

**SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN**

"Turn It Up"

by  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. SALOON CAR. NIGHT. 1

INSERT OVER - ATLANTA

To the guitar intro to 'Dream brother' by Jeff Buckley, we're riding along a city street inside a typical saloon car, driven by a young twentysomething female exec. She reaches forward and turns the radio up, and we hear the DJ's voice speak over the song. He has a very smooth voice, perfect for this late night slot.

DJ (V.O.)

Bringing you all the tunes you'll  
need to pass the night hours away,  
this is UV Radio, on air from dusk  
till dawn every night.

2 INT. STUDENT DIGS. NIGHT. 2

We're in a student halls of residence now, with a young guy and girl sharing a large room, both listening to the radio station on the stereo between their two beds. They're dressed in modern goth outfits - plenty of black.

DJ (V.O.)

For those of you who can't stand  
the sunlight, or at least the sorts  
of people who walk around in it,  
we'll give you plenty of food for  
your brain during the hours of the  
day you actually stay awake.

3 EXT. YACHT. NIGHT. 3

We're on the top deck of an expensive looking yacht now, floating quietly on the still waters of one of the region's lakes, a group of three young demons swigging beer and chatting as the small radio on deck carries on the broadcast.

DJ (V.O.)

You're listening to an old  
favourite of mine, 'Dream Brother'  
by Jeff Buckley, just the kind of  
mood you need as today turns into  
tomorrow and you start wondering if  
it's gonna be  
worth getting up for work again in  
a few hours time...

4 EXT. ATLANTA STREET. NIGHT.

4

We're walking along one of the city's quieter streets, passing some noisy bars but not stopping as we follow a group of three young guys, all pale and skinny.

DJ (V.O.)

You know, I met Jeff once, and I always meant to ask him if he would have still taken that swim in the river if he'd known how big he was going to become. I guess it just goes to show you that some of us only get one shot at life in this world...

5 INT. RUNDOWN BUILDING. NIGHT.

5

We're looking down from the top of a short staircase inside a beaten up old building as the door at the foot of the stairs opens, and the three guys we were following walk in, talking and laughing as they climb the stairs.

DJ (V.O.)

... so I guess the secret is to live every day like it's your last, and never think about tomorrow until you wake up in it and turn it into today again. So for all of you out there who wish sometimes you could start your life over, I'm gonna play this song for you. And for those of you who do get that second chance...

6 INT. RADIO STUDIO. NIGHT.

6

Still following the three guys, they push open a door and walk into a fairly well-lit room filled with archaic looking radio equipment, peeling rock concert posters lining the walls and old sofas and throw rugs giving the place a cosy feel.

At the far end of the room is a booth separated from the rest of the room by soundproof glass, containing a desk, a large CD player, several empty beer bottles, a microphone and the DJ we have been listening to, DANYAEL, a slim goth boy with rock star looks who waves and grins to his three friends as they walk in.

DANYAEL

... well, I raise a glass to you, the lucky ones. Enjoy.

Danyaël flips a switch on the large, clunky CD changer behind him and slips off his headphones.

7 INT. RADIO STATION - BOOTH. NIGHT.

7

Danyael leans back in his old leather chair as one of the friends enter the booth via a door to one side, and hands Danyael a brown paper bag. Danyael nods thanks as the friend leaves, and slips his headphones back on.

DANYAEL

(into mic)

So just to remind those of you with short memories, you're tuned in to UV Radio, home of DJ Danyael's Night Songs...

Danyael takes a red bottle of blood from inside the bag, and raising it to his friends on the far side of the glass to say cheers as he removes the stopper.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

... and haven for those of you ill at ease in the human world.

Danyael thumbs off the mic again and takes a deep, grateful swig of the blood. He leans back, licking his lips and letting out a satisfied sigh.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

(to himself)

Now *this* is what it's all about...

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

8 EXT. HIGHWAY. MORNING. 8

'Inbetween Days' by The Cure is our soundtrack as we look down on one of the main highways leading into Atlanta city centre, pulling closer until we pick up a beaten up old van, weaving conservatively through the morning traffic. The van's windows are blacked out.

9 INT. VAN. MORNING. 9

Inside the van, the song still plays loudly as we see CHRIS driving, tapping the wheel and singing along without a care in the world. He wears his fedora against the sunlight, but thanks to the darkened windows no actual sunlight can get inside.

Which is handy for TWIST, lying on a sleeping bag in the cluttered back half of the van, a pillow held over her head as she tries to blot out the horrific sound of Chris singing. With a groan, she gives up and throws the pillow away, sitting up and clambering into the passenger seat and turning the stereo down herself.

CHRIS

(glares at her)

Hey! Some of us were listening to that, you know...

TWIST

Chris, honey, now you know I love music, but even I have my limits, and one of those limits is hearing you SING to THE FRICKEN CURE at EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE FRICKEN MORNING!!

CHRIS

Oh, come on, it's good morning music! Wakes you up, leaves you ready to tackle the day!

TWIST

(incredulous)

Tackle what? It's first thing in the morning, the sun's up, and if I step outside, you'll be partner to a small pile of dust!

CHRIS

Well, I mean apart from that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Okay, compromise. Let me pick a station instead.

CHRIS

(sighs)

Alright. But we're losing a classic...

TWIST

(mock tearfulness)

Oh... my heart... she bleeds so!

Twist starts turning the dial, bringing us static and bursts of music and voices until she picks up a local news broadcast.

CHRIS

Oh, wait, leave that on.

Twist pauses and turns the volume up.

RADIO

Police remain at a loss to explain the series of bizarre killings in and around the Atlanta area of recent months, but played down speculation of a vampire-like serial killer today as 'popular hysteria and media scaremongering.'

Chris and Twist exchange a look.

TWIST

That anything to do with this guy you're here to see?

CHRIS

I should hope not, Aaron and I have known each other a long time, and last time I checked he didn't go in for any of that 'slaughter of innocents' thing.

(chuckles)

He always says 'there's too much money to be made off humans, why would I want to kill 'em?'

TWIST

Sounds like my kind of guy, then!

CHRIS

He's excellently connected which will be great for us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS(cont'd)

We're a little strapped in the cash department at the moment, as our current choice of transport should indicate.

TWIST

I was holding out for a Beamer...

CHRIS

My usual sources are temporarily unavailable, so I called Aaron and asked if he had any work that needed doing, and he said come on over and he'll set me up with something.

TWIST

So your hacker mate Neuro's been caught by the Feds again, then.

CHRIS

(beat)

Unfortunately, yes. However, Aaron's assignments have always paid exceptionally well in the past, so they still should do so.

TWIST

Anything there for little old me?

CHRIS

Well, you're new to the deal. You weren't around last time I saw Aaron, so if you want to help me out, the option's there.

Twist pulls a thoughtful face as she looks out through the windows, watching the traffic go by.

TWIST

(mock aloofness)

The lady Twist will consider your kind offer...

CHRIS

Glad to hear it.

10

EXT. STREET - AARON'S PLACE. MORNING.

10

Aaron's place is on the outskirts of the city, a seemingly innocent grey brick building next door to some fenced off inner city basketball courts, a few streets off any main roads. Chris' van is parked up outside.

11 INT. AARON'S PLACE. MORNING.

11

Inside, the place is more like a gambling den than anything else - long tables line all three floors of the warehouse-sized building, linked to each other by a series of crazy-looking spiral staircases.

Chris takes off his fedora and hands it with a nod to the burly doorman as he and Twist enter on the ground floor. Twist gazes around, soaking the atmosphere up.

TWIST

This place is cool! Why haven't we ever been here before?

CHRIS

You know me, Twist, I'm not a gambling man.

TWIST

Chris, you spend your entire life trying to avoid having any fun at all, ever.

CHRIS

And how would you know?

AARON

(booming voice; from first floor)

Christopher Berkeley, well stick a fork up my ass and roast me over a campfire!

Chris and Twist look up for the owner of the big voice, still reverberating around the inside of the building.

Looking down on them from one of the balconies that break up the three floors of the building is AARON, a well-built black man with a wide smile and hands that could hide entire watermelons. He's dressed well - gold chains and expensively-tailored suits cut to fit his unusual frame, and he waves happily at them to come join him.

With a glance, Chris heads up the nearest staircase and Twist follows.

12 INT. AARON'S PLACE - 1ST FLOOR. MORNING.

12

The noise is louder up here, as Chris weaves past a few rowdy card tables and makes his way over to Aaron. The two shake hands before Aaron bear hugs Chris warmly, slapping him on the back and offering him a cigar which Chris refuses.

(CONTINUED)

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As Twist joins them, Aaron snaps his fingers and has a table and three chairs brought over, quickly followed by two wine glasses of fresh blood.

As Aaron lights another cigar, Twist sniffs the glass and throws a hopeful look at Chris, who nods once. With a happy smile, Twist drinks as Chris and Aaron speak.

AARON

How the Horned One are you, Chris?  
I never hear much from you these days, still racing round the world trying to cure yourself, eh?

(laughs)

Crazy idea if you ask me, but, who am I to dictate another fiend's fate?

CHRIS

Well, Twist and I have been quite busy, we-

AARON

(interrupts)

Yes, I couldn't help but notice your exquisite friend when the two of you arrived...

(holds out his hand to Twist)

... I don't believe I've had the pleasure?

TWIST

(holds out her hand)

Not many people have, I'm very well behaved these days. Name's Twist.

Aaron takes her hand, but instead of shaking it or kissing it, he sniffs at it. Twist raises an eyebrow to Chris, who just nods again to tell her to leave him to it. Aaron releases the hand and sits back, dragging on the cigar as he regards Twist.

AARON

Vampire, eh? Young too, only about five in our years.

TWIST

(impressed)

Not bad, got myself turned back in '99. That's a pretty good trick, how'd you do it?

AARON

(taps nose)

All in the nose.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AARON(cont'd)

There's demon blood in my family many generations back, and some, like myself, have a highly developed sense of smell, keeps us alert to any good deals.

(grins broadly)

And I can sense a good one coming your way tonight!

CHRIS

Well, you probably know why we're here, Aaron. The money's running a little tight, so I thought it was a good time to drop by and-

AARON

(interrupts)

Say no more, Chris. You need a few of my old missions to earn some readies, not a problem. What about your lady?

CHRIS

Oh, she's not my 'lady,' we-

TWIST

Now, darling, don't be rude!

Twist pats Chris on the cheek, and he glares at her, but she just winks at him to get him to play along. Aaron chuckles, a deep belly laugh that rattles the table.

AARON

You go see my man Derrinck, you remember him?

CHRIS

Bad breath and glasses?

AARON

He'll offer you a few jobs. Plenty of scum running round the streets lately. Lots of murders up top, the local police are starting to clamp down on our activities a bit until they know what's going on.

TWIST

Any ideas? We heard about it on the news on the way in.

AARON

(shrugs)

Could be lots of things. Whatever it or they is, it doesn't want to be found very easily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Chris leans back, rubbing his chin as Twist finishes her glass of blood and starts on his.

13

INT. AARON'S PLACE - OFFICES. MORNING.

13

Chris knocks on an open office door at the back of the top floor of the building and steps into a modest office holding a few cabinets and a desk, behind which sits

DERRINCK, Aaron's book-keeper, a thin, pale skinned man with glasses. He's busy poring over an accounts book as Chris and Twist step inside his office.

DERRINCK  
(without looking up)  
Take a seat, please, won't be a moment.

Twist looks at the incomprehensible wall charts and flow diagrams peppering the wall as they wait.

DERRINCK (cont'd)  
(closes book)  
Now then, how can I-  
(looks up; recognises  
Chris)  
Mr. Berkeley!

CHRIS  
Please, Derrinck, it's just Chris.

Derrinck stretches across the table and the two shake hands. Twist notices that Chris doesn't seem to want to get too close to the guy, thanks to his bad breath.

DERRINCK  
Good to see you again, it's been what, four years?

CHRIS  
About that.

DERRINCK  
What brings you into our fair city?

CHRIS  
Business. Specifically, any of yours that you want to offer me.

DERRINCK  
Ah, still on the old path, eh?

Derrinck turns in his chair and retrieves a thick binder from one of the bookcases behind him. He lays it open on the desk and leafs through it.

(CONTINUED)

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Chris glances at Twist, eager to get moving again.

CHRIS

Something quick to get started,  
we're in no real rush so I can work  
on a few things for you, whatever's  
going.

DERRINCK

(turning pages)

Ah yes, I know just the thing.  
How's that chap you used to work  
with, by the way? Funny looking  
half-demon fellow, what was his  
name... oh yes, Malkuth, wasn't it?

Chris is silent. Twist throws a cautious look at him.

CHRIS

(icily; through clenched  
teeth)

We don't exactly talk any more.

DERRINCK

(beat)

Aah, always a shame when good  
business deals go sour, isn't it!  
Ah, here we are...

Derrinck takes out a sheet of paper from one of the wallets  
inside the binder and hands it to Chris.

DERRINCK (cont'd)

This is a rundown of several well-  
known underworld gangsters and  
troublemakers operating in the  
area. We get a lot of info about  
people hassling Mr. Aaron's  
clients, affecting our business and  
generally being a pain. We get the  
police on to them where we can, but  
in more specialist cases we need  
more... specialist help.

TWIST

Which is where we come in, right?  
Trust us, we're very special.

DERRINCK

(nods)

Exactly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

I'll take a look over this, give you a call later to discuss details. Are you still on the same number?

DERRINCK

Oh yes, call us anytime you like.

Chris nods to him as he gets up, followed out by Twist who blows Derrinck an exaggerated big kiss as she leaves.

14

INT. VAN. AFTERNOON.

14

Chris reads down the list as Twist drives through the city centre traffic, humming along to the radio.

TWIST

And you're sure you can trust this Aaron guy? I mean, he's not sending you out on a bunch of suicide missions to get rid of you or anything, right?

CHRIS

No, not at all. I'm one of his best earners, or so he tells me. I've always thought Aaron could give Don King a run for his money if the two had to go head-to-head in a hype contest...

Twist turns the van down another street, trying to read the street signs through the darkened glass.

TWIST

Where are we staying again?

CHRIS

Maple and 17th, landlady there in a little underground apartment, rents it out to travelling underworld characters like ourselves. Quite cosy, and her cooked breakfasts are well worth getting up for!

There's a beat as Twist looks from side to side, peering through the glass and biting her lip.

TWIST

Right...

(beat)

We're definitely lost, then.

CHRIS

Oh, Twist!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

It's not my fault! You made this sunproof glass so damn dark, I can barely see the road in front of me, let alone read any signs!

Chris shakes his head as Twist tries to keep on driving.

15

INT. VAN. DUSK.

15

Chris tries to read a large roadmap of the city centre while Twist tunes the radio looking for a new station. She pauses on one and turns the volume up.

As 'Pretty When You Cry' by VAST begins to play, Twist's face lights up and she turns to Chris.

TWIST

Oh, sweet! There was this great DJ back at my college who played this all the time. I forget his name now, something like...

DANYAEL

(through radio)

So that was VAST with the ever-appropriate 'Pretty When You Cry,' a song I always like to play whenever I start thinking good thoughts about my ex, so I can quickly turn them into bad ones. You're listening to DJ Danyael on UV Radio, broadcasting out of always-welcoming Atlanta for all you surface dwellers and underground lurkers...

Twist looks ecstatic and shakes Chris out of his concentration. He looks up, wearily.

CHRIS

Twist, I'm never going to find this bloody place if you keep stopping and telling me about how much you love every other song you hear!

TWIST

No, no, that's him! That's the guy! The DJ from College! Who I listened to before and after I died! Can I go see if I can visit the station? Can I? Can I? Can I? Can I? Can I?

CHRIS

(exasperated)

Oh, for goodness' sake, yes!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Sweet! I'll track him down in no time, if he's here somewhere I'll find him. I loved that guy when I was younger, his show was the best!

CHRIS

Okay then, go looking. I'll call you when I find this apartment place. And try not to get in too much trouble!

TWIST

Aw, thanks, Chris!

She slides open the side door of the van and hops out into the night air, determined to track down her old radio hero. Chris looks up, thoughtfully, as the door closes again.

Focusing on the list of hits that Derrinck passed on earlier, the camera picks up one name at the foot of the page: 'Danyael, local radio disc jockey for UV Radio, located inside Atlanta city limits.'

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

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ACT TWO

FADE IN:

16 EXT. ATLANTA - STREET. NIGHT. 16

Twist walks down the street, passing by several large buildings as she scans the streets thoughtfully. She pauses at a street corner and rubs her chin.

TWIST

Hmm... now if I was an underground radio station, where would I be hiding?

She thinks, then snaps her fingers.

17 EXT. ATLANTA - OUTSIDE BAR. NIGHT. 17

We're looking at the outside of a neon-lit nightspot, loud and bustling on the inside and we get a blast of that music as a pair of young goths walk out, pointing back inside the bar and laughing at some private joke.

Pull back to reveal Twist, watching them. She grins and moves away from the wall she was leaning against and starts to follow the couple.

18 EXT. ATLANTA - STREET. NIGHT. 18

The couple, still talking, round a corner in front of us and walk left off screen. In the background, Twist suddenly speeds up so she doesn't lose them, getting to the corner a few moments later and looking round.

The couple are nowhere to be seen, we're just looking at a quiet street full of disused buildings and warehouses.

She pouts, but then notices something up ahead.

Highlighted in a doorway that opens before them, we see the couple walk inside one of the buildings opposite, nodding to a heavier-looking guy manning the door.

With a triumphant smile, Twist heads across the street and towards the doorway.

19 EXT. ATLANTA - OUTSIDE BUILDING. NIGHT. 19

The front of the building is as plain as the others - crumbling red brickwork, faded displays and signs, and no

evidence of life inside except a thin sliver of yellow light from beneath the thick door. Twist knocks twice on it, unable to resist making a tune out of her knock.

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CONTINUED:

The door opens as she's tapping, and she stops with a cough, putting her hands behind her back. The DOORMAN we saw earlier is a thick set guy with short spiky hair and stubble, and pretty muscular too.

DOORMAN  
Whatever you're looking for, you're  
in the wrong neighbourhood, sugar.

TWIST  
Hey, you haven't even let me try my  
doorplay line yet!

DOORMAN  
(beat; grins)  
Okay, go for it.

TWIST  
Right. Hey there, I was looking for  
the UV Radio headquarters so I  
figured I'd follow some vamps  
around till I found a nest and then  
I'd ask for directions. So...

DOORMAN  
So what?

TWIST  
So, is this a nest? Can I get some  
directions?

DOORMAN  
No need, you've come to the right  
place. Welcome to UV Radio.

TWIST  
Alright! Score one for me!

The doorman steps inside and Twist walks through.

20

INT. UV RADIO - DOWNSTAIRS. NIGHT.

20

The second Twist steps inside, the door slams shut and another burly vamp appears, grabbing Twist and pinning her to the floor despite her struggles.

TWIST  
Hey! What the... hey!

DOORMAN  
Alright, take her inside.

The other vamp kicks open a door to the left of the entrance corridor and hauls Twist into it, slamming the door behind him and blocking off her yells.

21 INT. UV RADIO - SIDE ROOM. NIGHT.

21

Twist is wrestled into a chair, and restraints are quickly fastened on her wrists and ankles. The room contains nothing except the chair and a strange looking machine that looks like a headless grandfather clock with two old computers stuffed inside it.

Another vamp, a middle-aged guy called BRENT, is waiting next to the machine, and fastens a set of electrode pads to Twist's forehead. Twist looks around, frightened.

TWIST

Okay... what's going on?

BRENT

Just a precaution. Can't have any old vampire wandering in off the streets without being checked out first!

TWIST

Checked? For what? Who the hell a-

There is a ZAP and a surge of blue energy from the machine travels along the electrodes and onto Twist, who stiffens and grimaces. The machine starts to rattle, and what looks like a cardiograph printout spews out from its side. Brent holds it up, peering at the details.

BRENT

Now then, let's see... Sired in late 1999, somewhere on the East Coast, looks like New York, aged 20 at the time... and... oh, dear.

TWIST

What is it?

BRENT

You've killed quite a few people, haven't you?

TWIST

Are you high? I'm a fricken vampire, of course I've killed people!

Twist winces as she realises that may not have been the wisest thing to say.

(CONTINUED)

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TWIST (cont'd)

What I mean is, in my dark and distant past I killed a few people, but I've been back on the straight and narrow since the whole going to Hell thing...

Brent peers down at the increasingly long printout.

BRENT

Yes, there is a section here that appears to be... well, not missing, but certainly giving off all sorts of strange readings... You haven't killed anyone for a long time now, have you?

TWIST

No! Can we get this thing off now?

BRENT

Just a moment...

He waits for the machine to beep once, and the printout stops. He tears it off and starts to fold it up. With a nod to the other vamp, the electrodes are removed and the restraints unfastened. Twist breathes deeply and rubs her head, looking round at the two vamps in the room.

TWIST

Okay, first person to explain to me what the Backstreet Boys just went on won't get a kicking once I get my breath back...

BRENT

My apologies. I'm Brent. You've already met Carl.

Brent steps forward and offers his hand, which Twist cautiously shakes. CARL, the other vamp, nods once. Twist isn't sure what to make of the situation, rubbing her sore wrists and nodding towards the strange machine.

TWIST

What is that thing? It felt like someone was playing my brainwaves with chopsticks!

BRENT

It was designed by a powerful warlock named Tarradini.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRENT(cont'd)

It uses magical power to literally scan the brain activity of whoever it is reading, giving us access to a complete personal history, highlighting any... unsavoury activities they may have gotten up to.

TWIST

(straightening hair)

Well, I don't like it. What do you need it for?

BRENT

We are a humane operation, Miss...

(checks printout)

We have to be careful who we announce our location to, Miss Twist. We have many enemies.

TWIST

Oh, I get it, you're another rebel vamp crew!

BRENT

'Rebel' is a somewhat uncouth term, but yes, in a manner of speaking.

TWIST

Well, how come you haven't heard of me then?

BRENT

(raises an eyebrow)

No, should I have?

TWIST

Yeah, I helped out the Houston part of you guys two weeks back. You know, when there was that blackout?

Brent and Carl shake their heads blankly.

TWIST (cont'd)

Oh, come on! With the demon army? And the fighting?

(beat)

Nothing?

(beat)

This job sucks.

BRENT

(changing subject)

Anyway, if you'd like to follow me upstairs?

Brent helps her up, and she follows him back out.

22 INT. UV RADIO - MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

22

We head into the station area. The couple Twist followed in are sat down, sorting through a box full of CDs, and two other vamp guys stand inside the booth, chatting. They all turn to look at Twist as she and Brent enter.

BRENT

(to room)

Everyone, this is Miss Twist.  
Twist, this is almost everyone.  
Danyael and Jeremy aren't here yet,  
but we still have ten minutes  
before tonight's broadcast starts,  
so we should be fine. I have to get  
downstairs to set things up, so  
I'll leave you youngsters to it.

Brent closes the door after him, and Twist manages a small wave as LUCINDA stands and offers her hand. She's slim and gorgeous with long, dark braided hair.

LUCINDA

Hey there, I'm Lucinda, or Lucy, or Lu, whatever. That's Darren over there, and my better half and star of the show, Danyael, should be here any second.

DARREN nods hello as he stands and carries an armful of CDs over to the booth. Lucinda points towards it.

LUCINDA (cont'd)

The two usual suspects in there are Reed and Toby, our sound guys for want of a better phrase, considering how little they actually do!

REED smirks, flipping Lucinda the bird. She pokes her tongue out at him and pats the worn sofa for Twist to sit down. She does, still not sure what to make of it all.

TWIST

So... what's the deal round here then? I mean, this is UV Radio, right?

LUCINDA

Sort of. Dan and Jeremy moved here from NYC not long ago, and they settled here when they met Brent, and we've been doing the show since then!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Brent... he's a little strange. Is he like the boss man around here?

LUCINDA

Yeah, kinda. Brent's the oldest and the one who recruited the rest of us. We're kind of the unofficial voice of the Atlanta 'rebel' movement, if you like.

TWIST

So I gathered. Hey, did you hear about all that business back in Houston last week?

Lucinda shakes her head and Twist sighs.

TWIST (cont'd)

Never mind.

The door opens behind her, and in walks Danyael and JEREMY, a chubby vamp, both carrying some music store shopping bags. Twist raises an eyebrow at Danyael, a cheeky smirk crossing her face.

Lucinda jumps up and hugs both of them as Danyael slips off his jacket and Jeremy starts taking stacks of CDs out of the shopping bags. Lucinda and Danyael share a quick kiss before Danyael notices Twist and bows slightly.

DANYAEL

Hey there.

LUCINDA

Oh, Dan, this is Twist, she's new in town and tracked us down. She's an old listener.

TWIST

That's me. I'm in town on business. Long story.

DANYAEL

Well, I'd love to hear it later but right now, I got a show to run.

Danyael smiles again as he heads into the booth as everyone else clears up. Twist watches as he slips on his headphones and turns up the mic, cueing up a CD and playing it as he goes into his intro.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Good evening, guys, girls and ghouls all around the world, or at least central Atlanta, this is DJ Danyael kicking off tonight's show with an old favourite.

Danyael slips the 'phones off and starts sorting through CDs as 'Bullet With Butterfly Wings' by Smashing Pumpkins plays, sipping a beer with his other hand. Lucinda taps Twist on the shoulder to break her stare on Danyael.

LUCINDA

He'll be locked up in there for a while now, so d'you wanna go for a walk round outside? I'll show you the area, introduce you to some friends.

TWIST

Okay. Oh, and remind me to call my, uh, buddy Chris, he's in town trying to read a map at the moment, I just need to let him know I found you.

TOBY

What, not Chris Berkeley?

Twist rolls her eyes.

23

EXT. OUTSIDE SEWER GRATE. NIGHT.

23

A sewage tunnel outlet just off a drained concrete river outlet, as Chris hops into view with katana on his belt and a small backpack on as well.

He tips his fedora up as he sits before the entrance, listening to the rushing water and sniffing the air.

CHRIS

And yet, this still somehow beats sitting in that bloody van...

He fishes Derrinck's list out of his pocket and checks something on it, then looks up and reads off a moss-covered sign fastened above the grate.

Nodding, he hops down to the grate's level, and with a few swift katana slashes has sliced himself a hole to crawl through. He pauses, crinkling his nose up at the stench.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(mutters)

And this was the easy one...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With one hand holding his hat down, he crouches and walks through the hole he cut, and into the tunnel.

24 INT. SEWER ACCESS TUNNEL. NIGHT. 24

Chris is about twenty feet down the tunnel when a deep, rumbling GROWL sounds out from further along, echoing all along the tunnel. Chris freezes and grips his katana tightly, before continuing on his way.

25 EXT. ATLANTA - STREET. NIGHT. 25

Twist and Lucinda walk along, the two girls now armed with a slushy drink each. Lucinda waves to the bouncer of a rough-looking biker bar that they pass, who nods back.

LUCINDA

That's Barry. Nice guy, serves us even though technically we're still minors.

TWIST

Under 21 when you got turned?

LUCINDA

Yeah, downer, ain't it?

The girls share a grin at the joke as they walk on, passing a line of shops, whose still lit window displays attract their attention.

LUCINDA (cont'd)

So, tell me more about this 'cure' thing your friend Chris is working on!

TWIST

Not that much to tell. Chris has read about a fair few ways in which disadvantaged people such as ourselves can do something about it, everything from long, painful rituals needing a shopping list of near-impossible to find stuff, to crazy-sounding machines and things.

(slurps drink)

At least, that's what he tries to tell me. Looking at some of his notebooks, it's like Da Vinci dropped some acid and stopped up all night doodling!

LUCINDA

(thoughtful)

Huh!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCINDA(cont'd)

So, like, is he planning on releasing this to the world at large?

TWIST

I don't know. I think large numbers of once-dead friends, sons, daughters and relatives suddenly showing up alive and well again would kind throw things out of balance a bit. I'm sure he knows what he's doing.

(beat)

One of us has to...

LUCINDA

Hey, did you call him yet?

TWIST

Shoot, no I didn't.

Twist reaches into her jacket for her phone, but shrugs and tucks it away again after a few moments.

TWIST (cont'd)

Well, wherever he is, there ain't much reception. I'll try again later.

LUCINDA

Okay, cool. Come on, got plenty more stuff to show ya yet!

Lucinda skips off and Twist follows.

26 EXT. OUTSIDE SEWER GRATE. NIGHT.

26

We see a shadow approaching the hole Chris cut. He shoves his way through and out, cut and bloody and dripping from head to foot in slime and dirty water.

With a grunt, he heaves something out that he was dragging behind him - the large head of a particularly nasty looking demon, which bounces along the concrete drain floor as Chris extracts himself from the grate and tries to shake off some of the mess. He mutters under his breath as he produces a sack from his backpack and stuffs the demon's head inside.

27 INT. AARON'S PLACE - OFFICE. NIGHT.

27

The sack is dropped with a THUD onto Derrinck's desk.

Chris slumps down, exhausted, in the chair facing Derrinck as he opens the sack and inspects the contents.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DERRINCK

My word, you didn't go after this one first, did you?

CHRIS

Well... yes.

DERRINCK

You're a braver man than I thought, I put him at the top of the list because he was toughest of the lot!

CHRIS

I thought you said the list was in reverse order?

Derrinck shakes his head as Chris rubs his tired eyes.

DERRINCK

Oh, and you can cross the bottom chap off as well. Someone came in on behalf of this band of human bounty hunters and took the job. Vampire lad, the one they're after. Runs a radio station, I think.

CHRIS

Say that again?

DERRINCK

Yes, not sure why he's on a hit list like this, I can't see what harm he could do, but there you go...

Derrinck takes Chris' list and checks down it.

DERRINCK (cont'd)

There he is, chap called Danyael, runs a local radio show called 'UV Radio' or something similar. I wouldn't like to be in his shoes when that lot catch up with him, they're particularly rough fellows...

Derrinck looks up. Chris is nowhere to be seen, but the office door is gently swinging closed, and from outside we can hear a pair of boots running rapidly down the spiral staircase.

DERRINCK (cont'd)

Something I said?

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

28 INT. UV RADIO - BOOTH. NIGHT. 28

Danyaël bobs in his chair along to the music, which is 'Somewhere I Belong' by Linkin Park. Twist and Lucinda return through the main door - they both wave to Danyaël and get a thumbs up back.

DANYAEL

Well, hope that one got you all moving, or what passes for movement for you lot out there. I guess swaying from side to side with intent works just as well.

29 INT. UV RADIO - ENTRANCE. NIGHT. 29

With Danyaël's show audible through small speakers fixed into the walls throughout the building, we look down the staircase at the front door as there is a loud knocking at it. The doorman vamp huffs down the steps towards it.

DANYAEL (V.O.)

We're getting towards that time of night where I have to sign off and leave you to your fates.

DOORMAN

(mutters)

Guy can't get a minute's freakin' rest around here...

(shouts over knocking)

Alright, alright! What d'you think we are, dead or something?

30 EXT. OUTSIDE ENTRANCE. NIGHT. 30

We're looking at the door as the doorman opens it, still muttering. His eyes widen in shock for a moment, then a stake is STABBED into his chest. He GULPS and falls back.

We're looking at VAN LEWIN, the lead bounty hunter - tall, muscular, bald and very mean looking. He calmly puts his stake back inside his long coat and signals to the three guys behind him, similarly mean looking and well-armed hunters, who step inside and head up the staircase, crossbows, axes and swords at the ready.

DANYAEL (V.O.)

But I hope I've left enough good stuff rattling round the inside of your mind to keep you going until our next broadcast.

31 INT. UV RADIO - CORRIDOR. NIGHT. 31

The hunters reach the top of the stairway and are faced with a long, dark corridor full of disused office suites. At the far end lies the main station room. The hunters take up covering positions, creeping slowly towards it.

DANYAEL (V.O.)

To keep you rolling till then,  
here's my customary 'Classic At  
Closing Time,' and tonight it's The  
Distillers with 'The Hunger.' Enjoy  
it, y'all, because this is DJ  
Danyael saying goodnight out there...  
whatever you are.

As 'The Hunger' by The Distillers plays, the hunters are drawing dangerously close to the door...

32 INT. VAN. NIGHT. 32

Chris is driving the van at top speed back towards the radio station, gritting his teeth as he swerves dangerously through the traffic.

The van sets off angry car horns all around as it veers left and right, jinking through the traffic at top speed.

33 INT. UV RADIO - MAIN ROOM. NIGHT. 33

Twist and the other vampires are sitting around, chatting, as we see Danyael take off his headphones and start to get up, when Twist blinks and looks towards the door.

The doorframe glows with the same orange light Twist saw at Bannister's club a few weeks ago. She knows what's coming next and tenses up...

The door is kicked open with a loud CRACK, and a pair of stun grenades rattle into the room. Twist reacts first.

TWIST

Everybody down!!

The vampires dive for cover before the loud BANG of the grenades, and as the screen lights up for a second we hear the bounty hunters outside yelling at one another.

HUNTER #1

(shouts)

Go, go, go!

Two of them leap into the room, the first firing his crossbow at Reed and embedding the bolt in his shoulder, the other swinging his sword at Lucinda, who ducks backwards and replies with a powerful uppercut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Getting up, Twist is shoved out of the way as Toby and Jeremy race past her and grapple the two intruders.

The third hunter leaps into the room but Twist is ready for him, catching him with a smart kick to his chin which sends him toppling backwards.

Twist looks around in surprise as the vamps make short work of the hunters - Lucinda wrestles her foe back to his feet and holds him as Darren punches him over and over in the gut, while Toby and Jeremy bodyslam the second hunter into the opposite wall.

Twist has her back to the door as Van Lewin strides in, raising a double-barreled bolt thrower loaded with stakes towards Twist's back. She hasn't seen him.

TWIST  
(impressed)  
Wow, you guys are-

REED  
(interrupts; yelling)  
Down!!

Rising from behind a table with a shotgun, crossbow bolt still embedded in his shoulder, he shoots once, shattering the glass around the booth.

Van Lewin turns, one arm up, and then recoils in pain as the second blast from Reed peppers his arm with shotgun pellets. He drops the bolt thrower and runs out the doorway, with Toby and Jeremy in hot pursuit.

The dusts settles on the room as Twist stands up, coughing from the small cloud of gas given off by the stun grenades as she looks around.

Two unconscious hunters lie sprawled on the floor, and the third groans, his head bleeding as Darren hauls him up by his shirt. Darren vamps out and hisses at the hunter, who is too dazed to be able to fight back.

TWIST  
No! Don't kill them!

The vamps in the room freeze, all looking at Twist. Reed strolls over, shotgun over one shoulder nonchalantly.

DARREN  
Why not?

TWIST  
(sternly)  
You'd be no better than they are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REED

This is a war, or didn't you notice? Us against them, kill or be killed!

Twist takes in the defiance in this small group of vampires but holds her moral ground.

TWIST

It doesn't have to be that way!

LUCINDA

Look, not wanting to disagree with you, girl, but these guys?

She hauls up one of the unconscious hunters and holds him by the neck, her fangs bared.

LUCINDA (cont'd)

They'd have wasted all of us in a heartbeat. Why the hell should we show them any kind of mercy now?

TWIST

I just... look, I used to think like you too, till something I went through changed my outlook on things. You're all trying to be humane vampires now, right? Trying to live alongside humans instead of living off them?

REED

Yeah, so? These guys can't really be classed as 'human.'

TWIST

That doesn't matter. I met someone who told me a lot of things that made me think, about how choices we make can end up meaning a lot more than you think. If you kill these guys now... well, let's just say you're adding a pretty big minus sign to your karma score.

We hear running feet from outside. Everyone turns to the door, and in runs Chris, very out of breath.

CHRIS

Twist! You have to get out of here... bounty hunters... on their way...

(beat; takes in the scene)

... oh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TWIST

Aww look! He came to rescue me!

LUCINDA

Hey! How'd you get past Carl and Brent downstairs?

CHRIS

They weren't there.

(to Twist)

I take it everything's under control?

TWIST

You know me, Chris, nothing I couldn't handle.

DANYAEL (O.S.)

Is everybody okay?

Danyael rises from behind the DJ booth, picking pieces of broken glass out of his curly black hair.

LUCINDA

We're good. But Twist here doesn't think we should kill these guys.

DANYAEL

And she'd be right.

Reed throws his hands up incredulously.

REED

But Dan, we-

DANYAEL

(interrupts)

But nothing. We don't take lives. That's what I've been told since the day I was turned, and so have the rest of you.

A quiet moment as the other vamps slowly nod their heads.

VAMPIRES (TOGETHER)

I shall not take another life for my own.

They're quoting the vampire Bernard, the one who began the resistance movement four hundred years ago. The moment isn't lost on Chris and Twist.

CHRIS

Well, at least we're all on the same page here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHRIS(cont'd)

I saw a big chap running away from here with two of what looked like your lot in hot pursuit, does that sound about right?

Danyaël sighs as the vamps in the room begin righting the furniture and tidying the mess up a little.

REED

That'd be Van Lewin.

DANYAEL

Big shot underworld bounty hunter. He's had a beef against us for a while now.

LUCINDA

Hence the need to learn how to defend ourselves!

TWIST

Yeah, slick moves, by the way!

LUCINDA

Equal parts street training and Michelle Yeoh movies.

Twist and Lucinda share a smile of understanding as Chris puts his sword down and helps the other vamps rearrange the room. Reed is busy tying up the three surviving hunters when a Brent walks in, looking flustered and performing a quick headcount.

BRENT

Is everyone alright? Carl and I just got back - where are Toby and Jeremy?

DANYAEL

Out chasing Van Lewin. Their adrenaline got the better of them.

BRENT

Oh, this really isn't good at all...

He worries out of the room again as Danyaël flops down onto the sofa. Chris waits a moment, then extends a hand.

CHRIS

Hello there. I'm Chris Berkeley, I believe you've met my partner, Twist.

DANYAEL

Well, well, well, the famous Chris Berkeley, we meet at last. Hey.

(to Twist)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DANYAEL(cont'd)

Oh yeah, I know you, you're the girl who helped the Houston cell fight off that mob, right?

Twist swells with pride as Chris takes a seat.

CHRIS

And I take it you are the Atlanta rebel movement?

DANYAEL

Such as it is, yeah. Listen, if you want to talk, let's go for a walk. It's probably best if we don't stay here in case Van Lewin comes back.

Danyael stands, and the rest of the vamps grabs coats and jackets and follow him outside. Chris hangs back.

CHRIS

Are you sure everything's okay?

TWIST

Oh yeah, these guys are pretty nifty fighters. There's that Brent guy downstairs who seems to be the leader, but I think Danyael's second in command or something. We should be okay with him.

Chris nods and motions for Twist to leave.

34

EXT. OUTSIDE UV RADIO BUILDING. NIGHT.

34

The party gathers outside.

DANYAEL

(to vamps)

We'll meet back here in an hour, okay? I'll fill the newcomers in on what's what round here.

REED

Check. Watch your back, Danny boy, could be more of them out there.

CHRIS

Oh, we'll help take care of that.

TWIST

Absolutely!

With a nod, Danyael walks away and the two parties split up. We stay with Chris, Twist and Danyael as they walk along the street, passing an old shipping yard. Danyael lights up a cigarette as he talks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANYAEL

Well, Mr. Chris Berkeley, it's a shame we couldn't meet under better circumstances, but this evening is a good highlight of the way things have been for us round here recently.

CHRIS

Have you been attacked a lot?

DANYAEL

More than usual. Vampires, bounty hunters, monsters, all sorts. It seems like someone's making a concerted effort to wipe out our group, and from what I hear, not just us. I'm always getting news in from other local cells who are under fire.

CHRIS

Oh, you know a lot of other local rebel groups, then?

DANYAEL

Yeah, the radio show's like an unofficial official broadcast for us, if you see what I mean. We use the transmissions to send coded info to each other, times of meetings, stuff like that. It's worked fine so far. But just lately... I dunno, it's like somebody's trying to organise the trad nests and get them working together to wipe us out. There've been a stack of murders round here recently, and I'm pretty sure they're trying to pin it on us.

TWIST

That little mantra you all spoke back there, that was one of Bernard's lines, wasn't it? The original vampire resistance guy?

DANYAEL

(nods)

Yeah, we were all sired and brought up to follow the guidelines he set down for our second lives. Kind of like a vampire version of the Communist Manifesto.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

Doesn't the whole vampiric nature make staying away from killing a little... well, difficult?

DANYAEL

Not when you're sired by a rebel vamp, it doesn't! Something gets passed across, the suppressed instincts, the basic move towards good maybe, I don't know. Nature, nurture, something like that. Whatever it is, I know that if you're born this way, you stay this way. Luckily.

Chris is struck by a thought and starts rooting through his pockets for Derrinck's hitlist.

TWIST

(taking over)

So anyway... I was gonna introduce myself by saying how I used to love your show back at College, but then we had the bald guys with the guns, and the shooting, and the explosions, and the whole conversation kinda missed its moment.

They share a grin, but Chris breaks the moment by finding the list and thinking out loud.

CHRIS

Oh dear...

DANYAEL

Problem?

CHRIS

I'm afraid so. Here.

He hands the list over, and Danyael scans down it until he finds his name at the bottom.

DANYAEL

Damn. Always knew I was a wanted man!

CHRIS

I'll bet that whoever's behind the organisation of the nests in the area is also the person who got your name on that list.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHRIS(cont'd)

And while it's there, you'll have people like that Van Lewin character showing up every day till Doomsday.

TWIST

Not while we're around though, right?

CHRIS

Twist, we can't stay here and protect him forever!

DANYAEL

Hey, who says I need protecting?

TWIST

Uh, no offence, honey, but I kinda picked up on your special move of hiding for that whole scrap back at the station back there.

Danyael stops and bows his head. Chris and Twist wait for him to continue.

DANYAEL

I'm just... I'm just not a fighter. Hell, I'm not even a leader, although I seem to have become one somehow.

CHRIS

(sympathetic)

Happens to the best of us, my friend.

Danyael stubs out on cigarette and lights a second.

DANYAEL

Those others, they look up to me, like I'm the one who's gonna see them through all of this, but I just don't think I've got what it takes.

He takes a drag from the cigarette, a bitter look on his face that is not lost on Chris & Twist.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Come on, we'd better head back, hopefully Toby and Jeremy have made their way home by now. I guess we'd better pack up the equipment and find a new base before any more hunters show up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHRIS

You two go on, I'm going to pay a visit to Derrinck, see if he can tell me who put the price on your head.

DANYAEL

Good one, man, thanks.

With waved goodbyes, the trio split up. We stay with Danyael and Twist as they head back.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

So, getting back to where we started, you're an old NYC girl, huh?

TWIST

(smiles)

That's right!

35 INT. UV RADIO - MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

35

We pan round the inside of the studio, which looks in the same state we left it - until we hear an off-screen PUNCH and Carl staggers into frame, landing in a heap. As the camera continues to pan round, we pick up the gagged and bound figures of Reed, Lucinda, Darren, and Brent.

The bounty hunter looks particularly smug, arm bandaged up, overseeing his captives as his three hunter colleagues start gleefully draining the station's fridge of its beer supplies.

All the other vamps except Brent are out cold, looking like they've been in a pretty rough fight, so Van Lewin bends down to eye level with Brent.

VAN LEWIN

You know, you really ought to tell your little flunkies in future that when they're tying somebody up, make sure they do it properly!

(to bounty hunters)

Right, boys?

A laugh from the three hunters as Brent glares coldly back at Van Lewin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VAN LEWIN (cont'd)

See, once I'd staked those two  
weeds you sent after me, getting  
back in here was a piece of cake,  
and now all we do is sit and wait  
for Mister Superstar DJ to get his  
skinny ass back here, and then I  
can kill all of you pussies and get  
my reward!

(evil grin)

Which is music to my ears...

Van Lewin stands to address the other hunters.

VAN LEWIN (cont'd)

Okay, boys! Time to make our radio  
broadcast debut!

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

36 EXT. ATLANTA - STREET. NIGHT.

36

Danyaël and Twist are walking past rows of inner city apartment blocks, still chatting. It's a warm night, so people are hanging out of windows to keep cool, as their chattering voices and the mix of a dozen different stereo systems fills the night air with music. Danyaël looks up as they walk, breathing the atmosphere in deeply.

DANYAEL  
You hear all that?

TWIST  
Kinda hard not to.

DANYAEL  
That's the real sound of this city.  
The people here, just getting on  
with their lives, or not, depending  
on their, uh... genetic situation.

A knowing grin at Twist.

TWIST  
Yeah, it's... nice.

DANYAEL  
There's a lot of good in this city,  
Twist, plenty of people who know  
what's going on. Who know about  
things like us.

TWIST  
And here you are, providing the  
soundtrack to it all!

DANYAEL  
It's a living.  
(beat)  
Figuratively speaking.

Danyaël steps under a streetlamp and grabs it with one hand, spinning round on the pavement.

TWIST  
Now all we need is a street full of  
rain and an umbrella!

Danyaël grins and hops back onto the pavement, waving up at a pair of young GIRLS sitting at the top of the steps of an apartment block. They have a radio between them, which is playing a tune.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIRL #1  
Hey there, dee-jay!

The two girls share a little smirk as they look from Twist to Danyael and then back again.

GIRL #2  
Out for a walk?

DANYAEL  
Just on my way back home.

GIRL #1  
Hey, did you know your station's  
still playing?

DANYAEL  
(frowns)  
What?

GIRL #1  
Yeah, it's just this weird guy  
talking, we thought the radio was  
broken or something.

Danyael hops up the steps as Girl #1 holds out her radio for Danyael to listen to, tuning it to UV Radio's frequency, where Van Lewin's voice is heard.

VAN LEWIN  
(filtered; through radio)  
... and if that skinny vamp punk  
wants to show his face back at the  
station anytime soon, we might  
think about not staking what's left  
of his little Lost Boys wannabes  
party here.

Danyael looks back at Twist, shocked.

37 INT. UV RADIO - BOOTH. NIGHT.

37

Van Lewin is wearing the headphones and speaking into the mic. In the main room, we can see that Carl, Darren, Reed, Lucinda and Brent have all been lined up on their knees against one wall, with one of the hunters pacing up and down in front of them with a stake in his hand.

VAN LEWIN  
(into mic)  
So, and I hope you're listening,  
kid, we're going to give you ten  
minutes to get your ass back here.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VAN LEWIN(cont'd)

Every two minutes you're late, we  
send one of your buddies back to  
the ashes. And just to get the ball  
rolling...

Van Lewin nods at the hunter, who nods back and counts his  
finger along the bound vampires, counting out his victim  
using the time honoured 'eeny meeny' method.

He stops and swiftly plunges his stake into Carl's chest, who  
ROARS before slumping face down to the floor. The other two  
hunters laugh as Lucinda starts sobbing.

VAN LEWIN (cont'd)

That was one to open the bank. See  
you in a minute, sport! Oh, and try  
not to be late, because my watch is  
a little fast so I may start  
staking again too early...

Van Lewin takes off the headphones and leans back in the  
chair, resting his booted feet up on the desk and laying his  
bolt thrower across his lap. He allows himself a satisfied  
chuckle.

38 EXT. ATLANTA - STREET. NIGHT.

38

Danyaël drops the radio and takes a few steps back in horror,  
hands going to his mouth. The girls look up at him with wide  
eyes.

GIRL #2

Oh my god... he just totally killed  
that guy!

Danyaël looks stunned, lost for words. Twist comes to his  
rescue with an arm round his shoulders and starts to guide  
him back down the steps. She turns and addresses the two  
girls.

TWIST

We'll handle this, girls. Get back  
inside, we'll send out another  
broadcast when it's all clear,  
'kay?

The girls nod and stand, dashing back inside their apartment.  
Twist leads Danyaël down to street level and rests him  
against a wall. Danyaël sinks to his knees and puts his head  
in his hands.

DANYAEL

I knew it... I always knew this would  
happen... damn it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Come on, Dan, we don't have time to sit around! We've got to get back there, right now!

DANYAEL

(angry)

And do what? Give myself up? They'll just kill the others anyway! What good will that do?

TWIST

Sorry, did I miss something? Who says we're giving ourselves up?

Danyael looks up at her, his face a mask of despair.

DANYAEL

It's over, Twist. I always knew somebody'd shut us down one day.

Twist stands, hands on hips, not quite believing how quickly he's lost his faith.

TWIST

Am I hearing this right? Are you just gonna sit here and let your friends get dusted by that bald headed psycho live on air?

Danyael looks pleadingly up at her, and she offers a hand down to him to help him to his feet.

TWIST (cont'd)

Now get up.

She pulls him to his feet, and stares into his eyes.

TWIST (cont'd)

You've got two options. You can stand here and let the whole city hear your team die and know that it was because you didn't show your face, or we can go over there and kick some ass.

A long beat. Danyael finally bows his heads and nods.

DANYAEL

Let's go. But... I'm sorry, Twist, but I... I'm a talker, I'm just not cut out for fighting.

TWIST

You don't need to be, *I* am!

(beat; smiles)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2) TWIST(cont'd)

Now quit with making those sappy goth boy faces, get your game face ready and let's go reclaim the airwaves!

She grabs his hand and they run off screen.

39 INT. AARON'S PLACE - OFFICE. NIGHT.

39

Derrinck is working at his desk again when there is a knock at the door and Chris walks inside. Derrinck hastily covers over the papers he was working on and shoves them out of the way as Chris stands before him.

DERRINCK

Hello again, Christopher! Anything the matter? You shot out of here so quick last time, I didn't get chance-

CHRIS

Enough with the games, Derrinck. You know who set up that hit on the vampire DJ, don't you? All that business about client confidentiality doesn't really count for much in places like this.

DERRINCK

(nervously)

Chris, you know very well that I can't just-

Derrinck jumps as Chris plants his palms on the table and leans in close.

CHRIS

Was it, by any chance, a half-demon gangster by the name of Malkuth?

DERRINCK

I-I can't tell you that, I can't-

CHRIS

(patiently)

Derrinck, you gave yourself away earlier when we were talking. You asked me about Malkuth to check if I was still working with him or not, because he wanted me to take this assignment without knowing, didn't he? He wanted me to kill one of the resistance figures and sabotage all the good work we've been doing to help them lately.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS(cont'd)

I wouldn't be at all surprised if he's behind those killings on the news as well.

Derrinck is silent, cowering back in his chair. Chris sighs and steps back, one hand on his katana hilt.

With one sweeping movement, Chris draws his katana and slices down, through the desk, with a yelp of fear from Derrinck. Chris calmly sheathes the sword and steps forward, then places one finger on each half of the desk and pushes gently.

With a CRASH it falls neatly into two pieces, and Chris steps forward, right up to Derrinck, and lifts the skinny man up to his eye level by the front of his shirt.

CHRIS (cont'd)

You tell him, he can't play me like one of his lackeys anymore. And when I bump into him again, he's going to be leaving that encounter carrying his own legs. Is that understood?

Derrinck nods, whimpering.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Good.

He drops Derrinck back into his seat and turns to walk out, pausing in the doorway.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Oh, and I'm about to go and tell Aaron what you've done across me, so if I were you I'd make myself scarce before he manages to get up here and have a little chat with you about maintaining customer loyalty.

(beat; tips his hat)

Cheerio.

Chris goes, leaving the shaking Derrinck to his fate.

40 INT. UV RADIO - ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

40

Twist and Danyaël pad into frame, approaching the still open doorway that leads into the radio station HQ. Twist pauses, poking her head round the doorway to check that it's clear, then beckoning Danyaël inside.

41 INT. UV RADIO - STAIRCASE. NIGHT.

41

The two vamps hop up the staircase that leads inside the building. They pause at a darkened doorway so Twist can check it out, then she nods and they head through it.

42 INT. VAN. NIGHT.

42

Driving back from Aaron's place, Chris fiddles with the radio tuner until he locates UV Radio's frequency.

VAN LEWIN  
(filtered; through radio)  
... and it's been eight minutes

VAN LEWIN (cont'd)  
already, Danny boy. You've not got long before another one of your posse here goes 'poof,' so I suggest you show yourself quick, before the whole city hears what a coward you are!

Chris doesn't look pleased as he starts to piece together what's going on.

CHRIS  
(mutters)  
Oh, no... how does that girl get herself into these messes?

43 INT. UV RADIO - CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

43

Danyael and Twist creep along the dark corridor that leads to the main station room, keeping to the walls as the door is ajar, spilling light out into the passageway.

DANYAEL  
(whispers)  
You do have a plan, right?

TWIST  
(whispers)  
Well, plan 'A' involved me having Duggan handy to crack some skulls with, so plan 'B' is currently a work in progress...

DANYAEL  
(confused)  
Duggan?

TWIST  
My baseball bat. Named after Hacksaw Jim Duggan.  
(beat; Danyael looks blank)  
The wrestler?  
(beat)  
Ah, forget it. Stay here, don't make a sound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist creeps right up to the doorway, peering through the crack in the other side of the door to get a look inside.

Through the crack she can see the remaining vampires lined up, and one hunter pacing up and down. Van Lewin's boots are visible propped on the end of the DJ desk.

44 INT. UV RADIO - MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

44

Van Lewin sits up impatiently and clicks his fingers to get the other hunters' attention.

VAN LEWIN

Aah, it's been ten minutes, kill another one of those freaks.

The hunter with the stake grins and starts to pick someone out again. His pointing finger stops on Darren, and Lucinda's eyes go wide with fear. Darren doesn't flinch, staring his would-be slayer straight in the eyes.

We can see Twist through the crack at the edge of the door, biting her lip as she tries to pick the right moment to burst inside.

HUNTER

(smirk)

You know, in a way, I'm glad your friend is such a wuss. This is gonna be for bustin' up my nose earlier!

The hunter reaches back with the stake, savouring the impending kill.

With a YELL, and to the soundtrack of 'Cavalry' by Flybanger, Twist KICKS the door open, and it WHACKS into the hunter's back. He drops the stake and clatters to the floor.

Twist spins round as Van Lewin jumps out of his seat and aims the bolt thrower, diving to the side as he FIRES the weapon, blasting a stake at terrific speed towards her and punching clean through the door.

She uses her boot to flip up a sword from the earlier battle from the floor into her hand, twirling round on the spot to SKEWER it into the nearest hunter.

Twist ducks and rolls for cover as one of the two hunters at the back of the room fires a shotgun at her, the blast peppering the sofa next to her with shells, sending a spray of fabric and padding into the air.

Seeing Van Lewin advancing on her from out of the DJ booth, Twist quickly KICKS out the nearest chair and sends it skidding into him, knocking him off his feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist yells back out to Danyael in the corridor as another shotgun blast shreds the edge of the sofa inches above her head.

TWIST

Danyael! Get in here and help!

Twist hears the sound of the shotgun being reloaded and vaults out from behind the sofa.

She rushes the closest hunter, who swings an axe at her. She ducks, weaponless as her own sword is embedded in the gut of the first hunter, who is crawling round the room and groaning.

The second hunter swings again but she zaps a hand out, grabs his wrist and twists. We hear a SNAP and the hunter drops the axe, giving Twist time to shove him into the third hunter, and they clatter to the ground.

Twist grabs the fallen axe and races over to the bound vamps, using it to saw through their bonds. Twist is just finishing Lucinda's ropes when Van Lewin gets up again with an angry roar.

Van Lewin trains his bolt thrower directly on the four vamps. He grins, knowing he has the advantage.

VAN LEWIN

Well, well. Looks like it's vamp shish kebab time after all!

Twist steps to the side to draw Van Lewin's attention.

TWIST

(taunting)

And how, exactly, are you gonna kill four of us with only one shot left in your little doohickey there?

Van Lewin just grins, and before anyone can react, he FIRES. The stake passes through Darren, killing him with a SCREAM from the unfortunate vamp.

DANYAEL (O.S.)

Noooo!!

Danyael suddenly barges into the scene and clatters into Van Lewin, sending the two of them slamming into the one window in the room. Glass SHATTERS and Van Lewin finds himself hanging half out the window as the two struggle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She turns and sees the other two hunters getting back up, but this time she's ready, leaping forward and landing a heavy PUNCH against the temple of one of them as Reed grapples the other, hauling him up and headbutting him.

REED

Heh, for bounty hunters, these guys  
sure break eas-

He stiffens, and falls suddenly. Twist looks down and sees the hunter he'd butted, nose bloody, reaching up from the floor with a splintered and sharp table leg in his hand. Twist swings her boot round and SLAMS it into his face, and this time the hunter stays down.

Danyael and Van Lewin are wrestling for control of the bolt thrower when Van Lewin cracks its barrels against Danyael's chin, stunning the vamp and giving Van Lewin chance to grab a stake from his belt.

TWIST (O.S.)

Hey!

Van Lewin pauses and turns, stake raised as he stands over the crumpled form of Danyael.

She's holding a throwing dagger retrieved from the belt of one of the hunters, poised to throw it at Van Lewin, axe in her other hand.

TWIST (cont'd)

Want to bet you can get him before  
I bury this in that big, shiny  
noggin of yours?

Neither of them move. It's a standoff. Van Lewin smirks.

VAN LEWIN

You're playing a dangerous game  
here, little girl. Lots of very  
well-paying people want this little  
troublemaker dead, and I ain't  
about to let a squirt like you stop  
me.

TWIST

You seem awfully sure of yourself,  
maybe you didn't notice the part  
where I kicked your boys around?

VAN LEWIN

(shrugs)

Hired help. And anyway, if I don't  
get him tonight, I'll just find him  
again and kill him later.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VAN LEWIN(cont'd)

So why don't you save yourself the trouble, turn around, and walk out of here?

TWIST

No, see, Lex, that just wouldn't be the heroic thing to do.

And quick as a flash, she throws the dagger. Van Lewin roars as it SLICES into his hand, and he drops the stake, clutching his wounded hand.

TWIST (cont'd)

I would've been great at the circus...

Van Lewin shoots her a glare, then turns and leaps through the window and onto the fire escape outside, spraying the last of the glass into the room. We hear his footsteps rattling the metal as he heads for the roof, just as Chris runs back into the room, sword drawn.

CHRIS

Twist! I-

He pauses, taking in the scene as Danyael groans. Lucinda is by his side, helping him to his feet. Twist doesn't stop, pushing past him as she follows Van Lewin out through the window.

TWIST

Bad guy! Roof! Go!

Chris nods and disappears outside again as Lucinda stands, and with one last look down at Danyael follows Twist out the window.

45 EXT. UV RADIO - ROOF. NIGHT.

45

We're looking at the side of the roof, down onto the fire escape as Twist jogs up it, axe ready as she reaches the rooftop. Overlooking the other abandoned buildings nearby, the roof itself is covered with ventilation pipes and hatchways, giving plenty of places to hide.

Twist, hunched low, creeps forward, eyes scanning for Van Lewin. As she passes out of view behind one pipe, we see Van Lewin in the foreground, crouched out of sight and waiting for her back to be turned.

Twist nears the edge of the rooftop and pauses, lifting her head and sniffing the air.

Rising silently from his hiding place, he's reloaded his bolt thrower and takes aim at Twist's back with it. He's starting to squeeze the trigger when:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCINDA (O.S.)

Twist!!

Lucinda has just made it to the roof, and has a hand out as she runs towards Twist, trying to warn her. In an instant, Van Lewin spins on the spot and fires, the bolt thudding into Lucinda's chest.

TWIST

(yells)

Lucy! No!

She sways once, a distant look on her face, before she crumples delicately to the floor.

With a triumphant smirk, he turns back to face Twist.

Twist is mid-throw, and we have about a second to register the movement and 'fwip!' sound of her axe as it hurtles towards him.

The axe hits him halfway up his left thigh, slicing clean through and sending his leg gently towards the floor with a soft 'thud.' Van Lewin's eyes glaze over and he keels backwards, falling off the edge of the roof.

Twist races over to the edge of the roof as Chris appears behind her, climbing another ladder to make it to the rooftop. He joins her at the lip of the roof.

Below us is another, smaller rooftop - but no Van Lewin.

DANYAEL (O.S.)

(softly)

Lucy?

The duo turn round.

Danyael is standing at the edge of the roof, having climbed the fire escape, looking with wide, sorrowful eyes at the spot where Lucy fell. He walks, dazed, up to the body of his girlfriend and scoops her up, burying his face in her shoulder as he starts to sob. 'My Lover Shot Me Down' by Nancy Sinatra plays to mark the sad occasion.

Danyael is still sobbing as Chris and Twist enter the frame, Chris placing a hand on Danyael's shoulder.

CHRIS

There's nothing you can do,  
Danyael.

DANYAEL

I-I should've... she didn't have to...

Twist throws a concerned look at Chris.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST

We'd better get out of here, there could be more on their way. Brent's still inside, we should get him and Dan out of here.

Chris nods and helps Danyael to his feet.

46 EXT. ATLANTA - STREET. DAWN.

46

The sun is just starting to rise as Chris' van pulls into frame long a quiet and deserted street, a row of apartment blocks lining the road as the van door slides open and Brent steps out. He turns to address Chris.

BRENT

Thanks for the lift, Christopher. I'll be safe here while I let the other cells know what's happened.

CHRIS

What about Danyael?

BRENT

There's nothing left for him here now. You'd better ask him what he wants to do.

TWIST

We'll take care of him, don't worry.

Brent nods and smiles, tapping the door as he turns and heads down a staircase to one of the basement apartments.

47 INT. VAN. DAWN.

47

Inside the van, Chris and Twist turn in their seats to look back at Danyael, wrapped in a thick blanket and sitting on the floor, kneed drawn close.

CHRIS

Well, Danyael, you heard the man. He'll get word to the other cells that UV Radio has unfortunately closed for business. What do you want to do?

Danyael looks up at them, and after a long beat answers.

DANYAEL

(softly)  
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Is there anyone else round here we  
can take you to?

Danyaël shakes his head and pulls the blankets a little  
tighter. Twist looks like she's about to burst with sympathy  
for the shattered vampire.

DANYAEL

The guys at the station were all I  
had... I mean, I know people, I  
probably know everyone round here,  
but... but there's no-one left.  
They're gone because I didn't get  
off my ass and do something.

Twist throws a look at Chris, and after a moment of silent  
communication, Chris nods.

TWIST

You could always stick with us.

CHRIS

We could certainly use someone as  
well connected as you are, you'd be  
an excellent liaison for the  
various different rebel vampire  
groups.

DANYAEL

What use am I? You saw me, I'm no  
fighter like you guys. I'm no good  
for anything except smooth talk and  
playing music!

CHRIS

Twist's taste in music couldn't  
hurt to get a little expert  
guidance...

TWIST

Hey!

CHRIS

... and I know I'd feel better having  
our own ambassador on the team.

DANYAEL

So what would that make me? Some  
kind of a sidekick?

TWIST

Uh, I don't like to use that word  
if I can help it. I mean, I'm  
definitely not a 'sidekick' round  
here...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2) TWIST(cont'd)

(to Chris)  
... am I?

DANYAEL  
(long beat)  
Well... I think I could handle not being a sidekick round here with you guys too. I owe it to Lucy, to all of them, to start making more of a difference on things.

TWIST  
(big grin)  
Fan-bloody-tastic.

He manages a weak smile which Chris and Twist return. Chris starts the van's engine up again.

CHRIS  
Good to hear it. We've still got plenty of work on offer from Aaron, so let's get moving.

Chris starts to drive away as Danyael turns over and huddles down, wrapping the blankets round himself again.

Twist can't take her eyes off him, her face full of pity as the van rumbles and heads off.

48 INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE. DAWN. 48

We're inside a luxurious suite in one of the city's more upmarket hotels, taking in all the expensive furniture and facilities when there is a knock at the door.

A FLUNKY in a brown hooded robe walks into frame and opens the door to reveal Derrinck, wringing his hands together. The flunky nods and beckons for Derrinck to follow, walking through towards the large king size bed in the centre of the room, on which, lying in a dressing gown and reading a large broadsheet paper, is MALKUTH. He flips the paper down and smiles as he sees Derrinck.

MALKUTH  
Mr. Derrinck, so glad you could make it. Are you bringing me good news?

DERRINCK  
Ah, I'm afraid, ah, the plan didn't go quite according to, er, plan...

MALKUTH  
(groans)  
Now what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DERRINCK

It was that half-breed, Berkeley.  
He stopped our men killing the  
vampire.

MALKUTH

Chris again! I might have known.  
And what about Van Lewin?

DERRINCK

We, ah, don't know. His men were  
arrested and he's missing in  
action.

MALKUTH

Eh, he'll show up. If he isn't  
dead.

Malkuth waits for Derrinck to laugh at his joke, but when it becomes clear that he won't, Malkuth tuts.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

Never mind. What about the one,  
very, very important thing that Van  
Lewin had to do?

Derrinck scrabbles inside his waistcoat and produces a sheet of paper, which he hands to Malkuth.

DERRINCK

The broadcast frequencies for the  
rebel movement's coded  
transmissions, Malkuth, sir. As you  
requested.

Malkuth's eyes scan down the page, before he looks up again with a particularly evil grin.

MALKUTH

Excellent. Tell the others. It's  
time for phase two to commence.

And from Malkuth's grin, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**