

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

"As Soon On TV"

by
Lee A. Chrimes

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT.

1

TWIST runs into frame, looking as though she's been running for a while, and pretty beaten up, with cuts and gashes all over. She throws glances over her shoulder, before she comes to a stop outside a TV store, hands on her thighs as she gulps air in gratefully.

The network of televisions looking out from inside the shop are all watching some news station or other. As Twist looks around behind her again, the TV screens start to switch to show a shaky camera shot of someone standing outside a TV store - someone who looks a lot like Twist! We zoom forward slowly, through the glass frontage of the store to be close enough to listen to one of the TVs.

NEWS ANCHOR

And this is the scene now, live from downtown, as this incredible disturbance carries on. The woman in question seems to be out of trouble for now, but whoever it was that was fighting her, well, they sure knew some moves!

Twist notices something and glances across the street.

Parked across the street from her is a news van, a cameraman leaning awkwardly out of the passenger window to film her.

Twist groans as she spots them and starts running again. In the background we see the cameraman point frantically to the driver, and the van starts and drives after her.

2 EXT. PARK. NIGHT.

2

Twist runs into a small park, one long, circular road around a lake with trees either side and benches by the side of the road. She looks over her shoulder.

We see the news van screech to a halt at the entrance to the park, and the driver and cameraman hurry to get out and follow her.

TWIST

(mutters)

Vultures...

She starts running again. She manages to get to a more shaded area when SLAM! A fist flies out at her from off camera and she is knocked to the ground. She dabs her chin - her lip is split and a trickle of blood runs down her face. She looks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a tall, muscular man standing before her, the assassin LAMBERT, covered by the shadows of the trees. He is wearing a black sleeveless shirt and sweatpants, with no shoes or socks. He glares down malevolently at Twist. She picks herself back up, keeping a wary eye on him.

TWIST (cont'd)

Look, Ryu, whoever you are or whatever you want, I don't have time for it right now! Our bitch slapping back there got the local news on our tail, and that means the cops'll be here before too long, so unless-

CRACK! Lambert's leg lashes out and connects with her square in the gut. Twist drops, the wind knocked out of her, but rolls to the side to avoid his foot as he snaps it down into the earth, missing her head by inches.

She hops up again and jabs a few punches at him, which he blocks, before she swings her leg round suddenly and catches him off-balance. As the man hits the floor, Twist leaps over him and starts running out of the park.

3

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PARK. NIGHT.

3

Twist runs out into the street to the sound of approaching police sirens.

Lambert sprints out after her. We stay with him as the sound of sirens becomes much louder. He stops and glances to his right.

Lights flashing and siren wailing, the police car screeches to a halt to try and avoid him. No good. THUD! Lambert bounces off the bonnet of the car, cracking the windscreen and landing in a heap on the floor.

Across the street, Twist has stopped to watch the scene, still gasping for breath.

The two officers jump out of their car and walk round to the unmoving man. One checks the damage on the windscreen, as the other kneels down to check Lambert's neck for a pulse.

Lambert's hand streaks up and GRABS him round the neck.

The camera crew come running into frame from inside the park, but are felled as the body of the first cop flies through the air with a shout, hitting them and knocking all three men to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lambert gets to his feet, grabs the second cop who is too stunned to react, and with a sickening CRUNCH smashes his head into the car's bonnet. He looks up and across the street to Twist.

She gasps and starts running, on towards more city streets up ahead.

The cameraman and driver struggle to push the unconscious body of the cop off them.

DRIVER

Did you get it?

CAMERAMAN

I got it, I got it, I just don't know what it was I got!

DRIVER

Never mind, I'll get the van so we can keep after them. Stay with them!

The driver stands and runs off screen.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 EXT. ORLANDO - CITY STREET. EARLY EVENING. 4

TITLE OVER - ORLANDO, FLORIDA. FOUR HOURS EARLIER.

CHRIS and Twist are walking past a small shopping mall, bags on shoulders. The sun is setting so Twist is safe from it, wearing her shades as the duo weave between the last few shoppers of the day.

TWIST

And you're sure this woman can help?

CHRIS

Reasonably sure. I mean, Brenda and I haven't spoken for a good few years now, but she said she'd always be around if I needed her help.

TWIST

Mm-hmm. And what makes you so positive she's a real mystic? I mean, call me paranoid, but you don't find many actual, empowered fortune tellers and soothsayers hanging out in pleasant urban shopping malls.

CHRIS

Best place to hide is in the middle of a crowd, that's what she says. By mixing with all the local Psychic Network nutters around here, she attracts about as much attention as Keith Richards at an AA meeting.

TWIST

If you say so. But one sign of her needing any palms crossed with silver, and I'm out of here.

CHRIS

Don't worry, I'm with you on that one. Whatever Bagwell was up to with that 'summoning' spell he was after, I'd rather not waste too much time finding out who or what he summoned.

They come to a stop at the end of one of the quieter

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

sections of the mall - the shops spread upwards for two levels via small staircases. A variety of garishly coloured neon signs advertise the services on offer.

Twist slips her sunglasses down and raises an eyebrow at the tacky display before them.

TWIST

You have *got* to be kidding..

CHRIS

Would I bring us all this way just for the sake of it?

Twist throws him a look, pushes her shades back up, and with a disgruntled look on her face walks after him.

5 INT. BRENDA'S SHOP - MAIN ROOM. EARLY EVENING.

5

Chris opens the door into the small, cluttered shop - the walls and ceiling are covered with drapes, with muted lighting bathing the room in a dim glow. A beaded curtain hangs over a doorway into the back room, trinkets adorn the walls on several badly-lined shelves, and the flashes of neon light from outside just make the whole place look what it is - cheap and nasty.

Twist looks round the room as Chris reaches up and flicks the bell over the door once make it ring.

There is a rustling from the room on the other side, and moments later Madame BRENDA BOSWORTH steps out into view. Brenda is a middle aged woman with long, curly blonde hair, a lined but pretty face and a slim figure. She's dressed in about four different layers of sarongs.

BRENDA

Christopher. My darling! How are you?

She steps forward and hugs him, Chris hugs back as Twist smirks to herself.

CHRIS

I'm fine, Brenda. Feeling old.

BRENDA

Oh, you!

CHRIS

Brenda, I'd like you to meet my associate, Twist.

Twist waves as Brenda looks her up and down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENDA

You're the one, then! Chris told me about you, glad to meet you at last.

Twist looks over at Chris, who is looking like his secrets are being spilled.

TWIST

Well, here I am. Keeping him out of trouble as best I can.

BRENDA

I bet you do... Well! Come on through, both of you, you've got a lot to ask me, I know.

TWIST

You know? So you are psychic, then?

BRENDA

A little. But Chris called me a few hours ago and told me as well.

She heads back through the curtain. Chris chuckles, and Twist hits him on the arm as they step through after her.

6 INT. BRENDA'S SHOP - BACK ROOM. EARLY EVENING.

6

The back room of the shop follows the new age décor of the front - one round table in the middle of the room with a high backed wooden chair on one side, two less elaborate chairs on the other. A crystal ball covered by a cloth sits on the table, and bookcases fill the wall behind the chair. Brenda sits and pushes her hair back behind her ears, motioning for Chris and Twist to sit.

BRENDA

Alright, let's see what we can see.

CHRIS

Thanks for doing this for us, Bren.

BRENDA

Don't worry about it, always here when a friend needs my help. Remember that time you were having all that trouble with those grabblax, over in, where was it?

CHRIS

In Portland, yes! That could have turned nasty..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENDA

When one used a Detrixio
incantation on you... oh, I could
have died!

Twist watches the two laugh about the in-joke for a few moments before rolling her eyes and interrupting.

TWIST

Not wanting to break up the amazing
reunion you and Ota May here are
having, but we have work to do!

Brenda settles down as Chris glares at Twist, who shrugs defensively. Brenda takes the cloth off from the crystal ball and holds her hands above it, her eyes closed.

BRENDA

Just let me warm this thing up.

TWIST

Do those actually do anything?
Always figured they were just for
show.

BRENDA

It's a focus, dearie. Something to
concentrate on, so I can draw the
spirits together a bit better.

Brenda starts to hum under her breath, frowning as she concentrates, and Twist raises a sceptical eyebrow before a white mist starts to form in the air above them.

BRENDA (cont'd)

Forces that watch o'er the living
at night, grant me the gift of the
second sight. Make things clear
then disappear, focus your
thoughts and show no fear.

The mist grows and fills most of the ceiling, and large droplets of it starts to form in the air above them.

CHRIS

What do you see?

Brenda's eyes are still closed. Blurry images fade in and out of the droplets of white mist in the air around her.

BRENDA

A spell. Powerful magic, it needed
sacrifice. Not human, though,
something dark. Vampires.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

Bagwell was going to do something to Twist, he was after her soon as they realised she was a vamp.

TWIST

Yeah, how come they didn't want you?

CHRIS

Probably because I'm not a hundred percent vampire. They must have needed a pureblood, so to speak.

BRENDA

They needed five... the last one was taken into the flames...

(beat)

No, the last one was taken, and then the taker went into flames.

CHRIS

Bagwell burned down his base after zapping one of his bodyguards to get the last skull he needed.

TWIST

Why are you telling her this? Isn't she supposed to be the psychic one?

BRENDA

It clears things up, makes the rest easier to see, dear.

CHRIS

What did they need the vampires for? His aide mentioned a 'summoning,' but for what I don't know.

The droplets of mist turn black, flashes of red lighting them from within.

BRENDA

It was...

(beat)

Something nasty.

TWIST

'Nasty'? Can you be a bit more specific?

BRENDA

This isn't an exact science!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Chris holds a finger to his lips for Twist to be quiet. With a sulky look she leans back and shuts up.

CHRIS

Sorry, Bren.

BRENDA

That's alright, you were that young and impetuous once! Now then. The person they brought back... Someone dangerous. Someone... dead?

CHRIS

Dead? Where did they get him from?

BRENDA

I can't quite see... they used a spell I recognise, but they needed a lot of power to do it... power they took from the skulls... and-

She GASPS suddenly and her eyes flick open, and as they do the droplets of black mist around her burst into FLAMES and disappear.

Chris and Twist jump back, alarmed, but settle back down as Brenda catches her breath and the white mist overhead fades away.

TWIST

What the hell just happened?

BRENDA

(breathless)

I saw it...

CHRIS

Saw what?

BRENDA

Where he was from...

TWIST

So it's a 'He' then? We're getting somewhere after all...

CHRIS

(ignoring Twist)

Brenda, what did they bring back?

BRENDA

Someone strong. But not from just anywhere. No, they needed all that power because they brought that man straight out of the fires of Hell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Chris sits back for a moment as this sinks in. Dramatic music starts, before Twist speaks and breaks the moment.

TWIST

Aah, been there, got the t-shirt already. So what else did you see?

BRENDA

Give me a minute, my dear, that took a lot out of me!

CHRIS

We'll go and wait out in the front while you compose yourself.

Chris stands up and nods towards the curtain. Twist gets up and follows him. We stay on Brenda for a moment as they disappear with a rustle through the beads, and she sits, woozy, with her head in her hands.

7

INT. BRENDA'S SHOP - MAIN ROOM. LATER.

7

Brenda reappears through the curtain, smile back in place and the colour restored to her cheeks. Twist quickly tries to replace the figurine she was examining, putting it back on its shelf with a loud thud.

CHRIS

Are you alright? I'm sorry if that gave you any bad feedback, but like I said, we don't know what we're dealing with here.

BRENDA

That's okay. Occupational hazard. The man you're looking for is well-built, of average height, probably dark-haired and possessed of an intensity of purpose I haven't seen for some time... Not since I first met you!

CHRIS

Why is he here?

BRENDA

That's not clear, but it does involve you two somehow. I think he's going to be looking for you. He seems to be powerful now as well, probably more than he was when he was alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

(not looking too happy)
So what, he's come all the way back
from Hell to get us?

BRENDA

I'm afraid it looks that way.

CHRIS

We should probably keep moving,
it'll be harder for him to track
us.

BRENDA

You should stay here for a night at
least, I'll have another go at this
in the morning and see if I can
tell you anything new. You can use
my old apartment if you want.

CHRIS

Is that okay?

BRENDA

(throws him a pair of
keys)

Of course it is. I spend all my
time here now, the place is empty.
It'll do for a one night stop off!

CHRIS

Great. Well, looks like we'd best
be going, if we've got some escaped
fiend on our tails the last thing I
want to do is lead him here!

Chris leans forward and hugs Brenda again as Twist opens the
door and steps outside.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Thanks for everything, Brenda.

BRENDA

You take care, Christopher. And
take care of her, as well.

He leaves. Brenda watches them go, then disappears back
through the bead curtain.

8

EXT. OUTSIDE BRENDA'S. EARLY EVENING.

8

Chris and Twist walk down the staircase leading back to the
main mall. Chris has a pensive look on his face, and Twist
nudges him as she hops down the steps behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

'S matter with you?

CHRIS

We were just told an assassin has been summoned out of Hell and may well be making a beeline right for us, so I think I'm allowed to look a little concerned!

TWIST

We've fought tougher. Remember that big thing with the tentacles we took out in Peru a few days ago?

CHRIS

How could I forget! Bloody thing looked like Cthulu on steroids..

TWIST

Yeah, and we took him out all by ourselves, so why should one single, solitary hunter thingy give us any reason to go crying back to mommy?

CHRIS

I'm just getting a bad feeling in my bones about this one.

TWIST

Stop whining and get me an ice cream. I sat through The Great Beyondo's little show, now you owe me.

Twist heads off down the street and Chris follows.

9

INT. HOTEL ROOM. EARLY EVENING.

9

We're in a low budget hotel room, the blinds drawn against the last traces of sunlight outside. We pan across and see that the room has barely been touched, but there are dozens of photographs and pictures stuck clumsily to the walls, but it's too dark to see them.

A sword blade suddenly snaps into frame. We pan along it and see that it's being held out in a combat stance by someone. As they draw the sword back to adopt a kata pose, we see that it's Lambert again. He swings the blade toward the camera quickly, and from that we:

BLACK OUT:**END OF ACT ONE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10 INT. ICE CREAM PARLOUR. NIGHT.

10

Chris and Twist are inside a diner, families occupying the booths either side of them as the night starts to set in outside. Chris watches Twist with a bemused look as she tucks in to a huge ice cream sundae.

CHRIS

I've always wondered, why do you like to eat so much?

TWIST

(through mouthful)

Mm?

CHRIS

Well, you're a vampire, obviously.

TWIST

(still eating)

Mm-hmm.

CHRIS

And vampires tend to stop getting hungry for human food when the need for blood jumps to the top of their shopping list. I still eat because I'm not as dependent on blood, that much I do know. But I've never worked out why you love to eat so much.

TWIST

Me either. Maybe it's different for every vampire?

CHRIS

Maybe.

TWIST

Look at it this way - who else are you going to be able to share a pizza with if I don't eat with you? And those big ninja two-person desserts don't just digest themselves!

CHRIS

I suppose not...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Right. Now let me finish and then we can head off, there's a movie premiere in town I want to gatecrash.

Chris raises an eyebrow as Twist slurps another spoonful of dessert away.

11

EXT. OUTSIDE CINEMA. NIGHT.

11

A big movie premiere is kicking off, with crowds of yelling fans divided either side of the red carpet approach to the theatre. Photographers cluster round a black limo that pulls into frame, and the crowd CHEER as some handsome actor and his date step out, wave to the fans and then make their way inside.

We pan across a little to the right and pick up the TV crew from the teaser, with the anchor, a pretty young reporter with short dark hair, CAROLYN.

CAROLYN

Alright, we ready to go? And on in five, four, three...

(beat)

We're here outside the O'Neill Multiplex downtown, and as you can hear from the crowd around me, tonight's premiere for 'Alabama Blood Feud' is going to set a new record for decibel levels! We'll be here all night as the rest of the cast show up, before taking you inside the show for exclusive interviews!

(beat)

That'll do. Okay, let's get set up over there, we'll try the opposite angle as the other cars show up.

The cameraman walks away after the anchor. We pan back and pick up Chris and Twist as they walk into frame, Twist on tiptoes to try and catch a glimpse of the stars.

CHRIS

Do we really have to stay here? I'd rather not be out in public until I can find out more about whoever's after us.

TWIST

Alright, compromise. You go back to Brenda's old place and go through your books, I'll stay here and see if I can get some autographs.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST(cont'd)

If our bad guy shows up, I come
find you. Deal?

Chris knows she's going to stay whatever he says, so he just
nods and walks off. He calls back out as he leaves.

CHRIS

Oh, and Twist?

TWIST

Yeah?

CHRIS

Be careful.

TWIST

Like a nun in a sports bar, chief!

She turns and starts to slip through the crowd.

12 INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

12

We're in Lambert's room again, and this time the TV's sound
is on as we pan across the room. We zoom in on the TV to
watch the news report on there.

TV (ANCHOR)

And now we go live to Carolyn Sweet
at the premiere... Carolyn, what's
the scene like down there?

TV (CAROLYN) (cont'd)

Well Jim, the night is young and
there's still plenty to see yet,
with some of Tinseltown's biggest
names here for the movie!

Lambert walks into frame, stripped to the waist and towelling
himself down from a wash. Most of his upper body is covered
with intricate tattoos and symbols, along with a fair few
scars. He watches the TV with mild interest until something
catches his eye. He leans in closer to the screen for a
better look.

On the screen, we can see the camera is scanning across the
crowds of cheering fans, and quite clearly waving and
shouting in the front row is Twist. She spots the camera and
waves to that as well.

Lambert's eyes narrow before he grins.

13 INT. BRENDA'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

13

Chris pulls a dust cover off an old sofa and scrapes it along
the wooden floor to the centre of the room. He switches on
the old TV set, and a little play with the aerial produces a
decent signal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris lays his bag down on the sofa and opens it to reveal his occult texts. Laying them down one at a time on the floor, he sets himself up for an evening's study. The TV is showing the report of the premiere Twist is at.

14 EXT. OUTSIDE CINEMA. NIGHT. 14

A wide shot, looking towards a building in the upper left of the frame as the crowd of fans and brightly lit cinema canopy occupy the bottom right corner. We can see a black clad figure making its way across the rooftop.

We pan back down and pick up Twist, joining in with the fans. Another black limo pulls up and the cheering steps up a decibel or two.

A dozen camera flashes illuminate the scene as an elegant, tall actress steps out, wearing a long white dress and flashing a dazzling smile to the crowds.

Twist tries to recognise the actress but fails, so she turns to the woman next to her.

TWIST
Who's that again?

WOMAN
(hysterical)
It's... it's... oh my god! Oh my god!

TWIST
Uh, great... thanks.

Twist realises she won't get any sense out of the woman and settles for waving at the actress as she walks past.

TWIST (cont'd)
(quietly)
Heh, I am way prettier than her..

15 EXT. STREET - NEAR CINEMA. NIGHT. 15

We're looking towards the premiere crowd ahead, from about fifty yards down the street. A figure drops silently into frame, standing from a crouch and walking steadily towards the crowd of fans up ahead.

16 EXT. OUTSIDE CINEMA. NIGHT. 16

Twist looks up and down the red carpeted entrance to the cinema, and sees that no-one else is due to arrive. The camera crew are to the right, wrapping up this segment of their coverage, and the fans are beginning to drift away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Well, looks like the show's over,
kids. Time for bed.

Twist turns to walk away and freezes.

Standing impassively about ten feet away is the brooding form of Lambert, the man Bagwell summoned from Hell. The crowd moves either side of him, and he looks up slowly and makes eye contact with Twist.

She stops as she realises this is the man who's been brought in to get her and Chris. She tries a bluff.

TWIST (cont'd)

'Scuse me, I was just on my way
back-

17

EXT. OUTSIDE CINEMA - NEWS VAN. NIGHT.

17

We're with the crew as the anchor finishes her report.

CAROLYN

And so that wraps up this evening's
coverage for now, we'll be back at
10 to bring you all the live
interviews and first reactions from
the cast. This is Carolyn Sweet for
OCTV.

She holds the microphone down and the cameraman switches the camera off. Carolyn opens her mouth to speak when there is a chorus of SCREAMS from behind her, and she spins round.

Twist flies out of the crowd to the sound of an audible SMACK! She sails clean through the air and lands with a painful THUD on the roof of the news van.

People scream and start to run for cover as Lambert steps coolly over the guard rail after her.

Twist groans as she picks herself up off the dented roof.

TWIST

Always knew TV was bad for me...

A hand snakes into shot and grabs her ankle, and with a yelp she is dragged off the roof and down onto the floor.

She kicks out with her free leg and catches Lambert, and with a neat half-roll is on her feet again. She squares off against the imposing assassin the only way she knows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST (cont'd)

So, you must be this Hell's
Assassin we've been hearing so much
about! Well let me tell you, pal,
I've squared up to creatures twice
your size, things so ugly they'd
scare a beauty queen into having an
IQ, and you ain't even in their
league!

In the background, fighting their way past the hordes of rapidly fleeing fans, the news crew are trying to get their camera up to capture the scene. Twist's eyes flick towards them, realising she needs to make a quick exit.

18 INT. BRENDA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

18

Chris glances up at the TV from his books and stares in shock at the scene unfolding - the fleeing crowds, and Twist facing off to the powerful Lambert. He grabs the remote and cranks up the volume.

TV (ANCHOR)

And so we're back with the premiere
as this incredible scene unfolds
right before our eyes...

As Chris watches, the shaky camera shot shows Lambert landing a few square blows on Twist, sending her reeling. The two fight off camera, and the crew start to edge forward to try and keep an eye on them both.

CHRIS

Oh, no...

Chris leaps up and races out of the apartment.

19 EXT. STREET CAFÉ. NIGHT.

19

SLAM! Twist flies into frame and into the tables and chairs outside a café, scattering the furniture and the evening diners. As people run from the scene, Lambert strides purposefully into frame, grabs Twist by her hair and lifts her to her feet.

Twist cries out in pain as he spins her round and THROWS her through the glass window in the front of the shop.

20 INT. CAFÉ. NIGHT.

20

With a slow motion CRASH, Twist blows through the glass, landing with a thud on one of the larger tables inside. The terrified patrons scream and run for the doors as the battered-looking Twist picks herself up again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The broken glass crunches beneath Lambert's feet as he steps slowly into the shop.

Cut and bloody, Twist shakes her head to try and clear it, and dabs gingerly at a cut running down her cheek.

TWIST

You never got your head round that whole 'don't hit girls' thing, huh?

Lambert is silent; impassive and cold, he stares across at her, daring her to make the next move. Behind Twist, we can hear the hushed voices and footsteps of the last few staff members making their way out.

In the background, the camera crew sneak into frame, covering the action as the fight steps up a notch.

LAMBERT

You shouldn't be here.

TWIST

Orlando?

LAMBERT

On Earth.

TWIST

Oh. Fair enough...

Lambert starts to pace slowly round Twist.

LAMBERT

You're a wanted girl. Escaped. They don't like it when people escape.

TWIST

Tell them I was never overjoyed the prospect of being down there anyway!

LAMBERT

Now you've got to go back.

TWIST

Says who?

LAMBERT

Me.

Lambert LEAPS forward, but Twist is ready and blocks him, shoving him in mid-air so he SLAMS into the serving counter of the café.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cups and saucers dislodge from shelves overhead and smash on the floor as Lambert springs back to his feet and launches an attack, fists flying.

Twist is more warmed up for the fight now, blocking his punches and swinging back with jabs and chops of her own.

The news crew start to edge into the building via the shattered window, not wanting to miss a thing.

Lambert kicks and catches Twist across the head, and with a yelp she staggers off to the left, colliding with an upturned table.

She flips up a chair and throws it at Lambert as he approaches, but without flinching he swats it away.

TWIST

Okay, so, chairs no good, what else...

She scans the floor around her and snatches up a steel serving tray, holding it up to deflect a punch Lambert sends at her.

TWIST (cont'd)

Persistent, ain'tcha?

She blocks two more blows before Lambert punches her in the gut, lifting her off her feet and into the air.

Grabbing her in mid-air, Lambert twists and throws her against one of the café walls. Twist clatters to the ground, the fight knocked out of her. Lambert paces over.

From the far side of the room, the entranced camera crew watch the fight, capturing every moment.

He reaches into his shirt and brings out a stake.

Twist pulls herself up to a sitting position but is too weak to move, trying to focus her eyes on Lambert.

LAMBERT

They told me to kill you again, to send you back, and then I can stay. If I don't, I have to go back.

(getting angry)

I can't go back... I won't! I won't! Not for you! Not because of you!

TWIST

(frowns)

Do I *know* you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Lambert pauses, shaking with rage, before he suddenly yells and lunges forward with the stake.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 INT. CAFÉ. NIGHT.

21

As before, with Lambert yelling and lunging at Twist with a stake, Twist too weak to fight back. Just before the stake hits, there is a loud WHUMP noise, and with a burst of blue light, Lambert is knocked off his feet and thrown several feet sideways.

Knocked from his hands, the stake skitters across the café floor.

Chris steps into the café, not noticing the camera crew who are taking cover behind some of the upturned tables by the broken window. He spots Twist and rushes over to her.

CHRIS

(worried)

Twist! Twist, are you alright? Can you stand?

TWIST

(groggy)

Just get me an espresso and I'll be fine... cups and milk are over there...

With a groan, Lambert begins to stand. He's lying on the floor on the other side of the café, down but not out.

Chris watches the recovering Lambert with concern as he throws one of Twist's arms round his shoulders and starts to lift her to her feet.

TWIST (cont'd)

(still dazed)

Huh... what? Are we going home now?

CHRIS

That repulsion spell should have knocked him out for a week but he's just getting up again, I think the plan for now is retreat and regroup.

TWIST

Wait... wait!

She shoves Chris away and heads for Lambert, who is still prone. She flops down next to him onto her knees. With a SNARL, she reveals her fangs and leans in for a bite. Lambert is silent as she connects.

The camera crew stand from behind the table, amazed at what they're seeing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris spots them at last, and aims a finger towards them.

Watching Twist take a drink from Lambert, through the camera's viewpoint, suddenly blares into white noise as Chris' jinx spell hits the camera.

Chris runs up to Twist and yanks her away from Lambert, Twist instantly looking fresher as she wipes away the stray blood from round her mouth.

TWIST (cont'd)
That... is... so much better!

CHRIS
Come on, we have to go, *now!*

He pulls the revitalised Twist to her feet and the two race out of the shop, past the camera crew who are frantically trying to get their jinxed kit working again.

Lambert stands at last, one hand to the bloody wound on his neck, not looking at all happy.

But as we watch, we see his secret - his blood flows back into his wound, which seals itself up again as though it was never there.

Determined, he steps off screen, in pursuit of Chris and Twist once again.

22 EXT. SQUARE NEAR CINEMA. NIGHT. 22

Chris and Twist tear down the street, pushing past the people around them as they turn into a large square, back past the now deserted cinema. Chris throws a look over his shoulder.

Nothing, just the city square and people walking - and then Lambert races into frame, sprinting after them both.

Chris curses and turns the duo off to the left, down another street with tall, neon lit buildings either side.

23 EXT. ORLANDO - STREET. NIGHT. 23

Chris pushes away from Twist, and indicates that he'll go to the left and she should go right.

CHRIS
Split up! I'll double back, try to sneak up on him!

TWIST
What about me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Keep running! I'll work on a Plan
'B'!

Chris veers off to the left and we stay with Twist, muttering under her breath as she speeds up her running. Lambert can just be made out behind her as he heads into the same street, in hot pursuit.

24 INT. NEWS VAN. NIGHT.

24

We're with the cameraman and anchor again, driving at speed through the night traffic as they scour the streets for their targets. Carolyn is scanning the crowds for any sign of Twist.

CAROLYN

Come on, come on! Where are they?

DRIVER

You tell me, you guys were the ones following them!

CAROLYN

(points)

There!

We can see Twist barging through their crowds.

25 EXT. ORLANDO - STREET. NIGHT.

25

Twist looks to her left and sees the news van trying to keep up with her, darting around the evening traffic.

TWIST

(scowls)

Oh, an audience... perfect!

26 EXT. ORLANDO - ANOTHER STREET. NIGHT.

26

Twist races past shop fronts and throws glances over her shoulder as though she has someone after her. She comes to a stop outside a TV store and pauses for breath.

She notices something and glances across the street.

Parked across the street from her is the news van, the cameraman leaning awkwardly out of the passenger window to film her.

She groans as she spots them and starts running again. In the background of the shot we see the cameraman point frantically to the driver, and the van starts up and drives after her.

27 EXT. OUTSIDE PARK. NIGHT.

27

We're just after the scrap between Lambert and Twist inside the park. Twist runs out into the street as we hear the sound of approaching police sirens. She throws a look over her shoulder.

Lambert, shadows still in his favour, sprints out after her. We stay with him as the sound of sirens becomes much louder. He stops and glances to his right.

Lights flashing and siren wailing, the car screeches to a halt to try and avoid him. No good. THUD! Lambert bounces off the bonnet of the car, cracking the windscreen and landing in a heap on the floor.

Across the street, Twist has stopped, still gasping for breath. We watch the scene from her viewpoint this time.

The two officers inside jump out of their car and walk round to the unmoving man. One checks the damage on the windscreen - they haven't noticed Twist.

As the first cop kneels to check Lambert's neck for a pulse, his hand streaks up and grabs him round the neck.

The camera crew come running into frame from inside the park, but are felled as the body of the first cop flies through the air with a shout, hitting them and knocking all three men to the ground.

Lambert gets to his feet, grabs the second cop who is too stunned to react, and with a sickening thud smashes his head into the car's bonnet. He looks up and across the street to Twist. She gasps and starts running, on towards more city streets up ahead.

28 EXT. OUTSIDE PARK ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

28

Chris runs into frame from inside the park, and leaps over the recovering camera crew and stunned police officers as he sets off after Lambert and Twist.

29 EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE. NIGHT.

29

We're following Twist from behind as she makes a turn inside and darts in and out of the vendor stalls.

TWIST

Out of the way! Everyone down!

She waves her arms, trying to clear people out of her path, barging past those too slow to move.

Lambert races forward, knocking shoppers and pedestrians to the ground in his haste to catch up to Twist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST
Hey, what about my phone call?

GUARD
Keep it down, blondie. I'm halfway
through the last in the series of
'Dead Like Me,' so I ain't moving!
And anyway, who you gonna call?

TWIST
(before she can stop
herself)
Ghostbust- Never mind.

She sits down on the one plain pew inside the cell and looks to her left. There is a grizzled looking old drunk in the cell opposite, who can't help staring at Twist.

TWIST (cont'd)
Hey, how's it going?

The drunk just stares and Twist starts to tap her feet, looking round and blowing a stray lock of hair away.

32 INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT. 32

Lambert enters and slams the door. He takes off his shirt, showing the tattoos again, and clicks on the bedside table lamp. We can see what the photo collage from earlier was - dozens of pictures of Twist.

The photos are all of Twist in various poses, taken from black and white glossies and magazine articles. Lambert's hand reaches in and tenderly touches one of the photos.

33 INT. PRISON CELL. NIGHT. 33

Twist has her eyes closed and her hands behind her head, the drunk asleep in the next cell snoring softly.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Twist?

TWIST
Huh?

She starts at the sound of Chris' voice, looking around but not seeing him anywhere.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Oh good, you can hear me.

TWIST
Where are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist can't see Chris anywhere, even though he sounds like he's in the cell with her.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Ssh! You'll have the whole station in here at this rate... I'm just outside. I'm using telepathy to talk to you, a trick I learned a few years ago. Just think what you want to say, and I should be able to pick it up.

Twist closes her eyes again and thinks what she's saying.

TWIST (V.O.)

Like this?

CHRIS (V.O.)

Perfect.

TWIST (V.O.)

Heh, this is great. I used to watch those kids on Escape From Witch Mountain do this and wish I could...

CHRIS (V.O.)

Try to stay focused if you can, I've already got the last CD you listened to playing inside your mind, and you've got it turned up quite loud...

TWIST (V.O.)

(grins)

But it's a classic!

CHRIS (V.O.)

Relax all your muscles, I'm going to try something.

TWIST (V.O.)

That sounds kinda kinky...

CHRIS (V.O.)

Don't get any ideas. Ready?

Twist nods in agreement, then settles back on the pew.

TWIST (V.O.)

Ready.

There is a pause as a green ripple of light forms on the wall behind her, then Chris' arms reach through and grab her!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She opens her mouth to say something, but before she does the arms pull and Twist is pulled physically through the wall as if it wasn't there, disappearing through the brickwork without a sound.

The drunk in the cell opposite wakes up with a snort, and looks around for Twist with a confused look on his face.

34

EXT. OUTSIDE PRISON CELL. NIGHT.

34

Twist appears through the cell wall with a shout, pulled out by Chris, who lets go and lets her stand on the ground outside. The green ripple effect fades away from the walls as Twist finds her feet, looking a little disorientated.

The back of the police station is surrounded by thick trees and there aren't any lights nearby, so the escape has gone unnoticed. Twist looks round at Chris with a surprised expression.

TWIST

Since when could you do that?

CHRIS

(out of breath)

Learned it a while ago... takes a lot out of me, though!

Chris stumbles forward and Twist holds him up.

TWIST

Easy, tiger. Let's get back to that palm reader's place and plan our next offensive on Tall, Dark and Ninja, k?

Chris nods and he and Twist exit to the left.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

35 INT. BRENDA'S STORE - BACK ROOM. NIGHT.

35

Chris is in one of the chairs by the round table, sipping a cup of coffee while Twist slurps a milkshake, perched on top of a chest of drawers. Brenda enters and sits, taking the cloth from the crystal ball.

BRENDA

Well now, you two are quite the news item at the moment! The local network can't decide if your little melee at the premiere was a publicity stunt for the movie or two angry fans fighting over an autograph.

TWIST

Mom always said I'd be on TV one day..

CHRIS

Precisely why we shouldn't stick around too long, I don't want a camera crew following our every move!

TWIST

Aw, come on, it'd be fun! We could have our own reality TV show! 'A Girl And Her Bodyguard.'

CHRIS

'Bodyguard'?

BRENDA

Anyway, I managed to do a little more snooping around for you.

TWIST

Groovy. Any advance intel we can get on this guy can only be a good thing!

Brenda holds her hands over the crystal and closes her eyes, the white mist we saw before starting to form in the air around her again.

BRENDA

As you well know by now, he's very powerful..

TWIST

Got the bruises to prove it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENDA

What I couldn't work out is where he got this strength from. If he was just summoned out of Hell he should be as he was on Earth, nothing more, nothing less.

CHRIS

Was it like the spell I mis-cast that brought Twist back?

BRENDA

It seems so, yes.

TWIST

And there was you always telling me it was an accident!

CHRIS

That's what worries me... I thought you were the side effect of a badly conjured spell, but if there's an actual ritual for bringing people out of Hell that I just happened to cast by luck, well... there'd be an awful lot of people like our turbo-charged friend running around up here.

TWIST

That's bad, right?

CHRIS

That's bad.

BRENDA

It's not all doom and gloom, though, because I think I've found him.

CHRIS

Where?

BRENDA

His psychic signature is a mile wide, like some kind of black oil slick following wherever he goes, and I managed to trace him after your little televised showdown.

Chris groans, and Twist pats him on the shoulder.

TWIST

So where is he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRENDA

A nondescript, low-rent Holiday Inn off one of the main city centre freeways. I can give you his room number if you wait a few moments...

The white mist hanging in the air looks a lot calmer this time as Brenda moves her hands around over the ball. Twist leaves the sarcasm at the door this time - Brenda's proven she's got the talents.

TWIST

He told me he was brought back to get me, because of me having... well, he said 'escaped.'

CHRIS

He did?

TWIST

Yeah, and that he can stay here, I think he meant here on Earth, if he kills me. Again.

Twist sips her milkshake casually as Chris raises an eyebrow at her.

CHRIS

You seem remarkably nonchalant about all this...

TWIST

I'll admit, someone being sent from Hell to drag me back is a new one, but pumped up vampire hunting monsters out to get me? Nothing new.

BRENDA

Oh!

The duo turn back to Brenda - her eyes are still shut but her hand is pressed to her chest, her breathing fast as the white mist fades away overhead.

CHRIS

What's the matter?

BRENDA

Sorry, I saw... something. Something very evil. Close by, as well.

TWIST

What was it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRENDA

It was whoever was behind your friend's reappearance.

CHRIS

What, Bagwell from the auction house? He didn't seem that scary...

BRENDA

No, no, this was something else. Something old.

(beat)

I think it was Him.

TWIST

Simon Cowell?

BRENDA

The Devil.

TWIST

(beat)

So I was right, then.

CHRIS

We'd best go, I have this awful feeling that assassin is close by, and I don't want to lead him here.

He gets up, and Twist hops down to the floor, still slurping at the milkshake.

BRENDA

One last thing...

CHRIS

What's that?

BRENDA

Your man's name is Lambert, he died over twenty years ago and he has a particular interest in Miss Twist. What it is I don't know, but the emotions involved in it were enough to get him brought back.

(beat)

Be careful.

TWIST

I'll be fine, long as the Lone Ranger here doesn't get into any trouble and need rescuing, right?

Another playful thump on Chris' arm, and he smiles, though his expression is preoccupied as he dwells on Brenda's words. With a nod, he heads outside.

36 EXT. OUTSIDE BRENDA'S. NIGHT.

36

The shopping mall around Brenda's place is quieter now, no noise except the buzz of the various neon signs. Chris and Twist head down the steps to ground level.

TWIST

What's got you so spooked?

CHRIS

Hmm? Oh, just all this business. It seems that we've made some very powerful enemies, Twist.

TWIST

Nothing we can't handle. You and me, we're like Moonlighting crossed with The A-Team.

She hops to the ground and strikes a fighting stance.

TWIST (cont'd)

I am ten ninjas! Hai!

Chris grins and walks past her as she kicks the air, but stops suddenly, his eyes locked on something off camera.

TWIST (cont'd)

(mock badly dubbed kung fu speak)

So! You have come. To face me. But now. I will.

(beat)

Destroy you!

She kicks the air again as Chris, frozen, hisses at her.

CHRIS

Twist... Twist!

TWIST

What?

She turns to look and freezes too.

And there is Lambert, standing calmly before them. The whole mall is deathly quiet and an almost electric current of tension passes between the trio.

LAMBERT

Don't run. I'll just catch you again.

CHRIS

So it would seem...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

(exasperated)

Alright, look, it's obvious you have some beef with us, that probably has something to do with the way Chris here brought me out of Hell, but can we skip the macho posturing and get to the punching and kicking, please? 'E.R.' is on in twenty minutes.

Chris steps back and holds his arm out, and with a quiet HISS a sword handle slides from his sleeve into his hand. With a deft flick of his wrist, a full-sized katana blade extends from the handle, and he strikes a fighting pose.

There is a moment of silence before Lambert suddenly races to the attack, and Chris runs to meet him.

CRASH! The blade streaks forward but Lambert catches it between his hands, and he and Chris stare each other down as they pit their strength against each other. With a grunt, Lambert pushes Chris backwards.

He looks into the shop front next to him, and SMASHES the glass front with his forearm, retrieving a steel chair from the window display. With a few flexes of his muscles, he's torn a sword-shaped chunk of metal away and paces up to Chris, ready to fight.

CHRIS

Improvised weapon, eh? Nice touch.

They jump to the attack again - both thrusting and parrying, both obviously skilled swordsmen. An exchange of blows ends when Lambert gets a lucky hit on Chris' arm, and with a shout of pain he drops the katana and staggers back. Twist steps forward.

TWIST

Alright, Kato, payback time!

LAMBERT

You don't know how I've dreamed of you, Twist...

The two circle each other warily as Chris recovers.

TWIST

I have that effect on people.

LAMBERT

I've dreamed of you every night as the flames burned my flesh and the insects ate away at my eyes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST

That, however, is a new one..

Lambert lunges forward, but Twist deflects the blade with her arm and lands a few good punches on him. Chris steps forward, and the two of them take on Lambert as one, who uses the metal chair leg to deflect their blows.

A kick from him sends Twist flying backwards and through another shop window.

She hits the deck inside the sporting goods store with a shower of broken glass, knocking over the display.

TWIST (cont'd)

Oh, for the love of... what is it with me and windows today?

She painfully sits back up.

Chris has recovered his sword and he and Lambert are at it again, sparks flying as the blades strike each other.

LAMBERT

There's more like me, you know. Others. After you.

CHRIS

What for?

LAMBERT

Oh, so many, many things... Do you know the effects of what you're doing?

Another exchange of sword blows before they're back to circling. Twist steps carefully out of the ruined window in the background.

CHRIS

I know what I want to do... I want to find a cure for what I am. Why would that make me a wanted man?

LAMBERT

You're messing with the balance. You're changing the way things are... the way things should be!

Twist steps into frame, wielding a hockey stick.

TWIST

Things change, baumgartner!

THWACK! She gets a good shot in on him across the face, and he stumbles backwards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Twist goes to follow up but Lambert raises his hand, and a flare of orange energy knocks Twist to the floor.

She hits the deck with a thump, and as Chris tries to charge in, another blast sends him crashing to the ground next to her.

TWIST (cont'd)
(strained)
Chris... I can't move!

She tries to move her arms and legs bit no luck.

CHRIS
(grits teeth)
Nor me... it'll wear off, just hang
on.

Lambert stands and paces over to the two of them, prone on the ground and trying to get their muscles working again. He grins and reaches down to stroke the side of Twist's face. She grimaces, as we cut to:

37 INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO. DAY. 37

A grainy flashback shot, Twist dressed in some fashion conscious 90's teen outfit, posing before a white sheet background as a photographer hunches over his camera and takes a few photos.

38 EXT. SHOPPING MALL. NIGHT. 38

Lambert gazes down fondly at Twist.

LAMBERT
So beautiful... you've always been so perfect, Twist. I used to watch you all the time, back when you were alive. Before you became this... thing.

TWIST
The hell you talking about, freak?!?

LAMBERT
You don't remember? 1996, New York, Lambert Photography?

A look of recognition crosses Twist's face.

39 INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO. DAY. 39

As before, same grainy flashback, as the photographer stands up and says something to Twist. She giggles.

40

EXT. SHOPPING MALL. NIGHT.

40

Twist finally remembers who he is.

TWIST

You... you're Tony Lambert!

CHRIS

Who?

TWIST

He was... he was my photographer.
Before I started uni, I did a lot
of modelling work... Tony was one of
the main photographers...

(beat)

But you died, in that car accident!

LAMBERT

Do you know why?

Close on Chris' hand as he flexes his fingers - the feeling
is coming back to him. Just a few more moments...

TWIST

(sarcasm clicks on)

Beats me. You started to get a bit
creepy towards the end there, I
figured you were out surfing for
hookers and lost control of the
wheel or something.

LAMBERT

I died because I loved you, Twist.
I wanted you and it was tearing me
apart not having you, but having to
look at you every day, take
pictures of you looking so
beautiful...

His hand gently strokes Twist's hand, and she manages to
shuffle away slightly as the feeling returns to her.

TWIST

So I was right, you were a freak!

LAMBERT

After I crashed my car, I'd hoped
it would end how I felt, that it'd
stop me feeling like my world was
ending every time I saw you. But it
worked out a lot differently.

41 INT. HELL - WAITING ROOM. DAY. 41

Lambert wakes up with a jolt. He's in a plain white room, sitting on the one bench. He looks from side to side but no-one else is around.

LAMBERT (V.O.)

I woke somewhere else, somewhere that would give me a mission. A purpose.

We hear a door opening, and the sound of heavy footsteps before a shadow falls across Lambert. He shades his eyes and looks up.

42 INT. HELL - TRAINING ROOM. DAY. 42

A large cavern, walled by irregular red rocks and filled with rows of identically dressed men and women, all staring towards the front of the cavern, still and unmoving. We see the lip of a stage between us and realise we're looking out from the position of a speaker towards the assembly.

LAMBERT (V.O.)

I was told that I could go back, to my home, and stay there, but only if I found people and brought them back.

43 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN. NIGHT. 43

A modest suburban kitchen, dimly lit, is suddenly spattered with blood. We pan to the left and see Lambert, face calm and expressionless as he wields a huge butcher's knife, HACKING it down on someone below.

An arm tries weakly to fight him off, but it's no good. We carry on with the pan and leave the room behind.

LAMBERT (V.O.)

People who'd got away, people who'd made deals and then tried to get out of them, people who shouldn't be walking around up here, like they own the place, like they have any rights!

44 EXT. SHOPPING MALL. NIGHT. 44

Lambert has stood and is staring down at Chris and Twist with barely contained malice. His hands shake as he picks up the makeshift sword and holds it above his head, ready to bring it down on them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAMBERT

They sent me back to get you,
Twist. You're the one. When you go
back, I can stay. I can have my
life back again! And nothing is
going to stand in my way!

He starts to swipe the blade down, but with a sudden BANG
he's knocked sideways by a bolt of white energy.

We see Brenda, halfway down the steps. She'd fired the bolt
of energy to stop Lambert killing Twist.

Chris manages to sit up, the spell wearing off.

CHRIS

Brenda?

BRENDA

Don't just sit there, get him!

She sits up too, rubbing her legs and trying to stand. She
can see Lambert getting up and turning back towards them,
fire literally raging in his eyes.

LAMBERT

No.. No! You've got to go back!
You've got to go back!

He yells and runs straight for Twist - she's stuck, she can't
get up and can't raise an arm to defend herself.

Eyes full of blazing vengeance, Lambert charges into frame,
sword held high.

Twist closes her eyes, waiting for the hit as Lambert's
shadow falls over her. There is a long beat before Twist
opens one eye cautiously.

We pull back to see a sword blade running over Twist's head
and into Lambert's chest.

Pulling back a little further, Twist turns her head to see
that Chris managed to get the sword up in time to save her.
Lambert's arms go limp and he drops the sword with a clatter
on the ground, stumbling backwards and hitting the floor.

We stay with Chris, breathless with exertion, and Twist as
she throws him a look of gratitude. Brenda runs into frame,
helping Chris and Twist to their feet. The two exchange
another look but know that no words are needed.

The sword blade sticking out of his chest, Lambert should be
a goner but he's still shuffling around. He blinks and looks
up at Chris with pleading eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAMBERT (cont'd)

Help me... please... they won't let me
die... they won't let me!

CHRIS

Who are 'they'? Who's behind you
coming back?

Lambert's eyes roll and he coughs, but grins through it. His
body should be dead now, whatever's keeping him alive is only
just managing to do it.

LAMBERT

You'll find out. Not for me to say.

Twist looks across to Chris, worry on her face.

CHRIS

Let's get out of here. He won't
last much longer anyway.

TWIST

(places a hand on his arm)
Chris... we need to finish this.

Chris pauses, then nods his head. He pulls the sword back out
of Lambert's chest and hands it to Twist. She looks down at
the fallen man she once knew.

TWIST (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

She swings the sword in a low arc, and there is a slice as we
hear Lambert's head being cut away. There is a loud sigh, and
a gust of wind suddenly kicks up and blows against the three
of them. Twist closes her eyes.

TWIST (cont'd)

I hope you're free now.

(beat)

Woo, that was a Highlander moment...

Chris gently takes the sword back from her hands and puts an
arm round her shoulder to walk away.

45 INT. TRAIN. NIGHT.

45

Chris and Twist are sat in a deserted carriage of the night
train out of Orlando, 'Stay (Faraway, So Close!)' By U2 plays
on the soundtrack. Twist stares out of the window as Chris
pores over a book laid out on the table in front of him. He
glances up and at Twist and takes off his glasses, leaning
back to examine her.

CHRIS

Still thinking about him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist nods. Chris smiles sympathetically.

CHRIS (cont'd)

You know, you can't get too lost in this sort of thing. We were bound to start picking up people who wanted to stop us sooner or later. I'm surprised it didn't happen sooner. For all I know it did, I was just too wrapped up in my own little world to notice it before you came along.

TWIST

He came back because of me. He was so crazy about me, or for me, or whatever, that he...

(beat)

I've just never had anything like that before, you know? I mean, I had crazy fans when I was a model...

CHRIS

Good job on keeping that quiet, by the way!

TWIST

I still have my portfolio. Should I ever owe you a sufficient amount of payback, I might let you look at the cover. Which will be closed.

CHRIS

I should have known that when I realised where I'd brought you back from, there'd be repercussions to consider. I mean, magic itself is all about balance, yin and yang.

TWIST

I'm more of a Pikachu girl myself...

CHRIS

You can't do something as major as I did without nature wanting to redress the change. That's probably why Bagwell needed those vampires for the spell...

Chris pauses - he's just worked something out.

TWIST

What? You've got your Columbo squint thing on again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

Bagwell was ready to sacrifice you to bring Lambert back, right? But Lambert was here to send you back to Hell, wasn't he?

TWIST

(catching on)

Yeah...

CHRIS

So I wonder if Bagwell knew what he was doing, or if he didn't know that Lambert was after you as well?

Chris leans back and ponders something, then starts flicking through the book in front of him, stopping at a page and turning it round for Twist to look at.

There is an illustration of a mean-looking demon, surrounded by black-clad men and women in a cave very much like the one we saw via Lambert earlier on.

CHRIS (cont'd)

This is Veshnaggi, he's like Hell's prison warden. He selects certain souls from the ones who end up down there to act as bounty hunters, sending them back to the surface to retrieve any souls that have escaped.

TWIST

So you reckon he was working with Bagwell?

Chris' finger points to a passage on the second page.

CHRIS

Read that bit.

TWIST

Veshnaggi never reveals his true motives to those who contact him. He needs a human contact to allow him to generate the magics to send a hunter back into the mortal realm, but he will often deceive the human into believing he is acting for them, when he will always have his own agenda...

(beat)

So what, this dude tricked Bagwell into bringing Lambert back because he knew he could use him to get us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHRIS

I'm sure he wasn't expecting you to be part of the ritual, or he'd never have gone anywhere near you.

TWIST

So does this mean someone downstairs still has an APB out on me?

CHRIS

I'm afraid it looks that way, yes.

TWIST

Great.

(slumps back; defeated)

I get out of that place, try to start doing good to make up for everything I did before, and it still wants to drag me back there. What's the point?

CHRIS

The point is, you're already making a difference. We've not been working together long, but I've seen you do so much already! Twist, if anything ever happened and you found yourself back in that room again, trapped in a Hell you no longer deserved, I'd fight my way down there just to get you back.

TWIST

You would?

CHRIS

In a heartbeat. And my heart does still beat occasionally, so I can say that and mean it.

Twist smiles and seems to relax a little.

TWIST

Well, that's good to know. I mean, it's not like I can't take care of myself or anything...

CHRIS

The thought never entered my mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TWIST

But as long as you promise you'd
come get me if I got stuck down
there again... well, then Hell can
throw everything it wants at me,
because I know I'll always be okay.

CHRIS

I promise.

Chris sits back, nods and picks up the book again, and Twist goes back to looking out of the window. A promise like that won't ever be broken.

TWIST

One last thing, though.

Chris looks up.

TWIST (cont'd)

Let's try to make sure I never have
to take you up on that, 'kay?

CHRIS

Deal.

We pan back and away from them as they return to their business, out through the window of the train as it speeds away, the lights of the city glittering away in the background.

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW