

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

"Fish Out Of Water"

by
Lee A. Chrimes

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. SANGUINE CLUB - MAIN ROOM. NIGHT. 1

INSERT OVER - Sanguine Night Club, Hollywood.

As Marilyn Manson's 'mOBSCENE' kicks in, we're looking down on the main dance floor of a packed goth night club, as the music pounds out of the extensive speaker system either side of the main stage. There are two mezzanine floors, and the main floor is absolutely rammed with dancing clubbers.

The stage holds the huge speakers and a DJ booth, flanked by two sets of dancers either side. Lights flash in time with the beat, and the whole place looks like it's somewhere you'd want to be.

2 INT. SANGUINE CLUB - UPSTAIRS OFFICE. NIGHT. 2

We pull back and through a tinted glass window overlooking the dancefloor, to find ourselves in a minimalist office - lots of wall scrolls with I Ching symbols, a bonsai tree, and a few tidy shelves with large, dusty books on them.

Standing by the door are DUDLEY and TYLER, two bodyguards, both wearing smart suits, hands folded.

DUDLEY
(irritated)
I *hate* this music..

TYLER
You serious? This is a killer
album!

DUDLEY
I know, but... don't you get sick of
hearing the same stuff over and
over?

Dudley glances across at Tyler, who is nodding his head along with the music. Dudley rolls his eyes.

We move away from the two bodyguards and towards the back of the office, towards a heavy looking iron door.

3 INT. SANGUINE CLUB - BACK ROOM. NIGHT. 3

We're moving along a darkened corridor, lit by the occasional light fitting, before we turn a corner into a large open room, lined on all sides by a library-sized section of bookshelves, stretching off into the darkness.

Before us is BANNISTER, an elderly man dressed in simple,

(CONTINUED)

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plain clothes, kneeling on the floor in the centre of a large pentagram. Candles mark out each point as he sits, head back and eyes closed, humming under his breath.

Behind him stands GLOVER, a thin, nervous looking man holding a wooden tray covered with sticks of incense and piles of coloured powder.

Dudley and Tyler walk into the room and take up positions either side of the corridor entrance, and we see Bannister open one eye and nod acknowledgement to them.

He clicks his fingers, leaving his palm outstretched as Glover jolts into action, sprinkling a handful of copper coloured powder into his hand. Bannister quickly spreads the powder out before him, and with a FLARE it ignites as it touches the marked lines of the pentagram.

The entire pentagram glows a deep red for a moment, before fading back to black except for one point, opposite Bannister.

He opens his eyes and sees the glowing point and smiles.

BANNISTER

Good. He has arrived.

4 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BUS STATION. NIGHT.

4

And here's our dynamic duo, clambering down from a Greyhound bus and into the bus station. TWIST is wearing an 'I Love Hollywood' t-shirt and looking pleased as punch to be in the movie capital of America.

CHRIS hands her two bags and hefts up his own, larger bag. Twist waits for him and then walks into the main station.

5 INT. HOLLYWOOD BUS STATION - INSIDE. NIGHT.

5

The duo make their way through the few people inside the station, Twist pulling her leather jacket close against the cold and shivering.

TWIST

Brr! What's the beef with our visit to the Hollywood Hills then?

CHRIS

We're here to find this man.

He reaches into his coat and hands her a photo.

It's a surveillance style black and white photo of Bannister, accompanied by his two bodyguards.

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CONTINUED:

TWIST
What, Colonel Sanders?

Chris throws her a look, then walks off screen.

TWIST (cont'd)
What? Oh, come on! That was funny!

Neither of them notice the badly disguised man in shades,
raincoat and hat watching them carefully from the far side of
the station, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 INT. TAXI. NIGHT.

6

Sitting in the back seat as it darts through the evening traffic, Chris and Twist continue their conversation.

CHRIS

His name's Bannister, a well known local healer and librarian of sorts, apparently keeps a well stocked store of occult books that would put the DuGarde Bibliotheque to shame.

TWIST

The Bibbly-o-what?

CHRIS

A French archive of ancient texts.

TWIST

(sarcastic)

Oh, yeah, *that* one.

CHRIS

I had to head over this way anyway to meet up with a blacksmith who's holding some swords for me, so I thought we'd pay Bannister a visit while we were here.

TWIST

Mmm, great, another road trip that ends with me falling asleep watching hotel TV while you stay up all night reading very old books, written on human skin in blood, or something.

CHRIS

No, that'd be the Necronomicon from the 'Evil Dead' films. You really must try to stop watching so many of those things!

TWIST

Meh, same diff.

A blast of music from the cab makes Chris look up.

TAXI DRIVER (O.S.)

Where to now then, sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris leans forward into view as the Indian taxi driver continues to dodge through the night's traffic.

CHRIS

Well, this is where I hoped you could help me out, we're looking for a nightclub somewhere in town, but we're not sure where.

TAXI DRIVER

Plenty of clubs round here, do you have a name? Or perhaps a particular style of music which you are liking?

CHRIS

I think it's a gothic place, the name of it has something to do with blood.

TAXI DRIVER

(laughs)

Again, that could be many places! I take you to nearest and you ask there, see if they can help!

CHRIS

That'd be great, thanks.

Chris sits back down and notices that Twist is throwing a less-than-impressed look his way. He frowns, then raises his arms to say 'what?'

TWIST

You've done it again, haven't you?

CHRIS

Done what?

TWIST

Dragged me out into yet another stop off on your seemingly never-ending road trip, to find a guy you don't know in a place you've never been. Again!

CHRIS

That's why our life is such a big adventure! Thought you enjoyed it...

TWIST

If 'adventure' means you spend half your time not knowing where the hell you're going, then yeah, that's us!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Twist stares gloomily out the window for a second before Chris leans forward to speak to the driver again.

CHRIS

Change of plan. Drop us off at the nearest bar, I think my lady friend needs a little liquid refreshment.

TAXI DRIVER

No problem, boss!

Chris staggers and lands on the back seat as the taxi lurches to the left, parking by the side of the road.

TAXI DRIVER (O.S.) (cont'd)

Nearest place to get drinks! Is very good, tell them Punjit sent you.

Chris presses some bills into the driver's hand.

7 EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET - RONSTADT BAR. NIGHT. 7

Twist steps out of the taxi and pops open the boot to get her bags. Chris joins her on the pavement as the taxi screeches away back into the traffic. A series of car horns sound off screen.

CHRIS

Come on, you, let's get you fed and watered. I owe you one for the trip, I know you wanted to try and catch that concert in Seattle.

TWIST

Hmph. It's gonna take a lot of owing to make up for me missing Static-X *again*, mister!

8 INT. RONSTADT BAR - BOOTH. NIGHT. 8

We're looking down at a now empty plate as Twist pushes it away from her. Three empty beer glasses sit on the table before her as she leans back in her seat.

Chris has been scribbling in his notebook, jotting down numbers from the phone book on the table beside him, and looks up with a grin as Twist tries to drain the last few drops from each of the glasses.

CHRIS

Is that better?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Much. The only thing that could possibly top this is a nice warm mug of the red stuff..

Chris shakes his head.

TWIST (cont'd)

(sighs)

And I know *that* isn't on the menu.

CHRIS

Sorry. I'm trying to get you on the patches till you quit.

She pokes her tongue out at him as Chris turns the notebook round for her to look at.

TWIST

Leads?

CHRIS

It's definitely one of those three places. All local, all looking like they cater for the goth element of the city and all in the right area.

TWIST

(smiles hopefully)

Cool, are we going out clubbing?

CHRIS

Strictly reconnaissance this time, I'm afraid.

Twist pouts, but Chris picks up on it for once.

CHRIS (cont'd)

But, if you wanted to let your hair down later.. I'm sure we could work something out.

TWIST

Woo! Party time for the Twister!

CHRIS

I've already got us a hotel nearby so I say we book in to that, get ready to go out and then make our way to these three places.

TWIST

Are you going to be getting all dressed up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

I hadn't thought about it. Why?

TWIST

You are so British sometimes... look, if we're going to be going incognito at three thumpin' goth discos, we need to be able to blend in, right?

CHRIS

Right...

TWIST

And the best way to blend in is to go all Dances With Wolves and dress like the natives, correct?

CHRIS

Correct.

TWIST

So! What kind of thing are you going to wear?

CHRIS

Er...

A long beat as Chris realises he hasn't put any thought into this - his plan was just to show up and ask questions! Twist grins and pats him on the hand.

TWIST

Relax and let Auntie Twist be your style guru for the evening, okay?

Chris doesn't look so sure, but he knows that Twist's got the advantage on him this time.

9

EXT. OUTSIDE SANGUINE CLUB. NIGHT.

9

We're at worm's eye level, looking over towards the outside of the club - a large building wedged in between two run down office blocks and lit by the variety of neon lit late night burger bars and pizza joints all round.

The club is fronted by a large stylised skeletal head, red vortex lights in its eye sockets and the main entrance built into its gaping mouth. A long line of clubbers wait outside, coats pulled tight against the chill evening wind.

A pair of chunky black PVC boots step into frame, followed by two more less extravagant looking boots. We pan slowly up to reveal Chris and Twist in their undercover outfits.

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CONTINUED:

A frontal shot to show off what they're wearing - Chris looks uncomfortable in a pair of black trousers with chunky pads, a black top with a stylised white frequency image on it, with his long coat over the top of it. Twist is dressed to the nines; fishnet stockings, PVC skirt, corset top with red ribbons and sparkling eye makeup.

CHRIS

This is ridiculous... why do we need to get this dressed up? Couldn't I have just worn something dark and wandered around out of sight?

TWIST

(rolls eyes)

Don't be stupid, we need to make an impression or we won't get noticed by the guys we're looking for! Easiest way to find someone is to make them find you. Right?

They start to walk across the street towards the club.

CHRIS

I still say this is a bad idea...

TWIST

You always do. Now be quiet and let me do the talking. Another round of my legendary doorplay is about to kick off, and if you watch carefully you might learn something.

The pair approach the large, bulky doorman, who looks over at them as they walk up, obviously cutting in front of about fifty people.

She smiles broadly at him, fangs on display.

10

INT. SANGUINE CLUB - MAIN FLOOR. NIGHT.

10

Chris and Twist walk inside as 'Circuitry' by Front Line Assembly plays over the club's PA. Blue neon strips overhead bathe everything in a pale blue glow, lighting up teeth and Twist's eyes.

TWIST

See? Piece of cake!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Twist, not wanting to put a downer on your achievement, but the only way I could replicate what you just did would be to transfer myself into the body of a twenty year old girl!

TWIST

(sly grin)

Don't say you never thought about it...

CHRIS

Let's just get to work, shall we? You start by that bar, and I'll take this one. We'll work round back to each other. Bannister probably owns this place, so he'll be here somewhere.

She nods, already starting to unconsciously bop from foot to foot along with the music. Chris looks like he's in his worst nightmare as the two split up.

We follow Twist as she makes her way through the crowds of similarly dressed clubbers to the bar, the only bright thing in the gloom of the club. Occasional flashes of light from the main stage illuminate the scene.

She leans across the bar, snapping her fingers and calling the barman. He's a heavily pierced teenager called NICK.

NICK

Yeah, what can I get you?

TWIST

Two double vodkas!

He nods and returns a moment later with the two shot glasses. Without pausing, she grabs them from his hands, knocks both back, belches and then leans forward again.

TWIST (cont'd)

Perfect. Now you can tell me something.

NICK

Oh yeah?

TWIST

I'm looking for the owner, guy called Bannister. Know him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICK

Old Man Bannister, yeah. Lives upstairs. Private man, though, doesn't like visitors.

TWIST

(pouts)

Not even little old me?

NICK

(grins)

I'm sure he'd make exceptions...

TWIST

Damn straight! Where can I find him?

NICK

Ah, dunno. I never even know when he's here, try asking around.

TWIST

Groovy. Thanks, kid.

She pats him on the cheek and moves away from the bar, leaving Nick with a sappy grin on his face until another customer calls him over.

11 INT. SANGUINE CLUB - SIDE ROOM - LATER.

11

The side room of the club is less hectic, with much quieter, mellower music. Chris is propped against the bar looking relaxed, talking to an elegant looking goth girl with long scarlet hair extensions and a shiny PVC dress.

CHRIS

No, I had no idea that the whole rubber thing was so popular... doesn't it chafe sometimes?

Twist suddenly jogs into frame, a little flushed but looking pretty happy. She nudges Chris and he turns to see her, and when he turns back the pretty goth girl has moved away. He sighs and turns back.

TWIST

Any luck?

CHRIS

Sort of. I'm sure I've seen a few vampires and demons lurking around here, but then again it could just be people's piercings and makeup. I really can't tell. What about you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist waves the bar girl over as she speaks, pointing to the empty bottle in her hands and indicating for another.

TWIST

You must be doing it all wrong!
I've found out from a few people
that our Mr. Bannister is indeed in
the building, he has his own
private suite upstairs.

CHRIS

I wonder why he chose a place like
this as his base?

The bar girl brings Twist a bottle over, and she sips it through a straw as she checks her watch. She mutters under her breath and drains the bottle in one gulp.

TWIST

(belches)
Damn, gotta run!

CHRIS

Run? Where to?

TWIST

I'm on in two minutes!

CHRIS

You've lost me. On where?

TWIST

Oh, right. Well, you see, there was this guy, and he was looking round and asking people if they wanted to be dancers, and he spotted me and said 'oh, man! you have got to get up there!' And so I said 'well, I'm kinda busy, but just for a few songs, alright,' and he says-

CHRIS

(interrupts)
I assume there is a point to this story, besides you rushing off while we're supposed to be working?

TWIST

Course there is! You dare doubt my incredible talents?

CHRIS

I can see most of your 'incredible talents,' and I'm pretty sure that's how you ended up being recruited..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST

Just using the gifts I was given!
So, I ask this guy, I'm here
looking to speak to Bannister, and
he says, yeah, cool, I'll sort
something out.

Twist waits, hopping from foot to foot excitedly as she sips
at her drink, waiting for Chris to answer.

CHRIS

(sighs)
Well done. I think.

TWIST

Thanks! I gotta go dance now. Come
and watch!

CHRIS

I'm quite comfortable here at the
moment, actually.

Twist frowns and Chris rolls his eyes, knowing he can't say
no to her.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Fine. See you out there.

Twist beams at him and hops away, and Chris knocks back the
rest of his drink and follows a few moments later.

We stay looking at the bar as Chris walks off screen, to pick
up Dudley standing silently at the end of the bar, watching
Chris and Twist very carefully.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET. NIGHT.

12

It's after the night out at the disco now, and Chris and Twist are heading back to the hotel. Chris has his coat wrapped around him and is walking along the road, while Twist follows, humming and dancing as she trots along.

TWIST

(sings)

Da da dah... she's the greatest
dancer...

CHRIS

Am I going to get this all the way
back to the hotel?

TWIST

(smiles; nods)

Yup!

CHRIS

(sarcastic)

Oh good, just checking.

Twist catches up to him and throws an arm round him.

TWIST

Aw, come on, you don't mean to tell
me you didn't enjoy yourself even a
teeny tiny little bit?

Chris looks at her for a long beat.

CHRIS

I refuse to answer that, on the
grounds that it may incriminate me
for many, mny years.

TWIST

Ha!

CHRIS

I lost sight of you after your
little dancing queen routine, did
you manage to speak to Bannister at
all?

TWIST

Sort of, I got the DJ to arrange a
meeting between us tomorrow night.

CHRIS

You did?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Yeah, if we get back there around midnight, then you can go see him and I can fulfil my part of the bargain.

CHRIS

Uh-oh... What was that exactly?

TWIST

Well... you know how I like to mix a lot of my own music, right?

CHRIS

The eight million home made mp3s on my laptop all shout 'yes' to that.

TWIST

Well, I was talking to the DJ about it, and he said why don't I do a little set, maybe forty minutes or so, while you're upstairs seeing the old man...

Chris raises an eyebrow but Twist is clearly looking forward to being the queen of the decks.

CHRIS

You're really enjoying all this, aren't you?

TWIST

Hell, yeah! This is the most fun I've had since that bar fight last week.

The duo walk off screen.

13

INT. SANGUINE CLUB - DJ BOOTH. NIGHT.

13

The music is thumping - 'Slow' by Professional Murder Music this time - the crowd are dancing, it's business as usual.

We're walking up to the DJ booth from behind, seeing the current DJ, BENJI, hunched over the decks and nodding along with the beat. Benji turns as we join him.

Twist steps into the small booth, a rectangular area walled off to soundproof it, with two sets of record decks in front and several shiny cases of CDs to the right.

Benji passes Twist a pair of headphones, which she puts on, the biggest grin of her life on her face.

14 INT. SANGUINE CLUB - MAIN FLOOR. NIGHT.

14

Chris is waiting by a plain door marked 'Staff Only,' looking around through the blue tint of the lights overhead at the crowded club. He smirks as he sees Twist step up to the DJ booth, before someone clears their throat behind him and he turns round.

Tyler has opened the door leading to the stairway beyond.

TYLER

Mr. Bannister will see you now.

He turns and heads back up the stairs and Chris follows.

15 INT. SANGUINE CLUB - STAIRWAY. NIGHT.

15

We're at the top of the narrow staircase, looking down at Tyler and Chris as they head up towards us.

TYLER

So what brings you to the hills,
Mr. Berkeley?

CHRIS

I heard that Bannister was a good
chap to see if I was in the mood
for a spot of light reading.

TYLER

Heh, hope you brought your glasses,
you're gonna need them!

They reach the top of the staircase and Tyler holds open a door to the left for Chris to head through.

16 INT. SANGUINE CLUB - UPSTAIRS OFFICE. NIGHT.

16

Chris steps into the neat office we saw earlier, and Dudley is standing guard by the door as he comes in. Chris nods and smiles but the surly guard just grunts.

BANNISTER (O.S.)

Ah, there he is!

The old man walks over from one corner of the room, where he was sat on a large wicker chair watching the TV, and heads for Chris with welcoming arms wide open.

A little taken aback by this show of hospitality, he accepts the warm hug from Bannister with a confused look.

CHRIS

Uh, hello there... I don't believe
we've met?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANNISTER

No, no we haven't, Christopher, but I know all about you. You and your friend out there.

Chris turns to look out through the tinted windows overlooking the stage, where we can see the DJ booth illuminated by the bright flashing lights all around it.

17 INT. SANGUINE CLUB - DJ BOOTH. NIGHT. 17

Twist is still keeping the crowd jumping as the music pounds out overhead - it's 'Symbiont' by Celldweller. She glances down at the red LED clock above the decks, then turns to look at Benji. She taps her wrist to say 'Am I out of time yet?'

Benji, standing outside the booth, takes a drag from his cigarette and then shakes his head, waving an arm out over the crowd and then pointing back at Twist with a thumbs up. The floor is hers!

She beams back at him and starts sorting through the records on offer.

18 INT. SANGUINE CLUB - UPSTAIRS OFFICE. NIGHT. 18

Chris turns to Bannister with a bemused grin on his face.

CHRIS

I hope she's not driving everyone away out there..

BANNISTER

Doesn't look like it at all! Come, sit down, we have much to discuss.

Bannister indicates the wicker chair and another next to it, and he and Chris settle down. Bannister snaps his fingers and Dudley steps over.

DUDLEY

Yes, sir?

BANNISTER

Two pots of tea, if you would. This may be a long evening.

Dudley throws another dirty look at Chris before turning and leaving by the staircase door.

CHRIS

You'll have to forgive me for asking, Mr. Bannister, but how did you know to expect me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANNISTER

I have my methods. I could sense that someone important was going to be passing by soon, and it just so happened that a day later I hear that you're in town looking for me, and now here we are.

CHRIS

Then I assume you know why I'm here?

BANNISTER

Why else? You want to view the collection.

CHRIS

(smiles eagerly)
That would be rather nice..

BANNISTER

Well, we'll have a quick drink first then head on. Are you alright to stay here for a while? Your friend seems quite settled out there.

CHRIS

Yes, I suppose I owe her the chance to kick back a little..

Dudley walks back over and sets a silver tray down on a small coffee table, with two china teapots and two cups. He moves away as Bannister pours two cups of the herbal tea, and with a gracious nod Chris takes a sip.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(surprised)
That is very good.. what is it?

BANNISTER

A special homemade brew, works well on those with troubles of the soul.

CHRIS

Something I have a lot of, I'm afraid..

BANNISTER

Ah yes, your quest.

CHRIS

(surprised)
You know about it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BANNISTER

When one hears of a half-vampire, travelling the world in search of a cure to the vampiric condition that may or may not actually exist, with a vampire he managed to steal out of Hell in tow, well, stories do travel...

A shared grin as they sip some more tea.

CHRIS

I'm only sorry it's taken me so long to track you down, there must be all sorts of useful things I could find with a quick scan through your books.

BANNISTER

I must ask you something, though.

CHRIS

Go ahead.

BANNISTER

Why are you doing all of this?

Chris pauses - it's been a while since he's thought about his potentially fruitless mission.

CHRIS

Because there are people I want to help. People cursed who don't deserve to be, people who have made amends for past deeds and now deserve another chance at life so they can end it naturally.

BANNISTER

And?

CHRIS

And... well, I'm not planning on living forever, so there's only one way to stop that, isn't there?

BANNISTER

Who do you plan to use the cure for?

CHRIS

After myself? There are a few people I have in mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BANNISTER

I hope you appreciate the implications of what you intend to do. Turning the dead and demonic back into humans? Goes against the natural order of things, and could have grave consequences, no pun intended.

CHRIS

I'm not planning on selling it to the highest bidder, if that's what you mean. I just want to bring a little balance back to the world.

Bannister smiles, satisfied with Chris' motivations.

BANNISTER

Good. Then let's head down into the library.

They stand, and head over to the solid door we saw earlier, which Tyler opens for them.

19

INT. SANGUINE CLUB - BACK ROOM. NIGHT.

19

Chris follows Bannister as he walks along the long, gloomy corridor.

CHRIS

I meant to ask earlier, why did you set up inside a nightclub? It's not the kind of location you'd expect.

BANNISTER

It's simple, really - the energy.

CHRIS

Energy?

BANNISTER

You saw how full the club was outside? That many people crammed in one place, sharing a common bond as they express themselves through dance and enjoyment... well, it creates a lot of positive energy, spiritual and otherwise, and this building is designed to channel that energy to provide me with all the magical power I could ever need.

CHRIS

You use the patrons like batteries?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They walk out into the back room we saw earlier, where Glover is busy filing away an armful of books into the shelves. He nods as Chris and Bannister walk in.

BANNISTER

In a manner of speaking, yes. It doesn't drain anything out of them, I merely siphon off what they're producing and convert it for my own uses. Energy can't be destroyed, only changed from one form to another, so why let it all go to waste?

We pull back to see that the library stretches back a considerable way from the entrance to the back room, but is more well lit than the access corridor.

BANNISTER (cont'd)

I can't let anything you see here leave this room for obvious reasons...

CHRIS

The thought never entered my mind.

BANNISTER

However, you are free to take any notes, copies, pictures and whatever else that you wish. I had one of my men take the liberty of fetching your laptop computer from your hotel room.

Chris turns with a raised eyebrow as Glover hands him his laptop. Glover looks terrified and edges away.

CHRIS

I should applaud your initiative...

BANNISTER

And forgive the breaking and entering, yes. Have fun, Chris, I'll be back in the office if you need me. My assistant Glover will be here if you need anything.

Bannister leaves and Glover stays by the door as Chris starts to pace along one of the shelves, a happy look on his face as he runs a hand along the book spines.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

20 INT. SANGUINE CLUB - BACK ROOM. NIGHT. 20

We walk along the library shelves until we pick up Chris, sitting cross-legged on the floor with his laptop resting on his knees, his face lit by its glow as he busily taps in information from the book open on the floor before him.

Several more are lying around him, along with notebooks and scraps of paper, and as we push closer, the music playing in the club below starts to fade up, as we:

21 INT. SANGUINE CLUB - MAIN FLOOR. NIGHT. 21

The dance floor is rocking out again to the stomp of 'Nothing Really Matters' by Harry, but this time we delve into the crowd, disappearing into the many outfits and faces until we pick up Twist, standing against a guard rail, sipping a bottle through a straw and looking round as she bops along to the beat. Benji joins her.

BENJI

Hey, hey, superstar DJ! You good?

TWIST

Better than a freshly shaven
Buddah, amigo! I am feelin' the
beat and the heat on the street
tonight!

We leave the two of them chatting and pan a little to the left, where we see that there is a figure standing cloaked in the shadows near the bar, watching Twist.

22 INT. SANGUINE CLUB - LIBRARY. NIGHT. 22

We're with Chris again, tapping away at his keyboard when a shadow falls over him. He looks up.

Bannister is back, a steaming mug of tea in his hands.

BANNISTER

Everything alright?

Chris places the laptop on the floor and stands.

CHRIS

Oh, definitely. This collection is fantastic! I haven't seen anywhere that had Caricci's Dialogues for years, and you've got a full set of the Agnean Summoner's Rituals as well, I didn't think they'd even finished one of those, and...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANNISTER

Yes, it's taken me a lifetime to build it up, and when I'm gone there are several people ready to take over from me. These books will serve as a reference for anyone who needs them, for as long as I can ensure it.

CHRIS

As long as I can keep popping round, I'll always lend a hand to help out!

Bannister places a hand on Chris' shoulder and leads him back towards the corridor.

BANNISTER

I'm glad you said that, Chris, because there's a little task I'd like your help with.

CHRIS

Name it.

BANNISTER

There's this fellow, works a few blocks away from here, goes by the name of Vance. Not the most legal of fellows, if you know what I mean...

CHRIS

I do, I don't exactly pay my parking fines either.

BANNISTER

It pays to work on both sides of the thin blue line, doesn't it? Anyway, this Vance chap should have received some new additions for the library today, and I wonder if you wouldn't mind going and fetching them for me. Glover will give you the address.

CHRIS

No problem. Twist will be fine here. In fact, I doubt she'd notice if I left her here, to be honest...

Bannister grins and he and Chris walk into the corridor heading back to the office.

23 INT. SANGUINE CLUB - MAIN FLOOR. NIGHT.

23

Twist is just leaving one of the bathrooms when she suddenly pauses, frowning and looking off screen.

We get a shot of one of the club's emergency exit doors, currently surrounded by dancing clubbers, but as we push in on it slightly, a white GLOW forms around it, like a bright light shining from the other side.

Twist rubs her eyes and squints back towards the door.

The glow is gone, everything is back to normal.

Twist looks round, dazed as Benji appears and heads over.

BENJI

Hey you! You ready for round two?

TWIST

Round... huh?

BENJI

Djing, round two! Remember? I liked your set and we agreed you could have another hour around now! You're up again in a few minutes.

TWIST

Oh... oh, right. Cool. Thanks.

Benji nods and walks off, leaving Twist alone. She shakes her head and peers at the beer in her hands, placing the half-full bottle back down on a nearby table.

TWIST (cont'd)

Man, I need to lay off the booze..

24 INT. SANGUINE CLUB - DJ BOOTH. NIGHT.

24

Recovered by now, Twist puts the headphones on and starts to check through the CDs on offer, loading up the next tracks and getting things ready. As 'Hey Ho!' By the Lords Of Acid fades out she fades another up, the grin back on her face as she watches the crowd bouncing around. She frowns suddenly, and looks around the club as though realising something.

Through her eyes, we see everything slow down - the music and dancers slowing to a crawl - and as she watches, a strange yellow GLOW starts to form around the fire door on the far side of the club.

Twist's eyes narrow as she senses something is wrong.

TWIST

Uh-oh...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We switch back to normal speed as the fire door is suddenly KICKED open, and a gang of VAMPIRES and a few DEMONS start to pour into the club, barging clubbers out of the way as they head inside.

Twist watches the crows start to scatter, quickly counting the invaders and sizing them up.

TWIST (cont'd)
Alright, baumgartner... game time.

We close on her finger as she hits 'Play' on one of the CD racks, starting of 'It's Only Them' by Pain, making the perfect soundtrack for the impending fight.

Twist steps up onto the table with the decks and LEAPS over it, sailing through the air and onto the dancefloor as the song starts to blast out all around her. She marches up to the raiders, shoving through the crowds.

Taking stock of things, five of the vamps are guarding the door as the two demons head for the staircase.

They're well-built, with two small horns either side of their head and almost black skin.

Twist glances to her side, sees that she's near the bar and grabs a full bottle of spirit from behind it. She leans back and prepares to throw it.

One vamp is about to open the door when the bottle flies in from off camera, SHATTERING against his head. He crumples, and his comrade turns and snarls.

Twist grins she motions for the vampires to bring it on.

TWIST (cont'd)
Alright, goon squad! Time to get
Kill Bill on your asses...

The vampires SNARL and charge as one towards Twist.

25 EXT. HOLLYWOOD - STREET. NIGHT. 25

Chris walks along the street, not a care in the world, passing a few closed shops and whistling to himself.

26 INT. SANGUINE CLUB - MAIN FLOOR. NIGHT. 26

Back in action, as Twist KICKS out and connects with the first vamp, then with a quick roundhouse PUNCH sends him flying head first into the wall.

As he butts into it and falls down, Twist blocks the punches of the next two vamps, stepping back until she can get a blow in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A CHOP to the neck of the first and then an elbow driven into the gut of the second clears her some room, and with a YELL she grabs one's arm and spins him round into the other, knocking them down like bowling pins.

The next three vamps take up positions around her, chuckling and cracking their knuckles.

TWIST

Three on one? That just isn't fair!
Tell you what, I'll just use my
legs...

With that, she hops up onto a nearby table and leaps into the air, CRASHING feet first into the upper body of one of the vamps and knocking him to the floor. Twist is hit a few times before she can recover, and staggers back a little under the blows.

VAMP #1

Kill her! Stinkin' vampire!

TWIST

(offended)
Hey! I took a shower before I got
here!

She PUNCHES him square in the jaw, and as he howls and clutches his face, she winces and shakes her hand.

27 EXT. HOLLYWOOD - STREET. NIGHT. 27

Chris pauses at the entrance to a dark alleyway, and looks down at a scrap of paper in his hand. With another glance down the alley, he starts to walk down it.

28 EXT. HOLLYWOOD - ALLEY. NIGHT. 28

The only thing in the alley is one small, plain wooden doorway, and a few bags of rubbish piled outside. Chris wrinkles his nose as he knocks on the door.

VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah? Who is it?

CHRIS

Bannister sent me.

VOICE (O.S.)

Oh, okay, hang on.

We hear footsteps, and then the sound of several bolts scraping back. The small door opens a little and a face peeks out - this is VANCE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Are you Vance?

VANCE

(suspiciously)

Yeah, that's me. Who wants to know?

CHRIS

My name's Chris, Chris Berkeley.
I've been asked to pick up some
things for Mr. Bannister.

VANCE

Okay, wait there.

The door closes, we hear a heavy chain being dragged back before the door opens again. We can see Vance clearly now - a short, scruffy looking man with a floppy bowl haircut and mismatched tie dye clothing. He waves Chris inside and Chris walks through the door, which closes.

29

INT. SANGUINE CLUB - UPSTAIRS OFFICE. NIGHT.

29

Tyler is looking out through the windows overlooking the dance floors, and snorts as the two demons bust in.

Dudley steps into the office through the stairs leading up from the main floor as Tyler turns to him.

TYLER

Hey, Dudley! Don't just stand
there, we got trouble downstairs!

DUDLEY

I know.

Dudley calmly reaches into his jacket, draws a large handgun and SHOOTS Tyler in one fluid motion. Tyler gasps, clutches at his chest and then staggers backwards to crash onto the floor.

Bannister appears from the corridor leading to the library.

BANNISTER

What's going on here? Dudley, why
ar-

He freezes as he sees the gun in Dudley's hands and raises his hands slowly. Glover appears from the corridor and gasps as he sees the gun, throwing his hands into the air and dropping all the folders he was carrying.

DUDLEY

(snarls)

Like I kept telling that idiot, I
hate this music!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANNISTER

Dudley, what's the meaning of this?

DUDLEY

A business venture came up, and I'm pleased to finally announce my retirement to you.

Dudley opens the door, and the tall, imposing form of MALKUTH steps into the office. The scaly half-demon looks as smug as ever as he looks down on Bannister and chuckles to himself.

BANNISTER

You...

MALKUTH

I'm impressed, you hid my books from me for quite a while this time!

BANNISTER

These books were never meant for someone like you!

MALKUTH

We'll let me be the judge of that. Mr. Dudley?

Dudley steps forward and shoves Bannister and Glover out of the way, keeping them both at gunpoint.

DUDLEY

Better be quick. The boys downstairs won't be able to hold that vampire chick off forever, the way they're going so far.

MALKUTH

They don't have to...

He rounds on Bannister, an evil grin across his face.

30

INT. SANGUINE CLUB - MAIN FLOOR. NIGHT.

30

We're back with Twist, now surrounded by three unconscious vamps but squaring off to three more, looking worse for the wear by this stage of the fight.

She's as defiant as ever though, wiping away blood from a split lip as the vamps encircle her. Terrified clubbers can be seen crowding round the exits trying to get out.

TWIST

Okay, all three of you obviously still haven't had enough Rothrockness for one day, so who's next?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two lunge forward at once, and with a great spiralling roundhouse KICK she connects with one and knocks him into the other, her blonde hair trailing out behind her.

The third vamp PUNCHES her, and she falls, knocking over one of the few undisturbed tables around her and shattering glass everywhere. She picks herself up slowly, clearly hurting by now.

We get a low-level shot of Malkuth walking calmly out from the upstairs doorway and heading for the exit, with Dudley bringing a restrained Bannister following him.

She grunts with pain and stands, the last vamps still ready for a fight in front of her. She rolls her eyes and puts her dukes up once again.

TWIST (cont'd)

Alright, alright. Just you to do
and then I can get on with
railroading your boss...

The two step to it again.

31 INT. VANCE'S PLACE. NIGHT.

31

We're in a cosy room stacked ceiling high with shelves, dressers, cupboards and boxes, with wrapped packages of all shapes and sizes balanced precariously left, right and centre.

Vance is shuffling around searching through various piles as Chris looks around. A tinny police band radio can be heard in the background.

CHRIS

So what exactly do you do, Mr.
Vance?

Vance turns over a package in his hand and chuckles as he continues searching through his shelves.

VANCE

Ah, I reroute packages for people.
All sorts of things, from anyplace
to anywhere. People like Bannister
keep me in business, always
shipping something from God knows
where to God only knows where.

CHRIS

I see...

Chris is looking up at one particularly high stack of packages when his ears pick up on the radio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RADIO

Copy that, Unit MK-95, over.
Disturbance at the Sanguine
nightclub in the lower east side,
possible gang related, requesting
available units for backup.

His look darkens as Vance walks over with a large package in his hands, postmarked and sealed.

VANCE

This is the one, showed up a few
days ago. Heh, Bannister's getting
lazy in his age, used to come down
here and see me but he never
bothers anymore..

Vance looks around. Chris is nowhere to be seen and the door is wide open. Vance puts his hands on his hips and tuts loudly.

VANCE (cont'd)

Well, howd'ya like that!

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

32 EXT. OUTSIDE SANGUINE CLUB. NIGHT. 32

Chris races along the street leading up to the club's entrance as we hear the sound of police sirens approaching. One squad car is already outside, with an officer trying to get statements out of a huddled crowd of scared looking clubbers. Chris strides purposefully past them towards the doors.

COP

Hey... hey, you! You can't go in there!

Chris ignores him and walks straight inside. The cop looks from the doors to the clubbers, then back, before drawing his gun with a sigh and following Chris inside.

33 INT. SANGUINE CLUB - MAIN FLOOR. NIGHT. 33

We're looking across the club at a slanted angle from floor level. The place is a mess - overturned tables, smashed glass everywhere, signs of a major struggle. The lights around the club are still rotating but the music has fallen silent. Chris walks into frame, looking round.

Next, we're looking at Twist, and we see from her prone position on the floor that it was her eye view for the previous shot. She's lying on her side, a table pinning her to the ground, blood and cuts all over her. An unconscious demon is slumped before her.

Chris notices her at last and hurries over. He FLINGS the table to the side with a grunt and picks Twist up carefully. She winces as he brushes broken glass off her now ripped outfit. She smiles weakly back.

TWIST

Thanks, chief... Thought I was doing okay... till the other four showed up...

CHRIS

What happened? Where's Bannister?

TWIST

Dunno... saw some guys taking him outside...

(urgently)

Chris!

CHRIS

What? What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Chris, it was Malkuth! He took him,
they went that way.

She points towards the still open fire doors.

CHRIS

Let's go. Are you okay to walk?

TWIST

I'll be fine... just give me a
minute...

She leans forward and takes several deep breaths, before standing again and smoothing her hair out. They walk past one of the beaten demons on their way out.

As Twist's boots come into view, she KICKS the demon hard as she walks past. He grunts.

TWIST (cont'd)

And that's for saying I fought like
a girl, baumgartner...

34

EXT. OUTSIDE SANGUINE - REAR. NIGHT.

34

Chris walks into view, supporting Twist who is still looking bruised. He looks around a few times, the cold, grey parking area outside the club lit by streetlamps and giving no clues as to the location of Malkuth. Chris pauses, then closes his eyes and lifts his head up, sniffing the air.

Flashlight and gun out, the cop from outside steps cautiously out through the doors, looking around.

COP

Freeze! Okay, you, don't move...

Twist rolls her eyes and swats the gun out of his hands.

TWIST

Do me a favour, Ponch, go call for
backup and tell them to follow us.
There's gonna be trouble at the
mill tonight, and plenty of bodies
to clean up by the time we're done.
Capish?

Chris picks up the scent and looks round at Twist.

CHRIS

I've got them. Heading west.

TWIST

(to Cop)
You got a car?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COP
 (shaking)
 Uh-uh, y-y-yeah...

Twist beams at him, which just freaks him out more!

TWIST
 (brightly)
 Cool! Can we borrow it?

COP
 W-We-W-Well...

TWIST
 Aww! Isn't he a sweetie?

She pecks him on the cheek as she and Chris walk past him.
 The cop is still too shaken to move.

35 INT. POLICE CRUISER. NIGHT.

35

The doors SLAM as Chris settles into the driver's seat and starts the ignition. Twist fastens her seat belt.

TWIST
 Okay, you be Starsky, I'll be
 Hutch.

CHRIS
 (flustered)
 Twist, this is no time for-

TWIST
 (stern)
 You be Starsky, and I'll be Hutch!

CHRIS
 Fine! Let's go. Hutch.

Twist flips on the siren as Chris revs the engine and the car screeches out of frame.

36 INT. MALKUTH'S LIMO. NIGHT.

36

We're riding inside Malkuth's very luxurious black limousine, where Bannister is sitting stiffly on one of the leather seats with Dudley keeping an eye on him. Malkuth is nearby, sipping a cocktail as he eyes up the

librarian. Glover is quivering with fear in another seat.

MALKUTH
 So! The healing librarian business
 not working out for you then?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANNISTER

Go to Hell.

MALKUTH

Tut tut, Edward, you can show your old associate a bit more respect than that, can't you?

He nods to Dudley, who SLAPS Bannister. Hard.

BANNISTER

Maybe I just didn't have what it takes to be the kind of healer I

wanted to anymore. That's why I stole your books. So I could help others.

MALKUTH

Well, that was just plain rude, wasn't it? Now I'm going to have to break a bone in your body for every one you stole. And I have a sneaky feeling that there may be a few more books than you have bones, like, ooh, say four hundred or so. So I'll have to break some twice.

He grins that lizard-like smile again as we hear the window partition to the driver wind down, and blue and red flashing lights can dimly be seen through the tinted rear window.

DRIVER

Uh, boss, we've got company.

Malkuth looks through the back window and chuckles.

MALKUTH

Oh, dear. Very persistent, isn't he?

37

INT. POLICE CRUISER. NIGHT.

37

We're looking over Chris and Twist's shoulders as they speed up to the escaping limousine, driving along a thankfully quiet main road.

TWIST

(points)

There he is! Faster, pussycat!

CHRIS

I am driving faster! This isn't a game, you know, I can't just drive into him or we could both end up flipped off the road!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST
 Alright, then let *me* drive!

CHRIS
 No way.

TWIST
 Go on! You can shoot at him!

CHRIS
 With what?

Twist hefts up the huge shotgun she's found in the driver's seat.

TWIST
 (proudly)
 With my boomstick!

CHRIS
 What the... Put that down before you
 get us both killed!

She **SHOVES** the shotgun into Chris' hands, then leans over and **GRABS** the wheel out of his hands. Chris complains but ends up wriggling out through the driver's window as Twist squeezes across into his seat, gunning the accelerator and pulling up close to the limo ahead. Chris tries to draw a bead on the snaking car ahead.

CHRIS (cont'd)
 (shouts)
 Now what?!?

TWIST
 Go for the wheels! Didn't you ever
 watch 'Chips'?

Half in, half out of the car, he takes aim with the shotgun and fires.

As the shells hit home with, the limo's rear window **EXPLODES** in a shower of glass.

38 INT. MALKUTH'S LIMOUSINE. NIGHT.

38

Everyone ducks as the glass **BLOWS** out.

MALKUTH
 How much farther?

DRIVER
 Next turning, sir!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALKUTH

Step on it, before that British
idiot kills us all!

(to Dudley)

Don't just sit there, shoot back!

Dudley shifts round, aims his gun and starts to fire back through the now broken window.

39 INT. POLICE CRUISER. NIGHT. 39

Twist ducks as bullets pierce the windscreen, still gaining on the limo.

Chris aims to shoot again but stops as two bullets hit him square in the chest. He yells and drops the shotgun.

She grabs hold of Chris and drags him back inside the car, sliding him across onto the passenger seat.

TWIST

You okay?

CHRIS

Bastard! I liked this shirt...

Chris is a little dazed from the hits but saved by his half-vampireness. He shakes his head to clear the cobwebs and looks around for another weapon.

40 EXT. HOLLYWOOD - ROAD. NIGHT. 40

Malkuth's limo hits the brakes and veers off to the right, down towards a set of darkened warehouses. Twist turns the police cruiser to follow.

41 EXT. HOLLYWOOD - WAREHOUSE COMPLEX. NIGHT. 41

Malkuth's limo bursts through a locked gate and speeds off screen, followed moments later by the police cruiser.

We stay on Twist's car as it screeches to a halt next to the limo, which has pulled up, all its doors open. Twist leaps out, looking round frantically. Chris hauls himself out of the car, still in pain after the bullet hits.

CHRIS

Where did he go?

TWIST

I can't see him...

She looks around some more before spotting the target.

TWIST (cont'd)

There!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist points across to another warehouse.

Malkuth, Bannister, Dudley, Glover and the driver are hustling across a gangway leading into another warehouse, Dudley kicking the door open as the group disappears inside.

42

INT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

42

We're inside the warehouse as Chris and Twist run inside, Twist pausing to grab an iron bar from the ground as she races off, Chris limping after her.

We're on a balcony looking down into a lower floor of the warehouse where we see a purple swirling GATEWAY of energy waiting as Malkuth and the others gather round it. Twist and then Chris run into frame n the balcony.

Malkuth looks up and sees Chris looking down on him, then waves and with a victorious smirk steps through the portal and vanishes.

TWIST

What is that, a transport portal?

Chris nods, wheezing for breath. Twist sees he's in no state to move and starts to run along the balcony. We stay with her as she clatters down an iron staircase to the lower level.

Dudley is about to shove Bannister through the portal when Glover manages to break free of the driver's grip, and with an attempt at a war cry BARGES himself into Dudley, knocking the big man over.

The driver reaches down to pick Glover up, but an iron bar streaks in from off camera and CRACKS him across the side of his head, and he crumples to the floor.

Glover looks up as a shadow falls across him.

Dudley stands, framed by a light overhead and not looking happy. He snarls, but before he can get another word out we hear Twist shout out and she CHARGES into him, knocking him off camera.

Dudley swipes at Twist but she dodges it, and CHOPS him in the neck. He staggers back and she uses the gap to spin on the spot, swinging her fist round to SMASH into his skull.

Dudley twirls round from the blow and drops to his knees, allowing Twist to stand behind him and THROW him face first into the dusty warehouse floor.

TWIST (cont'd)

And *that's* what you get for busting up my DJ set!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Glover looks up again as another shadow falls across him, but this time it's Chris, and his hand reaches into frame and helps him up.

Chris watches the portal fade away as he helps Bannister up, the old man bleeding from a cut above his eyebrow. Police sirens can be heard approaching, and Chris glances round anxiously.

CHRIS

Let's go, the police will be here
any moment and I haven't got time
to think up an explanation.

He puts one of Bannister's arms across his shoulders to help support him as they head back for the staircase.

TWIST

We don't need one, we just saved
the day! That gives us hero's
rights.

CHRIS

Just be quiet and hurry up!

TWIST

(off Dudley & the driver)
What about Dumb and Dumber?

CHRIS

Not our problem.

TWIST

(grins)
Good! Glad you said that.

43 INT. POLICE CRUISER. NIGHT.

43

Twist starts the engine as Chris finishes helping Bannister into the back seat next to Glover, before joining Twist in the front.

CHRIS

Hang on a minute, how did you end
up driving?

TWIST

You shoulda called shotgun...

44 EXT. WAREHOUSE COMPLEX. NIGHT.

44

The cruiser speeds into frame and back up the road leading out of the complex, straight towards three waiting squad cars. The officers are out and ready, shouting and aiming their guns towards the cruiser.

45 INT. POLICE CRUISER. NIGHT. 45

We're looking over Chris & Twist's shoulders at the roadblock up ahead. She starts to panic.

TWIST
Crap! What do I do? What do I do?

CHRIS
Floor it!

46 EXT. HOLLYWOOD - ROAD. NIGHT. 46

We're just past the edge of the roadblock as the stolen police cruiser barges its way through, sending cars spinning and cops diving for cover as it smashes past. The cruiser speeds away as two cops take up positions and fire on the departing car.

We hear the bullets hitting the car as it races on.

47 INT. POLICE CRUISER. NIGHT. 47

Twist ducks as the bullets PING off the car, then looks over her shoulder to check they're clear.

TWIST
Is everyone okay?

CHRIS
Sort of... bloody bullets from earlier are still hurting!

TWIST
Glover, you okay?

GLOVER
I-I... Yes, I'm fine, but what about...

He looks over towards Bannister, but the old man is slumped in his seat.

CHRIS
Oh, no...

He reaches over and turns Bannister to the side - and we see a bullet wound with dark blood spreading across the old man's flannel shirt. A bullet hole in the car door next to him shows the entry point.

48 EXT. HOLLYWOOD - HILLTOP. DAWN. 48

We're looking at a small parking bay overlooking the city, just off the main road. The police cruiser is parked a few feet away as Chris lays Bannister gently on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist watches, one eye on the rapidly approaching sunrise we can see through the faint patches of light in the sky.

Chris holds a hand over the bullet wound but Bannister's hand pushes it away. Chris frowns at the old man, and tries to hold his hand over the wound again.

CHRIS

Let me try to help. Stay still.

BANNISTER

No... it's too late... Save your energy.

CHRIS

(frustrated)

Can't you do anything? I mean, you were well known for being a great healer, once...

BANNISTER

A healer's job is to save others, not himself...

Chris goes to answer but stops at the solemn words.

BANNISTER (cont'd)

Glover can take care of... the library now... We'll let you... take a few things with you...

CHRIS

Thank you.

BANNISTER

Just promise me... something...

CHRIS

Name it.

BANNISTER

Put a stop to Malkuth for me...

And with that, Bannister breathes his last. Chris bows his head and looks over to Glover, who is shaking as he takes the dead man from Chris' arms.

Twist is shifting from foot to foot nervously as she watches the sun come up.

TWIST

Chris...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

I know. Glover, we'll meet you back at the club tomorrow when the police have gone, alright?

Glover nods as Chris stands and walks over to Twist.

TWIST

Are we just gonna leave them there?

CHRIS

Glover can tell them they were kidnapped. If we leave the car here, they'll buy the story.

TWIST

And exactly what are we supposed to do for transport? In case you haven't noticed, we're rapidly approaching 'sun comes up and Twist goes poof!' time... you planning on stealing yet another car?

CHRIS

I'm afraid not. Looks like we'd better get moving, eh?

Chris walks off the bottom of the screen, and she follows after a few mutter curses. We stay on Glover holding Bannister as we look down across the city below, the sky lightening quickly as the sun rises.

49 EXT. TRAIN STATION. EARLY EVENING. 49

We're looking up close at an open baggage compartment before its door SLAMS shut, showing Chris and Twist sat inside the train through the window.

50 INT. TRAIN. EARLY EVENING. 50

Chris is opposite Twist, a large duffel bag open and full of books on the table between them. Twist peers into it.

TWIST

He really let you have all of these?

CHRIS

Every one. I managed to resist the temptation to be greedy.

TWIST

Huh. So, who's gonna get saddled with carrying this lot then?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST(cont'd)

We keep picking up more and more stuff, and there's still just the two of us.

CHRIS

(leans back)

I was thinking of starting my own collection. I know a few people who could look after this for me for the time being.

TWIST

So... no carrying?

CHRIS

No carrying.

TWIST

Score!

Chris reaches in to the bag and takes out the top book, sitting back and opening it as Twist puts in her Discman headphones and roots through her bag for a CD. She pauses, looking like she wants to say something.

TWIST (cont'd)

Uh... Chris?

CHRIS

Mmm?

TWIST

Something weird happened in the club, a few minutes before Malkuth and his monkeys showed up, and... well, I just don't know how to explain it.

Chris puts the book down and looks over to her.

Twist looks like she's about to speak, then shakes her head and looks away.

TWIST (cont'd)

Ah, it was probably nothing. Ignore me. Guess I'd had too many Bacardis or something.

Chris watches her but she roots through her bag again, and he decides to leave this conversation until later.

Chris opens the book and we see the page has a large illustration of a heart, and the caption 'Removal Of Mystical Maladies From The Soul.'

He grins as he sees that the books will be a huge help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS
Thanks for everything, old man.

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW