they help you find people to mug and eat?

VAMPIRE

That's about it. Mr. Bagwell knew we didn't need money as much as we needed food, so they said they'd help us with finding people in return for a little protection.

TWIST

Sounds like a decent little racket.

VAMPIRE

Pays the bills, you know.

TWIST

Where are the rest of your buddies? One person doesn't exactly qualify as a 'nest,' you know.

VAMPIRE

They're, uh, they're out. They leave me here on guard duty during the day. Most days, come to think of it.

The vampire looks a little sulky for a moment.

TWIST

(taps chest)

Oh, that whole 'team player' thing just gets me right here, you know?

VAMPIRE

(glares)

They have to report to Mr Bagwell. He tells them what to do and where to go in return for some meal tickets.

TWIST

What about that other guy, uh, Mr. Stitchley?

VAMPIRE

(snorts)

He's just some old guy. He doesn't know about anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Twist nods, picking at another box of food.

TWIST

Damn, this is good! You mind if I finish this?

VAMPIRE

Uh, yeah, whatever.

The vamp's eyes are still on the stake, which Twist has taken her eyes off to tuck into one of the cartons.

After a moment's hesitation, the vamp lunges out of the chair and towards the stake, but quick as a flash, Twist's hand grabs the stake and holds it up, driving it into the chest of the vamp as he leaps for it. She sighs.

TWIST

I'd have shared if you'd just asked...

The vamp gasps and slumps to the floor, and as he hits the deck Twist finishes the last mouthfuls of food, puts the carton down and heads back outside.

40

EXT. OUTSIDE VAMPIRE NEST. DAY.

40

Twist walks outside, sticking to the shadows. Her phone rings and she stops to answer it.

TWIST

*Konichi-wa?*

CHRIS

(filtered; through phone)  
What did you find?

TWIST

One junior vampire and a kick ass Chinese buffet.

CHRIS

I meant what did you find out.

TWIST

Oh, right. Bagwell's got the local vampires in his pocket, seems he sends victims their way in return for having them as hired muscle to keep the auction house safe from all harm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

That figures, I managed to get into his computer and I found plenty of business accounts with the local underworld. The auction house has a hand in everything from black market organs to contract killings!

TWIST

So what are we going to do?

CHRIS

I don't know, Twist, this is getting bigger than what we can handle.

TWIST

Don't be such a lightweight! What else are we going to do in town? Sit in that stinky room at Bodie's and try to translate those books? We can't even go back there now Bagwell knows where it is, we'd be fighting off goons every night!

CHRIS

You do have a point there...

TWIST

Of course I do. Now stop bitching and come meet me over at that groovy little bar we saw the other night.

CHRIS

Alright. See you there.

TWIST

Oh, and get me my luggage from Bodie's place, would ya? Thanks.

Twist hangs up before Chris can reply and walks on.

TWIST (cont'd)

That man... he's got no stomach for action sometimes!

41 INT. ARUNA BAR. DAY.

41

Chris and Twist are at one of the tables, Twist sipping from a double JD and Coke as Chris ponders the situation.

CHRIS

You're not going to get drunk on me, are you? You know I hate that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Relax, just a little Dutch courage.  
We are about to go bust up this  
auction place, after all, aren't  
we?

There's a long moment. Twist's expression darkens.

TWIST (cont'd)

Hey! Don't go all distant on me,  
soldier boy, stay focused.

CHRIS

I'm just... I don't want to get drawn  
off the trail again. Some of the  
things I'm finding in these books,  
they're breakthroughs it would have  
taken me years to find otherwise,  
and I know if I stick with them I  
can...

Twist looks distinctly unimpressed. Chris sighs.

CHRIS (cont'd)

I'm doing this for you, just make  
sure we're clear on that. And this  
is the last time I go off the  
record, too. From now on, we have  
one thing we concentrate on, and  
that's it.

TWIST

Scout's honour! No more  
distractions.

She sips her drink and the two exchange a look - and in that  
moment, they both know that this is far from being the last  
time they'll ever stop to help people in need.

CHRIS

Right. We need to work out why  
Bagwell is so interested in you,  
first of all. When I eavesdropped  
on Travers last night he was  
talking about you, it seemed quite  
important.

TWIST

(mock innocence)  
Li'l ol' me?

CHRIS

He said something about a  
'summoning,' and needing you for  
it. I didn't get any more than  
that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST

What do you suppose it is?

CHRIS

I don't know. There's plenty of rituals and spells that need a vampire, or the blood of a vampire to complete whatever they do.

TWIST

Well, gee whizz, lucky me...

CHRIS

So the important thing now, young lady, is not to let you out of my sight till we figure out what they want with you.

TWIST

Fine. You're the boss, after all. So go be all command-y and stuff. That *is* what you're good at!

CHRIS

Let's finish up in here, regroup and work out our next move.

42 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET. NIGHT.

42

Twist walks along one of the quieter streets, passing a few people and generally minding her own business.

Parked across the road is a black van, its windows tinted. It isn't moving but we can tell it's keeping an eye on our favourite vampire.

43 INT. BLACK VAN. NIGHT.

43

Travers is in the passenger seat, the remaining assassin next to him. Through the tinted windscreen we can see Twist strolling along the street.

ASSASSIN

So? Are we gonna go get her, or what?

Travers pauses for a few moments. Something about this seems to be bothering him, but he can't decide what. He makes his decision and sits up in the seat, nodding.

ASSASSIN (cont'd)

About damn time..

He starts the van up and rolls slowly down the street.

44 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET. NIGHT.

44

Twist has her Walkman on, and can't hear the van approaching. It rolls up alongside her, and then in a flurry of motion the doors slide open and two men reach out, grab her and manhandle her inside, the door slamming shut on her muffled shouts as the van tears off screen.

45 INT. BAGWELL & STITCHLEY'S - BASEMENT. NIGHT.

45

Four hooded men stand guard at each corner of the room, and there are also a few vampires around - added security.

With plenty of shouts and struggles, two men walk down with Twist held between them. There is a hood over her head, and each man holds a taser which they use to zap her every few moments, keeping her under control.

TWIST

(as she is zapped again)

Ow! Damn it! Stop doing that! Who are you, freakin' Raiden or something?

The men throw Twist to the ground in the middle of the floor, a few feet short of the edge of the circle. One of the men tears the hood from her head, and we see she's looking quite bruised already - they've obviously spent some time subduing her on the ride over.

Dressed in his crimson robes, Bagwell steps into frame, looking down on the bedraggled form of Twist with a cold, confident glare in his eyes. He allows himself a chuckle.

BAGWELL

And at last, the final ingredient in our little cocktail.

She flips Bagwell a defiant finger.

TWIST

Cocktail this, cult boy! What are you and your lackeys down here doing, praying that the aliens are gonna come and take you away? 'Cause, you know, you may be in a bit of trouble, because last I heard they only pick the best specimens on Earth, and...

(looks round)

Your sorry little squad of university dropouts just ain't gonna cut the mustard when they beam you up to the stars and roll out those anal probes.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST(cont'd)

Unless that's your thing, of course...

Bagwell's hand streaks out and SMACKS the side of Twist's head, wiping the insolent smirk off her face and knocking her to the ground. Twist's already taken a beating and hasn't had time to recover yet, but manages not to show it as she restores the grin as she picks herself back up.

BAGWELL

Keep your mouth shut, vampire, you haven't the slightest idea what you're about to be part of.

TWIST

Why don't you clue me in? I'd hate to not be a part of your game of 'Spot The Religious Freaks.'

Bagwell just grins and steps back as two of the hooded cultists step into frame and lift Twist to her feet, throwing her forward.

She stumbles inside the circle which glows once as she passes through it. Twist regains her composure and turns to face the two men, pissed.

TWIST (cont'd)

Alright, you two Jawas are toast!

She steps to the edge of the circle but bounces off the magic barrier, and after a few hits she realises she's trapped. Bagwell steps in front of the circle.

BAGWELL

You're about to help us accomplish a task that has troubled us for many years, Twist. A friend of ours is trapped somewhere and we want him back. And you're going to help us.

Twist bangs her fists angrily against the bubble-like barrier inside the circle.

TWIST

When I get out of here, I'm gonna ri-

STITCHLEY (O.S.)

Jonathan!

Bagwell rolls his eyes at the sound of his business partner's voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Stitchley comes hobbling down the stairs into the basement, looking around at the cultists, vampires, arcane symbols and finally the trapped Twist with a mixed look of horror and anger. Bagwell turns to face him.

BAGWELL

Get out of here, old man, you've got no business down here.

STITCHLEY

I can't let you do it! I can't let you use this place as a house for evil any more!

Bagwell nods his head to one of the vampires, who sneaks up on the oblivious Stitchley as he continues to rant.

BAGWELL

This hasn't been your house for a long time now, Edward. I only let you keep working here because good auctioneers are hard to find!

STITCHLEY

This is the last time you try anything down here, you hear me? I'm going straight to the police this time, and I'm going to make sure they lock you up for good, and I'll-

He doesn't get another word out, as one of the vampires grabs hold of him and BITES him. Stitchley struggles but falls to the floor, Bagwell watching him drop.

BAGWELL

Nice doing business with you, Edward.

Travers steps up next to him and hands him a small wooden artist's board with a dollop of dark brown paint and a brush. Bagwell takes the brush, dips it in the paint and starts to draw a symbol on the palm of his hand.

TWIST

Never had you figured as a Henna kind of guy... you listen to 'Ray Of Light' too many times or something?

BAGWELL

Keep talking, you've got time left to throw a last few insults my way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TWIST

Don't tell me. You're going to zap me with some kind of mystical spell blast and use what's left of me to open a portal, or summon a demon, or blah blah blah! Very unoriginal. You cults are all the same, always taking what you can't have and doing what you're not meant to!

Bagwell finishes drawing the symbol on his palm and hands the board back to Travers, who bows respectfully and walks away. Bagwell steps backwards from the circle.

TWIST (cont'd)

You ever wonder why all these rituals and spells and conjurations are so damn hard to pull off? It's because it's not meant for you! People like you are too weak to understand real power, it scares you.

Twist is starting to look worried now, but she tries to hide it with more insults. Bagwell looks unfazed by her attacks as he begins to mutter some incantations.

TWIST (cont'd)

Of course, being the Ivy League rejects you are, you guys are probably desperate to get your hands on any kind of power you can. Can't impress the chicks with your looks, why not try witchcraft and wizardry? Works for those three girls on 'Charmed' after all...

Bagwell holds up his hand, palm first, towards Twist. The symbol on his palm starts to glow with energy, building in intensity.

The magic circle around Twist starts to glow with the same kind of energy, and her hair starts to stand on end as it grows in power all around her.

TWIST (cont'd)

(panicked)

Chris!!

**BLACK OUT:****END OF ACT THREE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

46

INT. BAGWELL &amp; STITCHLEY'S - BASEMENT. NIGHT.

46

Twist is trapped inside the magic circle as the light inside it builds up to a blinding intensity, and Bagwell with his palm towards her, the symbol drawn on it glowing with power as he charges up the magics around Twist.

And then suddenly FWIP! A glint of metal flies past us at terrific speed, and Bagwell's hand falls away.

Bagwell stares down at his missing hand in shock for a few seconds as the storm of power inside the circle starts to dissipate. He looks to the floor.

His severed hand lies in a pool of blood, a razor sharp throwing knife blade next to it.

Bagwell looks up and around for the source of the knife.

Chris walks into the scene, a lopsided grin on his face.

CHRIS

Looks like you could use a hand!

TWIST

Well, it's about damn time!

CHRIS

Sorry, got here as quick as I could.

TRAVERS

You!

CHRIS

In the flesh. I'd ask for a round of applause, but...

TRAVERS

How did you know where to find us?

Chris smirks and starts to walk across the room towards them all. Twist pushes a hand forward and finds she can step out of the circle, the barrier dissolved away.

CHRIS

When Twist showed me your business card, I knew I remembered your name from somewhere. Then it hit me. Florida, 1988. Cult activities in the Orlando area. I helped bust up one of the operations down there, and you...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS(cont 'd)

(points)

Well, I remember seeing your name among the list of suspects. When someone has a list of crimes that include sacrificial killings, they tend to stick in your memory. I let Twist get picked up when I knew you were after her, and I followed her here. And now I can finish what I started back then.

Travers glowers at Chris, who keeps on walking forward. Twist cracks her knuckles expectantly. Bagwell suddenly realises what's happened to him.

BAGWELL

M- My... My...  
 (anger hits; adrenaline  
 kicks in)  
 Kill them!!

The hooded cultists rush for Twist as the vampire bodyguards head for Chris. One of them rushes past Bagwell but he grabs hold of him, and he and Travers drag the vamp away up the stairs.

Travers stoops to pick up Bagwell's severed hand as the trio make their exit back up the stairs.

Chris slices into the four vamps attacking him with blinding speed, hacking left and right and sending two vamps crumbling to dust.

One lands a hit and Chris drops one of the swords, but he spins the other round and takes the vamp's head off. As that vamp expires, the final attacker kicks him and he falls to the ground.

Two of the cultists rush Twist, but she grabs one and swings him into the other, sending both to the floor.

TWIST

Learnt that from Hulk Hogan!

The remaining two cultists try some clumsy punches but she dodges them, tripping one up and grabbing the arm of another, twisting his arm round and punching him a few times in the stomach.

Chris flips up to his feet and he and the vamp circle one another. The vamp lunges forward but Chris ducks down.

A hidden spring-mounted stake pops out from his sleeve.

Chris slams the stake into the vamp hunched over him, who keels backwards with a groan of pain. Chris stands and resets the stake, picking his sword up from the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Twist is toe to toe with cultist #4 as Chris jogs over.

CHRIS  
Need any help?

TWIST  
Nah, I got it.

She blocks one of his punches and brings a knee up into his groin. Chris winces in sympathy as the cultist sags slowly to his knees. Twist fells him with one last punch and he joins his friends, sprawled on the floor.

CHRIS  
You are *ruthless*, you know that?

TWIST  
Hey, they had it coming.

CHRIS  
Let's move, Bagwell got away.

The duo head for the stairs.

47 INT. BAGWELL'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

47

We're inside the office as the door bursts open and a breathless Travers ushers in. He holds the door open as Bagwell stumbles in, followed by the last remaining vampire.

Travers has Bagwell's hand cradled in the sleeve of his robe, and Bagwell looks pale, shock and blood loss starting to take their toll. He falls into his chair as Travers tries to wipe his brow. Bagwell swats him away.

BAGWELL  
Get away from me, you idiot!

TRAVERS  
Sorry sir, I was just-

BAGWELL  
Just nothing!  
(beat; exhausted)  
The spell is still active, we just need to complete it.

TRAVERS  
But the circle... don't we need to-

BAGWELL  
Give me my hand back!

Bagwell snatches up his hand and stands, trying to summon the last of his strength.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath to calm himself. He steps over to the vampire by the door, who is ready to fight if Chris shows up.

VAMPIRE

Come on, they'll be here any- Hey!

He doesn't say any more as Bagwell reaches out with his severed hand and clamps it onto the vampire's forehead. The vamp SCREAMS in pain as yellow energy starts to cascade from the hand all over him.

BAGWELL

There's always more than one way to do these things.

48 INT. BAGWELL & STITCHLEY'S - CORRIDOR. NIGHT. 48

Chris and Twist race along the corridor, following drops of blood on the ground towards Bagwell's office. They see the yellow glow of energy through the frosted glass in the door up ahead.

The silhouette of Bagwell, hand on the vampire's forehead, and the vamp convulsing with pain, can be seen through the door. Chris throws a serious look back at Twist.

CHRIS

We're too late!

49 INT. BAGWELL'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 49

Chris kicks the door open to see Bagwell and the vampire.

The vampire makes one last yell and BURNS to ashes, leaving only his skull behind, welded to Bagwell's hand. Bagwell catches it with his free hand.

BAGWELL

Travers! Hold them off.

TRAVERS

Yes sir, I-

(beat)

What?!

Bagwell steps up to one of the wood panels that line his office, and with a tap it slides away to reveal a hidden passageway. Chris lunges for Bagwell but Travers blocks him and the two clatter to the floor. Twist hops over the two of them and heads for the passage.

An invisible bolt of energy hits Twist and throws her backwards. She connects with the desk and rolls across it, landing in a heap on the far side of the office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The panel slides shut again, and then a gout of flame sparks up all around it, a defence mechanism to stop anyone following Bagwell through it.

Chris groans as he realises Bagwell has escaped. He stands and calls to Twist, who is picking herself up.

CHRIS

Let's go!

Twist groans and puts a hand to her head.

TWIST

(off Travers)

What about him?

Chris looks down. Travers is starting to get up, a furious look on his face. Chris sighs, PUNCHES Travers once in the face and hefts up his unconscious body and throws him over his shoulder. Twist raises an eyebrow at him as smoke begins to fill the room.

CHRIS

What? I can't just leave him here!

TWIST

You are such a boy scout  
sometimes...

Chris just tuts and heads back out through the door, knocking Travers' head off the doorframe as he goes.

TWIST (cont'd)

Ha! Nice move, Fireman Sam!

The two head out as flames lick up to fill the screen.

50

EXT. BAGWELL & STITCHLEY'S - STREET OUTSIDE. NIGHT.

50

Chris and Twist watch from across the street as fire rages across the auction house, two fire engines pulled up outside to try and combat the blaze. People mill around, watching the fire crews at work as two firemen on ladders from the backs of the trucks spray water at the burning building.

A little soot blackened but otherwise okay, Chris looks sad as he watches the flames burn away.

CHRIS

What a waste.

TWIST

What of?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

All those books! Those artefacts, those hundreds of things they had kept down there. They'll probably be burned to a crisp by the time they put that fire out.

TWIST

At least it looks nice.

CHRIS

What, the fire?

TWIST

No, the glorious sight of two whole crews of wonderful, sweaty firemen in action.

Chris grins and shakes his head. We hear a groan off camera, and they both turn to look behind them.

The slumped form of Travers is stirring behind them, lying slumped on the grassy ground next to the sidewalk.

TWIST (cont'd)

What about him?

CHRIS

Leave him here. The police are nosing around, they'll pick him up and then he can try to explain to them what happened.

TWIST

Now that is the best thing I've heard you say all day.

CHRIS

Let's get out of here.

TWIST (O.S.)

And that would be the other best thing!

They exit, leaving the fire crew to their work.

51 INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

51

Twist is dozing on one of the two beds in the motel room as Chris sits cross-legged on the other, the books from the auction spread out around him. His laptop is on and he is doing the same read/check/scribble/cross-reference routine as earlier.

Twist is talking in her sleep, but we can't really hear what she's saying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris looks over to her and grins, before picking up a small dictaphone and speaking into it as he reads.

CHRIS

One last note - I've just read a section that makes a reference to something I haven't come across before, some kind of a 'machine' or 'device' that seems to indicate it has the power to heal. It isn't clear what this machine can actually heal, however, so for all I know it's a medieval fingernail trimmer. Still worth finding more out about, however. So with the time rapidly approaching...

(checks watch)

Half past four, I'm going to get some sleep. Twist's out already, bless her, she's had a busy night.

Chris clicks the dictaphone to stop and puts it down on the bedside table, clearing enough space away for him to curl up on top of the bed and close his eyes to sleep.

52

INT. EMPTY OFFICE. NIGHT.

52

Empty and dark, with tables and chairs neatly packed away except for two in front of us. A little light comes in through the boarded up windows opposite us. We hear movement off camera, and Bagwell steps into frame, one arm bandaged and strapped against his chest with the missing hand wrapped up at the wrist.

He's marking out a magic circle on the floor before him, a smaller one than the one from the basement. Once it's finished, he reaches behind him and carefully places the five vampire skulls down at points on the circle and steps back. With a wave of his arms, he conjures a field of energy in the air before him.

The room starts to vibrate - winds kick up, disturbing what little furniture there is and rattling the boards in the windows.

BAGWELL

Liberate tecum ex infernis!

Bagwell makes one final gesture, and with a crack of thunder a naked MAN appears out of the air and thuds into the ground. Bagwell kneels down and places a hand on the shaking man's shoulder.

BAGWELL (cont'd)

Welcome back, Lambert.

DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bagwell ushers in Lambert and leads him to sit down in one of the chairs. He's a muscular-looking man, looking like he's been in the wars with scars, cuts, wounds and bruises covering his visible body as Bagwell returns he drapes a blanket over his shoulders. The man swats Bagwell away irritatedly, and he recoils, obviously in some fear of the new arrival.

BAGWELL (cont'd)

I'm so sorry, sir, I'd never have chosen her for the ritual if I'd known she was the one you were here to collect-

LAMBERT

Save it. Just leave me to find Twist McFadden, and I'll drag her back to Hell myself.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**