

**SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN**

"Can't Stop"

by  
Ian Austin

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. FLORIDA - DAY 1

INSERT OVER - Florida, the week before Xmas.

As the twinkling intro of 'California Girls' by the Beach Boys plays, we take a tour of the Everglades as Christmas starts to roll in - kids wrapped up snug and warm, skaters trying to brave the frosty pavements, and the young and the old walk down the street, the generation gap non-existent.

TWIST (O.S.)  
AAARRRGGGHHH!!!

The soundtrack abruptly ends.

TWIST (O.S.) (cont'd)  
You will pay for that, foul beast...

There's a loud buzz.

TWIST (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Sorry. Time-outs don't apply.

2 INT. HOTEL ROOM - TWIST'S ROOM - NEXT 2

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN: We're watching a closely fought match of NHL '94 on the Megadrive. It's the final 60 seconds of Montreal versus Los Angeles. Los Angeles is on the attack. It's 6-6, and the buzzer's counting down.

We pick up TWIST, hammering the buttons. She's playing against the computer. It's obvious her growing frustration is tied to the game.

TWIST  
You're going *down*, Los Angeles.  
City Of Angels, my ass!

3 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM - NEXT 3

There's a desk, littered with papers and Magic Books. The papers are full of scribblings. Not all make sense. Such folks as DeKnight and Sparrow author the Magic Books.

They cover locator spells predominantly.

We pull back to see CHRIS, locked in steely-eyed determination.

Back a touch further to see Chris' hand is outstretched in front of him. In front of our eyes a yellow, sphere like orb starts to develop. It's hypnotically beautiful.

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Chris is muttering a sentence in Latin under his breath, and as he does the yellow orb begins to radiate with light.

4 INT. HOTEL ROOM - TWIST'S ROOM - NEXT 4

On the screen, Los Angeles go on the attack, and Twist looks worried, her fingers frantically working the pad as she tries to mount a defence.

TWIST

No... no... no!

Ten seconds. Los Angeles near the goal. Gretsky sneaks past the defence. He hits the ball as hard as he can.

5 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM - NEXT 5

The room is lit completely by the orb. Chris is straining under the power of it, squinting his eyes against the glare.

6 INT. HOTEL ROOM - TWIST'S ROOM - NEXT 6

Twist is hammering the buttons with a real gusto.

The puck deflects off the goalkeeper. Gretsky sneaks in. He scores a goal. The celebrations start. The buzzer goes. The crowd cheers. Los Angeles win 7-6.

Twist is defeated, slightly furious. She throws the joypad down on the floor as we hear the digitised crowd of the game roar and cheer.

TWIST

Son of a...

7 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM - NEXT 7

Chris' face starts to go pale (I know he's half Vampire, but imagine a Vampire going even more pale, and that's Chris at this moment.)

The yellow orb cracks slightly, and more beams of light start to beam out from inside it. It begins to rattle in Chris' hand, the energies contained going out of control. There is a sudden loud SNAP.

Chris is flung across the room. He SLAMS into the wall, cracking the plaster, and lands facedown on the floor.

The orb hangs in mid-air, bobbing slightly and emitting a low humming noise. The light in the room dies down to just leave the yellow glow of the orb.

Chris leaps up and shakes his head to clear his thoughts as he looks up at the floating orb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Right... you're going to be a tricky little bugger, aren't you?

Twist enters the room behind him, not noticing the floating orb or Chris' confused look as he stares at it. Chris doesn't hear her enter either.

TWIST

Los Angeles beat me. Again. I swear Chris; I think there's something wrong about that game.  
(confused)  
What's that thing?

The orb cracks even more, and starts to shake more urgently in mid-air, as though it's an oversized balloon ready to pop.

In a two-shot we see both of Chris & Twist. Their eyes cast towards the orb. Both look worried, and then glance across at each other, Chris noticing her at last.

CHRIS & TWIST

(in unison)  
Uh-oh.

The entire room is suddenly illuminated by yellow. There's a FLASH, and we SMASH CUT to:

We're back in the room. everything is as it was. Chris is slowly getting to his feet. He looks around, confused.

CHRIS

That was odd..

He walks over to his notes.

We see Twist, also slowly getting up. She rubs her head.

TWIST

Ow! Damn it, Chris, the next time you're going to play Harry Potter in here and blow stuff up, give me some warning, okay?

Chris is looking through his notes. Twist stands over his shoulder, peering down at the papers.

TWIST

So what happened?

Chris doesn't answer.

CHRIS

Intriguing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST  
True... but what happened?

CHRIS  
(beat; looks round)  
I wonder where she went?

Twist's 'Oh, crap!' expression says it all.

TWIST  
Oh, this *sucks!*

Off her concerned look, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

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(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

8

INT. TOMB. NIGHT.

8

We begin a slow, methodical, crawl. The tomb is dark and gloomy. It has a definite eerie/ooky factor. Freshly eviscerated bodies hang off the walls. Skeleton parts line the floors. Several followers are assembled at the end. They wear dark hoods, concealing their faces.

We close up on MALKUTH, holding the Golden Artefact he acquired previous episode in front of him. It shines, and he grins happily.

MALKUTH

Stage one is complete.

Behind Malkuth stands a member of LOS AMIGOS. He has short blonde hair, and an authority problem.

LOS AMIGO

So... where's my money?

MALKUTH

There are bigger things at work here than money, my boy!

The Amigo steps forward, threateningly.

LOS AMIGO

My brothers died to get you that piece of junk, so why don't you see your way clear to honouring their memories... and my wallet!

Malkuth laughs heartily, then hands the Golden Artefact to a flunky and turns to face Los Amigo.

MALKUTH

Let me spell it out for you.

Malkuth throws his fist forward - it SLAMS through the chest of Los Amigo, popping out the other side. Los Amigo screams in agony. Malkuth extracts his hand, and rips the unbeating heart of Los Amigo out.

MALKUTH

This doesn't beat. Ergo, you don't matter.

Malkuth throws his left palm forward. It slams into the throat of Los Amigo, and he drops to the floor. He holds his throat, gasping for air.

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CONTINUED:

MALKUTH  
You are insignificant.

Malkuth grabs the Golden Artefact.

MALKUTH  
This is significant. And that's the  
key difference here!

Malkuth slams the Golden Artefact down. We hear the  
squelching as it pounds on the flesh of Los Amigo. Blood  
flies up. It splatters against Malkuth's face. He repeats.

Malkuth hands the Golden Artefact to one of his followers,  
and then grabs a sword from the wall. He twirls it between  
his fingers, and slams it down.

After the scream of the expiring vampire fades, Malkuth wipes  
the blood from his face and settles back down.

MALKUTH (cont'd)  
This...  
(takes back Golden  
Artefact)  
Is all that matters!

He laughs maniacally. The many hooded followers try, and  
fail, to match his laugh.

Malkuth opens one eye and suddenly stops laughing.

MALKUTH (cont'd)  
We'll have to work on that...

9 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM - NEXT

9

Chris paces up and down the room, looking baffled.

CHRIS  
Hmm... now this is a tricky one.

He rests his elbow on the wall, tries to think.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
Where did Twist go?

We pan across slightly to pick up Twist standing beside him,  
yelling.

TWIST  
Can-you-hear-me!?!

Chris looks up as though he can hear something, and Twist  
looks hopeful for a second.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Hmm, the wind is loud today...

Twist starts pacing back and forth, thinking.

TWIST

Right. Chris can't hear me. Looks like I'd better try something else!

On Chris' laptop, the screensaver blinks off. We see Twist tapping the keys relentlessly.

Chris hears the keyboard rattling and turns to look.

The laptop keys are being tapped, but no-one is there. Least not from Chris's point of view. Bemused, Chris looks at his watch.

CHRIS

Funny. The local psychic told me this house is haunted at midnight...  
(off watch)  
But it's only 10.30am.

Twist sighs, growing impatient as she crosses her arms.

The e-mail service pops up, a little winged envelope fading up on the screen.

COMPUTER

You've Got Mail.

TWIST

(shakes head)  
I hated that film.

Chris walks over to the laptop.

He checks the e-mail. There's one from Twist, time-stamped as being sent thirty seconds ago. The e-mail reads: Chris, I am right behind you!

Twist is looking extremely positive, showing two thumbs up, indeed standing directly behind Chris. Chris smiles.

CHRIS

Aw. That's sweet.

He walks away from the laptop, beaming.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Not much help in the present situation, but good to see I made a positive impression, wherever she is at the moment!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST  
 (slaps forehead)  
 Good grief...

10 INT. TOMB - NEXT

10

Malkuth admires the Golden Artefact some more. Follower #1 steps forward. He speaks with a low, gravely voice.

FOLLOWER #1  
 Master. Someone tried to locate you  
 with a Scrying Spell.

MALKUTH  
 I trust you took care of it?

FOLLOWER #1  
 Yes.

Follower #1 goes to leave.

MALKUTH  
 (calling out)  
 Was it Chris?

FOLLOWER #1  
 Yes, my Lord.

MALKUTH  
 How did you handle it?

FOLLOWER #1  
 We separated him from the female,  
 as per your instructions.

MALKUTH  
 Good. Keep me posted, with any luck  
 it'll finally shut her up!

Follower #1 nods and walks off, and Malkuth goes back to admiring the shining statue.

11 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM - NEXT

11

Chris stands by the wall, thinking.

CHRIS  
 What I need is a plausible  
 explanation for an implausible  
 event...  
 (beat; calls out)  
 Twist, I'm not sure if you can hear  
 me or not, but I'm going to try and  
 think out loud, just in case you  
 can hear me, and can help, or...  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS(cont'd)

(sighs)

This is going to be a long day.

By his side, still invisible to him, Twist is stamping her feet impatiently.

TWIST

Yes, stupid, I can hear you perfectly well, I'm standing right next to you!

(beat)

And now I'm talking to myself.

(beat)

Eh, no-one will know.

(beat; yells)

GET ME OUT OF HERE!

CHRIS

I see two problems. Firstly, Twist is - I mean, you're missing, and second, we have a poltergeist. Maybe they are connected?

TWIST

Oh for the love of... are you being this dense on purpose?

Twist grabs a pen off the desk, and walks over to the wall, starting to write on it.

Chris hears the scratching noise, and looks up to see the pen float in mid-air. Images start to appear on the wall. Chris looks round the room, looking annoyed.

CHRIS

I don't have time for your games, ghost, I'm trying to find my frie- my partn- I'm trying to find Twist!

The images begin to form. We basically see a Vampire that looks like Chris. He stares across the room. Behind him stands Twist. She's yelling with all her might. He's nonplussed. Between them appears a dimensional vortex. It separates the two of them.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(snaps fingers)

I've got it!

Twist sighs and looks relieved, letting the pen drop to the floor. Chris studies the drawings again.

CHRIS (cont'd)

The Poltergeist obviously knows where Twist is!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST

Jeez!

(beat; looks up)

Hey, I'm a Vampire. I'm blasphemous  
by nature.

12 EXT. FLORIDA - DAY

12

Through the streets walks a sixteen-year-old blonde. She's dressed completely in white, cute in a naïve kinda way. She stops, looks around, smiles.

One of Malkuth's followers appears, dropping into step behind her. Once he's close enough, he taps her on the

shoulder. The blonde turns around, sees him, freaks. He clubs her once on the forehead. The blonde passes out, and he bundles her over his shoulder. Follower #1 walks off.

There's no-one around to witness the kidnapping, and the follower quickly disappears back into the shadows.

13 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM - NEXT

13

Twist's notepad is spiralling slowly through the air, and Chris is watching it, fascinated, still mistaking Twist's attempts to make contact for poltergeist activity.

She grabs the pen and writes again on the wall.

Chris follows the movement of the pen, staring intently at the wall. Writing starts to appear, and he reads it out.

CHRIS

(reading)

Chris. This is Twist. I have hopped dimensions. Am amazed I figured it out first, you being the brains and all. Now, if you don't mind. GET ME BACK TO OUR DIMENSION!!!

(beat)

Ah.

She's muttering and cursing at Chris, but luckily for him he can't hear her!

14 INT. TOMB

14

The blonde is thrown on the floor in front of Malkuth. He looks at her, studies her, and sniffs the air. Then he looks up, his eyes meeting those of Follower #1. He stares at him for a few seconds, then:

MALKUTH

(displeased)

She gave blood yesterday.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALKUTH(cont'd)

(big)

Why did you bring her here?

(huge)

Are you that incompetent? I may not  
be a vampire but I'm still fussy  
about what I eat!

Follower #1 cowers.

FOLLOWER #1

I- I- I didn't know...

Malkuth steals the Green amulet from Follower #1's neck.

MALKUTH

I give you the Amulet of Jytare, so  
you can move around unseen in the  
human world. It's priceless, and  
very powerful, and you can't even  
use it?

(struggles)

I can't even be bothered kill you!

(to Followers)

Kill him.

The other Followers pounce on Follower #1. He's lost under a  
sea of bodies. All we hear are his screams. Malkuth places  
the Green Amulet on the wall. He turns his attention to the  
blonde, and sighs.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

Must I always eat junk food?

Malkuth bares his mouthful of demonic fangs and we hear the  
blonde SCREAM in fear before we cut to:

15 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM - NEXT 15

Chris is performing the scrying spell again. Twist looks on,  
hopeful.

16 INT. MEDIEVAL ROOM - NEXT 16

AKEN, a Troll, sits on his throne in a richly furnished  
medieval room - swords, shields and other trophies adorn the  
walls, with banners and tapestries filling the gaps.

Aken himself is large, green and muscular, like most trolls  
these days. Six soldiers wearing light armour and brandishing  
swords flank him. A white flash overcomes the room, and Aken  
sits up, as though a warning siren has just gone off.

AKEN

They dare to defy me?

Aken stretches out his hand. In front of him appears a black  
orb. He whispers in Latin.

17 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM - NEXT 17

Chris is doing the spell as before, when the orb suddenly EXPLODES, sending him and Twist flying across the room, flipping in mid-air and landing on their sides.

18 INT. MEDIEVAL ROOM - NEXT 18

Aken smiles.

AKEN

Let's see how they enjoy this day  
over... and over... and over again!

Aken laughs evilly.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

19 EXT. FLORIDA - MORNING 19

INSERT OVER - Florida, the week before Xmas.

We take a tour of the Everglades, which all seems very familiar indeed, especially with 'California Girls' on the soundtrack again...

20 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM - NEXT 20

Twist and Chris sit at the table, in front of them is an assortment of foods. Chris & Twist each have a cup of pig's blood in front of them. Twist doesn't drink. Chris looks at her, bemused.

CHRIS  
What's wrong?

TWIST  
Can't we have human blood?

CHRIS  
Out of the question.

TWIST  
Why?

CHRIS  
My policy. We can't make out like we're protecting the innocent when we're suckling down on their blood.

TWIST  
(defeated)  
Okay.  
(quickly)  
But why are we inside?

CHRIS  
(raises eyebrow)  
I didn't realise you had aspirations of a painful death by sunlight...

TWIST  
No, I mean how come the light doesn't affect us?

She waves a hand to indicate the rays of sunlight falling across her from the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Oh, that. I put a little  
enchantment over the windows.

TWIST

Huh?

CHRIS

Tints the sunlight. Keeps you from  
burning up. I'm not keen on bright  
sunlight myself, but I'm not about  
to explode into flames like you  
would.

TWIST

Sweet. How'd you wrangle this one  
then?

CHRIS

I have a contact in the area. He  
gave me the thumbs up for Vampire  
friendly accommodation. Don't  
worry; we'll be gone as soon as I  
track down Malkuth.

TWIST

How come you get all the contacts?

CHRIS

Met most of them when I was trying  
to find out about myself just after  
Sanctus turned me. A chap tends to  
learn how to make friends in a  
hurry when you're in a situation  
like that!

TWIST

I got that.

CHRIS

Don't worry. Reputation precedes  
us.

(drinks blood)

Yours has begun to as well,  
actually.

TWIST

(perks up)

Yeah?

CHRIS

Yes, there's a lot of talk about  
you on the underground. The Rebel  
Vampire cell in Houston has spread  
the word. Plus, the lower-level  
Vampires are getting scared of you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS(cont'd)

Not many take on the wrath of  
Malkuth's minions!

TWIST

Wow.

CHRIS

But don't get an ego trip. This  
isn't a game, this is war. Malkuth  
is plotting something, I just don't  
know what it is. Yet.

TWIST

Malkuth is all talk. We beat him  
last time, and drove off a whole  
army of his goons!

CHRIS

(quietly)  
No, we didn't.

TWIST

Say what?

CHRIS

I found out what he took from that  
bank that was raided - he got his  
hands on a statue, an artefact that  
has powers that I myself can't  
comprehend. He'll use it for evil.  
I'm wary of Malkuth, he's been  
keeping too low since Houston.

TWIST

So you're using that Scrying Spell?

CHRIS

Yes. I want to end this. I want to  
make sure that tyrant doesn't  
inflict any more devastation. I've  
spent too long fighting him down  
the years, and I think it's time we  
took care of him before whatever  
he's planning starts to gain too  
much momentum.

Twist waits for more, but Chris starts eating so she shrugs  
her shoulders and picks up her glass of blood.

TWIST

Fair enough.

They dig in.

DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

We're looking out through the hotel room window - it's a stunning day outside, but it's rudely shattered by:

TWIST (O.S.) (cont'd)  
AAARRRGGGHHH!!!

The soundtrack abruptly ends.

TWIST (O.S.) (cont'd)  
You will pay for that, foul beast!

21 INT. HOTEL ROOM - TWIST'S ROOM - NEXT 21

It's the final 60 seconds of Montreal versus Los Angeles. Los Angeles is on the attack.

Twist continues playing, but a look of trepidation comes across her face.

TWIST  
Huh, deja vu.

She shrugs and carries on playing.

22 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM - NEXT 22

We're with Chris, locked in steely-eyed determination as a yellow, sphere like orb starts to develop before him.

23 INT. HOTEL ROOM - TWIST'S ROOM - NEXT 23

Twist is still playing the game when she sits up, a look of realisation crossing her features.

TWIST  
Something's wrong..

24 INT. TOMB 24

We're back in the spacious tomb Malkuth is using as a makeshift base, quickly passing the assembled followers and finding Malkuth, who looks puzzled.

MALKUTH  
What is going on?

The decidedly not dead Follower #1 walks up to him.

FOLLOWER #1  
What's wrong, Master?

MALKUTH  
Hey, I killed you!

FOLLOWER #1  
Uh, no you didn't...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lightning fast Malkuth reaches out and SNAPS his neck.

MALKUTH  
There! I did now.

He turns to Follower #2.

MALKUTH  
Do you want to die too?

Follower #2 shakes his head.

MALKUTH  
Good. Then I suggest you find out  
what the hell is going on!

Follower #2 scarpers off.

25 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM - NEXT

25

The orb pulsates with light, Chris squinting his eyes against it. Twist barges into the room, and her eyes widen as she sees the orb, already knowing what's about to happen.

TWIST  
No!

She runs across the room, and tackles Chris. They fly to the floor, and the orb remains in mid-air.

Twist gets up, and spins around. She hits the orb with a spin-kick. It explodes, and she flies into the wall. Chris gets up, confused.

CHRIS  
What was that for?

Twist gets up, in pain.

TWIST  
Honestly? I don't know...  
(beat)  
All I do know is that something is  
not right about today!

CHRIS  
Like what, exactly?

TWIST  
So you don't feel strange?

CHRIS  
No more than usual.

TWIST  
I've played NHL '94 twice today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

And?

TWIST

I lost both times.

CHRIS

Again, and?

TWIST

Both times I lost 7-6.

CHRIS

So?

TWIST

So? Don't you watch 'Star Trek'?  
All the signs are here, this day is  
looping!

CHRIS

No, it isn't.

26 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM - NEXT

26

As before, with Chris starting the spell. Twist is standing  
by him.

TWIST

Yes it is!

CHRIS

(confused)

What is?

TWIST

(exasperated)

The day is looping!

CHRIS

That's-

27 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM - NEXT

27

As before, with Chris starting the spell again.

CHRIS

... ridiculous.

TWIST

See? Circles!

CHRIS

Say I was to believe you. What do  
you suggest we do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist thinks for a moment, then snaps her fingers.

TWIST

I've got it! I saw this on 'Quantum Leap' once. We have to try something different.

28 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM - NEXT 28

As before, with Chris starting the spell again, but this time he's looking more thoughtful.

CHRIS

Okay...

29 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM - NEXT 29

As before, with Chris starting the spell again, now looking more uncertain as Twist looks more pleased.

CHRIS

... I'm...

30 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM - NEXT 30

As before, with Chris starting the spell again. By now he looks very puzzled.

CHRIS

... interested.

31 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM - NEXT 31

As before, with Chris starting the spell again, this time he stops, and lowers his hands. Twist grins and folds her arms, throwing him a 'told you so' look.

TWIST

Took you long enough!

CHRIS

Oh, dear. Looks like we do have a problem, don't we?

And from Chris' thoughtful look, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

32 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM - NEXT 32

Chris holds a small gem in his hand as Twist looks on. The spell books are all cleared out of the way now, Chris trying something different.

CHRIS

This prism ought to put up a temporary stasis field, it'll stop any spells from affecting us.

He throws it to the ground. FLASH. The duo seem to be inside a bubble, wavy lines of indistinct colour flowing around them.

CHRIS (cont'd)

There, I've bought us some time.

He goes over to the bookcase. Starts sifting through.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Time for us to plan the best course of action!

Chris throws Twist a hardback book.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Look for anything you can on loops, time spells, that kind of thing.

Twist sighs, takes a seat, and starts to read.

33 INT. TOMB 33

An unconscious Chinese Girl is dumped at Malkuth's feet. Licking his lips in anticipation, he turns to Follower #2.

MALKUTH

Excellent work.  
(changes tact)  
Did you find out what is going on?

The Follower nods and kneels before speaking.

FOLLOWER #2

(reluctantly)  
We believe it's... Aken, my Lord.

MALKUTH

(seethes)  
Thank you.

Lightning fast Malkuth reaches out and SNAPS his neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALKUTH  
I love doing that.  
(quietly)  
No-one mentions that name!

Follower #3 steps forward.

FOLLOWER #3  
But... you needed the information!

MALKUTH  
Well, he should have used the code.

FOLLOWER #3  
Code? What code?

MALKUTH  
The code. Didn't they teach you  
about the code?  
(Follower #3 shakes head)  
They always forget the code.  
(sighs)  
Aken... my arch nemesis!

FOLLOWER #3  
(corrects him)  
Chris is your arch-nemesis, Master.

MALKUTH  
Yes. But Ake- the Troll is my real  
arch nemesis. He died a thousand  
years ago but found a way to  
restore himself by possessing a  
host body at the moment of his  
death. His host - that of a Troll -  
has made him mischievous. He also  
has a habit of trying to kill me.

FOLLOWER #3  
(curious)  
Why is that?

ANGLE ON MALKUTH, his eyes tell the story (yet we enter  
flashback mode - because it's fun.)

34 EXT. IRELAND, STREET - TWILIGHT

34

INSERT OVER: Ireland. June 3rd, 1986

Malkuth (younger) stands in the middle of a street. By his  
side are two Vampires. They're bulky heavies, but dressed to  
impress. Malkuth smokes in slow motion.

Across the street walks a pretty blonde. Her name is CRYSTAL,  
and she's twenty-six. Malkuth eyes her. He nudges the two  
Vampire bodyguards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALKUTH

Show time.

Malkuth takes the final puff of his cigarette. He walks across frame, flanked by the two Vampires. An extra passes them. Malkuth nonchalantly pushes the cigarette forward. It sprays ash into the extra's face.

He falls to the ground, comically protecting his eyes. He writhes in pain for a spell. Malkuth chuckles as he steps over the man's body.

MALKUTH

Sorry about that, I was miles away..

35

EXT. ALLEY - NEXT

35

Crystal stands in the alley. In the moonlight, she's looking pretty good. Malkuth and his Vampire chums enter in slow motion. Malkuth's hood is up to cover his demonic features.

MALKUTH

Hello.

Crystal turns around. She frowns.

CRYSTAL

(suspicious)

Hi...

Malkuth approaches. He sighs as he looks her over.

MALKUTH

You're a very beautiful girl, you know that? I'd like to take you away somewhere with me. I can show you the whole world..

CRYSTAL

Somehow, I doubt that! Listen, mate, I'm just waiting for my boyfriend to get back, so you'd better-

Malkuth GRINS and Crystal takes a step back as she sees his fangs at last.

MALKUTH

Yes, maybe I should..

Malkuth takes a step closer to the now pretty freaked Crystal and reaches a hand out towards her..

But with a SNAP, a huge hand lashes into frame and grabs him by the wrist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AKEN (O.S.)  
I don't think so.

NB: We never see Aken.

BANG - Malkuth is hit full on in the face. The stake flies from her hand. He staggers backwards, blood dripping from his broken nose.

Aken spins him around. CRACK - Malkuth is slammed directly off the solid brick wall, where he lands in a heap.

AKEN (O.S.)  
Your kind sickens me!

Malkuth is picked up by the collar. He's rammed into the wall, hard. Debris falls behind him.

AKEN (O.S.)  
(hisses)  
Leave Ireland. Don't come back.

BANG - Aken hits Malkuth in the face. The force of the blow draws blood.

AKEN (O.S.) (cont'd)  
If you stay in my town, I will hunt  
you down, half-breed. I am a pure

Demon, and I have no time for tainted trash like you,  
spreading your stink across my country!

ON MALKUTH, eyes burning with rage.

36

INT. TOMB

36

ON MALKUTH, eyes still burning with fear. He lunges forward, grabbing Follower #3 by the head. He jerks his head around, SNAPPING his neck and killing him instantly.

MALKUTH  
I think Aken underestimates me!

Malkuth eyes the Chinese Girl.

MALKUTH (cont'd)  
But first...  
(grins evilly)  
... there's always time for Chinese.

As he lunges for her, we:

37

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM - NEXT

37

Twist is engrossed in a book, which obviously equates to her lying in said book, face-down, asleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS  
I've got it!

Twist wakes up with a start.

TWIST  
No, Captain Jack, no!  
(comes to)  
I mean... go on.

Chris stands up, and places a book in front of Twist. She blinks and tries to focus on it.

On the page is a picture of Aken. It's shadowy, not really in focus. By it is some descriptive text.

CHRIS  
I picked up a very distinct magical trail off the spell that's been affecting us. I managed to trace it back to this fellow, an old warrior known as Aken. Pureblood demon, very powerful. We find him, we stop the spell, we stop looping. Then you can finally win that hockey game you keep on about...

TWIST  
(smiles)  
Then what are we waitin' for, chief? Let's go find him.

Chris pulls a sheath from off the wall. He unwraps it, producing his katana sword, studying the blade in the sunlight filtering into their room.

CHRIS  
I think it's time we had a twenty-first century chat with a first century troublemaker.

38 EXT. PARK - DUSK

38

Fog is everywhere. Chris & Twist stand in the middle of the park. Twist holds her baseball bat in one hand, and a black gem in the other.

TWIST  
So, how does this work?

CHRIS  
Very simple. Drop that gem on the ground and it'll open the gate.

She nods in understanding, and hurls the gem at the ground a few feet away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In front of Chris & Twist appears a PORTAL, a black swirling vortex with purple electricity sparking off it. They exchange a wry look.

CHRIS

Ready?

TWIST

(salutes)

Ready to kick ass and chew bubble gum, Big Daddy Danger!

Twist takes a step forward, but Chris reaches out to hold her back.

Moments later, through the portal appear two of Aken's KNIGHTS, wearing archaic black and red battle armour.

CHRIS

Ah, should have mentioned that... we need to beat these two first!

Chris chops one down quickly. He throws his sword to Twist, who parries her knight's blows. She manages to duck an errant swing, and impale him.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Time to go!

Chris & Twist leap through the portal.

39

INT. MEDIEVAL CASTLE - NEXT

39

With a flash, a second portal appears and Chris and Twist hop through it, landing on their feet, on the concrete. They look around - they're inside the stone-walled central room of Aken's old school medieval castle.

CHRIS

This must be the place, then!

TWIST

Hmm... needs a new décor.

There is a large pair of open wooden doors at one end of the room, and with the clank of metal against metal we see a group of Aken's knights appear in the entrance, who rush towards the duo with a shouted WAR CRY.

Clanking their weapons together for luck, the duo take up a fighting stance and wait for the knights to reach them.

They easily cut the first two down, but they soon become overwhelmed, fending off blows until the Knights are

forming a half-circle in front of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stepping back, sword up, Chris surveys the situation. Around them are six Knights. Chris and Twist stand back to back, and he whispers into her ear.

CHRIS  
(whispers)  
Remember that move we practised?

TWIST  
How could I forget?

Chris ducks. Twist rolls over his back, and swings her sword. She slits three necks. Chris throws himself forward, swinging the sword. He cuts down two Knights. The last remaining Knight effortlessly knocks Chris out of the way. Chris hits the wall, landing in a heap on the floor.

Twist swings her sword. The Knight blocks every blow, and knocks the sword away. He pulls Twist towards him, clocks her with a right.

Chris regains his composure. He charges, swinging his sword very quickly. The Knight blocks all that he can, but struggles to keep up. Chris knocks the Knight's sword away, and impales his sword through his stomach.

The Knight looks at Chris defiantly. He digs the sword deep into his chest. Chris pulls out the sword, and swings. The Knight ducks, and clobbers Chris in the gut. He falls to the floor, momentarily weakened. Despite bleeding profusely from the chest, the Knight kicks Chris full on in the face.

Chris lands on his back. The Knight grabs his sword, and raises it above his head. He brings it down, but stops in mid-air. The Knight groans in pain.

Behind him lies Twist. She's slashed his Achilles tendon with her sword. The Knight bleeds profusely. He staggers forward. Twist throws Chris her sword.

He catches it with one-hand. Chris swings, and lops off the Knight's head. It slams the floor, and rolls around.

Chris & Twist get up. Both survey the area, bloody and battered. The floor is covered with corpses.

FLASH: The corpses disappear. Chris and Twist exchange a puzzled look.

FLASH: Aken appears, armoured and carrying a huge war hammer.

FLASH: Three Knights appear by his side, glaring coldly at Chris with their swords raised.

CHRIS  
Hello again, Aken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AKEN  
 (nods)  
 Hybrid.

Chris storms forward.

CHRIS  
 I'm not playing a game here!

AKEN  
 Neither am I.

Aken throws his hand forward. He blasts a bolt of mystical energy towards Chris. It sends the Vampire flying against the wall.

AKEN (cont'd)  
 I am sick of your kind, filthy half-breeds who live among the diseased experiment called humanity! I must think up a punishment for you...

TWIST (O.S.)  
 Hey, baumgartner!

She throws her sword like a javelin. It flies towards Aken. It's about to hit him, when it slows down in mid-air. Aken tilts his head. The sword flies past him. Twist gawks in slow motion. We exit slow motion. Aken laughs.

AKEN  
 It'll give me pleasures to do what that lower being Malkuth failed to do for so many years!

Chris perks up at the mention of Malkuth.

AKEN (cont'd)  
 Enjoy the loop!

Aken nods his head.

FLASH: Chris is gone.

Twist runs forward. The two Knights cut her off. They grab her and throw her backward.

AKEN (cont'd)  
 Stupid peasant.

TWIST  
 Where did he go?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AKEN

Back to your time. If that isn't punishment enough, I've stuck him in a loop. He'll do the same tasks over, and over, and over again. Kind of like existence, except without the limited potential for character development.

TWIST

(false)

Har har.

AKEN

I'm sorry. Did I make a joke?

Aken puts his hand forward. Holds it in mid-air, then violently TWISTS it round. There's a loud CRACK.

Twist hangs in mid-air. She spins around several times, landing hard on her front. She lifts her head, woozily.

AKEN

(with disdain)

Pfeh! Vampires...

Aken gets off his throne and approaches the suspended Twist, who clutches her throat, in some pain.

AKEN

Time for you to experience Hell!

TWIST

Been there.

(spits blood)

Done that.

(defiantly)

Forgot to get a t-shirt, though. There's nothing you can show me that I haven't already seen, nothing you can put me through that I haven't already suffered a million times over... So don't even bother trying!

(quickly)

Besides, of all the vessels you could have, you choose a Troll?

AKEN

Your defiance is attractive, little one, but it won't do you any good where you're going. I'm sending you to Transylvania!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TWIST  
(through gritted teeth)  
Where Dracula lives? Cool... always  
wanted to go there...

AKEN  
(shakes head)  
No, the mirror dimension to it,  
where all the real monsters live.  
(smiles)  
Send me a post-card, as you humans  
would say!

FLASH: Twist is gone.

AKEN  
Divide and conquer.  
(big)  
Let's see if those pests can  
manoeuvre their way out of this! I  
read the Prophecies. These two foul  
beings do things together.

There is a loud thunderclap, and in front of Aken a portal suddenly appears, and as Aken turns to watch Malkuth steps through it.

MALKUTH  
Hello, Aken. Even in that body I  
could still recognise your stench a  
mile away..

Aken eyes him with contempt.

AKEN  
Malkuth? Last time we met, I left  
you within an inch of your feeble  
excuse of an existence.

MALKUTH  
True.

He produces a pickaxe.

MALKUTH  
But this time, the tables are  
turned!

Malkuth throws the pickaxe. It SLAMS into Aken's stomach.

Aken laughs the blow off. He removes the axe. Blood drips from his stomach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

AKEN

How dare you presume this would  
kill me? Even your kind can survive  
this!

MALKUTH

Oh, that's only the beginning, old  
boy... let's finish what we started!

ON MALKUTH'S SMILE, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

40 EXT. TRANSYLVANIA - DUSK

40

Idyllic countryside. Full moon and a dark, expressionless black sky. Smoke rises into the sky.

The source of the smoke is Twist. She's curled up in the foetus position, fully clothed, smoke rising from various parts of her anatomy. It's not fire; just smoke accumulated from her trip to this dimension. Twist sniffs the air. Eyes slowly open. They're curious, confused, and quizzical. Then she sees the smoke.

TWIST

Arrgghhh!!!

Twist leaps to her feet. She puts out the smoke, breathes a sigh of relief.

VOICE

Morning, stranger.

Twist turns around, in the direction of the voice.

In the distance, about twenty-five metres away, stands a figure. He wears a long flowing back coat, weathered by time just like his grey beard, and scarred face. His name is DRAKEN, and here he is King.

TWIST

Um, technically it's evening.

Draken smiles.

DRAKEN

Sure. But who wants to be technical?

Twist laughs. Draken walks over. He moves quickly, quickly enough for Twist to work out he's not human. Not anymore, anyway. Twist eyes him warily.

TWIST

I'm Twist.

She extends her hand.

DRAKEN

Draken.

They shake.

41 INT. MEDIEVAL CASTLE

41

Aken rips the pickaxe from his chest. He stares at Malkuth in disgust.

AKEN

What do you expect to gain from coming here?

MALKUTH

Revenge.

AKEN

Revenge? Revenge is a luxury your kind cannot afford. You will die!

MALKUTH

I don't think so.

Malkuth claps his hands together. He rubs the palms, and then pulls them apart. He points them at Aken, and a plethora of black energy flies towards him.

Aken is hit dead centre in the chest. For a second he is trapped inside a liquid prism. Aken smashes through it with his fist, easily. He smirks at the supposed ineptitude of Malkuth.

AKEN

Is that all you've got?  
(to Knights)  
Kill him.

The Knights charge at Malkuth - swords outstretched. He waits calmly for them.

42 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM

42

Chris works on the Scrying Spell as before, stuck in the time loop. He checks his books and outstretches his hand, ready to summon the yellow orb as before.

43 EXT. TRANSYLVANIA - DUSK

43

Draken circles Twist, who is watching carefully.

TWIST

So. Who are you?

DRAKEN

Who am I? I'm an enigma. An anomaly. Kinda like you.

TWIST

You don't know me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAKEN

No. I do. You fight for good.

TWIST

On my nights off, sure.

DRAKEN

Do you know why?

TWIST

Sure. It's the right thing to do.

Draken scoffs at that comment, and Twist frowns at him, trying to get a handle on what he's getting at.

DRAKEN

(beat)

How did you do it?

TWIST

Do what?

DRAKEN

Escape from Hell.

Twist stares at him.

44 INT. MEDIEVAL ROOM

44

The Knights lie in front of Malkuth. They have been brutally slain, while he has barely a scratch on his grinning features.

MALKUTH

(grins)

That all you've got? Because, if so, I am very disappointed in you, Aky.

AKEN

Were I to say but one word, I would bring my armies here to disembowel your insolent body!

MALKUTH

(waves arms to indicate bodies)

Then why don't you?

Aken steps off his throne.

AKEN

Because I tire of your insolence.

He grabs the pickaxe from the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AKEN

And I want to kill you myself.

Aken throws the pickaxe. It flies towards Malkuth, aimed at his heart. Malkuth ducks at the last second, grabbing it in his palm. It cuts in slightly. Malkuth, eyes never leaving Aken, rips it from his skin. He smiles.

45 EXT. TRANSYLVANIA - DUSK

45

As before.

TWIST

It was easy...

(quickly)

... actually, I have no idea. All I know is that Chris cast a spell wrong and it sucked me out of there.

(beat)

He does that a lot.

DRAKEN

Not many get out. The universe works in mysterious ways.

TWIST

It surely does.

DRAKEN

That's why I'm here.

TWIST

What?

DRAKEN

I'm here because of fate, justice, karma, whatever you want to call it.

Twist looks surprised, Draken continues.

DRAKEN

I stopped the Apocalypse. Or, rather, an Apocalypse. Coulda been the one, but, ya know, I stopped it. I fought Aken, I fought his army, and I made the world a safer place for a spell. But, here's the thing, sweetie. I got to the end of the rainbow, and I found that nice, big pot. But there was no gold inside. There was no reward, no thank you. You know what I found out?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAKEN(cont'd)

The universe just wants to use you.  
You're a tool. A way to balance out  
good and evil.

Draken is looking out over the landscape he now calls home,  
lost in his speech as Twist tries to figure him out.

DRAKEN (cont'd)

Now, here's the kicker. Evil isn't  
an entity, it's a construct of  
humanity. No matter how much you  
try and stop it, you are merely  
prolonging the inevitable. Me, I  
was tortured by humans. Followers  
of Aken. They didn't want to kill  
me. They wanted to see how much I  
could endure. Well, I got free. I  
got free, and I left behind my vow  
to never kill a human. I ripped  
their throats out with my teeth,  
and sucked their blood, and got  
bloody satisfaction from it. Then,  
something goes bam! Next thing I  
know, I wake up and I'm trapped  
here. Over the last however long  
it's been, I came to realise that  
nothing matters. Nothing matters,  
except being true to our nature.

He marches up to Twist, sticking his face up to hers, and she  
recoils back a little from him.

DRAKEN

We are killers. We exist for the  
hunt. Others can try to manipulate  
us with rewards, and prophecies,  
but it's all a bunch of crap. Truth  
is, all we have is conviction, and  
mine rang out a long time ago.

Draken shakes his head, and looks at Twist again.

DRAKEN

Might as well face it, kid; all the  
good that you do, all the lives  
that you save, it doesn't matter.  
Only one thing's absolute for our  
kind... and that's Hell. Either you  
go there when you die, or you walk  
around on Earth; the real Hell,  
destined to remain a pawn forever.

TWIST

(firmly)

We have a choice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DRAKEN

Choice? What choice do we have?

He stares at Twist, awaiting an answer.

46 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM

46

Chris is working on the Scrying Spell as before, when he suddenly pauses, blinks and then looks around as if seeing the room for the first time.

Without saying a word, he shoves the books to one side and searches for a different one, opening it on the table and starting to read from it.

47 INT. MEDIEVAL ROOM

47

Malkuth is hurled across the screen. He hits the wall hard, falls to the ground. Aken laughs at him.

AKEN

You do know that you can't kill me,  
right?

MALKUTH

Are you still so sure about that?

Malkuth throws the pickaxe. It slams into Aken's leg. While Aken goes to pull it out, Malkuth pops up. He hits Aken twice in the face. Good solid blows. He doesn't even blink in recognition.

Aken slams Malkuth with a forearm. Again Malkuth flies across the room, again he hits a wall hard. Aken pulls the pickaxe out, crumbles it within his hands.

AKEN

This bores me.

He walks over to Malkuth, threateningly.

AKEN (cont'd)

Time to make what I said in Ireland  
come true.

Aken stops suddenly. He tries to move, but can't.

VOICE

Hold!

REVEAL CHRIS, holding a Magic Book, standing directly behind Aken.

48

EXT. TRANSYLVANIA - DUSK

48

As before. Draken circles Twist, more edgy now, sensing Draken's mood worsening as the conversation carries on.

TWIST

The choice to do as we see fit.

DRAKEN

Oh yeah. I remember that choice. Is that the choice that allows me to rip you limb from limb?

TWIST

(sighs)

Looks that way.

DRAKEN

I gotta say. The concept of free will sounds extremely gratifying.

Draken swings his fist around. He nails Twist in the jaw, sending her flying to the floor.

DRAKEN

I kinda like you, Twist. You remind me of me, when I was first brought into their world. Young, idealistic, full of hope. I guess I'll have to beat all that good spirit out of you!

Draken hits Twist again, hard.

DRAKEN

Think of me as a Mentor. I'm going to show you the lights, the sights and the frights that I've seen.

Draken hits her again, harder still.

DRAKEN

I'll make you see the truth.

Draken hits her again, drawing blood.

DRAKEN

Besides. I really can't afford to have competition here. Kind of takes away from the whole enigma thing I have going.

Twist spits out some blood, stares at him with contempt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Well now, wouldn't want to do that,  
would I?

DRAKEN

(smiles)

Now you're getting it!

Draken goes to hit her again. Twist grabs his hand, holding it in mid-air. She yanks it forward, sending him flying over her. Draken lands in a heap behind her, dazed and confused.

Twist stands up. She's pretty pissed off. Draken stares at her, disgusted.

DRAKEN

Lucky shot.

Twist smirks, wiping away a smear of blood from her face.

TWIST

Oh don't worry, I've got plenty  
more luck left yet.

49

INT. MEDIEVAL CASTLE

49

Malkuth looks up, pained. Sees Chris. Confusion and fear enter his eyes.

MALKUTH

Chris...?

CHRIS

This isn't about you, Malkuth. This is about me getting Twist back. I won't let her rot in Hell... not again.

AKEN

(laughs)

Half breed! You dare defy me?

CHRIS

I do! And you should really learn some new catch phrases, by the way...

Aken shakes his head.

FLASH: the hold Chris has over Aken is destroyed. Chris falls onto his ass, dropping the Magic Book.

AKEN

Now I have to kill you both.

Chris gets up, runs at Aken. A right to the face knocks him down. Malkuth charges as well, at Aken's back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Aken waits to he's close, grabs him by the side, and nails him with a backbreaker. Malkuth writhes in agony.

Chris grabs the pickaxe. He ducks an Aken punch, slams it into his spine. Aken searches for the pickaxe as Chris dodges round him, ready to start punching again.

Aken grabs Chris with one hand. Locks it around the throat. Throws Chris to the floor.

Malkuth grabs a sword from one of the Knights. He slams it in Aken's front, impaling him. Aken laughs.

AKEN

True demons don't die like you  
primitives do!

50

EXT. TRANSYLVANIA - DUSK

50

Draken comes at Twist. She blocks his blows, before rocking him with a big headbutt.

TWIST

I think being immortal went to your  
brain, boy!

Draken lunges at Twist. She ducks knocks him down with a roundhouse kick.

TWIST

I'm here for a reason. I was meant  
to hear every word you said.

DRAKEN

So you could know the truth?

Draken hits her in the face.

TWIST

Not exactly.

Twist hits him in the face.

TWIST

So I could understand how Oprah  
feels when her guests start whining  
like little kids!

Twist pulls out a stake. She RAMS it forward, into Draken's chest. He gasps, staring back at her in disbelief, before his legs crumple beneath him and he hits the deck.

Twist holds the stake in mid-air and stares down at the body before her, which seems to be rapidly ageing as the magic holding Draken's old body together fades away. Some things make more sense, but some things seem as conflicted as ever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sinks to her knees as the exertion from the fight takes over.

51 INT. MEDIEVAL CASTLE

51

Aken knocks Malkuth away. He lands by Chris, groggy. Chris's reluctantly nudges Malkuth.

CHRIS

Berlin?

Malkuth nods and sighs.

MALKUTH

Berlin. Only let's leave out the part where we both almost got killed..

They share a look of understanding. Both get up - Malkuth runs for the magic book, Chris runs for Aken.

Aken starts swinging. Chris ducks, yanks out the sword. He starts carving away - the blows don't have much effect, but they distract Aken. His wounds, however, seem to heal instantly. Chris slices like a man possessed.

Malkuth reads from the book. He quietly recites a Latin translation as Chris cuts away.

Aken knocks the sword away, grabs Chris. In the background, Malkuth keeps reciting. Aken chokes the life from Chris, a sickly sadistic smile on his face.

Malkuth nears the end of the spell.

Behind Aken appears a portal. Chris sees it, holds on for dear life. Aken puts both hands around Chris's neck, gets ready to snap it.

MALKUTH

Aken! I'm sending you home!

Chris KICKS with his feet and knocks Aken back a step, who starts to get hit by the pull of the portal. He drops Chris, who scrambles for cover, and with a ROAR, Aken is sucked into the portal.

FLASH: Chris and Malkuth stand there, bloodied but victorious, trying to catch their breath.

MALKUTH

Thanks! It was good to work together again, after all this time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Don't push it. You've got ten seconds while we get our breath back before I'm coming after you.

Malkuth sighs as Chris starts to get to his feet.

MALKUTH

Honestly, that's gratitude for you...

Malkuth snaps his fingers, and with a FLASH, he is gone. Chris looks round, before realising Malkuth has magicked himself away. He lowers his sword and sighs deeply.

52

EXT. TRANSYLVANIA - DUSK.

52

Twist is still sitting on the plateau, staring down at the remains of Draken. A portal opens up behind her, but she doesn't look round as Chris steps through it. He scans the area, smiling when he sees her and walking over.

CHRIS

(relieved)

There you are! I've been hopping all over the place trying to find you. I remembered that Aken liked to send his prisoners here, so I thought I'd find you here.

Chris realises she hasn't looked up. He notices the body of Draken and places a hand on her shoulder.

CHRIS

Is everything alright?

Twist pats his hand, sighs once, then stands and turns to face him, the trademark grin back on her face.

TWIST

Yup. Had a bit of trouble with the locals, but nothing I couldn't handle.

CHRIS

Glad to hear it. Come on, let's get out of here.

He heads back towards the portal and walks through it, disappearing in a crackle of electricity.

Twist pauses, throwing one last look towards Draken's body before she steps through, the portal closing behind them both with a fizzing sound.

53 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHRIS'S ROOM

53

Chris is packing. Twist walks in, unsure. Chris sees her. He only needs to look once to know there's something up.

CHRIS  
What's wrong?

TWIST  
(long beat)  
What happens when it's over?

Chris understands. He puts his packing down and sits down on the bed, looking thoughtfully back at Twist, who bites her lip, clearly still troubled by what Draken said.

CHRIS  
I don't know. I guess I'm just concentrating on getting there for now. Maybe we'll find that pot of gold I keep hearing so much about.

Twist and Chris stare at each other.

TWIST  
So you really don't know? I mean, am I going back to... back there, when it's all done?

CHRIS  
(softly)  
I don't know.

TWIST  
(beat)  
Well, *that* sucks.

CHRIS  
I never said it wouldn't. The trick is to not get yourself killed!

TWIST  
Well, gee, Nostradamus, thanks for the tip. I'll remember that next time I'm lost in some freaky mirror world and fighting some crazy vampire!

CHRIS  
And besides...

TWIST  
Besides what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

I wouldn't give you up without a fight. You deserve a second chance, Twist, you're proving that to me more every day. So while I can still help you make up your debt to the world, I'll always do what I can.

He grins and she smiles back, more at ease already. She picks up one of his shirts and studies it.

TWIST

And anyway, no way I'm dying on you before I help you sort your fashion sense out! When did you buy this thing anyway, the Seventies?

CHRIS

(beat)  
Actually, yes.

TWIST

Oh.

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