

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

"I'm Dying"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. MALKUTH'S LAIR. NIGHT.

1

We fade up to see the back of a squatting figure, who is sitting in front of something that is giving off a ghostly white light.

The figure's arms are up, and from the dim light we can see the rest of the inside of the lair - piles of books, old boxes, robed flunkies standing around - before the camera starts to pan round towards the figure's front.

We soon see what is giving off the light - a glowing white SPHERE, smoky tendrils of energy flowing off it as though it was ice cold, with the figure's hands hovering over it as it floats in mid-air.

This is NIENHAUS, with pale grey skin and ridges running along his bald head, and he is conjuring up something nasty using the sphere. Dramatic, eerie music starts to build to a crescendo as the camera comes to a stop before him, his eyes closed and his lips moving as he mutters incantations to him.

The music builds to a crescendo as the sphere glows ever brighter, until:

MALKUTH (O.S.)

Is it ready yet?

Nienhaus' left eye flicks open as MALKUTH leans his head into frame, peering down at the sphere.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

I mean, it's very pretty, with all the glowing and everything, but when is it going to actually do something?

NIENHAUS

These things take time.

MALKUTH

(tetchy)

Yes, yes, I know that, but I feel like I've been sitting here staring at this thing for hours!

(to nearby flunky)

How long have we been here, anyway?

FLUNKY

Twenty minutes, my lord.

A beat. Malkuth starts to lean back, out of frame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALKUTH

Fine. Just hurry it along, would you? I have things to be getting on with.

Nienhaus closes his eyes and goes back to his incantations. He speaks in a low, booming voice.

NIENHAUS

Bring me the vessel.

Two flunkies bring across a large, clear Egyptian styled urn and set it on a table in front of Nienhaus. He nods to them and they bow and step away respectfully.

As we watch, Nienhaus moves his hands and gestures towards the urn, and smoky white essences from the orb float away and into its open neck, soon filling the transparent urn with glowing light.

Nienhaus claps his hands, and with a gout of FLAME, the orb turns a dark red. He makes the same gesture with his hands and directs energies from the flaming sphere into the urn.

We watch the fiery energies as they flow across through the air, spilling into the urn and mixing with the white essences inside, the mix soon turning the same bloody red as the sphere as the two swirl and absorb one another.

MALKUTH

Excellent! Great work!

NIENHAUS

There is one more step.

MALKUTH

Ah... I was hoping you'd forgotten.

Nienhaus raises an eyebrow at Malkuth, who sighs and unbuttons the expensive silk shirt he is wearing to expose his chest. Nienhaus raises a hand towards him and mutters another incantation.

With a YELP, Malkuth watches as a thin sliver of black energy is slowly drawn from his chest like a line of thread. Nienhaus grabs one end of the light and pulls it free of Malkuth's chest.

The sliver is dropped into the urn by Nienhaus, mixing in with the other two swirls of energy, before an ornate crystal stopper is passed to Nienhaus and he uses it to seal the urn. Hands behind his back, he turns to Malkuth.

NIENHAUS

It is done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MALKUTH
 (grinning)
 Fantastic. Stung a bit when you
 took that out, but the end
 justifies the means, as I say!

Nienhaus does not show any emotion as Malkuth starts to rub his hands together gleefully.

MALKUTH (cont'd)
 Let's see how you cope with this..

2 INT. CHICAGO - HOTEL. NIGHT.

2

We're with CHRIS, asleep in bed and sweating heavily before he suddenly jolts up with a start.

We see that he's sat inside a small hotel room, TWIST on the second bed a few feet away and DANYAEL in a sleeping bag on the floor. The curtains are closed, but Chris gets up, rubs his face and walks over to the windows, drawing them across and letting the moonlight outside glow down

He coughs a few times and frowns, feeling off colour but not knowing why. He goes and sits back down on the bed, rubbing his chest as though he had heartburn before lying back down and closing his eyes.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. CHICAGO - HOTEL. MORNING. 3

INSERT OVER - Chicago.

We fade up on the hotel room, sunlight up outside but the curtains drawn tightly against it as Twist stirs and groans, sitting up and rubbing her tired eyes.

TWIST

(yawns)

Still can't get used to this
'following the sun' stuff... Hey,
Chris? You awake?

Chris, the covers drawn tightly over his head, doesn't move, so Twist steps out of bed. She's wearing a long t-shirt with a grinning anime character on it and a pair of shorts as she stumbles into the bathroom to freshen up.

Danyael yawns, scratches his head lazily and locates his beanie, pulling it on. Twist emerges from the bathroom, brushing her teeth, and frowns as she sees Chris still hasn't moved. She kicks the end of his bed.

TWIST (cont'd)

Hey, Rip Van Winkle! Shake a leg or something.

(beat)

Chris?

Toothbrush still in her mouth, Twist leans over the covers and slowly pulls them back.

As Chris is revealed beneath the covers, he looks like death served cold - his skin is clammy with sweat and his long black hair is stuck to his face. His eyes are closed but his whole body is tense, as though fighting off some invisible opponent.

Twist looks a little worried, and slaps Chris lightly round the face a few times to wake him up.

TWIST (cont'd)

Chris? Chris! Hey, are you okay?

Danyael looks down on Chris as he GROANS and stirs at last, and the two vampires jump back as Chris weakly pushes himself upright in the bed.

CHRIS

I feel really, *really* rough...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Yeah, gotta say, chief, you look like crap as well.

CHRIS

And as always, your sympathy overwhelms me, Twist.

Twist just smiles at him and heads back into the bathroom as Chris tries to stretch out, feeling like he's been asleep for years.

TWIST (O.S.)

Maybe you just need something to eat? If you know what I mean...

CHRIS

(gets out of bed)

I'm not hungry. And neither are you. No blood for you on my watch!

Twist pouts as Danyaël stands and stretches.

DANYAEL

Well, we've still got a few hours before we're supposed to be at that woman's house to bust those ghosts she was complaining about.

TWIST (O.S.)

Spook's got a point there.

CHRIS

'Spook'?

DANYAEL

(rolls eyes)

It's her new nickname for me.

Chris stands up, looking a little shaky on his feet as he grabs a black shirt and pulls it on.

TWIST

And anyway, why are we up so damn early? I didn't even know this time of day existed...

CHRIS

Remember, we have some supplies to pick up first, and I want to get Danyaël used to how to move about in daylight. You've had plenty of practice at it, Twist, but Danyaël's new to this business of ours, so needs all the time he can get. Right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Danyael manages a weak smile but looks like he's not relishing the idea. He starts rummaging around inside his bag as Chris wanders over to the window.

Chris looks faint for a moment and leans one hand against the wall for support, pressing the other one against his chest as if struggling to breathe.

We start to hear distant whispering VOICES, rising in volume, calling Chris' name and also saying other things we can't quite make out. Chris starts to grimace as the volume of the voices rise, until:

TWIST (O.S.)

What do you reckon, Nine Inch Nails
top or the little Emily Strange
one?

Chris turns round to see that Twist is holding up two shirts - one black, one red, trying to decide between them. Chris shakes his head to try and focus his thoughts before pointing to the red top.

CHRIS

That one. Whichever. Come on, let's
get moving.

TWIST

You sound just like my dad
sometimes, you know?

CHRIS

I wouldn't know. Was he as patient
with you as I am?

TWIST

Heck no, I'm amazed you put up with
me sometimes!

Chris nods, appreciating her point. He grabs his jacket and the car keys from the bedside table as Twist disappears into the bathroom to change.

4 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOTEL. MORNING. 4

The black Ford pulls into frame, engine purring as it manoeuvres into the shadow cast by the side of the hotel against the rising sun, and as it parks up Twist and Danyael scoot out from the hotel entrance, quickly hopping into the van.

5 INT. BLACK FORD. MORNING. 5

Twist and Danyael shuffle into their seats, Twist putting on a pair of designer sunglasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS
Well now, don't you just look like
Audrey Hepburn!

TWIST
(mock aloofness; waves
hand)
Quiet, driver, take us away.

Chris drops the Ford into gear and drives away.

6

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM. MORNING.

6

We cut to a modestly furnished apartment block, and a young blonde woman, BRIDGET, pacing up and down and wringing her hands. She's in her mid-twenties, well dressed and seems to be some kind of mid-level executive given her clothes and general demeanour.

The half of the apartment that she has her back to seems normal for a moment, before we notice objects moving of their own accord in the background - chairs, vases, piles of magazines - just shuffling round slightly.

Bridget stops her pacing for a moment and looks round slowly, aware that something untoward is going on around her. She looks up and sees the clock on the wall going backwards, its hand spinning round at impossible speeds.

BRIDGET
(pleading)
No... no! Why are you doing this?
Why? I don't know what you want!

As if to answer, a terrifically loud KNOCKING starts to sound from the back wall, then the two side walls, then the ceiling, as whatever presence is moving the furniture around starts banging its drums to get some more attention.

The desperate girl sinks to her knees, arms wrapped tightly around her head to try and block out the deafening racket as she screams back at it.

BRIDGET (cont'd)
(frantic)
Stop it, stop it! Stop it!!

Suddenly, everything is silent except for a quiet RAPPING at the apartment door. Bridget slowly where the sound is coming from and heads for the door.

The door opens a tiny way and Bridget's face peeks out. Standing in the foreground is Chris, who removes his hat and nods a greeting at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS
Hello, Miss Chambers, is it?

BRIDGET
Yes... are you... are you Chris?

CHRIS
That's me. These are my associates,
Twist and Danyael.

Peering out from behind the door, we see Twist who waves back and tries to smile diplomatically.

She leans back and whispers to Danyael.

TWIST
See, you're an associate now, don't
you feel special?

DANYAEL
I feel something alright...

We're looking back out with Bridget as Twist and Danyael snigger at his joke, before Twist tries to hide her laughter when she notices Bridget looking at them.

CHRIS
I know we're a little late, but we
were gathering some supplies, ready
for what needs to be done. May we
come in?

Bridget unhooks the safety chain and opens the door, allowing the trio inside.

Chris scans round the apartment, laying the heavy leather satchel bag he's carrying down on the coffee table as Twist and Danyael start to nose around.

Twist skirts round the outside of one of the open windows, carefully avoiding the sunlight.

TWIST
(indicating window)
Uh, Chris?

CHRIS
Hmm? Oh, right...
(to Bridget)
Could we close the curtains in
here, please? It's ah... better for
the, uh, spirits.

BRIDGET
Oh, yes, yes of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She draws the curtains, nodding at Twist as she passes who smiles back pleasantly.

TWIST
(sotto voice)
Nice cover, Chris.

BRIDGET
So... you're here because of Aaron,
right? The Hungarian guy?

CHRIS
Hungarian?
(grins)
Yes, he is a little... exotic. I take
it you've not met him, then?

BRIDGET
No, I... when I found out I had my...
my problem with the apartment, I
started asking my friends if they
knew anyone who could help, and
someone put me in touch with him.

CHRIS
He's good like that.

Danyaël whispers to Twist.

DANYAEL
Who's this 'Aaron'?

TWIST
Nice guy. Keeps fixing us up with
jobs like this to get us some cash,
so I can shop!

Bridget watches as Chris starts to unpack some strange looking equipment from the satchel, setting it up on the table - a small gas stove with a metal pot on top of it, what looks like an antique clock with red wires sticking out of it, and a selection of crystals.

BRIDGET
So is all this... normal? I mean,
what's been happening here.

CHRIS
(setting things up)
You'd be surprised how often it
goes on. Lots of people die in big
apartment blocks like this, and
they're often quite angry about it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHRIS(cont'd)

Young or old, sane or crazy, when they pass over, their spirits often stick around to try and get a little payback on the world, and they'll stay around the area where they died. If you looked into the history of this room, I'll bet you'd find someone passed away here some time ago, and that'll be who we're dealing with today.

Twist reaches a finger out to push a small wire sculpture experimentally, but as she touches it, it starts to move, TINKLING loudly. She whips round and tries to look innocent as Chris glares at her.

TWIST

Sorry.

(to Bridget)

They hate that. The ghosts.

Chris goes back to his tools as Twist pokes her head into the kitchen.

TWIST (cont'd)

(off kitchen)

Oh my God...

CHRIS

What? What is it?

TWIST

Would ya look at all the junk food in here?

(holds up half-eaten
packet of Twinkies)

You know, these things will do you no favours in the long run.

BRIDGET

Do you mind? I've had enough Ghostbusters jokes to last me a lifetime since this started...

TWIST

Right, right, sorry...

(spots guitar leaning
against wall)

Oh, cool!

Twist heads for the expensive-looking acoustic guitar leaning against the wall and scoops it up before Bridget can say anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TWIST (cont'd)

Check it out!

(bad Bowie impression)

Ziggy played... gee-tar!

She (badly) strums the opening chords to David Bowie's 'Ziggy Stardust.' She looks up at Chris with an expectant smile, but when she sees his frown she quickly puts the guitar back down.

BRIDGET

(starting to get
suspicious)

Do you do this sort of thing often?

CHRIS

Ghosts, not so much. But we help
people with troubles all the time.

(throws a look at Twist)

More often than expected, now I
think about it...

Twist beams innocently as Chris turns on the stove and pours a little boiling water into it from a thermos, adding some herbs from sealed plastic bags. Twist mimes smoking a joint at Danyael, who stifles a chuckle.

BRIDGET

What's that?

CHRIS

(stands; closes eyes)

A little something to help our
friend here make an appearance.

Vapour starts to drift up from the pot, and within moments a thick cloud of smoke forms overhead. Chris coughs a few times, and grimaces as though in pain. He manages to recover, wiping a sheen of sweat from his brow as Bridget marvels at the smoke overhead.

BRIDGET

Hey, how come that isn't setting
off the smoke detectors?

CHRIS

It isn't ordinary smoke. Cover your
ears, this never happens quietly.

BRIDGET

Huh?

As if on cue, we hear a loud SCREAM, and the whole apartment seems to shake. Twist and Danyael grab hold of the back of the sofa as paintings shake off the walls and ornaments rattle clean off the shelves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BRIDGET

Oh, no... quickly! Do something!

Chris holds up a finger, eyes still closed as he cocks his head to one side, listening for something.

CHRIS

Wait a minute...

More rattling - the room seems about ready to shake itself to pieces when Chris suddenly lunges into the bag and lifts out a clear plastic box with a thick metal grille on top. He holds his hand over it.

CHRIS

(dramatically)

Leave this place!

With a loud BANG, there is a flash of white light, and the apartment's GHOST materialises in front of him. A spectral creature looking like a spindly old man for its upper body, and a ragged white sheet for its lower half, trailing away and billowing in some ghostly breeze.

It SCREAMS again, reaching long, taloned fingers out towards Bridget, who screams and starts to cower back. Twist leaps between her and the ghost defiantly.

TWIST

Don't even think about it!

With a final loud SNAP, the ghost starts to screech as it is sucked backwards, towards the glass box which is glowing brightly. Within moments, the apartment has returned to normal as the ghost disappears into the box.

Chris slams the lid closed and fastens it down, and then holds the box out with a satisfied smile to Bridget, who recoils away from it. Chris chuckles.

CHRIS

It's alright, it can't get out.

Bridget peers at the box - inside is a rapidly moving swirl of white light, like steam rising from an iceberg.

BRIDGET

Is... is that it?

CHRIS

I've sealed the little bugger in here, there's no way he's getting out unless that lid's opened again. Would you like to keep it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BRIDGET

What?

CHRIS

It'd make an excellent nightlight,
and the batteries would never need
changing either!

BRIDGET

Oh, God, no! Just get it out of
here!

CHRIS

Fair enough.

TWIST

(lays an arm round
Bridget)

Now then, lady, as I'm sure you can
appreciate, we'd like nothing
better than to perform vital
community service such as this out
of the goodness of our hearts, but
these are difficult times for the
good guys...

DANYAEL

Which would include us three.

Bridget looks from Twist to Danyael and then sighs, running
her hands through her hair.

BRIDGET

How much do I owe you?

CHRIS

(suddenly unsteady)
Twist, I don't-

TWIST

Ssh! I'm handling it. You go put
your box thingy away.

(to Bridget)

I'm glad you understand. Mr. Azbeth
left us an outline of the costs for
today's exercise, and-

DANYAEL

(looking off camera)
Uh, Twist?

TWIST

Not now!
(to Bridget)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

TWIST(cont'd)

I mean, there's travel expenses,
parts and labour, the price of
herbs is skyrocketing at the
moment, and-

DANYAEL

(more urgent)

Twist!

TWIST

(irritated)

What?

Danyael points, and Twist follows.

Chris is swaying side to side, sweating profusely, clutching
the box tightly, a faraway look on his face.

TWIST (cont'd)

(concerned)

Chris?

CHRIS

(child-like)

No, no, I can't... they'll all know!

(giggles)

I can't do that! It's... it's
naughty! What will people think?

(listens to an imaginary
voice)

Alright then... but just this once!

Twist and Danyael throw a worried look at each other before
Twist walks over to him.

TWIST

Uh, Chris? Not wanting to interrupt
the conversation you're having with
Harvey, but... do you wanna pass me
the box?

Chris' fingers are scarping across the lid of the box, the
spirit inside racing about frantically.

CHRIS

He wants to go home... he is home...
but no, no, that isn't right!

TWIST

(firmly)

Chris! Stop wiggling out and give me
the damn box!

She reaches for it but Chris steps back, his fingers poised
to open the latches and release the ghost.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

CHRIS

Time to go... time to go home again!

TWIST

Alright, that's *it*!

Twist rears back and punches Chris square in the face. Everything goes black, and we hear a muffled thud as Chris hits the deck.

BRIDGET (O.S.)

So... does that normally happen?

TWIST (O.S.)

Eh, first time for everything..

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

7

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHICAGO. AFTERNOON.

7

We fade up through Chris' eyes, the world gradually swimming into focus. We're back in the team's hotel room as Twist gets up and heads over to us.

TWIST

You ok?

CHRIS

(rubbing head)

I think so... what on earth happened?

TWIST

You don't remember?

CHRIS

No, I don't. What time is it?

DANYAEL

It's just after three.

CHRIS

Dear me, I *have* been out a while...

TWIST

Yeah, but it's *Tuesday*.

CHRIS

I've been out for over a day?

TWIST

Dead to the world. Figuratively speaking. You went all 'The Shining' on us when we were doing our ghostbuster thing yesterday, and I had to lay you out to stop you releasing this nasty lookin' ghost back into that nicely wealthy girl's apartment!

Chris rubs his jaw thoughtfully and nods.

CHRIS

That explains why my teeth feel a little looser, at least...

TWIST

(grins)

Hey, we have our agreement, remember?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Yes, yes, we do.

DANYAEL

Agreement?

TWIST

Yeah, if one of us goes bad, the other has *carte blanche* to take them out before they hurt anybody. When you live on the knife edge of good and evil like we do, all it takes is one slip and you can find yourself falling back into the shadows.

CHRIS

That was oddly poetic, Twist!

TWIST

You think? Thanks! I stole it from this song I like.

DANYAEL

What do you think happened?

Chris sips the water then sets the glass down, a thoughtful look on his face.

CHRIS

I have a suspicious feeling that I've been cursed.

TWIST

Cursed? You? By who?

CHRIS

('as if you didn't know')
Three guesses. The first two not only don't count, they earn you a slap.

TWIST

(snaps fingers)
Malkuth!

CHRIS

I'll bet my hat on it. I started feeling strange not long after we got to Chicago, and then yesterday... you say I went off the rails?

TWIST

('understatement!')
Off the rails?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST(cont'd)

You went rolling down the hill in flames and almost flattened Richard Kimble!

CHRIS

Right then. I'd better call in someone who can help.

8

INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - RECEPTION. AFTERNOON.

8

We cut to a busy hospital reception room, sweeping past the lines of waiting patients, taking in the reception desk as doctors and nurses bustle past us, to home in on a phone ringing mounted on a pillar next to the desk.

A hand reaches out to answer it, and a WOMAN steps into frame, her back to us. She has long, light brown hair tied back in a loose ponytail and is wearing blue scrubs with a stethoscope slung round her neck.

WOMAN

Hello, Cook County ER?

TWIST

(filtered; through phone)

Hi, is that Julie Kingston?

The WOMAN turns round - this is Dr. JULIE KINGSTON. 32, attractive with her long hair, brown eyes and unassuming features, looking like this has been a busy day already, she steps back a little to hear the phone better.

JULIE

Yeah, that's me. Who's this?

TWIST

Oh, groovy, glad I found you. My name's Twist, I'm calling on behalf of Chris Berkeley?

A beat as Julie grins, obviously familiar with the name.

JULIE

Well, well, well! So what does Doctor Kildare want help with this time?

TWIST

It's kinda complicated... maybe you ought to come see him. We're at the Holiday Inn a few blocks away from your hospital.

JULIE

Oh! Oh, well, listen, I finish my shift in about an hour, I can come over then if that's okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

That's fine. We're room 214, under
the name of 'Mr. and Mrs. Venkman.'

JULIE

(raises eyebrow)

'Mr. and Mrs'?

TWIST

Oh, no, nothing like that! Heh,
it's just a name I thought'd be
cool to use. You know.

She grabs a pen to make a note of Chris' room number on the
back of her hand.

JULIE

Look, I've got to get back to work,
but I'll be round later on,
alright?

TWIST

Cool. See ya.

Julie hangs up and walks off screen, grabbing and studying a
chart from the reception desk.

9 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. AFTERNOON.

9

Julie, backpack slung over one shoulder, walks along the
plain Holiday Inn corridor up to Room 214. She knocks on the
door, and after a moment, Twist opens it, looking a little
flustered. Julie looks surprised.

JULIE

Oh, sorry, I was looking for Twist?

TWIST

That's me, you must be Julie, hi.

Twist throws a nervous glance behind her.

JULIE

Is everything alright?

TWIST

Honestly? You'd better come in.

10 INT. HOTEL ROOM. AFTERNOON.

10

Julie heads inside and sees Chris, lying on the bed writhing
in obvious pain, his body soaked with sweat again. He seems
delirious, mumbling under his breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A worried looking Julie rushes over to the edge of the bed, retrieving a small torch from her bag and holding Chris down so she can shine it into his eyes.

JULIE

Chris? Chris, can you hear me?

Julie tries to hold Chris' head still as she talks to him, with Twist and Danyael standing back and watching.

JULIE (cont'd)

How long has he been like this?

TWIST

He first went weird a few days ago, but this whole convulsing thing is only in the last ten minutes.

Julie turns her attention back to Chris, who seems to be calming down. He blinks a few times as his eyes focus on the familiar face in front of him.

CHRIS

(dazed)

Julie...?

JULIE

(smiles)

Hello yourself.

CHRIS

Julie... I'm afraid I'm a mess...

JULIE

No arguments there! Chris, what can you tell me? Help me out here.

CHRIS

Pains... pains in my chest, like somebody's trying to squeeze the life out of me... and general feelings of delirium, like I've been drugged...

Julie roots round inside her bag as he talks and brings out a small vial and a wrapped hypodermic syringe, which she opens and inserts into the bottle, filling it up.

TWIST

(shocked)

Hey, wait a minute! You've been here thirty seconds, and you're going to start sticking stuff into him? What is that, anyway?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIE

It's a mild sedative, it should take away the fever. And don't worry, I'm taking into account Chris' unusual body chemistry.

TWIST

(surprised)

Oh... so, you know?

JULIE

I've known Chris for twelve years.

(looks down on him)

Through good times and bad. Not much I don't know these days!

Twist picks up on there being more to Julie's words than there seems, but before she can say anything else, Julie rolls up Chris' shirt sleeve and carefully injects him with the sedative.

DANYAEL

How's that going to work? Isn't he kind of lacking a pulse?

JULIE

Chris is different. His body still thinks it's alive. And anyway, I came prepared.

Julie opens up a small, sealed plastic bag and sprinkles out a little yellow powder from it onto Chris' arm.

JULIE (cont'd)

Dispersum!

The powder glows and soaks into Chris' arm, and within moments his fever subsides, and he lies still on the bed, breathing normally. His eyes flick open again, and he slowly sits up.

CHRIS

Thanks...

JULIE

No problem. Hippocratic Oath's full of loopholes for this kind of thing.

TWIST

You know magic too? Say, I'm impressed!

JULIE

I know a little. Long story. So!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She looks at Chris, waiting for him to start talking.

CHRIS
(blank look)
So... what?

JULIE
Oh, I don't know, start with 'Hey,
Julie, thanks for saving me, sorry
I haven't called you for about
three YEARS or anything, but, you
know, stuff happened.'

A beat, before Chris and Julie both start laughing. He leans forward and hugs her warmly.

CHRIS
Hello, Julie.

JULIE
Hey. Good to see you again, Chris.

CHRIS
You too. Thanks for that little
shot back there, I... I really don't
have many answers for what's wrong.

Julie starts taking old, leather bound books from her bag as Chris turns to Twist and Danyael.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Twist, Danyael, I'd like you to
meet Julie Kingston. We met way
back in 1992 when I was working at
Cook County Hospital here in
Chicago, and she was a fresh-faced
young intern.

JULIE
Yeah, with every girl in the
building swooning after him as he
strolled around the wards!

TWIST
You were a doctor?

CHRIS
Yes, remember? I must have told
you...

Twist shrugs and Chris sighs.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Well, I was, your inability to hear
a damn word I say notwithstanding.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHRIS(cont'd)

Julie and I kept in touch after I left, and we help each other out when we can.

JULIE

We help each other out? You mean, you ring me up every few years and I help you out...

CHRIS

(beat)

Yes, that too.

Twist watches them for a beat before groaning.

TWIST

Right... Fascinating as this little reunion is, would you mind helping us find out what the hell is wrong with my partner here?

JULIE

(off Twist)

Bossy, isn't she?

CHRIS

She reminds me of you sometimes!

Julie feigns shock and slaps Chris on the arm. Twist groans and stomps over to the minibar to grab something to drink as Julie opens up one of her books and starts leafing through it.

JULIE

Well, as you know, I'm about thirty years behind you in terms of reading time on this stuff..

CHRIS

You've got a better brain for it than I have, Jules. You always did.

JULIE

Oh, trying to flatter me now, eh?

(beat)

That didn't mean 'stop.'

CHRIS

I think it's some kind of curse or enchantment that's been placed on me, most likely by-

JULIE

By Malkuth. He still causing trouble?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CHRIS

All the time. I'd try casting some spells, but I don't trust myself with magic while I've got this hanging over me.

JULIE

Well, let's see what we can do about that then! Any of your much-superior-to-my-own magic books round here?

CHRIS

A few, not many. I leave them scattered around for security.

JULIE

No problem. According to this...
(reads)

I can just use this simple little crystal doobrie to check your system for the influence of dark magics.

She holds up a clear amethyst crystal on a chain, like a small necklace. She holds it over Chris' chest.

The crystal swings from side to side like a pendulum for a few moments, before suddenly turning jet black.

It then starts to smoulder slightly before POPPING, and Julie jumps back as the crystal shatters into fragments.

CHRIS

(rubs chest)

I think it's safe to say that this is where the wild things are, then...

JULIE

Looks that way! Let me run a few tests, I'll see if I can identify it. Can I get a blood sample?

Chris nods as his phone rings. He answers it as Julie takes out a larger syringe and pads and heads for the bathroom.

We follow her as Twist watches her.

11 INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM. AFTERNOON.

11

Julie sets the syringe on the counter and starts to unwrap it, pulling on a pair of PVC gloves too as Twist watches, curious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

I gotta ask. You always carry this much stuff around with you? I know you're a doctor, but it seems like, well... extreme forward planning.

JULIE

When I get a call off Chris, yeah, I tend to stock up. Could you be a star and grab me some bandages out of whatever first aid kit they've got in this place? Thanks.

Julie goes back to preparing her things as Twist stares at her - she isn't used to being ordered around, but this time she quietly grabs the first aid kit and hands Julie the bandages as she bustles back out of the bathroom.

12

INT. HOTEL ROOM. AFTERNOON.

12

Chris is out of bed and pulling on his jacket.

JULIE

Woah, hold on, where do you think you're going?

CHRIS

We've had another call. There's a bar being smashed up a few blocks away, and our temporary employer has asked us to help.

JULIE

Uh uh, you sit back your ass down, you're not going anywhere until I find out what's wrong with you!

CHRIS

I'll be right back, Jules, I promise.

JULIE

(hands on hips)

Last time you said that, I didn't see you for three years!

CHRIS

(beat)

Touché.

(tosses his phone to her)

Take this, I'll call you when we're on our way back. You ready, Danyael?

Danyael nods, grabbing a small axe and handing Chris his katana as Twist cracks her knuckles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Time to go save the day!

The trio rush out of the room. Julie sighs and sits down on the bed, waiting a beat and then switching the TV on.

13 INT. HOTEL ROOM. EARLY EVENING.

13

It's a few hours later, and Julie is dozing on the bed when Chris' phone rings, the ringtone being the theme from 'Dangermouse.' She jolts herself awake and answers.

JULIE

Hello?

TWIST

(filtered; through phone)

Julie? Hi. Twist here.

(sound of breaking glass)

We have another problem.

14 INT. SCAT MAN'S BAR. EARLY EVENING.

14

What was once a bright, neon-covered bar is now an absolute bomb site. Tables are overturned, bottles and mirrored walls smashed, and the place is looking like the aftermath of a five-star bar brawl as we pick up Twist, hiding underneath the bar. She winces as another bottle smashes over her head.

TWIST

It's Chris. He's gone crazy. Again.

She ducks as a bar stool clatters past overhead.

JULIE

(filtered; through phone)

Oh, no... look, get him back here somehow and I'll do the rest, okay?

TWIST

Right. Might take a teeny bit longer than planned, though.

JULIE

Just do what you can!

Twist hangs up and turns to Danyael, who is peeking over the top of the bar, next to SCAT, the bar's owner.

TWIST

He still out there?

DANYAEL

Yup. Man, he really knows how to rip it up, doesn't he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

(sighs)

Yes he does, Spook, yes he does.

We pan up slowly from behind the bar to take in what Danyael is looking at - Chris, absolutely out of his mind, charging round the bar, yelling incoherently and hacking up walls, tables, chairs and anything else in katana range as he stomps around the bar.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

15 INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

15

Fade up to see Chris, lying on the bed. He comes round and groans, but when he tries to sit up, he finds that he's been tied down to the bed by thick leather restraints. He struggles for a moment before looking around him.

Baseball bat up and ready, and wearing a lovely black eye, Twist looks down at him. Chris sighs.

CHRIS

So I had another 'episode', I take it?

TWIST

You could say that...

Twist suddenly BOPS Chris' leg with her bat. He yelps in pain - it wasn't a hard hit, but enough to sting.

CHRIS

What was that for?

TWIST

(angry; points to eye)
That was for this, you jerk! Hex or no hex, you do not smack your supposed team-mate in the eye when she's trying to help you!

CHRIS

Help me?

TWIST

I was helping to restrain you.

CHRIS

(confused)
How?

TWIST

(beat; guiltily)
That's not important.

DANYAEL (O.S.)

By hitting you. It was working too, till you started hitting back.

Danyael walks into frame, smoking, holding a beer bottle and sporting a bruise across his jaw. Chris groans and flops back on the bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Oh, God... I'm really, really sorry.
You two do know that, right?

TWIST

(pretends not to be
bothered)

Oh, yeah, sure! I mean, what, it's
not like you punched me right in
the fricken eye after all I've done
for you or anything...

JULIE (O.S.)

Alright, Twist, that's enough with
the guilt trip now.

Julie walks into frame, looking down sympathetically at
Chris. She dabs at his head with a flannel.

JULIE (cont'd)

How are you feeling?

CHRIS

Well, I started off confused, now
I'm confused and guilty. And very
warm.

JULIE

Your fever's worsened, I think
whatever's gotten into you is
getting stronger. However, I do
have some more news. Good first or
bad?

Chris nods to indicate 'good.'

JULIE (cont'd)

I can tell you that you've been
magically infected. It seems that
someone's passed a poisonous
enchantment over to you, which is
trying to work its way through your
body and would explain the episodes
you've been having. There also
seems to be another presence inside
your system, as though whoever put
this on you had to use a slice of
their own power to charge the
spell.

CHRIS

(blinks; beat)

You found all that out by yourself?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIE

(smiles)

Hey, I haven't been sitting on my ass for the past ten years doing nothing, you know! I read and stuff...

TWIST

Yeah, she's an even bigger nerd than you!

Julie glares at her but Twist doesn't notice.

CHRIS

Okay. What's the bad news?

JULIE

I can't work out how to remove it, and I may need to get that missing chunk of your spirit back before I can do anything.

CHRIS

Oh...

TWIST

Hey, don't look so glum, old chum. We'll do it! How hard could it be?

CHRIS

(annoyed)

Twist, not wanting to piss on your chips here, but I've been trying for almost thirty bloody years to get that piece of myself back! What makes you think it'll be so easy?

TWIST

(prompts)

Danyaël?

DANYAEL

He's here.

CHRIS

Who? Malkuth?

DANYAEL

Right here in Chicago. He's shackled up with a bunch of local vampires about two miles from this very hotel. We can probably even see the place from our window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JULIE

My theory? This spell needs close proximity to work. Whatever he's using to poison you, he has to be doing it nearby. Now, I suggested we just get the heck out of here, but Twist said-

TWIST

But I said no way, if we have a chance to get all of Chris' *esprit de corps* back, then we take it. We can't keep running forever. That's a mighty long time.

Chris nods, then looks down at his restraints again.

CHRIS

I take it I won't be coming with you on this one?

TWIST

Sorry, boss, you stay here in case you throw another schizo on us and blacken my other eye. The panda look is so 1994.

She grins at him, and he sighs, knowing she's right.

TWIST (cont'd)

Julie's staying here to keep an eye on you, I'm taking Spook out to meet a few rebel vamps in the area to help out before we crash Malkie's little party.

CHRIS

Be careful, alright?

TWIST

Hey, this is me we're talking about! Indestructible, three-Charlie's-Angels-in-one Twist, on the case.

She leans forward and gives him a quick peck on the top of his head before starting to head out of the room.

TWIST (cont'd)

Now be good, I'll be back soon. C'mon, Danny boy, time to kick ass and chew gum.

DANYAEL

Oh, did you want some gum?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Twist just sighs as Chris watches them go. Julie waits till the door closes before turning back to Chris.

JULIE

Well, looks like I have that captive audience I always wanted...

CHRIS

This is going to be a long night, isn't it?

JULIE

Start talking. We've got three years to catch up on, and I'm not leaving you till I get every last detail!

16 INT. MALKUTH'S LAIR - BACK ROOM. NIGHT.

16

We're back with Malkuth and Nienhaus, sitting inside the dilapidated vampire lair - an abandoned town house - as KURT, the leader of the vamp pack, struts into frame.

Malkuth is sitting on an old wicker chair, and the room is lit by the glow from the urn containing the enchantment.

Malkuth looks up and notices Kurt, and sighs irritatedly, standing and walking over to the vampire.

MALKUTH

What is it now?

KURT

Me and the boys, we're getting' a bit concerned about all this...
(indicates the urn)
... this magic stuff.

MALKUTH

'Concerned' by it? How so?

KURT

Well, first off, magic is freaky. Fact. Second, what the hell is he supposed to be?

Kurt points at Nienhaus, who is as unemotional as ever.

MALKUTH

He's a drammalow, you philistine. Very powerful mystics, especially talented in the area of curses and hexes. Great fun at parties.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KURT

Uh-huh. And what's that glowing vase thing all about?

MALKUTH

(grins)

Payback.

KURT

Okay, fine, whatever. I just want you, your flunkies and Brain Guy here out of our digs tomorrow. I've got this bad feelin' in my gut that you're going to bring a heap of trouble down on us, and that's somethin' we really don't need.

MALKUTH

You vampires... you always worry too much!

Kurt opens his mouth to answer but one of his other VAMPIRES races into the room, looking panicked.

VAMP #1

Hey, boss, we got trouble!

Kurt throws a glare down at Malkuth before racing back out with Vamp #1. Malkuth looks across to Nienhaus.

MALKUTH

(sighs)

Ah well, it was nice while it lasted..

17 INT. MALKUTH'S LAIR - FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

17

THWACK! Another VAMP flies backwards into frame, nose bloody as he crashes into a table covered with computer magazines, scattering them on the floor.

Kurt and three more vamps run into the room from the rear as we see Twist, Danyael and two REBEL VAMPS step into the foreground.

TWIST

Sorry to drop by unannounced like this, but you boys and girls have something of ours, and we want it back.

KURT

I *knew* it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A long beat as the two sides stare each other down, before Kurt chuckles and steps to one side, waving an arm towards the door leading out the back of the room.

KURT (cont'd)
He's through there. Be my guest.

TWIST
Huh? Don't you want to, you know,
fight and stuff first?

KURT
No, not really.

Twist and Danyael exchange a confused look, and then look back towards Kurt.

TWIST
Sure?

KURT
Yes.

TWIST
(beat)
Wanna ask the audience?

KURT
Hey! You wanna take advantage of my
good faith or you wanna have a
pointless fight first?

Twist opens her mouth to answer but Danyael reaches a hand round to cover her mouth.

DANYAEL
(pulls Twist back)
That's fine, no need to go fighting
if you guys are happy to step
aside. Thanks, man.

KURT
Hey, not all of us like this
endless fighting business.
Sometimes, we just get so tired of
kicking people's asses day in, day
out, that we just want to take a
break, ya know?

TWIST
Really??

KURT
(grins)
Naah, just messin' with you. Get
'em!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

With a yell, the two forces rush into each other, fists flying as Twist takes down one vamp with her bat before taking a punch off another.

Danyael grapples with one of the trad vamp girls, who proves too fierce and throws him with a crash into a dusty old dresser.

Kurt tries to attack Twist, but she catches him under the jaw with her bat, and he falls back off screen.

18

INT. MALKUTH'S LAIR - BACK ROOM. NIGHT.

18

Malkuth looks across at Nienhaus as we hear the yells and crashes of the fight raging in the next room. The flunkies are quickly making their exit in the background.

MALKUTH

Shall we get out of here?

Nienhaus nods, picking up the urn as he stands. Twist manages to barge her way into the back room, slamming into one of the vamps and shoving them both inside.

Malkuth looks down at her and grins, tapping one finger against the urn as Nienhaus waves his hand in a circle, casting a magic circle of glowing light around them.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

Sorry, cupcake, too slow.

(beat)

Nice t-shirt, by the way.

Nienhaus claps his hands, and with a FLASH of light, the duo are gone. Twist pounds a fist on the ground in frustration, before the vamp she's pinned to the floor clears his throat.

VAMP #2

Uh...

TWIST

What?!?

VAMP #2

Are we still fighting? Or can I, you know... go?

Twist rolls her eyes before cracking her baseball bat across the vamp's head to knock him out. She dusts herself off as Danyael enters the back room.

DANYAEL

The trads are on the run, we're okay now. Where's our bad boy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST
A galaxy far, far away.

DANYAEL
Crap! So what now?

TWIST
(sighs)
I don't know.

19 INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

19

We're looking down on Chris, sleeping as Julie sits on the room's other bed, glasses on and hair pulled back as she scans through four piles of books in front of her.

She turns round as the door opens and a dejected looking Twist trudges in, followed by Danyael.

JULIE
Uh-oh...

TWIST
No good. The bastard got away.

JULIE
(sighs)
Great.

TWIST
He can't have gone far, like you said. I'll wait a few minutes then go out again, maybe I can-

JULIE
We don't have that much time. I had to sedate Chris again. A lot. He's getting worse, the fever's intensifying and when he is conscious, he's rambling, incoherent and sounding like he'd most likely throw me out of the window as soon as he got out of those restraints.

Twist KICKS the dresser in the room hard in frustration, dislodging the TV set which crashes to the floor. Danyael watches her, not sure what to say, but Julie is better at this kind of thing and walks up to her, giving her an unexpected hug.

JULIE (cont'd)
Hang in there. You're a good kid, Twist, I can see why Chris thinks so much of you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

He does?
(beat; smirks)
I mean, who wouldn't right?

JULIE

Well, despite your self-flattery issue, I can tell you really care about him, and that's what Chris needs. People to look out for him.

TWIST

(sits back down)
He seems to do fine by himself most of the time, he's normally having to look out for me!

JULIE

Yeah, but look at him now.

We look down at the troubled looking, sleeping Chris as he writhes slowly in the bed.

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

He needs all the help we can give him, or he isn't going to last until the morning.

(beat)

But I think I know what we can do to help fix this.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

20

INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

20

Chris is still unconscious on the bed as Twist sits next to him, flicking through TV channels.

Still smashed from her outburst earlier, she tries to watch the TV through the cracked screen, giving up after a few moments and throwing the remote across the room.

Julie looks up from the books she's reading through on the bed, making copious amounts of notes.

JULIE

Twist, please! I'm trying to concentrate, can you calm down for a few minutes?

TWIST

Sorry, I'm just... nng!

She stands and starts pacing up and down the room.

JULIE

(without looking up)
And wearing a rut into the carpet isn't going to help either.

TWIST

Well what are you doing to help?
Besides writing your next book?

Julie looks up and deadpans Twist, who stops her rant as she understands that Julie is working hard to help.

JULIE

Look, if you want to help, read this.

She holds out, open at a double page spread.

TWIST

And this would be...?

JULIE

A spell. It might help slow down the spread of the infection. Just recite the passage I marked out and hope for the best.

Twist stands over Chris and carefully reads aloud.

JULIE (cont'd)

And do it carefully, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Uh... *Gefunden sie auf der Wertzelt,
und aus machen sie die... die...*

Julie looks up, a little concerned.

JULIE

Twist, don't mispronounce it, that would be very bad!

TWIST

I don't do German! Okay, let's try...
*und aus machen sie die
Funderhalten.*

A long beat. Nothing happens, and Julie looks from Twist, to Chris, then back.

JULIE

Damn. Never mind, maybe we can-

CHRIS

(weakly)
What... what's going on?

Chris comes round, and Julie leaps up and over to him as he opens his eyes and looks around.

JULIE

Hey, how about that! It worked!

TWIST

(slaps him on arm)
That's for scaring us with your girlfriend in a coma routine!

CHRIS

I feel... rather good, actually. What did you girls do?

JULIE

Well, Twist here found a previously unknown talent for German...

TWIST

Yeah, it was just like that bit in 'Army Of Darkness,' where Ash-

CHRIS

I remember, you've made me watch it enough... times...

Chris suddenly starts to reel, rocking back and forth.

JULIE

Chris?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chris suddenly SCREAMS at the top of his voice and starts thrashing around on the bed, still tied down but starting to tear the restraints as he struggles.

Julie, panicked, tries to find a sedative but fumbles and drops her bag on the floor, spilling the contents. Twist pins Chris down by his shoulders and yells down to her.

TWIST

Hurry up!

JULIE

Okay, okay, hang on!

Julie manages to find a hypo full of sedative and with a little effort injects it into a vein on Chris' arm.

Within moments, Chris' struggles subside and he returns to an almost peaceful sleep. Twist sighs and steps back.

TWIST

Okay, now what?

JULIE

Damn it! It must have a counterspell built into it. Whatever spell's been put on him can't be removed easily, without hurting Chris anyway. It could even kill him if we try that again.

TWIST

(frustrated)

Baumgartner!

JULIE

(thinks)

There is something we can try, though...

21 INT. HOTEL ROOM. ONE HOUR LATER.

21

We fade up to look down on Chris asleep again, but his body has had dozens of small arcane symbols drawn on it, with lines of indecipherable text accompanying the many small diagrams and shapes.

We pull back to see Julie adding one to his forearm with a small brush, copying from a book laid open across his chest, and then we notice that Twist is adding hers using a black biro. Julie glances across at her.

JULIE

You know, I'm not so sure you're allowed to use one of those.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

What is this, a maths test? Relax!

Julie finishes and stands back, examining Chris. He's stripped to the waist and his whole upper body is covered with the markings.

TWIST (cont'd)

You really think this'll work?

JULIE

Honestly? I'm not a hundred percent, but in the absence of other options, it'll have to do!

TWIST

What'll it do?

JULIE

It should drive the infection up and into one part of his body, where I can isolate and hopefully draw it out with this.

She holds up a large syringe, and Twist's eyes boggle.

TWIST

You're gonna capture a magical enchantment with that?

JULIE

Worked one time before!

TWIST

Oh, so this happens a lot, does it? What the hell kind of doctor are you?

JULIE

(smiles)

Different. Stand back, I don't know exactly what this'll do.

Twist gets up and steps back towards the window as Julie takes a deep breath and puts her glasses back on, reading from one of her books.

JULIE (cont'd)

Watcher of souls, guardian of the spirit, hear my words and grant my request. From the depths of his heart to the light of his mind, search deep in this vessel, and then show me what you find.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A beat before the inscriptions on Chris' skin start to glow a dull red, before they start to ripple as though something was moving underneath his skin.

As the girls watch, the symbols work as a kind of barrier, glowing as the swirl moves near to them and pushing it back up towards Chris' upper left arm.

TWIST

Wow...

JULIE

Almost got it!

She moves closer to Chris' arm, ready with the hypo as the swirl gets enclosed in a small area of his arm, the symbols glowing brightly all around it to box it in.

Julie quickly and deftly inserts the needle and draws the plunger back out, the hypo's body filling with the angry-looking red and white swirl.

When she's drawn it all out, Julie carefully removes the needle and steps back as the symbols on Chris' body start to fade away. Twist peers over at the hypo.

TWIST

Hey, that looks just like this stuff I saw Malkuth carting off in this big old vase thing!

JULIE

That'd be the other half of this, then, so we're one step closer to sorting this out! Now, if Malkuth used the part of Chris' spirit he captured to power this spell, he'd have had to use some of his own to complete it, so therefore...

TWIST

Therefore, we now have a chunk of that no good punk's soul in our possession!

Julie carefully removes the needle from the hypo and fetches a small metal box, which she places the trapped enchantment into and seals up.

JULIE

Job well done, I think.

TWIST

So what, is that it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JULIE

We'll have to wait and see. When Chris wakes up, we'll see how he feels. We may not have got everything out, but if we can keep on top of the infection like this we can hopefully flush the rest out of his system!

TWIST

Cool. I can see why Chris likes you.

JULIE

Yeah, he- What?

TWIST

Oh, come on. I totally get that you two used to be an item.

JULIE

(blushes)

We... I mean, he and I... how?

TWIST

(grins)

I'm good at that sort of thing. Come on, let's head down to the bar and grab a drink then you can tell me all about it.

Julie looks at Twist for a moment, then with a defeated grin rubs the back of her head and nods.

JULIE

Okay, okay, you win. Let's go before I change my mind.

Julie looks back towards Chris as the two girls head for the door.

TWIST

He'll be okay there, Danyael should be back from hanging out with those rebel kids any minute to keep an eye on him.

JULIE

Well, okay then...

TWIST

Trust me! Now, start talking...

We pan down to watch Chris as the two girls leave the room in the background. His face twitches as though he's dreaming.

22

INT. EMPTY TRAIN CAR. NIGHT.

22

We dissolve to see Malkuth, lying in the same position, also twitching the same way. Nienhaus watches over him from inside the otherwise deserted train carriage they're sitting in, the carriage being an abandoned one in a far corner of a quiet train station depot.

MALKUTH

No... wait... I can't... I won't let you
leave me again... you can't stop
them...

He suddenly jumps up, wide awake, shaking as he looks around. The stoic Nienhaus glares down at him.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

Oh, it's you. Where are we?

NIENHAUS

Somewhere quiet. You are sick.

MALKUTH

I do feel pretty rough, now you
mention it! What could-

Nienhaus sticks a hand out over Malkuth's prone form, and a crackling ball of white light forms in the air over Malkuth's chest. Nienhaus grunts and moves his hand away, dispelling the ball of energy.

NIENHAUS

As I thought. You have lost a part
of yourself.

MALKUTH

I've what? But you said-

NIENHAUS

I said we would need a piece of
yourself to complete the spell,
yes. It seems somebody has taken
that away.

MALKUTH

Taken it away? How could they..
(coolly)
Chris.

Nienhaus walks away and takes a seat facing Malkuth.

NIENHAUS

You will remain sick until we
restore what has been taken away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALKUTH

Oh, great! Find me that damned half-breed, now!!

23

INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

23

It's a few hours later and Julie wanders back into the room, looking a little tipsy as she struggles to take off her coat. She drops it on the floor and flops down on the bed next to the still sleeping Chris, slapping one hand down on his arm.

JULIE

Well! That little sidekick of yours sure can talk! I feel like I've just been over my whole life in just under...

(checks watch; yawns)

Two hours! Wow.

(looks at Chris)

And look at you, still sleeping like a baby! Well, you should be all better now, so I'll just get rid of these things for you.

Julie reaches round and after some fiddling manages to unfasten the thick restraints holding Chris to the bed before standing and wandering over to the window, gazing out across the city.

We look in on the room from outside the window as a merry Julie looks out over the city lights, which we see reflected. She doesn't notice Chris stir in the background and sit up in the bed.

He slowly sits upright, looking woozily round the room as though he doesn't remember ever being there.

His vision is distorted and blurry as he scans around, picking up Julie with her back to him over by the window.

Looking in from outside again as Chris rises stiffly off the bed, he stretches and starts to pad towards her.

Julie doesn't see Chris sneaking up on her until he's standing right behind her. At that moment, his phone RINGS and she turns round, gasping as she finally him.

JULIE (cont'd)

Oh!

(relieved; smiles)

Oh, it's you. Woo, you scared me!

(off phone)

Are you going to get that?

Chris turns and stares blankly at the phone, then back to Julie, who cocks her head quizzically at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE (cont'd)
Are you okay? You seem a bit...

Chris is silent for a beat, before he SNARLS and lunges for Julie, sinking his fangs into her neck.

She yells and tries to fight back, her hands beating ineffectually against him, but her strength soon fades and within moments she hangs limply in his arms.

Chris releases her, her blood running down his chin as he gasps, tasting human blood for the first time in many, many years. He GASPS with satisfaction, then with a sneering look down at Julie's limp body, he drops her on the floor and walks off screen.

Julie's eyes flicker open, and her fingers tense up as she tries to find some more energy.

We look up from the floor and to the side as Chris walks over to the door, pauses and then KICKS it off its hinges. He cackles and walks out.

She tries to speak but can't, the bloody wound on her neck glistening in the lamplight of the room. Her eyes flicker again, this time closing. On the soundtrack, we hear Julie's heartbeat, slowing down as we:

FADE TO BLACK:

INSERT OVER - To Be Continued..

END OF SHOW