

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

"No Signal"

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&

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BLACKNESS

1

We hear a sound in the dark eclipse. It sounds like the buzzing of bees. Progressively it grows louder, until we get the impression that hundreds of bees are working in direct formation.

We PULL BACK from the BLACKNESS. SLOWLY and METICULOUSLY we REVEAL where the BLACKNESS is coming from. It exists on a single Television screen. The Television is new age (possibly Sony), and Hi-Def. It looks futuristic, like nothing we've seen before.

But we continue to PULL BACK.

Gradually, we find that what we are looking at is one Television out of many. First there are TWO... then there are THREE... then we PICK UP THE PACE... and PULL BACK at a FASTER and FASTER RATE...

... until we have TWO HUNDRED TELEVISIONS directly in sight... all emitting the same BUZZING NOISE.

These TELEVISIONS play a VARIETY of images. Some are showing us HOME VIDEOS.

We CLOSE IN on ONE PARTICULAR HOME VIDEO. The footage is GRAINY. We can make out two GIRLS playing in a back garden. One of them has LIGHT BROWN HAIR. The other has LIGHT BLONDE HAIR. They look suspiciously like a young version of a certain Slayer and her sis, a former Key turned Watcher in Training.

We PULL BACK to the MULTITUDE of TELEVISIONS. No TWO of them are playing the same IMAGE. They alternate between HOME VIDEOS, CURRENT PROGRAMMING, and CCTV FOOTAGE. The CURRENT PROGRAMMING represents a broad spectrum of channels. On one of the CCTV CAMERAS, we see a BANK ROBBERY in progress. The HEIST is organised by a bunch of VAMPIRES wearing bomber jackets. The JACKETS are EMBLAZED with the identikit of LOS AMIGOS. They steal the money... leaving a trail of corpses in their wake.

PULL BACK EVEN FURTHER to REVEAL that these TELEVISIONS make up a SET OF MONITORS in a SATELLITE CONTROL BOOTH.

2 INT. SATELLITE CONTROL BOOTH. DAY.

2

An OPERATOR is MONITORING this SATELLITE CONTROL BOOTH. He goes by the name of MIKE. He's a big guy in his thirties, with GINGER HAIR and Elvis Style Side-burns. He stares at the MONITORS for what seems like an eternity. His eyes barely stay awake. Mike takes a

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sip of some Irish Coffee. The sip turns into a prolonged drink. He puts the cup down, and sighs. He goes back to staring lifelessly at the screens. Mike's eyes drop slowly. But he pries them open.

We PULL BACK even further than this. We leave Mike in the wake, as we PUSH BACK, and up until we get to an AERIAL SHOT of the scene. Mike becomes a tiny figure in a sea of technology.

3 EXT. SPACE. 3

The Final Frontier indeed. Our focus is on the Earth. From here, it does look like a giant Blueberry. We pick up the Satellite in question, as it arcs gracefully around the side of the Earth. As we watch the Satellite, a small mist of purple mist appears. It starts to envelope the Satellite slowly, and as it does so begins to CRACKLE with Electricity.

4 INT. SATELLITE CONTROL BOOTH. DAY 4

We're up close on Mike's increasingly pale face.

MIKE
(scared)
What's going on?

The Lights in the Satellite flicker on and off. Outside the Purple Mist covers the window. We hear Electricity crackle inside.

The monitors flick on and off erratically, and Mike starts pushing buttons frantically until the images start to come back. When I say images, I mean one singular image. Specifically a face. A face that our audience knows pretty well.

MALKUTH, who is on every single Monitor, staring at us. His face breaks into an evil grin. Then he laughs. It's a truly evil guffaw. One that sends a shiver down Mike's spine.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. HOUSTON - APARTMENT. EARLY EVENING. 5

INSERT OVER - Houston.

We're in a modestly furnished small apartment, cream walls, beige sofa - very twentynothing style. TWIST sits on the sofa, a tub of ice cream in one hand and a spoon in the other, watching the small TV set before her. It's showing an episode of 'Mystery Science Theater 3000' and she giggles as she watches.

Suspended by his ankles and hanging in the doorway behind her is CHRIS, exercising in his tracksuit bottoms as he heaves himself up to touch the doorframe and then back down to hang again, using a pair of steel clamps fitted to the top of the doorframe.

TWIST

All that blood rushing to your head
can't be good for you, you know.

CHRIS

Au contraire, over time the organs
sink lower into the body, and
standing on one's head or something
similar reverses the process!

TWIST

So what, you're gonna learn how to
walk on your hands now?

Chris reaches up, unfastens the clamps and flips down to the floor, grabbing a towel and drying off the sweat.

CHRIS

We're talking long-term effects
here. Little bit at a time.
Otherwise I'd end up with my
kidneys fighting for space round my
lungs.

Twist rolls her eyes and turns back to the TV.

CHRIS (cont'd)

So what are you watching this time?
That set's not been off since we
got here.

TWIST

Well, if your friends are going to
insist on having such a nice TV
installed, then you're damn right
I'm gonna be watching it!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST(cont'd)

Anyway, I'm watching a cool old MST3K episode.

CHRIS

MST-what?

TWIST

Basically, there's this guy and these two home made robots who watch bad old movies and add their own quasi-satirical commentary.

CHRIS

Huh.

TWIST

And it is, of course, the greatest thing in the history of the world. Ever.

Chris chuckles to himself and heads out of the room.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Too much TV will rot what little of your brain is left, you know... I'd rather have a vampire for a partner than a zombie!

TWIST

So explain to me what favour you owe the people who own this place, or vice versa? I mean, they're letting us stay here for free and treat it like it was our own... What did you do, free them from slavery or something?

CHRIS (O.S.)

Sort of! It's a funny story, actually. I was hunting down this pack of trashk, nasty buggers who kidnap human families to sell as sets of slaves, and when I broke into their hideout the only people I found were the Buxton family, who just happen to be Brits like myself. And before you knew it, we'd made friends, and they said if I was ever in town they'd help me out any way they could.

TWIST

Like staying rent free at this place?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS (O.S.)

Exactly. Nice bunch, although the mother does have a slightly alarming obsession with setting me up with her daughter...

TWIST

Oo! Sounds promising!

CHRIS (O.S.)

Ah, not exactly. There's a picture over the fireplace, go see for yourself.

Twist gets up and steps over to the fireplace behind the TV. A mantelpiece shelf over the fireplace has a line of framed photographs on it. Twist locates a family shot and lifts it up.

Two smiling parents, two small happy children... and one very, very ugly daughter beaming out by her mother's side.

Twist pulls a face at the photo and quickly puts it back down.

TWIST

Eesh. Not so much the ugly stick, more like the ugly logging factory!

Twist flops back down on the sofa and retrieves her ice cream.

TWIST (cont'd)

So you're still heading off to that underground shopping centre thing?

Chris walks back into the room, dressed and pulling his coat on, his fedora in one hand.

CHRIS

'Shopping centre' is a slightly simplified term for Houston's famous Market, but yes, I'm out to do some shopping. Are you still going to that concert?

TWIST

Damn straight! Rob Zombie and Powerman 5000 at the same gig? I'd have been forced to kill you if you hadn't let me go.

She calmly keeps eating her ice cream as Chris raises an eyebrow at her. He can never tell if she's joking half the time. He grabs his leather backpack from the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHRIS

Good stuff. Well, I'll be back in a few hours, hopefully with lots of new toys to play with.

TWIST

Swords, axes, that kind of thing?

CHRIS

Depends who's in, if that inventor from Newcastle's in town then there'll be a stall full of gadgets that'd have James Bond crying into his pint!

TWIST

(mock enthusiasm)

Go go gadget monster hunter...

Chris smirks and hefts his bag onto his shoulder, when there is a sudden loud, bassy HUM, and every light in the apartment goes out. There is silence for a few moments.

TWIST (cont'd)

(shocked)

My... my TV!!

CHRIS

(annoyed)

Oh, great, a powercut, just what we needed!

With a second hum, the lights return, but the TV is showing nothing but static. Twist looks up at it, heads over and tries to adjust the aerial, but with no luck. She starts hitting it.

TWIST

Ah, come on, you stupid thing!

CHRIS

Probably just interference or something.

(beat)

Twist, if you keep smacking it like that, you're going to break it!

TWIST

But my beautiful TV is gone!

The phone rings. Chris and Twist exchange a look.

CHRIS

(frowns)

Hmm, that's odd, I don't remember giving anyone our number...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Chris' hand picks up the receiver as it continues to ring.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Hello?

VOICE

(filtered)

Oh, hello, is that you,
Christopher?

CHRIS

Angie?

VOICE

Oh, it is you! Excellent.

TWIST

Who is it?

CHRIS

(holds receiver against
chest)

It's Angela Barstow, one of the
readers in the area. Haven't spoken
to her for years.

(into phone)

Angie, how are you?

ANGIE

Oh, I'm fine, Chris, sorry to sneak
up on you and call you like this.

CHRIS

That's fine. How did you get this
number? I hadn't told anyone I was
staying here.

ANGIE

Well, no, but if you think about
it, I am psychic...

CHRIS

(grins)

What can I do for you, then?

Chris sits down on the sofa as Twist continues to curse and
hit the TV to bring the picture back.

ANGIE

You've probably noticed the sudden
lack of any television signal.

CHRIS

Yes, I thought it was just a
sunspot or something.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CHRIS(cont'd)

It's Twist who's in more distress, she's missing her show with the talking robots or something.

ANGIE

Well, I thought I should get in touch because something... strange has fallen over the area.

CHRIS

Strange how?

Chris wanders over to the window and looks out. The sun has set and the city is starting to light up as he scans the panorama, looking for anything unusual.

ANGIE

I can't quite explain it, it's as though a thick cloud of something just appeared over the city and started to mess with all kinds of communication.

CHRIS

Then how is the phone still working?

Twist curses again and sits back, glaring at the TV.

ANGIE

Ah, that's the thing. My phone's enchanted, so it can set up a connection to any other phone and the two will work, but normal phones aren't working at all. If you check your mobile phone, you'll find that it won't be able to connect to anything.

Chris roots round inside his jacket for his phone and holds it up to look at it.

The screen is blank except for the words 'No Signal.'

He frowns and tucks the phone away.

CHRIS

So what are you telling me, Angie, has someone cast a spell over the city to stop people making phone calls?

ANGIE

My senses are telling me it's a lot worse than that, I think someone's trying to-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Before she can finish her sentence, the bassy hum is heard again and all the lights go out.

As Chris glances out the window, lights start to flick off in blocks over the whole city, rapidly reducing it to darkness. Chris frowns again, his reflection visible in the window.

CHRIS

To shut down the power. Angie, sit tight, I'll be round in a minute. I think we may have a problem.

TWIST (O.S.)

Damn straight we do! I'd never seen that episode before and now look at everything!

She waves a hand round to indicate the darkness.

We can dimly make the two of them out, their vampire-enhanced eyes glittering in the gloom. Chris heads for the door.

TWIST (cont'd)

Hey, where are you going?

CHRIS

We are going to meet Angie, she seems to have some kind of an idea as to what's happened.

TWIST

Isn't this just a powercut?

CHRIS

According to her, no. Seems like something magical has caused all this so we'd better get to the bottom of it.

TWIST

But what about my concert?!?

CHRIS

(beat; patiently)

Twist, if there is no power, then there will be no concert...

Twist mutters something under her breath.

CHRIS

I'm sorry? I didn't catch that..

TWIST

(sulkily)

Nothing. Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

We can make out the two of them leaving the room.

6

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE APARTMENT. NIGHT.

6

Chris and Twist walk out into the street. There isn't a single light on up or down the street, although people are already venturing outside with torches and candles, looking around and trying to work out what's going on.

TWIST

Jeez, you'd think these people never saw the night before. How did we manage when we were all cavepeople?

CHRIS

Very badly, by all accounts. Come on, Angie's is only a few blocks away.

Cars are backed up along the street, their headlights managing to pierce the blackness as the impatient drivers honk at one another.

7

EXT. ANOTHER STREET. NIGHT.

7

Chris and Twist walk along, past gangs of people gathering around, talking and looking worried. Traffic lights are out and so the streets are filled with backed up cars. Chris and Twist weave their way around the parked cars.

TWIST

If this is magical, who's causing it and why?

CHRIS

That's what I hope Angie can tell me, and more importantly where to find the cause.

TWIST

She's not going to be all vague like that chick in Orlando, is she? Because, you know, I'm a Dragnet kind of girl when it comes to psychic stuff. Just the facts, ma'am.

CHRIS

Don't worry. Angie's a bit less... traditional than Brenda was.

TWIST

'Traditional'? Why am I not liking the sound of that at all?

8 EXT. THE AIR OVER HOUSTON. NIGHT. 8

We leave Chris and Twist walking for a moment and pull back, up a mile into the air so we can look down on the whole city. The lights of the car headlights twinkle out but apart from that the whole place is in darkness.

And as we watch, we start to see a glittering purple cloud forming in the air around us, the same crackles of electricity as the ones we saw surrounding the satellite lacing through the cloud.

9 EXT. ANOTHER STREET. NIGHT. 9

Back with Chris and Twist as they walk, and now distant police sirens can be heard. A large black van parked on the road opposite catching Chris' attention.

Chris pauses as stares and Twist, not looking where she's going, bumps into him.

TWIST

Oof! Nice emergency stop there, but I'm gonna have to fail you for control..

She realises Chris is looking at the van and peers over.

TWIST (cont'd)

What?

CHRIS

That van, see the logo on the side?

Twist squints, the logo hard to read despite her improved vision.

The logo is of a smirking devil's face with fangs, a cigar clamped between it's lips, and stylised writing reading 'Los Amigos' running round the outside of it.

TWIST

Very pretty. What, you want it as a tattoo or something?

CHRIS

I recognise it... and the part of my brain that recognises it is telling me it means trouble.

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CONTINUED:

TWIST

Trouble how? Like, Twist gets to practice her new Jackie Chan moves trouble, or Twist gets thrown around like a Raggedy Ann doll by a seven-foot tall monster kind of trouble?

CHRIS

(eyes her)

Well, if you want to be that specific... If memory serves, then 'Los Amigos' are a gang of vampire robbers who like to cruise around and knock off banks after hours. They're very bold about it and that's probably why no-one's picked them up yet.

TWIST

The old saying where the more open you are about doing something, the less likely anyone is to stop you?

CHRIS

Something like that. Or they've got the local police in their pockets. Either way, they mean trouble and I'm not getting a good feeling at all about seeing them here, now.

TWIST

Not exactly a coincidence, is it? So what do you want to do?

Chris looks from the truck to the far end of the street and back.

CHRIS

Nothing for now, but we're going to need to keep our eyes open for this one. Angie's place is just round the corner, but I think we should keep tabs on this van too.

TWIST

Let's just wait till we hear bank alarm sirens, then we'll know where they are!

She smirks at Chris but he isn't watching. Chris and Twist walk on, Chris' eyes not leaving the van.

10 INT. LOS AMIGOS VAN. NIGHT.

10

We're inside the van now, looking out the tinted side window as Chris and Twist carry on walking down the street. There are two burly vampires sat in front, both watching the duo walk away.

LOS AMIGO #1
Is that him?

LOS AMIGO #2
Yeah. Heh, thought he'd be taller.

LOS AMIGO #1
The hell is he doin' here?

LOS AMIGO #2
Aah, who cares, probably nosin' around and looking for somewhere to get his next fix. I heard he was a junkie.

LOS AMIGO #1
Yeah, well, I hear a lot of things. Come on, the others are waitin' and we've got a whole night to start working through!

The second vamp grins as the first turns on the van's engine and drives away off screen.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 EXT. ANOTHER STREET. NIGHT. 11

Moments on from Act One... and the streets of Houston have become a walking, talking, and violent example of Vigilante style mayhem in the twenty-first century.

Except there is no Punisher/Batman figure righting the wrongs of the normally sociable and decent here, only these now deviant figures, who take it in turns to dismantle the fabric of the city.

The alarms are out. Thus alarms don't go off when trashcans are hurled through the windows of designer shops. The deviant's snatch whatever they can, whether it is jewellery, guns, clothes, or even deodorant.

Cops try and keep the peace, but the response times are down due to the lack of a telephone system to alert them to calls.

12 EXT. CORNER OF 6TH & 7TH. NIGHT. 12

Two Police Officers are using their Police Car as cover. Both sport .45s. They take aim at people they cannot see, and thus their gunfire is sporadic at best, and wasteful at worst. 5 metres down the road is the BLACK VAN that LOS AMIGOS were riding around in just a few short moments ago.

13 EXT. BLACK VAN. NIGHT. 13

LOS AMIGOS take fire at the Police Officers. These guys are screaming and bellowing like an immortal Bonnie and Clyde (except without the sexual tension.)

LOS AMIGO #1
Dis is what I call payback!

LOS AMIGO #2
I guess we shouldn't be thinking
about why we're using guns when
we're Vampires...

LOS AMIGO #1
(shrugs)
Because it's fun!

LOS AMIGO #2
Oh... yeah.

Both shrug, and continue firing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOS AMIGO #1
 Besides, can't have the cops
 getting their hands on our ill-
 gotten gains, can we?

Both members of LOS AMIGOS laugh.

We pan down to see a MONEY BAG that is partially obscured by
 view, situated just by the rear left tire.

14 EXT. POLICE CAR. NIGHT.

14

The Police Officers are forced to lay low. The bullets flying
 towards, and slamming into, their car, are now produced from
 an assault rifle. As expected, the car is now being cut down
 into ribbons. Glass from the destroyed windows lines the
 ground.

COP #1
 Damn it!

COP #2
 I guess 'cease and desist' isn't
 all it's cracked up to be...

EXT. CORNER OF 6th & 7TH. NIGHT.

Chris & Twist are on the corner, crouching down behind a car
 that is sporting several bullet holes. Looks like they got
 caught up in the crossfire between the cops and the Amigos.
 Chris pops his head up, staring at the gunfight.

CHRIS
 I knew those vampires were up to
 something, good job we followed
 them! And now those police officers
 look like they need our help.

TWIST
 Oh, come on, Chris, we can't help
 everyone!

Chris runs forward.

TWIST (cont'd)
 Damn!

15 EXT. BLACK VAN. NIGHT.

15

LOS AMIGOS are firing away until Chris leaps over the car,
 appearing in front of them. He rolls to his feet, and stares
 them

down. They turn to stare at him, bewildered. Then they turn
 their guns on him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

It'll only slow you down.

LOS AMIGO #1

Being here is slowing you down,
vampire!

CHRIS

You know?

LOS AMIGO #2

Keen senses kinda give it away.
Plus, you do have that whole gothic
angle. Makes it obvious.

CHRIS

(beat)

It does?

Sensing an opening, Chris leaps at LOS AMIGO #1, kicking the gun to the floor, and nailing him with a right to the jaw. LOS AMIGO #2 leaps at Chris, swinging his gun like it was a baseball bat.

Chris easily ducks, and uses LOS AMIGO #2's momentum to slam him rib-first into the side of the van. LOS AMIGO #1 grabs his gun, and aims at Chris.

Twist vaults into frame, nailing LOS AMIGO #1 in the back with a stake. He slumps to his knees and pitches into the asphalt.

Twist throws the stake to Chris. He twirls it between his fingers and slams it down into the chest of LOS AMIGO #2, who gasps, then blinks as he realises he's still alive. Chris glares down at him, and the vampire glares right back.

LOS AMIGO #2

(through gritted teeth)

What do you want?

CHRIS

To know where your pals are.

LOS AMIGO #2

That'd betray the code.

Chris presses the stake in a little deeper.

LOS AMIGO #2 (cont'd)

Okay, okay! They're at the Houston
Bank.

CHRIS

Cheers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chris stakes LOS AMIGO #2 then turns to Twist.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Looks like we have another item to
add to our rapidly growing
checklist.

TWIST
(fake enthusiasm)
Well, yee-fricken-haw.

16 INT. 'CLAIRVOYANCE FOR YOU' MAGIC SHOP. NIGHT. 16

We see the owner, ANGIE. In her mid twenties, very human looking, despite having a large green clot at the top of her head. As we join her, she backs against the shop window, petrified. Approaching her are four bikers. From the looks of things, it appears that they do this a lot.

BIKER #1
Time to pay up, witch!

TWIST (O.S.)
Actually... I don't think so.

17 EXT. SIDEWALK. NIGHT. 17

Through the window flies Biker #1. He lands on his head, knocked unconscious. Inside we hear fighting.

Shortly thereafter the others three Bikers join their fallen comrade. Each is in varying degrees of consciousness. Those who can run for cover.

18 INT. CLAIRVOYANCE FOR YOU. NIGHT. 18

Chris & Twist stand in the middle of the store, Chris holding Angie's hands, who has seen better days.

ANGIE
(smiling)
Thank you, both of you!

Angie and Chris hug.

CHRIS
It's good to see you again, Angie.

ANGIE
Ditto. Not a moment too soon,
either!

Chris eyes the store as Twist closes the door and bolts it shut, then drags two large dressers full of trinkets for sale in front of the missing windows.

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CHRIS
What happened here?

Angie shoots him a 'do I really have to explain' look.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Sorry. My intuition sometimes
leaves a lot to be desired.

ANGIE
Try being a half-breed!
(off his look)
I'm kidding.

Chris smirks. Twist stares at them, sensing that these two
have known each other a long time.

TWIST
Okay... I'm feeling a little left
out.

ANGIE
Oh. Do you want to be a half-breed?
(stares at her)
Your future hasn't been written in
stone yet... but most Vampires who
escape from Hell have some kind of
prophecy attached to them.

TWIST
What?

ANGIE
(blinks; recovers)
Sorry - when I see someone with as
much energy surrounding them as
you, my sixth sense tends to go on
autopilot! Come on, we'll have a
seat in the back and I'll see if I
can fill you two in on what's going
on round here.

Angie motions for them to follow through to a back room.

19

INT. BACK ROOM. NIGHT.

19

Chris & Twist sit down. Angie stands in front of them,
creating the right atmosphere before she begins.

ANGIE
It was a few weeks ago that I first
felt it, I got a strange vision
that something was off. I saw an
evil face, heard maniacal laughter,
and then there was nothing.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGIE(cont'd)

I stored it in my memory and forgot about it, but then a split-second before the power was cut, I felt a magic of some kind fall upon the sky. I doubled over in pain, and then every single piece of power over town went out. Hence the looting and general disorder.

CHRIS

Hmm...

Chris pulls out his laptop.

TWIST

Oh, great, because with everything electrical switched off we could really use an expensive doorstop!

CHRIS

This laptop is enchanted, it runs off its own internal power and is also shielded against any magical interference. Theoretically it should be able to help us find out what exactly is going on.

As Chris searches through his files, Twist turns to Angie.

TWIST

So... what was that about a prophecy? You sort of went all Twilight Zone and said something about 'futures not written in stone.'

ANGIE

(smiles)

You have a part to play in events that have yet to happen.

TWIST

Yeah... could you be more specific?
(quickly)
I'm not kidding. That's too cryptic.

ANGIE

(beat; distant)

They need your help. You must lead them.

Twist backs off - scared.

TWIST

Chris?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chris yells 'eureka' at that moment. Angie walks over to him, acting normal. Twist stares at the pair of them, trying to process data that doesn't make much sense.

TWIST (cont'd)

What?

CHRIS

I've found the cause of the power cut.

(spins laptop around)

It's some kind of energy coming from a television satellite. The Control Centre is just a few miles out of town. If we hurry, we can get there before events really begin to get out of control.

TWIST

What about those vampire bank robbers?

CHRIS

We'll have to deal with them later. Let's go!

20 EXT. CAR PARK. NIGHT.

20

Chris kicks through the gate.

TWIST

Are you sure this is a good idea?

CHRIS

Sometimes the end has to justify the means.

He walks through. Twist is about to follow when she blinks, cocking her head as though hearing something in the distance.

She turns to look back towards the city limits, and double takes as she sees what looks like an orange HAZE hovering above the city, drifting upwards like smoke.

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

Twist?

She turns back to him, looking confused, trying to work out what to say next.

TWIST

Uh, I was just thinking that... that someone should maybe stay back in the city... in case, you know... anything happens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris frowns but then nods in agreement.

CHRIS

Alright, very consciencious of you. I'll take the base, you go and patrol the city. Make sure that you contact the local rebel Vampire cell, see if they can help out. I'm going to go and, ah, borrow someone's car to get there quicker.

TWIST

(smiles)

Ever the law-abiding citizen, eh?

Chris smirks. They go their separate ways.

21 EXT. HIGHWAY. NIGHT. 21

Through the open road speeds a black Jaguar XTS.

22 INT. JAGUAR XTS (MOVING). NIGHT. 22

Chris makes no attempt to hide his jubilation.

23 EXT. CONTROL CENTRE. NIGHT. 23

It's a huge building, a few miles away from any of the city centre buildings and within sight of the nearby highway. It is mostly dark, but a few upstairs windows have noticeable lights on, standing out a mile in the blackout around them.

With an off screen SCREECH of tires, and the sound of a high performance engine hitting top speed, we see the Jaguar SLAM through the gates outside the centre, blasting them open in a shower of sparks.

Chris hits the brakes and swerves to a perfect stop just in front of the Control Centre. He gets out, looking rather pleased with his manouvre, patting the Jag's hood appreciatively.

The building dwarfs Chris as he scans it, spotting the lights. Checking his katana slung inside his coat, he heads inside.

24 INT. MAIN HALLWAY. NIGHT. 24

There's a hard kick at the metal door. It doesn't budge.

A beat, then the door BURSTS off its hinges, flying across the hallway before slamming into the far wall. Chris walks through the door, smiling.

CHRIS

Perk of the job!

25 INT. VARIOUS HALLWAYS. NIGHT. 25

Chris walks through the building. It's eerily quiet, filled with the sense of impending danger.

26 INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT. 26

Chris walks through and looks around the room, his face turning pale as he sees what's inside.

In the room are dead bodies. Every single one of them has been killed in a brutal, sickeningly disturbing fashion. There is blood everywhere.

Chris' hand grips the sword tightly before we hear distant LAUGHTER, and Chris' head snaps round. It can only belong to one insidious creature.

CHRIS
(coldly)
Malkuth.

Chris walks further into the control room, following the laughter, and spots a wall of video screens all playing the same image.

Malkuth appears. He looks particularly pleased with himself.

MALKUTH
I hope this is you, Chris, because if it isn't, then I'm going to have to kill some more of my employees. They always tend to touch things that aren't theirs! Anyway, Chris, you're probably here because you want to know what is going on. More importantly, you want to be the hero as per usual. We both know you aren't, but that's for another time.

Chris looks round the rest of the room, taking in the rest of the murdered staff and bloodstains.

MALKUTH (cont'd)
I used the satellite to block out the power in the town. An idea I got from The Simpsons believe it or not. That Mr. Burns cracks me up! Houston is down, and the rest will follow. The dead bodies were employees who wanted to go to the press.

(beat)
Well... that's about it. Oh!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALKUTH(cont'd)

I also plan to send every single one of my contacts - whether they be Demon, Vampire, or Werewolf - to the city, where they will kill, maim, and generally maul every single person in their path. And because you care about them, this will include Twist.

(beat)

Chris - why couldn't you let this go? By the time you get back to town, it'll be too late. Ah well! Can't win them all!

Malkuth breaks into roaring laughter as Chris grits his teeth and tears out of the room.

A beat after Chris leaves, then Malkuth stops laughing and turns round to address someone behind him.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

Are we done?

BLACK OUT:**END OF ACT TWO**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

27 EXT. STREET. NIGHT. 27

Twist wanders down another blacked out Houston street, but this time the place is pretty well lit - there are a few fires burning in shop fronts, and gangs of cackling street punks and teenagers run gleefully up and down the streets, boxes lifted from raided shops in their arms. Twist watches them run around and grins.

TWIST
Heh, looks like fun..

She passes a line of abandoned cars, locked up and alarmed but several have still been broken into, their car horns and alarms bleating like lost sheep as Twist walks on.

28 EXT. ALLEYWAY. NIGHT. 28

Twist turns into an alleyway between two old buildings, and steps around the spilled bags of rubbish from the overflowing dumpsters nearby as she makes her way up to a door set into the wall. She checks Spice's black book of rebel cell addresses, then looks back up at the door.

It has a slot at eye level and she reaches up to bang on it, but she notices something and pushes one finger against the door.

29 INT. REBEL VAMPIRE CELL. NIGHT. 29

Looking from inside the darkness of the base as the door swings open, illuminating Twist in the frame. She looks concerned.

TWIST
Uh-oh... not good!

She steps forward and into the darkness, her eyes glittering as she scans for signs of activity.

TWIST (cont'd)
Hello? Anyone home?

We can hear muffled sounds of scuffling feet and shouts, coming from up ahead. Twist comes into view as we near some lights on up ahead, and Twist heads for the direction of the noises.

30 INT. REBEL CELL - MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

30

Twist steps into a large room and gasps as she sees what's going on - there are about twenty vampires in the room, half all in black clothing and half in the usual eclectic mix of vampire fashions, all in a free-for-all battles that the black-clad vamps seem to be winning.

Several high-powered torches are filling the room with light, and Twist glances round, trying to pick a target. She decides to get the room's attention by putting two fingers into her mouth and whistling as loud as she can. As one, the mob stop their scuffle and turn to face her.

She puts her hands on her hips.

TWIST

Alright! Are you guys in black the bad guys?

The vamps look at each other, not sure what to say.

VAMP #1

Uh... yeah.

TWIST

Oh, good.

And in one fluid motion, she reaches into her jacket, draws a stake and throws it through the air. It thuds into the vamp's chest, and the melee kicks off again as Twist races into the fray, landing two punches on one of the bad vampires as the rebels around her throw confused looks at this newcomer.

31 EXT. CAR PARK. NIGHT.

31

Chris races outside and over to the stolen Jaguar, throwing his sword onto the back seat.

32 INT. REBEL CELL - MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

32

A bad vampire dusts in front of us as a broken off chair leg is driven into his chest by Twist, who is looking a little battered and breathless, but otherwise okay.

Next to her, one of the rebels grapples with one of the bad vampires, and with a little helpful kick from Twist the bad vamp hits the floor, where Twist passes the rebel her stake and he uses it to dust the vamp.

Twist looks round the room - there are seven of the rebel vampires left standing, pinning the remaining two bad vampires to the floor. The rebel cell leader, a tall, gaunt looking guy with long, dreadlocked brown hair called JEZ walks over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEZ

I guess this is the part where we thank you, or something..

TWIST

Eh, no big, I do this all the time.

JEZ

Well, thanks anyway. I'm Jez.

He holds out his hand, and Twist wipes the sweat off hers onto her jacket before she shakes it, smiling up at him.

TWIST

I'm Twist. You can call me 'The Equaliser.'

JEZ

I'll call you anything you like after that little show! Where the heck did you learn to fight like that?

TWIST

I have every Jackie Chan video. Ever.

Jez chuckles and picks up an upturned chair for her to sit on. Twist sits down, getting her breath back as the two bad vampires are tied up and shoved into one corner, one rebel standing guard over them. Two more of the rebels walk over, twin brothers ANT and JAMES, both skinny with long blonde hair.

ANT

So who's the new girl?

JEZ

Her name's Twist. She's here for..
Actually, why are you here?

JAMES

Not that we're not glad to see you!

Twist looks up at the vampires in front of her. It's not hard to see why the rebel vamps aren't doing so well - they're all young and not amazingly tough-looking, and if she hadn't shown up they'd probably all be dead by now.

TWIST

I'm in town with my partner, Chris,
we were here for-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANT
 (interrupts)
 Hey, hold up... Chris? Not Chris
 Berkeley?

TWIST
 Yeah, that's him, why?

JAMES
 Wow! Chris is here? Now?

TWIST
 (raises an eyebrow)
 Why do I get the feeling I'm not
 going to like this...

JEZ
 Chris is like a fricken hero round
 here! We've been following his work
 for years, keeping track of what
 he's been doing and hoping we could
 meet him one day and see if he
 could help us out at all.

Twist looks round at the vamps incredulously.

TWIST
 And nobody's ever heard of his
 fearless sister-in-arms? The
 vampire chick with the mad style
 kung fu skills?

Twist looks hopefully up at them but their blank faces say it
 all. She pouts and sighs.

TWIST (cont'd)
 Great... I'm the sidekick!

JEZ
 Huh?

TWIST
 Never mind. You guys are the local
 rebel vampires, right?

Ant and James nod and smile proudly, while Jez reaches into
 his combat trousers pocket for a pack of cigarettes, lighting
 one up as he speaks.

JEZ
 That's us. Although the word
 'rebel' makes us sound like we're a
 bunch of wannabe Cuban guerrillas
 or something!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Twist looks over his shoulder at the large stencilled image of Che Guevara on the wall behind him and smirks. Jez looks over at it and laughs.

JEZ (cont'd)

Alright, you got me.

He offers Twist a cigarette but she shakes her head.

TWIST

No thanks, I'm trying to cut down. Takes years off your life, you know.

JAMES

Is everything still blacked out up top?

TWIST

Yeah, we think somebody cast a spell over the city, tapping the power out of a TV satellite up in orbit, and blacked out power for miles around. Why, we don't know, but I think the little Royal Rumble you guys were just enjoying would suggest somebody's planning a shopping trip round Houston, and they're not just looking to score a few new DVD players!

JEZ

So what do we do?

JAMES

Yeah, there ain't many of us down here, but we can call in reinforcements if we have to.

TWIST

How many, exactly?

ANT

Uh, about twelve guys, I think.

JAMES

And those boys down at the Roadhouse too.

ANT

Oh yeah, so that makes... sixteen.

Twist frowns and looks round - the base is a mess but there are a few weapons on display. She's got potentially sixteen guys to whip into shape against whatever's brewing out there. She turns back to face them all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TWIST

Okay boys, listen up. This is the plan...

33 INT. JAGUAR XTS. NIGHT.

33

Chris races along, flicking through radio stations as we look over his shoulder from the back seat towards the darkened buildings of central Houston up ahead. There's nothing but static on every channel, so he reaches into his jacket and gets out his phone.

The screen still says 'No Signal.' He curses and throws the phone onto the passenger seat.

CHRIS

Twist, you'd better not be in trouble...

Chris notices something and looks up through the windscreen at it.

34 EXT. HIGHWAY - OUTSIDE HOUSTON. NIGHT.

34

The Jaguar slows to a stop as it pulls into frame, and Chris steps out and stares up at the sky. We pull back to see what he sees - the glittering purple cloud, falling like early morning mist over the city, gathered in the air above it. Lines of cars are driving out of the city - he's the only person still trying to get in!

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)

(filtered)

All units respond, repeat, all units respond, outbreaks of disturbance throughout the city, all units stay on your set patrol areas and do what you can to break things up.

35 EXT. HOUSTON STREET. NIGHT.

35

We pick up two police cars parked in the middle of the street, their siren lights flashing and illuminating the surrounding buildings as the middle-aged black cop in the first car, ERNIE, tries to answer the station on his radio.

He stands outside his car, looking round while he talks as the nervous looking young officer from the second car, LEWIS, glances round the streets, waving his handgun around as we see occasional gangs of looters running past in the background.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERNIE

Lewis, stop waving that damn thing around like it's a flashlight or something! One wrong squeeze and you'll be explaining to my wife why I got shot in the back...

(into radio)

Station, this is units 34, come in, over.

Nothing but static. Ernie sighs and tosses the radio handset back into his squad car.

ERNIE (cont'd)

Still nothin' on the radio. Looks like we're all cut off out here, we can hear the switchboard but they can't hear us!

LEWIS

(looking up)

Hey, look at that...

Ernie looks up at what Lewis is pointing at.

We see the purple mist overhead, swirling in the breeze.

ERNIE

Now what in the hell is that?

LEWIS

Maybe it's a toxic cloud or something? You know, like a fire at the chem plant.

ERNIE

Lewis, you've watched 'Superman' too many damn times! Now get yourself together and we'll start rounding up these-

He pauses. We can hear the sound of many, many marching feet, and Ernie and Lewis turn to look at something off camera.

We watch lots and lots of pairs of feet, some in boots and shoes and some not, stomping along the road. We can see that not all the feet are human-sized - large, taloned claws and hooves tread alongside the regular feet.

We're looking at the heads of the approaching crowd now - dozens and dozens of them, all manner of fiend - vampires, demons, other kinds of beasts and creatures, all heading towards the city in disarray ahead and looking ready to take it to pieces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Leading the troop is our least favourite person MALKUTH, the tall demon marching proudly forward at the head of his private army, his long coat flowing out behind him in the wind. His phone rings, and he answers it.

MALKUTH

(casually)

Hello?

(beat)

Oh, excellent. Yes, we're about to create that diversion, so you two go right ahead and get what I asked. Thanks muchly.

(beat)

You robbed another bank already? Well, that's all well and good, but do try not to get caught, if you can at all help it...

Malkuth tucks his phone away, a satisfied grin on his lips.

36

EXT. HOUSTON - ANOTHER STREET. NIGHT.

36

Ernie and Lewis run into frame, taking cover behind a line of abandoned cars as we can just about make out the mob of Malkuth's mini-army walking into frame in the background.

They stop outside a line of shops and buildings, and with a yell they descend as one on them, smashing windows, tearing walls down and generally reducing everything in range to rubble. Lewis looks over, mouth open in shock, until Ernie's hand reaches up and pulls him down out of view.

ERNIE

(hisses)

Stay down, idiot! You want that mob over here? Something tells me they ain't keen on cops!

Lewis ducks back down and watches the mob in horror.

LEWIS

Ernie, what are we gonna do? There must be two hundred of 'em!

ERNIE

Well, we can't call for backup, and there's not much we can do with just us, so...

Ernie pauses as he realises there isn't actually anything he can do. Lewis checks his gun for bullets and carries on watching the mob ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With a gleeful ROAR, a long-haired demon's head pops into frame, before it turns and throws a garbage can through the window of a nearby apartment terrace.

All around him, other demons and vampires are smashing windows, kicking down fences, busting through doors and running amok inside whatever buildings they can get into.

They're also grabbing hold of whatever human looters they can, flinging the terrified people around and feeding on them when they can, sending the once-zealous crowds fleeing in panic.

Standing proudly, chewing on a hot dog from an upturned stand by his feet as he watches his team in action. He turns to the young vampire by his side, who is watching the action with a look of awe that makes Malkuth chuckle.

MALKUTH

Nothing like a spot of mindless
violence. Good for the soul!

37 EXT. BANK OF HOUSTON. NIGHT.

37

A street, blacked out like everywhere else, and we're looking at the outside of the imposing Houston Bank, a thick-set federal building set in the middle of several taller city centre buildings, a row of stone steps leading up to its front gate from the street. Three armed guards are stationed outside, warily scanning the streets for any signs of trouble.

GUARD #1

(looks round)

Hey, you guys hear that?

The other two scan the darkened streets. We can hear the distant sounds of the riot that Malkuth's men are kicking off, and the occasional police siren, but over both of those comes the sound of a van engine growling as it gets closer.

To the accompaniment of 'Slither' by Velvet Revolver, the second Los Amigos van tears up the street towards the front of the bank, heading straight for the steps on a collision course.

The guards yell out as the van mounts the steps and barrels straight towards them, dropping their weapons and scattering as it crashes into the main doors of the bank, smashing them down.

As its ruined engine smokes from the crumpled hood, three more Los Amigos vampires open the doors and hop out of the van, tooled up with cutting torches and bags with sticks of dynamite. They laugh at each other as they watch the guards get back up and head over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shotguns up, the security team do not look happy as they approach the Amigos.

GUARD #2

Alright, hands up! This is federal property and you are under arrest.

LOS AMIGO #3

Somehow, I just don't think so...

The guard fires, hitting him point blank in the chest. With a grunt, the Amigo looks back up at the guard and snarls. We have time to hear the security team yell out as the Amigos rush them.

38 EXT. HOUSTON - STREET. NIGHT.

38

We're back with Ernie and Lewis, looking over their car at the mob as it starts to move onto the next street, as a shadow falls across them. They look round.

Baseball bat over her shoulder, flanked by sixteen of the rebel vampires, Twist holds out a hand to the officers.

TWIST

Looks like you could use some help!

Off Ernie's bemused look, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

39 EXT. ROOFTOP - NEXT

39

The metal door slams off its hinges, and Chris appears. He stands, regarding the entrance.

CHRIS

Not bad.
(quietly)
Time to save the day.

Chris walks forward. Overhead, we can see the purple cloud hanging over the blacked out city, and hear the distant sounds of violence as Malkuth's hordes assault the town. He positions himself in the middle of the rooftop, and stretches out his right hand.

Into Chris's hand appears a glowing crystal. It shines with dazzling white light, glowing in all directions. Then the concrete beneath Chris begins to RUMBLE, and he drops the crystal, which smashes on the ground.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Bugger!

Chris loses his balance, and hits the floor.

All around him, the concrete of the rooftop starts to split open, and after a gout of red FLAME bursts from within, three huge men claw their way out of it - these are THE RAMONE TRIPLETS, assassins that Chris' look of recognition tells us are pretty darn tough. They assemble on the rooftop as the crack in the roof seals again with another RUMBLE.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(beat)

Ah.

The Ramone Triplets approach.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Alright, I can see we're not going to be able to talk about this...

They keep approaching. Chris swings at the nearest one, clocking him good and proper in what can loosely be described as a jaw.

The hulking man laughs the blow off and grabs Chris, and his brothers follow suit. They drag him over to the edge of the rooftop, and hurl him off effortlessly.

40 EXT. STREET - NEXT

40

Chris lands violently on the roof of a car, bouncing off onto the cold, unforgiving concrete. After a beat, he pulls himself up.

CHRIS

Well, that could have been worse...

Glancing back up at the smirking Triplets on the rooftop, Chris staggers down the street.

41 EXT. HOUSTON - STREET - NEXT

41

There's a huge stare-down in process. The Rebel Vampires, with Twist at the front, have lined up before Malkuth's forces.

ERNIE

What's going on?

TWIST

We're taking this city back.

ERNIE

Oh, that's great.

(quickly)

Who the hell are you?

TWIST

(smiling)

I'm one of the good guys!

The Los Amigos freak, as the segment of the army behind them growls impatiently, eager to join in the fighting around them.

LOS AMIGO

Who are you?

TWIST

I'm just me. Hi.

(beat; like a true leader)

Get 'em!

The Rebel Vampire Cell run forward. Los Amigos quickly assemble their weaponry, but they are pounced upon. The weapons spiral to the floor, and Los Amigos get the hell beaten out of them.

It's a vicious fight, as a few police officers appear to join in as the rebel vamps take on the Los Amigos and any other demons in range, holding them back but not doing much damage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist swings her baseball bat, and knocks off the head of Los Amigo #2 as it tries to take a chunk out of Ernie. Ernie looks on, petrified, and Twist kneels by him.

ERNIE

What was that?

TWIST

Vampire.

(smiles)

Like me. Is that going to be a problem?

Ernie shakes his head.

TWIST (cont'd)

Good. What I need from you is the help of the entire police department. I'm assuming you have certain weapons in times of an emergency? You know, like bigger guns and stuff.

Ernie nods.

TWIST (cont'd)

Perfect. Be a sweetheart and go get them!

Twist starts to walk away, but Ernie scrabbles to his feet and calls after her.

ERNIE

Wait, wait! What's going on?

TWIST

(dramatic)

Evil's come to town. But Good's already here.

(smiles)

Ciao!

Twist runs off to join in the fight.

42

EXT. HOUSTON - VARIOUS PLACES - NEXT

42

The fight rages on. Werewolves, Vampires, even something loosely akin to Frankenstein's Monster, plus an assortment of Demons terrorise the streets of Houston.

The Police hold the fort. Crossbows and stakes cut down vampires. Werewolves and Vampires maul Police Officers.

The Rebel Vampire Cell manages to lasso the Monster's limbs and send him tumbling to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Civilians fight back against the Demon's using whatever they can find - including tennis balls, frying pans, toasters and shelves torn from the walls.

Twist snaps a Werewolf's neck and clobbers a Demon in the face with a baseball bat.

43 INT. BANK OF HOUSTON - NEXT 43

Los Amigos beat the hell out of the guards, making their way towards the vault. The bank's interior is all plain metal walls and sparse furnishings, with the large steel vault door at the far end of the floor.

There are no tellers or customers left, everyone having fled after the Amigos first gatecrashed the party. The three vampires stand and look up at the imposing circular vault door, before one checks his sticks of dynamite and heads for the vault.

44 EXT. HOUSTON STREET - NEXT 44

Chris is running down the street as fast as he can, limping slightly from his fall. We can hear crashing noises and grunts behind him from the pursuing Triplets.

45 INT. BANK OF HOUSTON - NEXT 45

One of the Los Amigos puts TNT on the metal safe, carefully arranging it while his colleague loosens the bolts with the cutting torch...

46 EXT. HOUSTON - VARIOUS PLACES - NEXT 46

A twenty-year old woman gets fanged, the melee in the streets still raging on as the beleaguered citizens fight back against the invaders. Twist's vampires can be seen putting the smackdown on the demons in the background.

47 EXT. HOUSTON STREET - NEXT 47

Chris tries the handle of a shop that he passes. It's locked, and after a few attempts to shove it open, he steps back, draws his sword and slices through the door around the lock, pushing it gently open.

With a fond look at his sword he ducks inside, and we hear the sound of something large and heavy being dragged across the door on the other side. One of the Triplets stomps into frames, banging his fists against the door in an attempt to force it open.

48 INT. BANK OF HOUSTON - VAULT - NEXT 48

We're watching the vault door - which explodes out towards us with a loud, echoing 'BOOM!' before pitching forward with a groan of shredding steel to slam onto the bank's floor. Metal and dust fly everywhere, and as they clear we see the three vamps, framed in the now empty vault doorway as they scan the vault's interior.

Two of them start tearing open every safety deposit box in range as one heads more purposefully for one located towards the rear.

49 EXT. HOUSTON - VARIOUS PLACES - NEXT 49

Twist grapples the vampire away from the woman we just saw it attacking and snaps its neck, laying its victim gently down on the ground as she clutches her bloody jugular.

TWIST

Stay down there, I'll get help. And
for god's sake, don't get bitten
again!

50 INT. EMPTY SHOP - NEXT. 50

Chris resumes his spell from before, free from interruptions as the Triplets outside bang on the barricaded door. Though the cabinets he's shoved across the doorframe rattle as the Triplets shove at the door, they stay in place.

Chris closes his eyes and focuses, and the glowing white CRYSTAL he summoned earlier reappears in his hand. With a gesture, it floats up, away from his hand and towards the ceiling, where it phases through the roof and disappears.

Chris watches it go with a smile, then looks back to the door and draws his sword.

With a CRASH, the door flies open, and the Triplets step inside. This time, Chris is ready for them.

CHRIS

Let's get this over with, boys, I
have a prior appointment to keep..

As the Triplets march towards Chris, he grins as we cut to:

51 EXT. THE SKIES ABOVE HOUSTON. NIGHT. 51

The city is still wreathed in the mist, but a small white dot flies up towards the centre of the cloud - the crystal of energy Chris summoned. It disappears into the cloud for a beat, before there is a brilliant white FLASH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As we watch, the purple mist fades away, and as it does the lights of the city start to blink back to life, slowly at first then whole blocks of the city as the glittering mist evaporates.

Within a few moments, the whole of the city is back to life, highlighting the sporadic fires and pockets of disturbance around the city. Police sirens wail out from the streets.

52 EXT. HOUSTON - STREET. NIGHT. 52

Twist and her allies are busy punching out the demons and vamps facing them when the streetlights overhead click on, and soon the whole street is lit back up. Everyone stops and looks round for a moment, and a cheer goes up from the human contingent.

TWIST
Nice one, Chris.

She looks at the vamp she's grabbed by his shirt, who looks pretty scared already. She leans her face in close to his.

TWIST (cont'd)
Looks like it's game over for you,
huh? Now I can kick your ass just
for the hell of it!

53 HOUSTON BANK VAULT - NEXT 53

The first vamp tears a deposit box from the wall as his two colleagues cackle and bag up as much hard cash and jewels as they can find, when the bank's interior lights power up with a hum, and soon the whole floor is lit up again. The vamps exchange a look.

LOS AMIGO #1
That's the signal. Let's split, the
boss is waitin' on us.

Los Amigo #1 runs out of the vault, clutching the deposit tray. We close up on it as he tears it open, to see a small, ornate looking golden artefact inside, a statue of some kind of flying lizard.

The robbers whoop and cheer as they scamper out of the bank.

54 INT. EMPTY SHOP. NIGHT. 54

We're back with Chris - who stands unbowed in the centre of the shop floor, the corpses of the Triplets lying awkwardly around him. He flicks some blood from his sword and sheathes it, before tipping his fedora to their bodies.

CHRIS
Nice meeting you chaps. Ta-ta.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris walks back outdoors.

55

EXT. HOUSTON STREET - NEXT.

55

Chris examines the city as the power comes back on. We can see some groups of Malkuth's army start to retreat, chased by bottles and other projectiles from the combined force of the police, the rebel vamps and the citizens.

Watching the melee with a raised eyebrow, he walks forward into the street and notices Twist, leading the now cheering forces onwards. She waves to him and jogs over, cheeks flushed with exhilaration.

TWIST

D'you see that? They're leaving! We beat 'em!

(proudly)

I did that.

CHRIS

You and the large crowd of armed people behind you, yes. Well done.

TWIST

Hey!

She nudges Chris with the tip of her bat. He winces as she aggravates one of his wounds, but she doesn't notice.

TWIST (cont'd)

Don't get all sarcastic with me, mister, I didn't see you out here leading this crew to victory! Where have you been, anyway?

Chris points a finger up towards the sky exasperatedly.

CHRIS

I got rid of that cloud, in case you hadn't noticed! You know, the one causing the power blackout that almost had the city overrun by an army of fiends?

TWIST

Oh yeah. Cool.

She turns and starts to walk back towards the rebel vamps, who are busy congratulating each other.

CHRIS

(mutters)

'Cool,' she says...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris shakes his head and starts to follow her, but notices one of the dead vampire bodies by his feet. Turning it over with his foot, he sees the Los Amigos logo on the back of the vamp's leather jacket, and frowns as he remembers something. Then, with a sudden look of recognition, the penny drops.

CHRIS (cont'd)

It was a set-up.

Chris rubs a hand over his eyes wearily as all the pieces fit together in his mind.

CHRIS (cont'd)

The whole thing was a set-up...

Malkuth wanted me out of the way!

(livid)

The bloody bank robbers!

56 EXT. HOUSTON - STREET. NIGHT.

56

We're with Malkuth, who is busy laughing, clutching the Golden artefact as the remainder of his demonic army runs past him, away from the city and leaving the smashed buildings behind.

MALKUTH

(shouts to army)

That's right, boys and ghouls,
let's get out of here! Our work is
done!

He laughs maniacally, turning the statue round in his hands. His laughing dies down as he looks closer at it.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

(off artefact)

Huh. They don't make them like they
used to.

57 EXT. HOUSTON - STREET. NIGHT.

57

The streets are back in control of the citizens, as they cheer and clap the police and rebel vamps as the last scraps of the retreating demon army are driven away. Twist stands proudly, blood-stained baseball bat over her shoulder as a similarly exhausted looking Jez and Ernie come to stand either side of her.

TWIST

And so we live to fight another
day.

(to Jez)

Figuratively speaking.

ERNIE

What the hell were those guys?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Ah, probably a bunch of punks who got their hands on some PCP or something. That'd explain the way they looked.

Ernie opens his mouth to say something, but thinks better of it. Twist turns to Jez and winks, and he grins back at her. The duo start to head back towards the mess in the streets as Ernie calls out again.

ERNIE

Hold on a second... did I hear you say you were a... a vampire?

TWIST

(matter-of-factly)

Yep.

ERNIE

Then... then if some of those things were vampires too... why did you help us?

JEZ

We're not all bad.

TWIST

Some of us are downright loveable.

Ernie throws his hands up -- too much to take in all at once!

ERNIE

So what do I tell anyone who asks what the hell went down here tonight?

TWIST

Anything you want.

(beat)

But I'd come up with a better story than 'an army of demons and vampires tried to tear up the city, but some good vampires showed up and helped stop them.' People'd just think you were crazy.

Twist and Jez share another grin and walk away, leaving Ernie looking round the battle site.

ERNIE

PCP.

(beat)

Well, it's better than nothing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As we pull back from Ernie, leaving the cheers of the citizens as they celebrate beating off the invaders, we dissolve to:

58

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NEXT

58

Chris and Twist are packing their belongings up. Twist looks tired but happy, her body and clothes showing signs of the battles of a few hours ago.

TWIST

And then, we found the police station, and I'm not kidding, it was like something out of 'Assault On Precinct 13,' only with more zombies and vampires! So we pile in, and there's bodies flying left and right, and I'm smacking into things and not even seeing what they are, but then something goes 'fwap,' slams right into me, and..

She stops, noticing that Chris is grinning at her. She looks right back, confused.

TWIST (cont'd)

What?

CHRIS

Nothing. Nothing at all.

He goes back to packing. Twist continues to eye him curiously.

TWIST

Am I in last season's clothes?

CHRIS

I wouldn't know.

TWIST

Then what's up?

Chris looks at her again.

CHRIS

Do you know what we did today?

TWIST

(confused)

We saved the day... right?

Chris nods and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Yes. We saved the day. But more importantly, you proved that you are a leader. I saw how you managed to lead those vampires and fight off a considerably stronger army.

TWIST

Well, I wouldn't say lead,' more 'shoved,' but I suppose so...

CHRIS

You saved the day, Twist.

TWIST

No. We saved the day. Like you said. Team effort. That's the way this works.

CHRIS

I'm not always going to be here, Twist. Some day, I'm going to have to go at it alone. The cosmic law of the universe - everyone ends up alone. I wasn't sure whether you could handle that, but now I am.

(smiles)

Enjoy the moment.

He goes back to packing. Twist stares ahead, before a smile creeps onto her face and she realises something.

TWIST

I'm a hero!

CHRIS

I didn't say that.

TWIST

You implied it...

CHRIS

You saved the day once, don't let it go to your head.

TWIST

I'm not. But I think it's only fair that, as hero of the day, I get a reward.

CHRIS

A reward? We all do our bit, you know!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST
(grins)
And yet... You said I'm a leader.

CHRIS
(annoyed)
So am I!

TWIST
(not listening)
I have a purpose.

CHRIS
And?

TWIST
(beat)
And it feels good.

She smiles. Chris sighs, then smiles right back. They share a moment of understanding.

CHRIS
How about a handful of cash and two
hours in that Bloomingdales place
you like so much, no questions
asked?

TWIST
Deal.

She continues packing, but Chris glances back up at her, a proud look on his face.

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW