

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

"Bring The Noise"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. OFFICE BLOCK. NIGHT. 1

To the techno of 'Goddess On The Floor' by Harry, we fade up to look at a typically plain cubicle-style office floor, empty after hours. The moonlight outside shines in through the thick glass panels running round the floor, and it looks like a still, peaceful night...

As CHRIS runs into frame, sprinting for all he's worth across the floor. The lights of the tall buildings outside flit past as we follow him, his eyes fixed ahead.

Looking back at Chris from the window he is dashing towards, we see him draw a handgun and aim it at the door, FIRING several times in rapid succession to crack the thick glass before he hits it. Chris continues running towards us, not slowing down.

2 EXT. OUTSIDE OFFICE BLOCK. NIGHT. 2

Chris hits the glass, and literally dives through it, the glass SHATTERING outwards as he drives out into the night sky. Chris freefalls for a few seconds before we pick up a black shape moving through the night below him.

As Chris falls closer to it, his arms up to control his descent, we can see that it is some kind of winged MONSTER, flapping its huge, leathery wings as it travels through the air, not seeing Chris descending on it.

Chris plummets into the creature, slamming into its back and knocking both of them out of the sky. The monster turns with a SCREECH, trying to get a better grip on Chris, whose sword is out, flashing in the moonlight from side to side as he tries to deflect the creature's claws.

The two figures are spiralling downwards, the monster unable to fly as it fights off Chris, heading straight for a large, flat rooftop below.

3 EXT. ROOFTOP. NIGHT. 3

Kicking free of the monster at the last moment, the creature SLAMS into the concrete rooftop, kicking up a cloud of dust and leaving a huge crater in the surface. Chris lands neatly in the foreground, unharmed, and turns to walk back towards the wounded beast.

Badly wounded from its fall, the bat-like monster stirs weakly as Chris' shadow falls over it, its mighty wings broken and bloody marks all over its body. Chris kneels down next to its head and sighs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Why couldn't you just have stopped
when I asked?

(beat)

We didn't have to end it like this.

Chris draws his sword, ready to finish the demon off. He raises it, and the demon tenses.

CHRIS (cont'd)

May you find the peace in the next
world that you could not in this
one.

He slams the sword down, off screen. There is a last gurgle from the creature before its breathing stops, and with a heavy look in his eyes Chris removes his sword.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Looks like we're all slaves to our
instincts..

He wipes away some blood from a cut over his eye as a door leading from the top floor to the roof swings open, and TWIST and DANYAEL emerge. The duo make their way over, looking down at the now very dead winged monster, Danyael carrying a large digital camera.

TWIST

(whistles)

Man, he still looks just as nasty
when he's dead!

DANYAEL

Rather you than me, Chris.

Chris doesn't speak as he turns and walks away. Danyael throws a puzzled look at Twist, who just rolls her eyes as if to say 'he's always like this.' Danyael starts taking photos of the beast as Twist walks back over toward Chris.

Twist taps him on the shoulder, but Chris doesn't turn round, staring out across the city below.

TWIST

There wasn't anything you could
have done. He'd made his choice.

CHRIS

He wasn't a killer until those
idiots decided to burn his home to
the ground, although I suppose it
was too much to expect off people
who call themselves 'vigilantes.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST

Way of the world, Chris. Einstein once said he only believed in two things, that the universe was infinite and that humans will always be stupid. But he still wasn't certain about the universe.

She lays a sympathetic hand on his shoulder, and Chris turns round with a nod. They both look back towards Danyael.

Still taking photos and scribbling in a notebook, cigarette dangling out of his mouth as Chris and Twist stand in the foreground watching.

CHRIS

At least our newest recruit seems to be taking to the job quite well.

TWIST

I think it's what you'd call a 'defence mechanism,' Chris. Most people need to do something like that when they see their girlfriend and all their friends killed right in front of them! And anyway, we're made of tough stuff, us vamps, what did you expect?

CHRIS

Oh, I don't know... certainly not anyone else like you.

Twist turns to him, offended, but Chris just smirks at her and walks back to Danyael.

4

INT. VAMPIRE NEST. NIGHT.

4

We're inside a typically squalid vampire nest, sweeping

along through it past laughing vampires, one feeding on a struggling young girl before we reach the desk of INNES, tinkering with a large radio transmitter unit in front of him. It starts to BLEEP suddenly, and a printer buzzes as it produces a memo, which Innes tears away and leans back into the main room to announce it to the others.

INNES

Here it is, word from up top.

He reads it, then reads it again and grins.

VAMP #1

Well? What's it say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INNES

(beat)

'Bring the noise.'

A cheer from the vampires, who have clearly just heard exactly what they wanted to hear.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. GARAGE. AFTERNOON.

5

Close up on a jet black van door as it slams shut. We pull back to take in a sturdy looking Ford, looking none more black all over, especially the windows, heavily tinted.

Chris and Danyaël are studying the van as JOE, a mechanic complete with greasy overalls, watches them, grinning. Chris starts to make a circuit of the van, running his hand across its lines.

JOE

Well?

DANYAEL

Great job, man. I mean... wow.

JOE

(to Chris)

How about you? I mean, you're the one paying for this thing.

CHRIS

(beat; grins)

It's perfect.

Chris walks over to Joe and shakes his hand warmly, despite the grease.

CHRIS (cont'd)

You've done an excellent job there, my friend. I take it those windows are how we specified?

JOE

(taps windscreen)

You couldn't get better protection if they were enchanted. You could drive through the centre of the sun in this baby, and you'd struggle to break into a sweat!

DANYAEL

Sweet work, man, very sweet work indeed.

JOE

Hey, stuff like this don't come cheap, but your buddy there seems to have the cash to cover my expenses!

Chris nods and grins at Joe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

It'll all be taken care of as we discussed.

(to Danyael)

Well, it seems you're already handy at knowing the right people, Danyael, and now thanks to you we have our own personally tailored transport!

DANYAEL

One condition, though.

(beat)

I get first pick of CD for the trip.

CHRIS

(sighs)

It was *almost* perfect...

6 INT. BLACK FORD. AFTERNOON.

6

Chris drives the Ford as Twist rides shotgun and Danyael sits in the back, the two of them singing along at the tops of their voices to 'In The Shadows' by The Rasmus. Chris looks like it's already been a long, long day.

CHRIS

(shouts)

Do we have to have it on *quite* so loud?

Danyael and Twist exchange a bemused look, laugh and carry on singing as Chris shakes his head and gets back to his driving.

7 EXT. FREEWAY. AFTERNOON.

7

The Ford is cruising along a quiet mid-afternoon freeway towards another big city centre up ahead, and we pass a large handy sign that reads 'Welcome To Minnesota.'

8 EXT. CORDEN'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

8

Parked carefully in the shade of the quiet townhouse, the Ford sits as we see Chris, Danyael and Twist waiting on the doorstep of the house. Chris knocks again.

TWIST

Huh, nobody home. And after we came all this way!

CHRIS

That's odd...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANYAEL

What is?

CHRIS

Listen.

A beat, and then we hear it too - the sound of a whistling kettle boiling over.

CHRIS (cont'd)

If they're out, how come the kettle's managed to boil by itself?

TWIST

Oo, does this mean we get to force entry now?

(to Danyael)

I'm good at this.

CHRIS

I'm afraid it looks that way!
Twist, if you'd do the honours?

Twist steps up to the doorframe and rests her ear against it for a moment, as though considering something. Then, she takes a step back, and with one strong KICK knocks the door open. With a beam at Chris, she steps back.

TWIST

Alright, I've done my bit. Now it's your play, half-breed boy.

Chris nods and walks into the house.

9

INT. CORDEN'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

9

The place is deserted, and whoever left did so in a hurry - the home is cosy, all natural fibres. Wind chimes tingle quietly out back, and not only is the kettle boiling, but the washing machine and TV are also both on.

TWIST

Well?

CHRIS

Doesn't appear to be any signs of a struggle... we'd better comb the house for any clues.

TWIST

Great. Another day, another kidnapped witch... this was meant to be a simple locate and retrieve mission, and now it's turned into kidnapping!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANYAEL

Any ideas?

CHRIS

Except that, like most witches, Corden most likely has a taste for tie-dye shirts and chunky wool knit jumpers, judging by the décor in here, no. What we could do with is-

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!!

Twist turns - the voice came from behind them, outside. Chris walks up to the doorframe to see.

DARRYL, an angry-looking middle-aged man, long dreadlocked hair and cheesecloth clothing in muted colours. He's holding a paper shopping bag but his free hand is balling up into a fist against the intruders.

DARRYL

What the hell are you people doing in my house?

CHRIS

Ah, you must be Darryl.

DARRYL

(suspicious)
Who wants to know?

Darryl steps up to the doorframe as Twist and Danyael step either side. Chris holds out his hand.

CHRIS

Christopher Berkeley. These are my associates, Twist and Danyael.

DARRYL

(ignores hand; still suspicious)
Very nice. Now what do you want?

CHRIS

Well, I'm here on behalf of a Mr. Galston, he's requested-

Chris doesn't finish his sentence as Darryl shoves past him. Chris pauses for a beat, then nods to Twist that he'll handle things as he steps back inside.

DARRYL

(calling round house)
Corden? Corden! Where are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

I'm afraid she isn't here.

Darryl spins round and lunges at Chris, grabbing him by the shirt collars. Chris doesn't fight back.

DARRYL

Where is she? And what's that damn old man gotten his flunkies to do this time?

CHRIS

I don't know, we've only just arrived ourselves. Perhaps we can help?

Darryl stares at Chris, but Chris' honest eyes tell him that this is the truth, and Darryl slowly lets go of him. Chris smooths out his shirt.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Thank you. As I was saying, we've only just arrived, and there was no sign of Miss Lewis when we entered.

DARRYL

How did you get in, anyway? The door's always locked!

TWIST

Ah, that was me. Sorry.

Darryl glares at Twist, waving meekly from the doorway.

CHRIS

Would you mind my associates joining me so we can all talk?

DARRYL

(beat)

Okay. Come on in.

Twist and Danyael gratefully nip inside, out of the way of the advancing sun's rays. The two vampires start looking round the house as Darryl leans back against the sink, rubbing his face wearily.

CHRIS

I'm guessing this isn't the first time the two of you have encountered a little trouble?

DARRYL

Ever since he found out Corden was a witch, he hasn't left us alone. She works for him, you know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DARRYL(cont'd)

Mr. Galston. Over at that big, oh so expensive office block with his other slaves.

CHRIS

Then you probably know why I'm here.

DARRYL

Yeah, I know. Galston's dying, and he thinks Corden can help him. Well, both of us have told him and any of the heavies he's sent round here, she can't do anything.

CHRIS

I'm afraid that's not up to me. I've been hired to head over here, ask Miss Lewis to accompany us back to Galston's offices, and then escort her back afterwards, no matter what the outcome of the meeting was.

DARRYL

Huh. Some meeting. He'd probably chain her up till she found a way to heal him. There ain't no cure for what that guy's got.

CHRIS

Which is...?

DARRYL

A disease of the soul.

Chris throws Darryl a puzzled look but is interrupted by Danyael walking into frame, holding the house phone.

DANYAEL

Hey, shall I make a few calls? I'll see if I can find the local rebel boys and girls, they may be able to lend a hand.

CHRIS

Yes, good idea. Will you be alright to go meet with them while Twist and I will head back to Galston's place and see what's going on? I doubt Galston had anything to do with this, it doesn't make sense to kidnap someone you've just arranged to have picked up!

Danyael nods and settles down with the phone as Darryl reaches out and grabs his jacket.

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CONTINUED: (4)

DARRYL
I'm coming with you.

CHRIS
I'm afraid not. If Corden tries to
call back here, you'd better stay
so we don't miss her.

Chris and Twist start to head for the door as Darryl throws
up his arms in protest.

DARRYL
And what am I supposed to do if she
doesn't call?

CHRIS
(beat)
Wait for us to bring her back.

They leave, Darryl muttering under his breath as Danyael
starts talking to someone on the phone in the b.g.

10

INT. BLACK FORD. AFTERNOON.

10

As if proving itself, the sunlight shining in through the
Ford windows isn't affecting Twist, who reclines happily in
the passenger seat.

TWIST
Aah... I was starting to forget what
sunbathing felt like!

CHRIS
I think it's safe to say you don't
really have the complexion for it...

TWIST
Heh, yeah, although there was this
one time, when I-

A loud, high pitched WHINE suddenly fills the air, and the
duo grimace at the painful sound. Chris pulls the van over,
but the sound fades away as suddenly as it arrived.

TWIST (cont'd)
Ow! And 'ow!' again! What the heck
was *that*?

CHRIS
I have no idea! Some kind of signal
interference, maybe?

TWIST
Well, the radio's working fine,
listen...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns up the local news broadcast as Chris looks round, out through the windows, scanning the area, looking for anything that could have made the noise.

CHRIS

I can't see anything that could have produced a sound like that. Make a note of where we are, I'll come back and check it out when we have time. Let's keep moving for now.

Chris starts the van and drives away again, Twist still rattling a finger inside her ear.

11 EXT. OUTSIDE REBEL CELL. AFTERNOON. 11

Tucked away down a back alley, and shielded from the sun by a network of drapes strung overhead between the adjacent buildings, Danyael finds the entrance to the Minnesota rebel vampire cell, and knocks a few times on the doorway.

He waits, knocks a few more times, then tries the door handle. It swings open, and he tenses, knowing straight away something is wrong. He paces very carefully inside.

12 INT. REBEL CELL. AFTERNOON. 12

We can hear television sets and a radio playing as Danyael creeps into the base, along a short set of steps leading down and then round a corner into the main room. He freezes as he takes the sight in.

About a dozen VAMPIRES, all dressed in vaguely uniform combinations of jeans, combats, t-shirts and jackets, lie sprawled about the place, some lying on the floor, some slumped in chairs, one face first against a table against the back wall of the room.

The TV set and radio fight to fill the otherwise silent room as Danyael makes his way into the middle of it. He kneels by the nearest vamp.

DANYAEL

Hello? Hey! Hey, wake up!

Danyael stands, gently laying the vamp back down, looking as confused as heck.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

What happened?

The scraping of the main entrance door opening again makes him jolt, and as we hear the sound of voices drifting into the room, Danyael quickly looks around for somewhere to hide, darting off screen as we stay watching the way in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A group of about nine tough-looking VAMPIRES walk in, stakes and axes in hand as they survey the K.O.'d rebels, laughing victoriously.

Watching from inside a small wardrobe at the back of the room, we see what Danyael sees as one of the vamps roughly drags the nearest rebel to his feet.

The rebel is still unresponsive, and so with a snarl the vampire STAKES him, and drops his body back to the floor. The vamp turns to his comrades.

VAMP

Hey, the boss was right! They're
all out cold! Go get 'em, boys!

With a whoop, the vamps split up, systematically staking every single rebel in the room in moments.

We can see Danyael's eyes peeking out from inside the wardrobe, wide with fear as he watches the carnage.

A vamp hauls up a young female vamp, the last one in the room, and raises his stake to take care of her when a hand grabs his arm firmly, keeping it raised.

We pan left to see BLAKE, and this is the top dog vampire in these parts. Tall, well built and sporting a bald head with a goatee, looking like a Hell's Angel gone wrong, he shakes his head and takes the stake out of the other vamp's hands.

BLAKE

Now, the boss never said we
couldn't have a little fun with
these losers first, did he?

A beat before the vamp catches on what Blake means, then with a cackle he throws the female vamp over his shoulder and starts to leave.

With a grin, Blake surveys the room as the rest of the vamps file out, grabbing two bottles of spirits lying on the floor and dousing the room liberally with them, before pausing in the doorway to light up a flare.

As we watch, Blake throws the flare into the middle of the room, where it catches on the old sofa and bursts into flames, before he turns and leaves, letting the room burn.

We can see Danyael's terrified eyes looking out at us as the flames taking over the room start to lick into view.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 EXT. OUTSIDE GLASTON INDUSTRIES. EARLY EVENING. 13

Chris walks down the long set of steps from the glass frontage of the Glaston Industries building, throwing up his arms to Twist, waiting on the bonnet of the Ford.

TWIST

Well?

CHRIS

Nobody there knew where he was! I spent five minutes listening to the receptionist calling every department in the damn building, no sign of the chap at all. Whatever our employer Mr. Glaston is up to, we won't find out for a while yet.

TWIST

Man... remind me to thank your buddy Aaron for setting us up with this!

CHRIS

(pats bonnet of Ford)

To be fair, we did need the money for this thing, so we just need to solve this little mystery and move on!

Twist doesn't look too convinced as Chris gets into the van. She hops down off the bonnet and slips into the passenger seat.

14 EXT. ALLEYWAY ENTRANCE. EARLY EVENING. 14

The black Ford pulls into frame and Chris and Twist step out, the sun having set safely behind the larger buildings in the background. They head down towards the alley we watched Danyael enter earlier.

CHRIS

Well, this is the main rebel base round here, according to Danyael. Let's hope he's made us a few new friends here.

TWIST

We should name her, you know.

CHRIS

Name who?

15 EXT. ALLEYWAY. NIGHT.

15

Walking down the alley, the drapes fluttering in the breeze overhead.

TWIST

You know, the van. She needs a cool name. We can't just call it 'the van,' can we?

CHRIS

Alright then, how about... Kate?

TWIST

Kate?!?

CHRIS

Yes, after Kate Beckinsale. Lovely girl. British, too.

TWIST

(hits him on the arm)
No stupid, something like-

CHRIS

Danyael?

Chris spots something and dashes off screen, leaving Twist to wonder what he was on about.

TWIST

That's stupid, who'd call a van...
(beat; sees it too)
Danyael?!?

Sitting huddled up against the opposite wall of the alley as smoke pours out of the entrance to the rebel cell is Danyael, soot all over his skin and several burns showing on him as well. Chris is already with him, trying to get a response out of him as Twist skitters over.

CHRIS

Danyael, can you hear me?
(to Twist)
He's in shock, looks like he's been badly burned.

Chris walks up to the doorway but backs away, coughing from the sheer amount of smoke pouring out of it. He stands nearby while Twist tries to get something from Danyael, who is staring straight ahead, hugging his knees tightly and trembling.

16 INT. CORDEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

16

Danyaël is wrapped up in bandages as he lies on a bed in Corden's place, asleep. We pull back to see Twist sitting in a wooden chair by the bed, watching him. Chris enters and lays a comforting hand on her shoulder.

TWIST

Some friend I am, huh? I ask the guy to join us and almost get him roasted a few days later...

CHRIS

I'm sure he won't blame anyone when he comes round, Twist. He's healing up well already, so there's no permanent damage. Perk of the job!

Chris leaves the room, Twist returns to her vigil.

17 INT. CORDEN'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

17

Chris walks downstairs into the main room to find Darryl, who is watching the television and looking like he hasn't slept in days.

DARRYL

Is your friend okay?

CHRIS

He'll be fine. He's a fast healer.

DARRYL

Oh, vampire, huh?

A beat as Darryl's answer catches Chris off guard.

CHRIS

Oh... you, er, know?

DARRYL

(shrugs)
Figured it out. Wasn't hard. I am married to a witch, remember.

CHRIS

Good point.

Chris heads for the door, grabbing his fedora and jacket.

DARRYL

You heading out again?

CHRIS

Yes, I'm going to see if I can find some clues back at that rebel base.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS(cont'd)

Well, any clues that weren't burned down with the rest of the place. Twist's going to stay here, keep an eye on Danyael.

(beat)

We'll find her.

DARRYL

(scowls)

Just so you can drag her back to the old man?

CHRIS

If what you told me was true, then I may have to take a better look at Mr. Glaston's motives in this. There may be a solution that keeps everyone happy to be found yet.

Darryl nods and Chris leaves.

18

INT. CORDEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

18

Danyael is awake, talking to Twist as he lies in bed.

DANYAEL

And then, this gang of vamps showed up and just started staking everyone.

TWIST

And even that didn't wake 'em up?

DANYAEL

Nope. They took one away, a girl, and I really don't want to think about what they're probably doing to her right about now... they set the place on fire as they left. I just about managed to scabble out of there, but I guess I just proved I shouldn't ever try to play with matches...

Twist leans back, considering what she's been told until Chris puts a charred laptop down on the bureau in the room with a loud 'thunk.' He nods to Danyael.

CHRIS

Good to see you up and about!

Danyael manages a weak wave as Twist turns round and joins as he flips up the screen, which lights up despite a crack across its centre.

TWIST

Whatcha got?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS
Hopefully, some information. Let's
see what we can find out.

Chris pulls some wireless modem boxes from his jacket and plugs them into the laptop, also retrieving his mobile phone and making a call.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Neuro, old buddy, are you there?

NEURO
(filtered; through phone)
Hey hey, Christumundo! 'Course I'm
here, the Feds can't ever hold me
for too long. What's up?

CHRIS
I need you to do some data
retrieval for me. I've got a
lightly toasted laptop here that
may or may not have some useful
intel on it. What I'd like you to
do is find it for me.

NEURO
Consider it done. Plug in the boxes
and then sit back and let a master
do his thing. I'll buzz you if I
find anything.

CHRIS
Thanks, Neuro.

Chris hangs up, and on the screen we see the cursor start to move by itself as Neuro remote-controls it, opening folders and starting to run programs.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Right! Now we wait.

TWIST
I've been waiting all day already,
can't we do something else? Like,
maybe, beating things up? I'm much
better at that.

CHRIS
Patience, my dear...

19 INT. BLACK FORD. NIGHT.

19

Chris drives again, Twist alongside and Danyael in the back, still not looking a hundred percent.

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CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Sorry to drag you out of bed again,
Danyael, how are you feeling now?

DANYAEL

Like I've been cooked on a slow
grill and served up at a steak
house...

TWIST

(to Chris)

That means 'yes.'

CHRIS

We managed to pick up some e-mails
sent between the three rebel bases
in this area, so we've got their
locations. You pair are going to
investigate while I follow up
something that seems to suggest
these trad vamps had a hand in the
disappearance of our witch friend.

TWIST

Just another day on the beat for
the Dempsey and Makepeace of the
underworld, eh?

Twist grins across at Danyael, who leans back in his seat,
looking like he would rather be back in bed.

20

EXT. RURAL HOUSING ESTATE. NIGHT.

20

Twist and Danyael step out of the Ford as it stops outside a
house and drives off again. The house looks quite rundown,
with rotten timbers and rusted sheet metal just about
managing to hold the place together.

Twist nudges Danyael and starts to walk towards the front
door. She hops up the steps and raps her knuckles on the
screen door, hearing a dog barking nearby. The inner door is
opened and a suspicious-looking COLBY peers out.

COLBY

Yeah? What?

TWIST

My, aren't we all so polite around
here! You guys the local vampires?

COLBY

(beat)

Dunno what you're talking about.

He starts to close the door, but one firm shove from Twist
throws it back open, and she steps inside.

21 INT. RURAL HOUSE. NIGHT.

21

Twist walks inside to the messy house, piles of books, videos and other items stacked loosely on the floor, spilling out across the wooden floorboards. A series of paintings are lined up against one wall, next to several painted up shop dummies.

Colby backs away from the door as Twist scans the room, taking in the four other vamps who jump up off the old sofa defensively. We have two boys, JEFF and JONNO, and two girls, BEKA and CLAIRE. Twist raises her hands, Danyael staying behind her.

TWIST

Relax, we're friends. I'm just a little impatient. Sorry.

COLBY

You mind telling us who you are, now that you've barged in?

The other vamps spread out, keeping a wary eye on the newcomers.

TWIST

I'm Twist, he's Danyael. We're looking for some friendly faces.

BEKA

Hey... hey, I know you! You're Danyael Norton! The DJ guy!

DANYAEL

Uh... yeah, that'd be me.

BEKA

Oh, cool! Wait till I tell the others about this!

TWIST

Uh, yeah, about that... I take it you haven't heard about what happened to the base out in the city centre?

COLBY

No, why?

Claire looks scared, figuring out something's wrong. The rest of the vamps tense up as Twist bows her head.

TWIST

They were attacked. It looks like everyone there got themselves staked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

Oh, no...

JONNO

Dammit!

COLBY

Who did it? Was it the traders or more bounty hunters?

Twist opens her mouth to speak but Danyael steps past her, taking charge of the situation.

DANYAEL

It was vampires. When I got there, everyone there was knocked out by something, and then they showed up and just started staking them all.

COLBY

Oh yeah, how come they didn't get you too, huh? Why should we believe you?

Danyael throws Colby a cold look, and after a moment Colby breaks the stare and steps back.

COLBY (cont'd)

Okay, let's say we do believe you. What knocked them all out?

TWIST

I don't know, that's why we're he-

The high-pitched WHINE that Chris and Twist heard earlier fades up, and all the vampires in the room except for Danyael clutch their ears painfully. Danyael looks round, looking confused.

DANYAEL

Uh... guys?

Twist drops to her knees, holding her head in pain and looking back up at Danyael as the other vampires one by one crumple to the floor, knocking over the piles of stuff and scattering them over the floor.

TWIST

Dan... quick... hit me!

DANYAEL

What?

TWIST

(grabs his hand)
HIT ME!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Danyael stares at her for a beat, then winds back and CRACKS her across the jaw. Twist hits the deck, and as she does the high frequency sound dies away again.

Danyael rushes to her side, shaking her awake again. To his immense relief, Twist's eyes flicker open.

TWIST (cont'd)

Whew... and yow! That's quite a right arm you got there...

DANYAEL

(looking round room)
What's going on?

TWIST

(picks herself up)
Well, I think I just worked out what took care of the vampires you found! Whatever that noise was, it does something to us, disrupts our brains or something. I felt like I was gonna black out, hence 'hit me.'

DANYAEL

Still not following you.

TWIST

Because, you dumbass, if I was out cold already, then I figured the noise wouldn't affect me!

(smiles brightly)

I amaze myself sometimes... But now, we have a new problem.

She looks round the room - all the rebel vamps are out cold, sprawled across the floor and furniture.

TWIST (cont'd)

Is this is how you found the first base?

Danyael nods, and Twist reaches off screen and picks up a chipped baseball bat from the floor, tapping it experimentally into her palm.

TWIST (cont'd)

Well then, looks like we're about to have some company. So let's use the advantage of surprise right back at them. Grab something sharp and stand by for action, Danny boy!

Twist snaps round as she hears two cars screech to a halt outside. She grins, eager for the fight.

We're inside an old restaurant, the plain tables and chairs thick with dust and dirt, but lights on overhead to show up Blake and the rest of his vampire hit squad, enjoying a beer as they toast the wrecking of the first rebel hideout earlier.

BLAKE

And here's to us, taking this town
back, one dive at a time, from
those whiny ass rebel punks!

A cheer and a communal chug of beer.

BLAKE (cont'd)

And to our second chapter, out
there doing the good work as we
speak and drink!

Another cheer as we pull back to pick up Chris, hunched up and balancing on one of the girders in the roof, next to the air vents.

Wreathed in shadows, Chris silently draws his sword when he hears another vamp entering the café, and pauses.

A new vamp walks in to high five with his comrades and grab a beer. Blake turns to face him.

BLAKE (cont'd)

Ah, hey, man. What's the news on
that Corden girl?

VAMP

All wrapped up and ready to be
served to the boss man. You know,
for such a little dot, she put up a
pretty good fight! Heh, smacking
her down was that bit more fun
'cause of that..

He narrows his eyes as the vamps cackle like a pack of hyenas. Looks like these vamps are behind the kidnapping of the witch he's after, so with an intake of breath, Chris LEAPS forward.

Chris SOMERSAULTS through the air and lands on one of the tables, about ten feet from the vamps, who leap to their feet, knocking over chairs as they fan out.

CHRIS

I'm here for the girl. And then I'm
going to get started on all of you,
just because I fancy some exercise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The vampires burst out into laughter - they don't seem too worried by Chris' threat.

BLAKE

(laughs)

You walked into the wrong nest, hot
shot... alright boys, let's have
ourselves a rumble!

With another group laugh, the vamps start to creep forward, and Chris just grins as he uses his sword to gently lift up the brim of his hat.

CHRIS

I'm so glad you said that...

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

23 INT. ABANDONED CAFÉ. NIGHT. 23

Chris is surrounded by the ten vampires, all snarling and hissing as they edge forward. He stands calmly in the centre of them all, sword to the floor and head down.

Two make their move, leaping forward, but Chris is ready and strikes out with lightning speed, slicing their heads neatly off.

As their bodies hit the deck, the rest of the vampires charge him as one. Fists flying, Chris blocks their punches, kicking two backwards and into one of the old tables as he grabs a third and throws him off screen.

As he clatters into a stack of chairs, Chris takes a few punches from a vamp who gets up close, but in one smooth motion draws a stake from a holster on his shin and kills the offending vamp.

The vampires back off, down three men already, and Chris remains in his fighting stance, grin still in place as the vamps circle him, hissing and snarling. He keeps his sword up and aimed at the vampires.

CHRIS

You'll forgive me if I don't start quaking with fear, but I'm still waiting for that 'rumble' you mentioned to get started.

Blake snarls and stomps forward. Chris steps back and slices out with the sword, but Blake ducks it and lashes out, his fist catching Chris and sending him stumbling backwards.

He staggers back into frame, a cut on his lip from the blow. He wipes the blood away as he looks up to Blake, realising just how tough the vamp is.

Blake's two huge hands reach into frame and grab Chris, hauling him round out of frame.

24 INT. RURAL HOUSE. NIGHT. 24

We're watching the door from inside the dimly lit house, closing up slowly on it as we hear hushed voices and footsteps outside.

The door handle rattles for a few moments before it opens, and we see another group of rough-looking vampires, stakes and swords ready as they creep inside. One starts to giggle and the lead vamp scowls at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEAD VAMP
(whispers)
Dude, shut up!

VAMP #2
What? They're all out, ain't they?
It's funny!

TWIST (O.S.)
And the Lord said...

The lights flick on, and the vamps snap round towards the source of the voice.

Baseball bat in hand, she stands by the light switch on the other side of the room, with Danyael holding a broken table leg as a stake next to her. Twist winks.

TWIST (cont'd)
Hello, boys...

The vamps tense up for the fight.

LEAD VAMP
Get her!

Charging forward, we see the duo have six vamps to contend with. Twist is fast, and manages to BASH the bat off the head of the lead vamp, sending him stumbling headfirst into a bookshelf, which crumples, burying him under a pile of old magazines and books.

Danyael is no fighter, but manages to shove one of the vamps over and stake him, impaling him to one of the paintings stacked on the floor. Danyael grabs another painting and SMASHES it across a vamp, but then takes a punch to the jaw and reels backwards.

TWIST
Not an art lover, huh?

She SMACKS the nearest vamp with her bat again before another grabs it and wrenches it out of her hand. The vamp sneers at her before Twist whips round, grabbing a glass cage holding what look like two huge spiders, and SMASHING it across the vamp's face.

Grappling one of the other vamps, he gets pinned from behind and held back as the vamp turns and starts punching him heavily in the gut. Danyael doubles over, but before the punching vamp can attack again, he stiffens and falls to reveal Twist, bat broken in two but serving as a handy stake.

TWIST (cont'd)
Danyael! Up and over!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A beat before Danyael gets what she means and pushes upwards, kicking with his feet to get high enough into the air for Twist to throw the other half of the bat at the vamp grappling him. Danyael is freed as the vamp dies, landing awkwardly on the floor.

The vamp she sent into the bookshelf charges at her, and the two clatter to the floor, Twist trying to fight off his vicious attack. Her hands scrabble out either side of her as the vamp pins her down, one of the stake-like baseball bat halves in his other hand.

LEAD VAMP

I'm gonna make you pay for this,
you jumped up little rebel bitch!

She grabs hold of one of the glass shards from the shattered spider's tank.

The vamp raises the stake, ready to finish her off, but Twist brings her hand up and across, slicing through his neck with the glass, and the vamp manages to cough once before his head starts to loll back and he expires with a sigh. Twist jumps to her feet and sees the two remaining vamps kicking the downed Danyael.

TWIST

Hey!

They turn to face her, one cracking his knuckles at the prospect of a better fight.

VAMP #1

Heh, let's hope you're more of a
match than your loser friend!

VAMP #2

Yeah, need something we can get our
teeth into!

TWIST

Oh, please, where are you guys
getting your macho talk lines from,
anyway? Old comic books?

The two vamps exchange a guilty look before rushing at her. Twist is ready, snatching up the stake the Lead Vamp dropped and driving it into the chest of Vamp #1.

Vamp #2 lands a fierce punch on Twist. She falls and lands on her ass, looking stunned as she spits out a mouthful of blood. The vamp looms over her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VAMP #2

You rebel punks are finished! No point trying to give up, or get out of town, or run, because we're gonna find all of you, and we're gonna make sure you all end up the same way...

He grabs a flimsy wooden chair next to him and smashes it against the wall, leaving him with enough wood to have one last stake. He advances on the still-dazed Twist.

DANYAEL (O.S.)

Not this time!

The vamp spins, but Danyael is up and ready, grabbing the stake in the vamp's hands and turning it round, shoving it back into his chest. The vamp grunts with surprise before his eyes roll back and he falls. Danyael reaches a hand out to Twist, who grins as he helps her to her feet.

TWIST

Nice move! You okay?

DANYAEL

Well, before we got here I was just burned, now I'm burned and bruised. Otherwise, yeah, all good.

TWIST

Come on, let's try and wake these kids up and let Chris know what's happened.

25

INT. ABANDONED CAFÉ. NIGHT.

25

Chris CRASHES into view, thrown sideways through the air by Blake to slam into one of the walls, knocking over another table as he clatters to the floor.

He's lost his sword and is looking pretty battered as Blake storms into frame, grabbing Chris and dragging him up.

In the background, we can see that there are only two other vampires left, so Chris is getting somewhere, but as Blake hurls him through the air again to SMASH through the glass front of what used to be the deli counter, Chris looks on the back foot in this fight.

BLAKE

You bounty hunter screw-ups are all the same, you get born with some kind of death wish and keep trying to take it out on me and my boys. We're just doin' our job, same as you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blake is wading through the wreckage inside the café towards Chris, who coughs weakly as he rolls off the counter and onto the floor behind it, out of sight.

BLAKE (cont'd)
The only difference is, we enjoy
our work. We live for it, while you
suckers seem to want to get killed!

Blake reaches the counter and looks over it for Chris, but he's nowhere to be seen. Blake turns back round to the last two vamps.

BLAKE (cont'd)
Where'd he go?

They exchange a worried look - they've seen first hand how dangerous Chris is, wounded or not.

VAMP #1
Hey, maybe he split?

VAMP #2
Yeah, maybe he took the hint a-

He stiffens, then falls to reveal Chris, sword back in hand and spring-loaded stake in the other, who steps back and swings the sword round, neatly decapitating Vamp #1 before he can react. Chris reassumes a fighting stance and faces Blake again.

CHRIS
Right. That's all the hired help
out of the way, let's finish up.

Blake smirks, then pauses as he hears his mobile phone RINGING. Neither opponent moves for a long beat.

BLAKE
Can I get that?

CHRIS
(beat; lowers sword)
Alright, I could use a breather.

Blake retrieves the phone from his jacket and answers it.

BLAKE
What? Huh? No, no, man, I'm here
fighting him. What? All of 'em?
(beat)
Damn. Alright, I'll get right over.

He puts the phone away but surreptitiously gets something else from inside his jacket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

Bad news about your second chapter,
I take it?

BLAKE

So you got friends. Doesn't matter.
We'll get 'em all eventually.
(smirks)
'Bring The Noise,' baby.

He snaps his hand down and with a POP a thick cloud of smoke erupts at his feet, quickly hiding him from view. Chris steps forward, but after a moment we hear the SLAM of the door leading outside closing, and Chris mutters a curse as he realises Blake has gotten away.

26

INT. CORDEN'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

26

Chris is sitting on the sofa opposite Darryl, with Danyael lying across the main part of it nursing his wounds as Twist perches on the end. Darryl is pacing up and down as Chris recounts his evening's work.

CHRIS

... so when I looked round, there was no sign of her. They must be holding her at wherever this 'boss' he spoke to is. The location of which, I'm afraid, is still a mystery.

(beat)

I think I know where to look, but I'm not entirely sure, and as far as I could gather they're probably going to deliver Corden in the morning.

DARRYL

Isn't there anything we can do?

DANYAEL

Maybe we could call the last base?
You know, warn 'em?

CHRIS

No, no, I've got a better idea. But first things first - so you say that you heard that noise again before the vampires attacked, but Danyael wasn't affected by it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Nope, I felt like my little head was going to burst but he was just standing there, looking at me like I was crazy or something.

DANYAEL

I honestly didn't hear a thing.
(beat)
Any ideas?

CHRIS

I've got a few theories... Danyael, when did you last have your hearing checked?

DANYAEL

Huh?

27 INT. CORDEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

27

Danyael sits on the bed, wearing a pair of headphones hooked up to a small metal box with three dials on the front, which Chris is manning.

DANYAEL

What's this going to prove, exactly?

CHRIS

This may just give us the advantage we need to save that last nest before the vampires attack. Now concentrate. I want you to tell me when you stop hearing the sound I'm about to make.

Chris starts to turn the first dial, and Danyael waits, before nodding.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Okay, good. Now tell me when you can hear it again.

Chris starts to turn the second dial, and after a few moments Danyael nods again.

DANYAEL

There it is. How many more times do we have to do this, anyway? Feels like we've been at it for hours...

CHRIS

(sighs)
Danyael, stop complaining. Last one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist walks in as Danyael nods once more, and she takes a set on the bed as Danyael nods again, and with a satisfied look Chris removes the headphones.

TWIST

So what's up, doc?

CHRIS

Well, it's quite a lo-fi analysis without more sophisticated equipment, but to draw a rough conclusion... your hearing's bugged.

DANYAEL

Huh?

Twist snorts a laugh as Chris packs the equipment away in a large leather case.

CHRIS

Your hearing range was somewhat limited before you became a vampire, correct?

DANYAEL

Yeah, pretty much. Too many years of loud concerts, I guess. And most of my teen years spent hiding on buses with my Walkman up too loud.

CHRIS

Well, from the data I've just received, it seems that even with the enhanced hearing ability you gained when you became a vampire, there are still plenty of gaps in your aural range, which seems to explain why you were unaffected by that noise which almost knocked Twist out.

TWIST

It's too high for him to hear! Kind of like a dog whistle on humans?

CHRIS

Exactly. And with that in mind, I think I know how to keep us pair safe while we carry out the next stage of our mission!

TWIST

Field trip! Yay!

28

INT. BLACK FORD. NIGHT.

28

The Ford is parked some way up the street and on the opposite side from what looks like an old county jail, a small concrete building covered with graffiti a few roads out from the town. Lights are on inside, and Chris is watching it carefully through a pair of binoculars.

CHRIS

Are we sure this is the right address?

DANYAEL

This is the place, 1145 Lansdowne Road. There's probably about fifteen rebel vamps in there.

(beat)

So, uh, why are we waiting out here? Don't we need to go in and warn them or something?

CHRIS

(shakes head)

That won't be necessary... Twist, are all the weapons ready?

Twist lifts Duggan, her prized baseball bat, with a grin.

TWIST

Cocked, locked and ready to rock!

Chris looks back up the quiet road through the binoculars and grins. He points up the road towards what he's looking at to get the others' attention.

CHRIS

And here they come, right on schedule. Right, both of you, on with the headphones.

The trio retrieve three sets of bulky workman's headphones and each put them on, Twist fiddling with hers to avoid flattening her hair.

DANYAEL

How come I still need to wear these?

CHRIS

Just in case. Alright, brace yourselves. This should stop us from blacking out, but it may still be rather painful...

29 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BASE. NIGHT. 29

As Chris expected, a rickety looking van is trundling along the street, a strange assortment of electrical paraphernalia on its roof, which looks like a mutated radio aerial and transmitter. It parks opposite the base.

30 INT. BLACK FORD. NIGHT. 30

Chris and Twist's hands snap up to their ears on reflex as the high-pitched whine starts to build in intensity.

TWIST

Ow! I thought you said we'd be okay with these things on?

CHRIS

I said we wouldn't pass out, I didn't say it wouldn't hurt!

DANYAEL

I *still* can't hear anything..

Chris grimaces against the noise and looks at the van.

31 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BASE. NIGHT. 31

From inside the base, we hear the sounds of glass breaking and furniture being shoved around, as though fifteen people inside were suddenly all falling, senseless, to the floor.

The red lights on the radio equipment mounted on the van switch off, and moments later the van doors open and a dozen armed VAMPIRES clamber out, and with furtive glances up and down the street they head towards the base, forcing the door open and filing inside.

32 INT. BLACK FORD. NIGHT. 32

Chris takes off his headphones.

CHRIS

This time, we're the gatecrashers.

He grabs his katana as Twist hands it to him and steps out of the van, with Twist and Danyael following suit.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

33 INT. THIRD REBEL BASE. NIGHT.

33

We're inside the base - a renovated jailhouse, its windows are boarded shut, the cell bars filed down to form a small bar area.

The fifteen unconscious vampires in here can't really appreciate this, however, as the twelve trad vamp intruders start kicking over personal effects and cackling as they shove the rebel vamps around.

VAMP #1

Aw, man, this is easy!

VAMP #2

Like I said, the others've hit the other two bases tonight, when we get back we'll find out how they did!

VAMP #3

Sweet as, man, sweet as!

TWIST (O.S.)

Cool! A party! Can we join in?

The vamps whip round - in the doorway are Chris and Twist, sword and baseball bat at the ready respectively. Danyael is stood behind them, axe in hand but not looking forward to the fight.

VAMP #4

What the...?

TWIST

Aw, come on, we brought our own booze and everything!

VAMP #1

Who the crap are you guys?

Chris and Twist share a look and a grin.

CHRIS

Party poopers.

Chris and Twist spring from the doorframe, Chris slicing out with the katana and taking care of one vamp before the others can react.

Twist cracks her bat against two different vamp skulls, knocking them back into a dresser against the wall and dislodging the glasses stacked up on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danyael steps inside, and with a gulp swings with his axe at the nearest vamp.

He's facing a vamp armed with a lead pipe who is deflecting his axe, but Chris springs into frame, and with a quick sweep kick knocks the vamp to the ground. Chris stakes the vamp as another hurtles backwards from off screen, bowling one of the sofa chairs over as Twist leaps after him.

34 EXT. THIRD REBEL BASE. NIGHT. 34

We're looking in on the base as we hear the fight raging inside, with shadows of the combatants flashing past the open doorway occasionally. We dissolve to:

35 EXT. THIRD REBEL BASE. DAWN. 35

It's a few hours later, looking in on the base as before. No sounds or movement from inside now.

36 INT. THIRD REBEL BASE. NIGHT. 36

The final trad vampire, MIKEY, slams into view, thrown to the floor from off screen, shaking with fear. Chris presses his katana against the vamp's neck.

CHRIS

Start talking. Where's your main base of operations?

MIKEY

Huh?

TWIST

(rolls eyes)

The boss, stupid. Where do we find your boss?

MIKEY

(frantic)

I-I-I can't... they'll kill me, they'll-

TWIST

Look, here's the deal. You help us out, we cut you loose.

CHRIS

Twist, I don't think-

TWIST

Ssh! It's okay.

(to Mikey)

Well?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKEY
 (long beat)
 O-Okay.

TWIST
 (bright smile)
 See? Isn't negotiating fun! Is the
 girl there too?

MIKEY
 (blinks)
 Girl? Oh, the witch, right. Yeah,
 yeah, she's there too. They're
 taking her back to that businessman
 guy at about 9 a.m.

CHRIS
 That's not long from now, we'd
 better get moving.

Chris reaches down and drags Mikey to his feet.

CHRIS (cont'd)
 (grins)
 Congratulations, you're our new
 navigator.

Mikey tries to make a compliant smile, but it doesn't really
 hide his fear that well.

37 INT. BLACK FORD. DAWN.

37

Mikey sits in the front seat as the van drives along, the
 morning sun slowly creeping into sight in the background. He
 looks around the van's interior, impressed.

MIKEY
 This is a nice set of wheels, man...

DANYAEL
 Thanks, my man Joe sorted it out.

MIKEY
 Oh, Joey Reynolds? Owns that garage
 up on Fairview?

DANYAEL
 Yeah, that's him.

MIKEY
 Cool, that guy knows his stuff!

Chris clears his throat to get Mikey's attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Not wanting to break this up, but could you concentrate on the matter at hand? Get us to your base, sooner we get there, sooner you get out of here.

MIKEY

Yeah, yeah, okay. Take a left here, follow 16th Street for two blocks.

Mikey shuffles round in his seat to talk to Danyael.

MIKEY (cont'd)

So, you ever see that hot rod Joe fixed up for the drag circuit?

DANYAEL

No, I heard him talking about it but I never got chance to come down for the race. I'm from Atlanta, so I-

MIKEY

Oh yeah, you're that DJ, ain't ya! Thought I recognised you...

TWIST

(sulkily; quiet)

How come nobody ever recognises me?

Chris drives on as Mikey and Danyael chat away.

38 INT. BLACK FORD. DAWN.

38

The sun is still rising as the Ford pulls to a stop across the way from a two-storey disused radio shack. Mikey points across to the building.

MIKEY

That's it, man, right in there. The boss and whoever else is left from the other two groups.

CHRIS

That'll be ten or twelve more, then. Alright, Mikey, cheers.

Chris steps out of the car, and the three others follow.

39 EXT. CORBYN STREET. DAWN.

39

Danyael and Twist check their weapons as Mikey glances between the three of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKEY

So, uh... that's it?

CHRIS

That's it. Make it quick, the sun's due up soon.

MIKEY

Aw, thanks, man, say, if you're ever in town and need a hand, you just call up any vamp round here and ask for Mikey, I'll be ha-

Mikey suddenly YELLS in pain and falls face-first to the ground, revealing Twist, holding a stake. Chris glares at her, and she blinks innocently.

TWIST

What?

CHRIS

Your conscience needs a little work, dear! What about your deal with him?

TWIST

Hello, he was evil! Besides, we're here, right? Ends justify the means and all that.

CHRIS

(shakes his head)

All right, Machiavelli, let's go.

They head across the street.

40 INT. ABANDONED RADIO SHACK. DAWN.

40

We're looking down from the rafters towards the floor of the shack at a handful of vampires piling up boxes and packing away cables and chunky pieces of broadcasting equipment into the open back door of a van that has been backed inside the building.

Overseeing all of this is DUBRASKIS, a spindly man with spectacles and nervously jittering arms, directing the vamps around.

DUBRASKIS

Come on, come on, quickly! Get that loaded up now, we've got to get on our way to the next city before the sun comes up!

A vampire walks into view holding CORDEN, gagged and struggling against her captor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She's a thin woman with long, straggly auburn hair, looking like she's been through hell since she was snatched the previous day. Dubraskis throws a sneer down at her.

DUBRASKIS (cont'd)

Oh, it's you... fine, fine, well, I suppose I'd better sort out you getting sent over to Mr. Galston then. He's becoming very anxious for you to remove that hex from him!

She tries to yell but the vamp holding her just backhands her, and she goes limp in his arms.

Hiding out of sight behind a row of dusty desks on the mezzanine top floor of the building, looking down on the scene below. They whisper to each other.

TWIST

Is that our girl?

Chris nods and Twist grins.

TWIST (cont'd)

Then what are we waiting for?

CHRIS

Nothing I can think of...

With a nod, the trio leap up from behind the desk, vaulting down onto the floor below, weapons ready.

The vampires scatter, yelling shouts of alarm as they regroup and face off the two intruders. Dubraskis looks over his glasses at them.

DUBRASKIS

Is that them?

BLAKE (O.S.)

That's him.

Blake steps out from the shadows, looking as menacing as ever as he eyes down Chris. Chris stares back defiantly.

CHRIS

Twist, you and Danyael get the girl out of here. I'll deal with our bodybuilder reject friend.

Twist nods and yanks Danyael away to the left as Blake and Chris pace apart from the others, the other vamps in the room watching them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BLAKE

I gotta admit, you put up a good fight for such a little guy. I've killed a lot of vampire hunters in my time but you, you're the best one.

CHRIS

(small bow)

I'm honoured.

BLAKE

So when I rip your throat out, it's gonna taste that little bit better!

In reply, Chris removes his fedora and grins back.

CHRIS

Now, now, getting ahead of ourselves, aren't we?

A beat, then with a GROWL Blake lunges at Chris, who dodges and lashes out with his katana.

As the two start to fight, Twist dives for the vamp holding Corden, who throws the witch to the floor and gets stuck in to trading blows with Twist.

Danyael gets rushed by two more vamps, but manages to get a swing in with his axe to take the head off one of them.

Chris swings the katana again but Blake blocks it by swatting at Chris' hand, knocking the sword out of his grip. Blake's other hand whips round and grabs Chris by the throat, lifting him off the ground.

Danyael is shoved back against the van by one of the vamps, but manages to find a stake and dispose of his attacker. He catches a breath but then dives out of the way as Chris SLAMS into the side of the van, thrown from off screen by Blake. Chris groans as he stands again.

DANYAEL

Uh, Chris?

CHRIS

Not now, Danyael!!

Chris leaps back off screen. Danyael turns to see Corden lying on the ground nearby as Twist grapples with another vamp. Dubraskis is scuttling away out of sight - Danyael doesn't know where to go first. Twist shouts out to him.

TWIST

The girl, Spook! Get the girl!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Danyaël nods and leans down, scooping Corden up and lying her gently down inside the back of the van. Danyaël leaps to Twist's aid.

Looking out from inside the van, with Corden lying in the back of it, as Danyaël charges into frame, knocking the vamp attacking Twist to the floor.

Twist nods thanks but neither notice as we hear the van's engine start, and it slowly starts to pull away, leaving the scene behind.

She finally notices that the van is leaving and starts to chase after it.

Blake is landing punch after punch on an increasingly bloody Chris, who really isn't looking in good shape at all. Blake ROARS and lifts Chris up over his head, slamming him back-first down onto the ground.

BLAKE

Come on, tough guy! Fight me!

CHRIS

(woozy)

I'm getting... to that bit...

Blake grunts and reaches down to grab Chris again, but Chris has something in his hand this time. With a grin, he pulls what looks like a black snail shell apart into two halves, and with a flick of both wrists loops a glittering strand of wafer-thin, razor-sharp garrotte wire around Blake's neck.

Blake's eyes register surprise as Chris rapidly flicks the wire, looping it several times round Blake's throat.

BLAKE

What the-

CHRIS

(grins)

Careful, this might sting a little!

Chris snaps his hands together, tightening the wire and slicing Blake's head free. The hefty vamp falls and Chris collapses back onto the floor, exhausted.

TWIST (O.S.)

Chris!!

We see the van, with Dubraskis at the wheel, accelerating towards the raised shutter door leading on to the street, with Corden visible in the back and Twist trying and failing to catch up to it.

Chris groans, then jumps up and races off screen.

41 INT. VAN. DAWN. 41

Dubraskis, sweating nervously, floors the accelerator once he's clear of the shutter doors, bouncing as the van hits the street.

42 EXT. STREET/FORD. DAWN. 42

Chris hurries up to his van, fumbling with the car keys but dropping them. He's still winded from the fight with Blake and clearly in no state to drive. Twist races into frame, sees Chris' weakened state and grabs the keys from him as Danyael appears too.

CHRIS

What...?

TWIST

You're too battered to drive, doof,
so get in!

Twist hops into the driver's seat as Chris opens the back doors and falls inside. Danyael races into the passenger seat as Twist starts the Ford's engine and accelerates off screen.

43 INT. VAN. DAWN. 43

Dubraskis is checking his rear view mirror as the van bumps along the deserted street. His phone rings, and he uses his hand to grab it and answer it.

DUBRASKIS

(flustered)

Hello? What? No, they're after me!
I've got to go!

He drops the phone and carries on driving. Checking the mirror again, he yelps in fear as he sees:

The black Ford, gaining fast.

44 INT. BLACK FORD. DAWN. 44

Twist is steely-eyed at the wheel as she gains on Dubraskis' van. Danyael is hanging on for dear life. He pales as Twist hits a bump, sending the car airborne.

DANYAEL

Woah! Where did you learn to drive?

TWIST

Vice City!!

45 EXT. STREET. DAWN.

45

The Ford closes on the van, Twist revving the engine as she draws near enough to nudge the back of the van, fishtailing it round.

Dubraskis loses control of the van, its tyres screeching as it starts a lazy arc round, piling through a row of garbage cans before losing balance, tipping over on its side and skidding to a stop on the middle of the road.

Twist slows to a stop and leaps out, followed by Danyael.

DANYAEL

Let me guess, you learned that from
GTA as well?

TWIST

(winks)

No, that move's off 'America's
Wildest Police Chases.'

They get to the back of the van - Corden is there, still out cold but safe as Danyael extracts her from the scattered equipment inside the stricken van.

Twist heads round to the driver's booth to find Dubraskis with the broken steering column embedded in his chest. He's losing a lot of blood and won't last much longer.

DUBRASKIS

(coughs)

I was... only...

TWIST

Only what?

DUBRASKIS

Obeying... orders...

With a final wheeze, he falls still. Twist stands and examines the wreckage, the radio array on the roof of the van having broken loose in the crash.

TWIST

This looks like the source of our
pirate broadcast. They must have
been sending that signal out from
this thing before they raided each
base.

DANYAEL

But how'd they find each base? I
mean, I know a lot of people in the
underground but it takes me all day
to track down most of them!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

That I don't know. Let's make sure
this equipment's trashed for good
and then get out of here before
anybody else shows up.

Danyaël nods and hands Twist her baseball bat. Off her grin,
we dissolve to:

46 INT. CORDEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. MORNING.

46

Corden lies in the bed, curled up tightly as Darryl sits
beside her, stroking her hair. Twist and Danyaël look on as
the grateful Darryl smiles down at his wife.

DARRYL

Thanks you, all of you.

CORDEN

Oh, be quiet, will you? Anybody
would think you were worried about
me...

DARRYL

(smiles back)

Heh! So, Miss Twist...

TWIST

It's just 'Twist.'

DARRYL

Twist, then. What's happening with
Glaston? Isn't he going to just
keep coming after Corden now she's
back?

TWIST

Oh, I think Chris is taking care of
that for us...

47 INT. GLASTON INDUSTRIES - OFFICE. MORNING.

47

We're looking at a bulky, nervous businessman, GLASTON,
clutching at his heart in fear as he sweats.

We pull back to see that his tie is sticking out in front of
him at an odd angle, and as we pull out some more we see that
a dagger has nailed it to the desk. We pan down to see a note
pinned to the desk beneath the tie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS (V.O.)

And so, to conclude, Corden and Darryl would appreciate you finding an alternative solution to your medical situation, and also to never darken their doorstep again with your half-arsed attempts at kidnapping and intimidation, or next time they call me in, I won't be so gentle. Yours sincerely,
Chris Berkeley.

48

INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

48

An old-fashioned oak-bound study, with a figure seated in a high-backed chair facing away from us reading by the light of the log fire roaring in the hearth opposite.

A robed FLUNKY enters the frame and coughs once to gain the seated man's attention.

The chair turns round to reveal MALKUTH, dressed in a smoking jacket and reading a 'Lenore' comic book. He raises an eyebrow at the Flunky and motions for him to speak.

FLUNKY

Uh, I'm afraid I have some bad news, master...

MALKUTH

(sighs)

Oh, dear. Now what? Oh, don't say he interfered again!

FLUNKY

The van units have all been compounded by the authorities in Minnesota, and we've lost the tracking data we had from the rebel broadcast signals too.

MALKUTH

So we can't trace it back to their bases any more... gah!

Malkuth petulantly throws the comic into the fire. The flunky waits by as Malkuth lets his anger subside, before he locks his fingers together thoughtfully, evil thoughts on his mind.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

That half-breed freak is really, really starting to cause me trouble now. Time to take things up a notch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLUNKY

Master?

MALKUTH

(evil grin)

It's time we put the squeeze on
Chris. Let's put him out of action
once and for all.

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW