

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

"Make Me Bad"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

1

We fade up to the hotel room Chris just smashed his way out of, and the gravely wounded JULIE lying on the carpet, bleeding out.

All is still as we watch, just some faint background noise from the rest of the hotel - guests chattering, distant TVs, the sounds of the freeway traffic outside. Julie tries to get up but can't - she's too weak from having Chris take a gulp of her blood moments earlier.

We stay on the almost silent scene for a few more torturous beats until we hear two voices outside drawing closer, soon identified as TWIST and DANYAEL.

TWIST (O.S.)

I'm telling you, Spook, those two have got some major league chemical attraction going on.

DANYAEL (O.S.)

You think?

TWIST (O.S.)

Oh, absolutely. I have an infallible radar for these things because-

(beat)

Why is the door off its hinges?

A pause, then we hear the two vampires race up to the door. Twist is first through the wrecked doorframe, her eyes falling first on the now-empty bed where Chris was secured, and then down to Julie on the floor.

TWIST (cont'd)

Oh, crap, Julie!!

She darts forward and is down by Julie in a moment, as Danyael follows her inside, taking in the scene. Twist lifts Julie up, trying to rouse her.

TWIST (cont'd)

(panicked)

Julie... Julie! Julie, can you hear-

She sees the two ugly fang marks on Julie's neck.

Twist pales as she realises what's happened. Danyael is looking round the room in the background, poking his head into the bathroom before walking back over to Twist.

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CONTINUED:

DANYAEL

There's no sign of Chris anywhere,
what's happened?

TWIST

(trying to stay calm)
I don't know, I... she's been bitten,
but... how could...

DANYAEL

(sharply)
Twist! Stay focused. We need to get
her to a hospital, before-

Julie starts to convulse in Twist's arms, and as the two horrified vampires watch, Julie VOMITS up a chunk of what looks like brown sludge, but which crackles as it hits the carpet, fizzing as though it were acidic. The vamps exchange a look.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

What the hell was *that*?

TWIST

I don't know, she must have been...

A thought hits Twist, and she carefully hands Julie across to Danyael, before springing to her feet and grabbing Julie's bag.

She kneels back down next to Danyael, emptying the bag out onto the floor next to her with a shake. She starts sifting through the neatly organised packets, bags and books inside as Danyael watches.

DANYAEL

What are you doing? Raiding her
handbag? She's bleeding out here!

TWIST

I'm looking for... A-ha!

Twist holds up a small amethyst attached to a chain, like the one Julie used on Chris earlier. She holds it over Julie, still shaking slightly.

The amethyst turns jet black and starts to hiss, and Twist quickly tosses it away before it can shatter again. Danyael looks at her, not understanding.

DANYAEL

Okay, I'm just gonna say 'huh'?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST

Magical check. She's been poisoned by something as well as the damage from the bite. A hospital isn't going to save her.

A beat as something else hits Twist.

DANYAEL

(off her look)

What now?

TWIST

What if... what if Chris did this?

DANYAEL

Why would he do that?

TWIST

Maybe we didn't get all that evil voodoo crap out of him, and when Julie came back here, she must let him loose and... oh, God, Danyael!

DANYAEL

I'll take care of her. One of the vamps here works nights at the local blood bank, I'll get her a top up and see if I can stop the bleeding.

TWIST

Do you know first aid?

DANYAEL

I know enough. You go find Chris, we're gonna need his help to get that stuff out of Julie here.

TWIST

Right.

She stands, a determined look on her face as Danyael tears off a strip of his shirt sleeve and starts to pad it against Julie's neck.

TWIST (cont'd)

You take care of her. I'll go find Chris. Something tells me he isn't gonna be hard to find...

2

EXT. CHICAGO ROOFTOP. NIGHT.

2

We're looking out across the moonlit Chicago skyline as CHRIS bounds into view, scampering along on all fours like an animal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pauses, squatting at the edge of the rooftop, and gazes out over the bright lights of the city blocks stretching out for miles below as a helicopter buzzes past in the distance.

Looking back at Chris, his features looking almost feral as he pants from the exertion of running, licking his lips in anticipation of the millions of potential meals wandering the streets below him.

We pull back a little as he HISSES, then springs forward, off camera.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

3

Twist dashes along the corridor, skittering around a cleaning lady pushing a trolley out from one room, leaping over an empty ice bucket and champagne bottle in her path and finally coming to a stop at a window at the far end, smashed open. Bloody handprints can be seen on the paintwork, and Twist pauses to sniff them.

TWIST

(saddened)

Oh, Chris, honey... What did you go and do?

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!!

Twist turns round.

An angry looking cleaner, MARIE, is standing in the corridor, glaring down at Twist.

MARIE

And just what do you think you're doing? What did you do to... what have you done to that window?

TWIST

What? I- No, I didn't-

MARIE

Alright, that's it, I've had enough of you disrespectful youngsters tearing this place apart...

She reaches for the walkie-talkie on her belt and opens a channel with a crackle of static.

MARIE (cont'd)

Security, this is Marie Gaines on the twelfth floor, we've got another vandal, so could you get-

CRUNCH! A hand snaps into frame and grabs the walkie-talkie from Marie's hand, deforming it from the strength of the grip. We pull back to see Twist, as she lifts the offending article to her mouth and bites into it.

With a pop and a brief spark, the walkie-talkie breathes its last, and Twist drops it onto the floor. Twist glares down at the now terrified Marie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Hey, here's an idea, you facist
beyatch - get back to work and stay
the hell out of my way!

Twist turns and stomps away, back towards the window.

TWIST (cont'd)

Freakin' jobsworth...

Reaching the window, she clambers outside and rattles up the
fire escape out of view. We stay on Marie, shaking.

4 EXT. CHICAGO - CITY STREET. NIGHT.

4

We're looking down along a quiet city street - a few shop
fronts, a bar, a handful of people wandering up and down and
light traffic - before we scan up a little to pick up Chris,
scampering along the rooftops about ten feet above street
level, looking down at the people below.

Blurry and distorted, Chris snaps his head from side to side,
looking for his next victim. He lands on a single young
woman, smartly dressed, walking along and talking on her
mobile phone.

No older than seventeen but trying to dress in her mid-
twenties, the girl totters along on her heels as she yaks
into her phone.

GIRL

Yaw, so I said to him, like, why
you gotta keep putting on me like
that? You know, I said, if I wanted
a relationship, then I'd have to-

With a YELP, she is grabbed and pulled into a narrow alleyway
she passes. It happens in a flash, nobody else walking along
the street has chance to notice.

There are no sounds of a struggle as we stay on the street
for a few moments.

5 INT. CHICAGO REBEL CELL. NIGHT.

5

Danyaël jogs along, Julie in his arms and wrapped in the
bedsheet from the hotel, as Danyaël manoeuvres into the local
rebel cell hideout. He's flanked by SOOZ, a red-dreadlocked
girl, and LEWIS, a fairly normal looking guy with short brown
hair.

SOOZ

What happened to her? She a vamp
victim?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANYAEL

Sort of. She was attacked by a... by
a friend of ours.

They lay Julie carefully down on a couch which Lewis sweeps
clear of magazines.

LEWIS

A 'friend' of yours?

DANYAEL

Yeah, it's... it's complicated.

Julie lurches forward again and vomits up another mouthful of
the brown sludge, which Sooz leaps back from in horror as it
crackles away on the floor by her feet. She throws an
incredulous look up at Danyael, who sighs.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Very complicated...

6 INT. EMPTY TRAIN CAR. NIGHT.

6

MALKUTH is lying on the floor of the disused old carriage,
lit by the floodlights above the railway depot a few hundred
yards away, as NIENHAUS, the demon conjuror, peers out
through the windows.

MALKUTH

He's coming... he's getting closer...

NIENHAUS

Can you sense the half-breed?

MALKUTH

Yes... but... but it's different. It's
not like how it normally is, he... he
is different.

Nienhaus raises an eyebrow and turns to one of the remaining
hooded FLUNKIES standing close by.

NIENHAUS

Go and find him. I believe he will
want to come here, you should not
need to fight him.

The flunky gulps, obviously not believing things could be
that easy, before nodding once and disappearing out of the
train car. Nienhaus turns back to Malkuth, who is groaning
and scratching at his chest.

MALKUTH

It burns... something in here burns!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIENHAUS

You are interwoven now. The half-breed has removed a part of you, but replaced it with a part of himself.

Malkuth reaches out and grabs Nienhaus by his collars, pulling the emotionless demon down to his eye level.

MALKUTH

Find him!!

NIENHAUS

As I said, he will find you, else-

MALKUTH

Or else what? And don't give me any of your warlock cryptic mumbo jumbo either!

NIENHAUS

(beat)

Or else you will both perish.
Before the sun rises.

Malkuth slumps back, looking defeated.

7 EXT. CHICAGO - ALLEY. NIGHT.

7

Chris is standing over the girl we just saw him grab, who has almost fainted with shock, hanging limply in the one arm he holds her with. He's already taken a bite out of her, as we can see from the marks on her neck and blood trailing down Chris' chin.

He pants heavily but she's too weak to even shout out, and he starts to lean in to finish her off, when:

8 EXT. BIRMINGHAM - STREET. NIGHT.

8

A flashback to Chris' first kill, back in 1973, the nurse dead weight in his arms as Chris gazes down at her, before reaching one trembling hand to his face, feeling his fangs for the first time.

9 EXT. CHICAGO - ALLEY. NIGHT.

9

The similarity of the two moments hits Chris, and with the same trembling hand, he traces his fangs. With an almost disgusted growl, he drops the young girl to the floor and scampers off into the shadows at the other end of the alley.

We stay on the girl for a few moments, before her eyes flutter and she sits up slowly, pressing a hand to her injured neck with a wince of pain.

10 INT. CHICAGO REBEL CELL. NIGHT.

10

Sooz is holding a bucket in front of Julie as she heaves again, throwing desperate looks back at an increasingly frantic Danyael and Lewis. Julie's neck wound has been bandaged, but she's still obviously full of poison.

SOOZ

Don't just stand there, do something!

DANYAEL

I don't know... I don't know what to do! The bites I can patch up, God knows I've done it enough times, but this...

(beat)

The only guy who could help is the one who may have done this to her.

LEWIS

That Chris guy, right? The one currently MIA?

DANYAEL

Yeah, we need to-

A phone rings, and Lewis steps to one side to answer it.

LEWIS

Hello? Yeah, it's Lewis, what's up?

(beat)

Really? Where?

(beat)

Got it. Thanks.

He hangs up and turns to Danyael.

LEWIS

Vamp attack downtown, a couple of blocks away from here. Could be your missing leader.

DANYAEL

(nods)

Yeah, could be.

Danyael reaches into his pocket for his own mobile phone, calling Twist on it.

11 EXT. CHICAGO - STREET. NIGHT.

11

Twist is jogging along a quiet city centre street, past rows of closed shops and empty bars, a look of extreme worry on her face. She pauses to answer her phone.

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CONTINUED:

TWIST

Speak.

(beat; listens)

Check. Thanks, Danny boy.

She pockets the phone and dashes off camera.

12 EXT. CHICAGO - STREET NEAR ALLEY. NIGHT. 12

We're looking at the entrance to the alley Chris almost killed the girl in, pulling back as red and blue flashing lights illuminate the scene to see an ambulance and patrol car, with the shivering girl, neck bandaged, wrapped in a blanket and being attended to by two paramedics as a police officer cordons off the scene.

Pull back further to pick up Twist, watching the events and trying to work out where Chris would have headed to.

TWIST

Well, at least he didn't kill her!

That's something...

Twist heads off to work her way round to the back of the alley and continue the hunt.

13 EXT. CHICAGO - ROOFTOP. NIGHT. 13

On another roof, this time overlooking a crowded section of the freeway, Chris stands, coat billowing in the wind. His vamp face is still firmly in place, but he seems unsure of what to do next.

He suddenly flicks his head to the side, as though hearing a distant call, and after a beat he hops down off the building's edge, out of sight.

14 EXT. CHICAGO - WALKWAY. NIGHT. 14

Landing with consummate grace on a pedestrian walkway that passes over the freeway, Chris pauses, hunched on all fours, before leaping to his feet and running over the walkway.

15 EXT. CHICAGO - PARK. NIGHT. 15

We see one of Malkuth's flunkies, watching from behind a tree as Chris scampers over the walkway, pauses, checks left and right and then starts to jog across the road towards the park entrance. He gulps and tries to hide even more.

FLUNKY

(scared)

Oh gods... oh gods... that wizard had better have been right...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The flunky waits a few more moments, then steps out from behind the tree. He holds his arms up as Chris screeches to a halt about ten feet away.

The flunky tries to hide his nerves as Chris watches him, squatting down again and cocking his head to one side, like a curious dog.

FLUNKY (cont'd)
My master awaits! He senses your
pain and wants you to join him so
that you may both be cured.

A long beat. Chris doesn't move, and starts to sniff the air. The flunky, by now sweating heavily, tries again.

FLUNKY (cont'd)
Follow me, and I will take you to
him! That way, we can all...

The flunky pauses as Chris GROWLS like a wolf and starts padding forward towards him. The flunky starts to edge backwards, fearing for his life.

FLUNKY (cont'd)
Uh... good doggie?

With another growl, Chris leaps forward and pounces, knocking the flunky down and taking them both off camera.

We hear the flunky scream and struggle for a few moments before there is a loud SNAP, followed by Chris standing again, his face and hands dripping with blood which he gratefully licks away.

He suddenly stops mid lick, head snapping to the right, and starts his running again, disappearing off screen.

16 INT. EMPTY TRAIN CAR. NIGHT.

16

Malkuth is now lying flat on one of the tables in the train car, shirt open and mottled grey skin on display as Nienhaus, eyes closed, hums a chant and waves his hands through the air above Malkuth. Malkuth is sweating and obviously in some discomfort.

MALKUTH
Well?

NIENHAUS
(blank)
You do not have much time.

MALKUTH
What can I do to get him here
faster?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIENHAUS

Try to reach out to him. He is already trying to find you, but he is sensing the piece of himself that is now mixed with you. This is causing him to take longer to find you. If you try to call out to him, he may be able to hear you.

MALKUTH

Okay, fine, get me a megaphone and a big enough amplifier and I'll see what I can do..

Malkuth's sarcasm bounces right off the almost Vulcan-like coldness of Nienhaus, who just stares down at him.

NIENHAUS

Use your mind. He will hear you.

Malkuth sighs, closes his eyes and tries to concentrate. We start to close towards him as his breathing slows.

17 EXT. CHICAGO - STREET. NIGHT. 17

We're looking out through Chris' eyes as he races down the empty street, the headlights of passing cars glaring brightly, our vision distorted as though we're looking through the a rain-soaked car windshield. Chris' breathing can be heard, panting as he runs.

MALKUTH (V.O.)

Chris? Can you hear me?

We see Chris now, who stops and stands bolt upright, looking around for the source of the voice he just heard.

MALKUTH (V.O.) (cont'd)

Well, what do you know, you can!
Follow my voice, Chris.

Chris sets off again, changing direction and heading off towards a road signposted 'Station.'

18 EXT. CHICAGO - WALKWAY. NIGHT. 18

Twist drops down into view, hot on Chris' tail. Pausing to sniff the air to check for his scent, she sets off again, running as fast as she can.

19 INT. CHICAGO REBEL CELL. NIGHT. 19

Julie is looking more stable, but very, very pale, wrapped in a thick blanket and curled up tightly on the sofa. She's still not fully conscious, and seems to be burning up as Sooz mops her brow with an old towel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sooz presses a hand to Julie's head and frowns, looking over to where Danyael is still pacing around in the background, checking his phone every few moments.

DANYAEL

Well? How is she?

SOOZ

I'm no doctor, Dan, but I can safely say she's sick. This girl needs help, fast. I can't get her to swallow any painkillers, or even drink some water, she's still pretty much unconscious and vomiting on reflex.

DANYAEL

Damn it!

SOOZ

Who is she, anyway? She's not a vampire, that much I can tell.

DANYAEL

She's a friend. A doctor. Chris called her in to try and help cure himself, he thought he'd been cursed or poisoned or something, but whatever she thought she'd done looks like it didn't work.

SOOZ

(thinks)

Chris... Chris... that'd be Chris Berkeley, right? The vampire looking for the cure?

DANYAEL

Yeah, that's him.

SOOZ

Wow. Always thought he was just an urban legend.

(beat)

You know, like vampires.

She grins, and manages to get one back out of Danyael as Lewis walks back into the room, phone in hand which he hangs up and puts back on a tabletop.

LEWIS

Right, I've got some more of our people out looking around, we should get some news back on Chris soon. If he's out there, we'll find him.

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CONTINUED: (2)

DANYAEL

Thanks, man. I know we just barged
in here and demanded help, but-

LEWIS

Think nothing of it, you and Chris
are kind of heroes to us lot
anyway! Don't know much about that
girl you mentioned, though. Tryst,
was it?

DANAYEL

Twist.

LEWIS

Yeah, her. Who is she?

DANYAEL

(beat; off Julie)
Her best chance.

As Danyael gazes down at the failing health of Julie, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

20 EXT. CHICAGO - PARK. NIGHT. 20

We fade up on Twist, walking through the park where Chris attacked the flunky, scanning left to right for any tracks.

We look up from the ground towards Twist as she appears from behind the treeline several feet away, with the feet of the dead flunky on the left of the screen.

Twist spots the body and hurries over. She grimaces as she gets closer - whatever's left of him obviously isn't something she wanted to look at. She calls Danyael.

TWIST

Danyael, hey. I've found a victim.
It's a fresh kill, he must be
close.

(beat)

No, not a civilian. Looks like one
of Malkuth's boys, if the tattoo
and K-Mart value robes are anything
to go by. I think I've got a trail,
I'll call you if I spot him.

She hangs up and jogs off screen to the left.

21 INT. EMPTY TRAIN CAR. NIGHT. 21

Malkuth is still lying on the table, eyes closed as he tries to communicate with Chris, a grin on his face.

NIENHAUS

Have you contacted him?

MALKUTH

Yes, but... heh, this is very
peculiar.

NIENHAUS

Peculiar?

MALKUTH

Yes, it's as though... I can control
him. He appears to be operating on
some sort of almost animal instinct
level, so... so it's easy for me to
make him open to suggestion... it's
almost like playing a game!

NIENHAUS

Do not play games with him, just
bring him here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALKUTH

Oh, I am. But first...

22 EXT. CHICAGO - TRUCKERS CAFÉ. NIGHT. 22

We're inside a quiet truck stop, 18-wheelers and their cabs parked up outside and a handful of tired looking truckers sipping mugs of coffee.

Chris breaks the calm by SMASHING through the glass window next to the entrance, sending the patrons scattering for cover with a yell as shards of glass burst towards them.

Roaring with rage, Chris wrenches tables up out of the ground and flips them over, hefting up one of the cheap plastic chairs and hurling it towards the counter.

The chair slams into the wall next to the radio, smashing it into pieces and cutting the music off dead.

Still howling, Chris tears the place apart, grabbing a terrified trucker and sinking his fangs into his neck for a moment before throwing him to the floor. Yelling in pain, the trucker presses a hand to his neck and tries to push himself away across the floor.

Looking through Chris' eyes, but with the same distorted effect as before, we hear Malkuth speaking to him.

MALKUTH (V.O.)

(relishing the moment)

Now go for the waitress..

Chris turns slowly to face the waitress, cowering against the back wall, her hand feeling out for something to defend herself with and finding a silver tray, which she swats out at Chris with as he draws nearer.

23 EXT. CHICAGO - OUTSIDE CAFÉ. NIGHT. 23

Twist dashes into frame, seeing the devastation inside the café, and Chris advancing on the waitress.

TWIST

Oh, no...

(yells)

Chris! No! Hey! Bad, bad!

24 INT. TRUCKERS CAFÉ. NIGHT. 24

Chris pauses and turns, looking confused, as Twist leaps through the shattered window and into the café.

He steps away from the waitress, and stares at Twist, trying to remember why she seems familiar. Twist has her hands up defensively.

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TWIST
Come on, Chris, chill out. It's me.
Twist. Remember?

Chris frowns and starts looking round, trying to jump start his memory.

TWIST (cont'd)
That's it... it's your...
(not wanting to use the
word)
... your sidekick, Twist. The
irritating one. Do you remember?

A look of comprehension finally crosses Chris' face, and he looks up at Twist as though finally realising who she is. She smiles and takes a step towards him.

TWIST (cont'd)
There you go... I knew I wasn't that
easy to forget! Now come on, boss,
we've got to get back and help
Julie before she-

Chris is suddenly looking like he's about to take off, crouching down and pressing his hands to the side of his head in distress.

TWIST (cont'd)
Uh-oh... Chris? Chris, come on, stay
with me, don't-

Chris leaps up and races out towards the entrance, leaping through the other window and shattering that as well as he races away outside. Twist sighs and finishes her sentence.

TWIST (cont'd)
Don't run off.

She casts her eye back over the wrecked café, then shakes her head and jumps back out through the window frame and sets off after Chris as the waitress and the wounded trucker peer out from behind their cover.

25 INT. EMPTY TRAIN CAR. NIGHT.

25

Malkuth suddenly sits bolt upright off the table.

MALKUTH
(yells)
No!

Nienhaus rises and steps over.

NIENHAUS
Is there a problem?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALKUTH

I've lost him! That bloody vampire girl showed up, and then he just went off and I lost contact! He's fighting it, whatever's wrong with him.

NIENHAUS

This is inconvenient. The girl will try to take him back and heal him, but she does not know that doing so will kill him and you from the damage you have done to each other's souls.

MALKUTH

The damage we've done? It was your spell! It was supposed to corrupt him, start turning him evil, not end up with us each having a bit of each other's spirits trapped in our chestplates and him running off across the city like a hungry dog chasing a meat wagon, leaving me stuck here, waiting to expire because you were too idiotic to build a failsafe into your magics!

Malkuth is furious, shaking with anger, but Nienhaus calmly waits for the rant to finish.

NIENHAUS

Are you done?

MALKUTH

Am I... don't talk back to me, you freak!

Malkuth draws a small pistol from inside his shirt and in one smooth motion shoots Nienhaus point blank. Nienhaus crumples to the floor, the bullet having hit him straight in the forehead. Malkuth huffs down at his still body.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

Look what you made me do now!

(to flunky waiting nearby)

You! Get him patched up, drammalow wizards can regenerate from fatal wounds like that in no time.

(beat)

You might want to give him a head start and pull that bullet out of his skull first, though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Malkuth chuckles at his own pun and slaps the flunky on the arm, who manages a nervous grin as he hefts up the dead weight of Nienhaus' body and starts to drag him off.

26 EXT. CHICAGO - STREET. NIGHT.

26

Chris races down a side street, barging past people as he runs from Twist, in hot pursuit a little further back. He turns a corner and disappears from view onto a main road, and as she gets to the corner she pauses.

Looking across the street, Twist watches on in disbelief as Chris expertly leaps up onto the roof of a passing car, then to another one, then from that straight onto a fire escape on the side of a restaurant, with startled onlookers watching as he shimmies rapidly up to the roof.

Her jaw drops as she starts to realise how tough this is about to become.

TWIST

Here we go...

To the tune of 'Setting Sun' by the Chemical Brothers, Twist runs across the street, hopping up onto the roofs of the now stationary cars Chris used as stepping stones, leaping from the top of the last one onto the fire escape, almost losing her grip on the slippery metal.

She looks up just in time to see Chris leap from the top of the ladder to the roof of the building opposite.

She groans and climbs the ladder as fast as she can.

27 EXT. CHICAGO - ROOFTOP. NIGHT.

27

Twist pulls herself up the ladder and into view, looking across to the roof opposite and trying to judge the gap.

She takes a deep breath and launches herself across, managing to land half her body on the roof. Her legs swing out into empty air before she pulls herself up.

Head down and running, Chris tears across the rooftop away from her, disturbing a set of washing lines with badly washed clothes hanging from them as he goes.

Twist takes off after him, running for all she's worth to catch up to him. As she reaches the washing lines, the tramp who they belong to throws abuse up at her from the cardboard box he lies in, but with a shrug she ignores him and presses on.

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CONTINUED:

Chris hops up and onto a smokestack, using it to jump up and grab onto the railing of another fire escape, but as he turns and sees Twist approaching he leaps off that instead, falling down towards some scaffolding surrounding an old abandoned bank building in the street below.

He falls and catches hold of one of the outstretched metal tubes holding the scaffold together, swinging round and landing on his feet, running off again.

With a yell, TWIST throws herself through the air after him, missing the part of the scaffolding Chris hit but managing to get a flailing hand onto an awkwardly fixed plank, which holds up just long enough for her to pull herself to her feet and set off after him.

28 EXT. CHICAGO - ROAD. NIGHT. 28

Chris drops down and starts running up one of the city roads towards the oncoming traffic, with car horns honking as the vehicles swerve out of his way.

Twist is further down the street, running after him and having to spring to the side to avoid a city bus that skids as it tries to avoid Chris.

Chris makes a sudden left turn, down towards a drained river overflow running underneath the road, vaulting the steel railings closing it off.

Twist catches up and tries to jump the railings, losing precious seconds as she has to pull herself up the rest of the way.

29 EXT. CHICAGO - DRAINED RIVER OVERFLOW. NIGHT. 29

Chris splashes through pools of stagnant water as Twist pursues him, kicking boxes and crates out of his way which she has to hop and jump to avoid. He passes a tunnel entrance but stops, doubling back and running down into the darkness away from her.

Twist veers off and follows him into the gloom, their echoing footsteps ringing out from inside.

30 EXT. CHICAGO - CANAL. NIGHT. 30

Chris pulls up to a stop just in time to avoid running straight into the murky green canal that cuts across his path, and as he looks left and right he sees high brick walls fencing him in. There's only a small area to move in, as this is an access section of the canal for riverboats.

Chris moves away from the tunnel entrance as Twist hammers into view, also having to skid to a halt to avoid the water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hands on her knees as she catches her breath, she glares at Chris, who is staring back at her.

TWIST
(breathless)
Damn it, Chris, I'm gettin' too old for this! I mean, a good old-fashioned chase is great fun and all that, but *damn!* I'd forgotten how fast you are...

Chris is silent, ready for her next move. She walks right up to him, not afraid in the slightest.

TWIST (cont'd)
Okay, Fido, we do this one of two ways. Easy or hard. Easy means you come quietly with me now, no punching, we get you cleaned up and back to walking on both feet, and then we fix Julie up before she pukes herself a tunnel through to China, and hard means-

Chris backhands her before she can finish and starts to run away, looking to climb the high wall up and out of this section of the canal. Twist staggers to her feet.

Twist spots a section of rusty piping lying by her feet and scoops it up, throwing it towards Chris.

The pipe hits him square in the back, and with a grunt he collapses in a heap. Twist paces over to him as he picks himself up, assuming her Muhammad Ali fighting stance as he turns to face her, hopping from foot to foot.

TWIST (cont'd)
Okay, alright, I get ya, you want to do this the hard way, well, that's just peachy with me, Chris. God knows, I've got plenty of reasons for wanting to go all Buffy on your ass but I've never really had the opportunity... well now, here it is. You and me. Mano a... womano. Battle of the sexes. And more importantly...
(points behind him)
What the hell is *that?!?*

Chris looks behind him, and Twist LUNGES in with a punch, but he snaps round and GRABS her fist in his hand, much too fast for her. 'One Good Reason' by Celldweller kicks in.

She KICKS out and catches him in the chest, and as he staggers back she launches herself at him again, landing a hard punch across his jaw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chris falls to his knees, and she wastes no time in kicking him in the gut. Chris rolls onto his back, but as she reaches down to grab him, he flips up and CHOPS her across the neck, grabbing her as she yelps with pain and throwing her headfirst into the tunnel wall.

She dislodges bricks and dust as she clatters to the floor, wheezing.

TWIST (cont'd)

That was... mean...

He picks her up, spins her round and hurling her back down the tunnel, Twist skidding as she hits the ground.

She flips herself to her feet and manages to start blocking as Chris rains down a flurry of punches, chops and kicks.

The two of them know each other's fighting styles well, parrying, punching, blocking and kicking in eye-wateringly rapid succession as they fight.

Chris lands another PUNCH to Twist's chest, chopping his other hand down on her arm and grabbing it, wrenching it round behind her.

She YELLS in pain as he starts to shove her into the wall, but she sticks her feet up and runs up the wall, managing to somersault over his head to land behind him.

She ELBOWS him in the face before he can react, and he drops to one knee.

TWIST (cont'd)

Boom! The old Trinity manoeuvre!

Chris JABS a fist out and hits her in the shin, and Twist falls to the floor. Chris leaps up and KICKS her twice in the chest before turning and starting to run away.

Twist is battered but far from beaten, and with a roar she charges into Chris from behind, shoulderbarging him to the ground.

She pins him to the ground, knees pressing forearms down as he struggles to get back up. She plants one hand on his throat and raises a fist above her.

TWIST

Damn it, sit still! I'm trying to get my fatality move on here!

Chris ROARS and lurches upwards, throwing her off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Twist jumps to her feet as Chris lances a punch out at her, but she blocks and springs into the air, kicking him with one boot and then the other, and a stunned Chris staggers backwards, landing on his ass.

Twist darts forward for the pin again but he's up too fast, grabbing her by her t-shirt and SLAMMING her into the tunnel wall. He leans in close, roaring in her face, fangs out as she grimaces against him.

TWIST (cont'd)

Ah, shut your noise tube!

With one vicious HEADBUTT, Twist ends the fight. Chris stutters backwards, woozy from the hit, and Twist takes the chance to scoop up the same piece of pipe she used to stop him moments ago, CRACKING it hard against his head.

Chris drops to the ground, out cold. Twist stands over him, panting, and drops the pipe with a CLANG.

TWIST (cont'd)

Player one... wins!!

Twist strikes a victorious Mortal Kombat pose, hopping from foot to foot. She then grabs a hold of each of his ankles and starts to drag him away.

TWIST (cont'd)

Yeah, yeah, I know. But you'll thank me for this later.

As Twist struggles to heave the recumbent Chris off screen, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

31 INT. CHICAGO REBEL CELL. NIGHT.

31

The bloodied and unconscious form of Chris drops into view, securely tied up with thick ropes, and as we pull back, we see the equally bloody but unbowed Twist wiping her brow as an impressed Danyaël and Lewis look on.

DANYAEL

Woah... what happened?

TWIST

Fight scene. Mega kung-fu radio style. But I proved one thing.

DANYAEL

What was that?

Twist reaches into Chris' jacket and finds his wallet, and extracts a five dollar note from inside that she waves triumphantly at Danyaël.

TWIST

Bet him five bucks that I could kick his ass in a straight fight. We never got chance to try it out 'til now!

She leans in and pecks Chris once on top of the head.

TWIST (cont'd)

Don't feel bad about losing, sweetie!

LEWIS

Right, we got him back. So now what?

TWIST

Damn. Good question. Any ideas?

DANYAEL

Any... hey, what the hell? You were the one with the plan!

Twist throws her hands up.

TWIST

You said you'd take care of Julie and I said I'd go get Chris! That was all the plan we had!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANYAEL

Julie's dying over there, we need to do something!

TWIST

How about you going out there and-

SOOZ (O.S.)

Guys!!

Sat next to Julie, who looks worse than ever, glaring back at the bickering vampires. They've moved Julie to a futon on the other side of the room, next to a creaky old gas heater.

SOOZ (cont'd)

(annoyed)

Will you two shut the heck up and think of something? This woman is fading away right in front of me, and listening to you two bitch about whose turn it is to think of a plan is not helping!

Twist and Danyael nod sheepishly.

TWIST

You're right, sorry. We're just a bit strung out here, you know?

SOOZ

(nods)

I understand, it's okay. Just try and stay cool, alright?

(to Lewis)

Hey Lewis, do we still have Maggie Bernhardt's number?

LEWIS

Uh, yeah, think so.

SOOZ

Well, don't you think we should call her? She is the local mystic and healer, after all!

Twist throws a cross look at Lewis.

TWIST

And you were saving this little gem of information until when, exactly?!?

LEWIS

Hey, I forgot! We don't exactly need to call her that often!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST

Whatever. Just get her over here
before Chris wakes up and I have to
kick his ass again.

Lewis nods and reaches for the phone.

32

INT. EMPTY TRAIN CAR. NIGHT.

32

Malkuth is sat at one of the longer, sofa-like chairs in the carriage, still scratching at his chest occasionally as he sips from a bottle of wine.

He looks up as a disgruntled looking Nienhaus steps back inside the carriage.

MALKUTH

Oh, good. Up and about again, I see.

NIENHAUS

I do not appreciate being shot in the head by my so-called employer, Mr. Malkuth. If that happens again, I will be forced to terminate both our contract, and then your life, in rapid succession.

MALKUTH

Oh, stop over-reacting. What's a bullet to the head between colleagues, eh? Take a seat.

Nienhaus takes a seat opposite Malkuth, who winces at the sight of the angry red mark in Nienhaus' forehead from his quickly-healing bullet wound.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

(off wound)

Ouch. I'll bet that smarts!

NIENHAUS

My well being is not important. If you die, I will not receive my payment. And that is unacceptable.

MALKUTH

Ah, you're a demon after my own dark, twisted little heart! Don't worry, I think I know where to find Chris. He may have killed one of my expendables, but I had plenty more combing the area, and one of them thinks he has a lead on that half-breed's whereabouts.

(grins; sips wine)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALKUTH(cont'd)

We're getting back what belongs to me. One way or another.

33

INT. CHICAGO REBEL CELL. NIGHT.

33

We're looking down from the ceiling at Chris, his shirt open and his body covered with runes and markings again, similar to what Julie and Twist attempted previously.

Standing next to him is MAGGIE, with long, curly brown hair and mostly human features, save a ridged nose and a dark brown tint to her skin. She's applying the finishing touches to the markings with a pot of ink and brush.

TWIST

(impatient)

You know, not wanting to dampen your little Art Attack thing here, but we kinda tried this already, and it ended up with me having to put the smackdown on the boss here. What makes you think this'll work?

MAGGIE

(raises eyebrow)

Well, for a start, it seems that last time anyone tried this, some of the markings were completed using pens instead of the required inks, and that just won't do at all.

Twist coughs once, guiltily as Sooz steps forward.

SOOZ

So explain what you're doing for us non-magically minded people?

MAGGIE

I can't restore Mr. Berkeley here to his normal self without reversing the exchange of magics that originally took place.

TWIST

Sending the curse right back at its stinky little owner, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Yes, but it would appear that when the spell that placed Chris into this state was first created, it used some of the dark powers of this Malkuth character you mentioned, and that got mixed up with Chris' own spiritual essences when you and the young doctor over there tried to remove the curse. So although you removed some of that, what was left behind was enough to overpower Chris and turn him into the animal you described.

Twist glances over at Julie - still looking very sick. Twist bites her lip and looks back at Maggie.

TWIST

So how will this be any different?

MAGGIE

It won't, unless we release the evil energies contained within Chris back to their rightful owner. That will break the spell and also restore Chris at the same time.

TWIST

You mean we have to give Malkuth his piece of himself back? Screw that! He's had a piece of Chris for thirty years now, why should we give him this back?

MAGGIE

Because without it, both Chris and Malkuth will die. The longer their essences mix together, the more damage it will do to them both when we separate them.

TWIST

Oh.

DANYAEL

Well then, we've got to do it.

Twist shoots Danyael a look - she knows he's right but she doesn't want to have to admit it.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

If the only way to get the poison out is to send Malkuth's power back to him, then that's what we have to do!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST

Isn't there any way we can get this spell to get Chris' piece of soul back as well?

MAGGIE

Ah, I'm afraid not, my dear. These things only work one way.

TWIST

Damn it!

A long beat as Twist paces up and down, trying to convince herself that this is what must be done.

TWIST (cont'd)

Let's do it. I take it we'll be able to help Julie once this is done?

MAGGIE

Yes. Breaking the infection placed on Chris will also remove the impurities from Dr. Kingston's system too. The bite he gave her passed some of the infection along, but we can't start to get it out of her until Chris is cleaned out.

Twist reaches into Julie's bag and retrieves the large syringe body that holds the swirling red and white energies they drew out of Chris. She hands it to Maggie, who thanks her and then closes her eyes, holding a hand over Chris' body and starting to chant.

The markings on Chris' body glow red as she chants, and the white swirls of energy fade into view, visible through Chris' skin.

Maggie lifts up the syringe, and then plunges it straight into Chris' chest, directly into his heart. She releases the energies inside back into Chris' body, and the white swirls start to literally fizz inside his body.

Chris begins convulsing, the same brown sludge we've seen Julie vomiting up starting to dribble from his mouth.

Twist, looking concerned, steps over and grabs the old towel from Sooz to wipe the mess away.

TWIST

I got it, chief, hang in th-

She places a hand on his head, and before she can finish the sentence, the scene blurs into:

34 INT. ROOM. EVENING.

34

We're looking in on Chris, sat on a chair in a plain, empty room, facing a strikingly beautiful red-haired woman sat in a chair opposite. Her arms are stretching round behind the chair, but her eyes are locked on him.

CHRIS

So, Charlotte. Here we are then.

WOMAN

Yeah... looks that way.

(beat)

What do we do now?

CHRIS

(shakes head)

I honestly don't know. Let's just keep talking and hope it figures itself out.

She nods, and manages a weak smile, which he returns.

35 INT. CHICAGO REBEL CELL. NIGHT.

35

Twist's hand jolts back from Chris' head, and she takes a few stuttering steps backwards. Everyone in the room is looking at her.

DANYAEL

Twist? What happened?

TWIST

I... I just...

(beat; shakes head)

Nothing. I'm fine. Just phased out for a second.

She looks down at Chris, who is still convulsing and still has the markings on his body glowing red, and the white ripples of energy dancing beneath his skin. Twist throws a concerned look at Maggie.

TWIST (cont'd)

What now?

MAGGIE

Now, we send all this muck right back to where it came from.

Maggie raises her arms, and with a FLASH of bright light that makes everyone in the room stagger backwards, hands raised against the light, the energies inside Chris BURST OUT and into the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They hang in the air over him for a second before dissipating, and as everyone looks over to Chris again, they see the markings on his body fading away. Maggie wipes her brow and beams up at the vampires.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
There! All gone.

Chris groans and stirs, opening his eyes and seeing Twist. He manages a smile.

CHRIS
Hello, you.

TWIST
Hello yourself. You still evil?

CHRIS
Doesn't feel like it..

TWIST
Who's Charlotte?

CHRIS
(still dazed)
What?

Chris sits up and sees Maggie and the rebel vampires.

MAGGIE
Oh, hello, Maggie Bernhardt. Curse removal a speciality.

She offers Chris her hand, which he shakes, looking like he wishes somebody could explain what's happened the past few hours.

CHRIS
Then it seems I owe you for all of this, thank you.
(beat)
Where's Julie?

TWIST
She's over there, you kinda poisoned her. And bit her.
(beat)
But she isn't dying anymore, so it's all good!

Chris stands and walks over to her. Julie is still lying on the couch, and Chris gently nudges her to wake her up.

CHRIS
Julie? Come on, Jules, the drama's over for now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Twist nudges Danyael, a happy smile on her face.

TWIST
Aww. Innit sweet.

Chris starts to look concerned, and places a hand to Julie's brow. He frowns and turns back to Maggie.

CHRIS
Something's wrong.

MAGGIE
Oh dear, I was afraid this might happen. There could be-

CHRIS
Could be what?

MAGGIE
Sometimes humans can't recover from the removal of a curse as easily as nonhumans can.

Chris starts to shake Julie more urgently.

CHRIS
Julie? Julie! Wake up!

TWIST
What the hell did you do to her?

MAGGIE
(offended)
I didn't do anything, it must be from taking that poison out of her!

Chris snaps his head round and yells back to the others as we close in on him.

CHRIS
(urgent)
We need to get to a hospital, now!!

36 INT. EMPTY TRAIN CAR. NIGHT.

36

Malkuth paces up and down before a line of four FLUNKIES, each armed with a longsword, chests puffed out proudly as their master nods his head, pleased.

MALKUTH
Excellent. And you're sure you know where this rebel cell hideout is located?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLUNKY #1

Absolutely, master. I saw the vampire girl Twist take Chris there myself. There only seemed to be three others in there, they'll be no match for us.

MALKUTH

Perfect. Now, what I want you to-

There is a FLASH of brilliant white light, and Malkuth is blown off his feet and sent flying through the air, landing with a CRASH further down the car.

The light fades, and as Nienhaus and the flunkies pick themselves back up, one of the notices their fallen leader and races over to him.

Flat on his back and out cold, he doesn't respond as the flunky tries to revive him.

FLUNKY #2

Master? Master! Can you hear me?

Malkuth's eyes flick open, and there is a BANG as he fires his pistol. The flunky's eyes go wide, and he slumps, dead, to the floor as Malkuth sits up, looking somewhat disorientated, his smoking pistol in one hand.

MALKUTH

(dazed)

Yes, yes, I can hear you... and ssh!
Not so loud...

The other flunkies and Nienhaus walk over, stepping over the body of their fallen comrade as two of them help Malkuth to his feet. He still seems disorientated.

FLUNKY #1

Master, what happened? And why did you kill Brother Arglok?

MALKUTH

He was shouting. I hate that. And I feel... I feel fine, actually.

(to Nienhaus)

I think... I think they reversed the spell! Can they do that?

As if to reply, the clear urn filled with the red and white essences of the spell, sitting on one of the tables at the rear of the carriage, EXPLODES, and with a howl of magics, the swirls of energy fade away.

Nienhaus turns back to Malkuth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NIENHAUS

Yes, it would appear they can. I'm afraid the spell is no longer infecting the half-breed. However...

Malkuth places a hand to his chest and sighs gratefully.

MALKUTH

However, this means I'm back to normal again, right? My black little heart is as it should be?

NIENHAUS

Yes.

MALKUTH

Great.

And with that, Malkuth SHOTS Nienhaus in the head again. The demon keels over and hits the floor with a THUD.

FLUNKY #2

But... but why, master?

MALKUTH

Drammalow warlocks can only do that regenerating trick once. And I didn't want to pay him. He irritated me.

(beat)

Go! All of you, go, I need some time to get my breath back.

With nods, the flunkies disperse, stepping over the second dead body now lying in the carriage.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

(to Flunkies)

And bring me some more wine! I feel like celebrating and getting stinking drunk at the same time..

Malkuth sighs happily as the last flunky leaves the car.

MALKUTH (cont'd)

Well, Chris, that didn't go exactly according to plan, but I hope you're having as rewarding a night as I am!

37 INT. BLACK FORD. NIGHT.

37

Screaming at top speed through the night traffic, Danyael at the wheel and Chris riding shotgun, slumped in the seat and still looking far from healthy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist is in the rear with Julie lying across her lap, the doctor lying still and not appearing to be breathing.

TWIST

I don't get it, can't you just zap her with some of those healing spells you spent so many years working on? I thought you were good at this sort of thing?

CHRIS

I can't, I'm still too weak. And anyway, even if I did have the energy, I've got no way of knowing that what I did wouldn't hurt her more. She needs actual medical attention, and fast!

(to Danyael)

Step on it!

Danyael nods and revs the engine some more, swerving from side to side as he streaks through the traffic.

As we pull close to her pale face, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

38 INT. COOK COUNTY - E.R. NIGHT.

38

Danyaël races through the sliding doors leading into the waiting area, Julie in his arms as Twist helps Chris along behind him, one arm helping Chris stay upright.

There are a few scattered patients lounging around on the chairs, typical small hours of the morning casualty patients, and a few night staff in attendance who leap to attention as Danyaël charges up to the reception desk.

DANYAEL

Help us, please! She's not breathing, we think she's been poisoned!

The NURSE on duty gets up and opens the security doors that lead into the ER proper with one look at Julie. A JUNIOR DOCTOR hurries over as Danyaël rushes into the ER and towards an empty gurney standing against one wall.

JUNIOR DOC

What's the story?

NURSE

Middle-aged female, just brought in by this guy here.

(notices Chris and Twist)

Hey, is your friend okay?

CHRIS

I'm fine... just a little out of steam at the moment.

Twist helps Chris into a chair and then dashes over to Julie as the Junior Doc listens at her chest with his stethoscope. He nods to Nurse.

JUNIOR DOC

Weak pulse, very shallow breathing. Get a tox screen, stat. You say she may have been poisoned?

DANYAEL

(evasive)

Yeah, we're, uh, not sure what happened. We left her alone for a few hours and found her like this.

JUNIOR DOC

(shines pocket light in Julie's eyes)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUNIOR DOC(cont'd)

Are you sure she hasn't taken an
O.D. of anything? What's her name?

TWIST

Julie. Julie Kingston. She works
here, right?

The Junior Doc looks at the Nurse, who pales as she finally
recognises Julie.

NURSE

Oh, God... Julie! Can you hear me?

JUNIOR DOC

She may be in toxic shock, we need
to get her bloods tested and see
what kinds of crap she's got in her
system.

The Doc and Nurse start to wheel Julie's gurney off towards
the emergency room. Danyael starts to follow but the Nurse
holds up a hand to keep him back as they roll the gurney into
the E.R.

NURSE

Stay in the waiting area, please,
sir, I'll send someone down to let
you know how she's doing.

Danyael watches helplessly as they push Julie's gurney
through the swing doors leading into the E.R.

We get one last shot of Julie's face before the doors swing
shut, obscuring her from view. We dissolve to:

39

INT. COOK COUNTY - WAITING ROOM. NIGHT.

39

It's some time later, and Danyael is pacing up and down at
the back of the room, all the rows of seats now empty, as
Twist tries and fails to get something out of the vending
machine. She slots in a quarter and after a beat slams her
palm against the machine.

TWIST

Hey... hey! Snickers bar, damn it!

She hits it again, and raises her hand for a third time
before Danyael grabs her hand, looking angry.

DANYAEL

For the love of confectionery,
Twist, give it a rest!

She glares back at him for a moment before the anger passes,
and she bows her head and nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Okay, okay, you're right. I'm
sorry.

She glances across to where Chris is sitting, leaning forward with his head in his hands. The vending machine 'pings' once behind Twist, and she ducks down out of shot, standing up a moment later with a happy grin and a Snickers bar in hand before she goes and sits by Chris.

TWIST (cont'd)

Hey, chief. You okay?

CHRIS

This is all my fault.

TWIST

What? No, don't be stupid.

(beat)

I mean, it is your fault and all,
but what I'm trying to say, in my
own frequently insensitive and
often sarcastic way is, don't feel
bad about it. You couldn't help it.

CHRIS

I should have been stronger. I
should have done more to fight
whatever it was that took a hold of
me.

TWIST

Look, I think you did about as good
as you could have done! You managed
not to kill a whole town's worth of
people in one night, I think we can
mark that up as A Good Thing.

(beat)

Snickers?

Chris looks up at her for a beat, then shakes his head and stands, pacing over towards the ambulance bay doors.

Outside, we can see one lone ambulance waiting in the parking bay, with the driver enjoying a quick cigarette break as he leans against the cabin. Chris rests one arm against the door, looking thoughtfully outside.

CHRIS

It's a quiet night tonight. You
know, when I used to work here,
we'd always pray for night shifts
like this. You could always bet
that just as you were settling in
for a midnight to 8 a.m.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS(cont'd)

rotation, you'd get a multi-vehicle pile-up on the freeway, and they'd start bringing the victims in quicker than you could treat them.

Chris isn't casting a reflection in the glass of the bay doors, and neither does Twist as she steps up to stand behind him, chewing her chocolate bar.

CHRIS (cont'd)

We'd get people spraying blood back out of their bodies quicker than we could put it in, all the time there was nothing but more pain and death...

TWIST

Why the heck did you get a job here, then? I mean, isn't a hospital, full of various degrees of bloody, dying patients, not exactly a smart place for, you know...

(whispers)

... a vampire?

CHRIS

Believe me, Twist, nothing gets you off a nasty blood habit quicker than working in an emergency room, with gallons of the stuff all over the place on some nights. Perhaps I was trying to test myself, I don't know. All I know is that I was determined not to let my condition get in the way of what I wanted to do.

TWIST

Which was?

CHRIS

Helping people. I'd lost sight of that somewhat before you came along. All I'd started to care about was finding the cure for what I was, and all the years of hard work I'd put in trying to follow my calling were starting to go to waste...

TWIST

Hey, watch it, boss, this is starting to sound worryingly like a motivational speech!

Chris turns to face her and grins, and she grins back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TWIST (cont'd)
I swear, if you start singing 'Kum
By Yah,' you're on the floor again.

CHRIS
Relax. I just hope Julie's alright.

Chris reaches into his jacket and retrieves his wallet,
opening it and frowning.

CHRIS (cont'd)
That's funny, I could have sworn I
had a five dollar note in here
still...

Twist throws a look back round to Danyael, who stifles a
chuckle. Twist turns back to Chris and shrugs, trying to look
as innocent as possible.

NURSE (O.S.)
Mr. Berkeley?

The Nurse from earlier is standing at the security door
entrance to the E.R. ward and waves Chris over. She talks
quietly as Chris walks up to her.

NURSE (cont'd)
I'm afraid I have some bad news.

CHRIS
(closes eyes)
Oh, no...

NURSE
We haven't been able to identify
yet whatever it was that was in
Miss Kingston's system, but even
though there are only residual
traces of it now on the tox
screens, there's been severe
internal damage. It's like...

CHRIS
What?

NURSE
This is going to sound crazy, but
nobody here has ever seen anything
like it. It's as though something
was eating away at her from the
inside out, almost like she
swallowed a gallon of concentrated
acid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHRIS
(sighs; beat)
So what's her condition?

NURSE
I'm sorry, Mr. Berkeley, but
there's nothing we can do for her.
We've stabilised her, but it's only
a matter of time before her entire
system goes into shock again and
shuts itself down.

The Nurse lays a tender hand on Chris' arm as his face droops
and his eyes close, fighting back the tears.

CHRIS
(quietly)
Can I... can I see her?

NURSE
Just give me a moment.

The Nurse heads back over to reception to get Julie's file as
Twist and Danyaël walk over. Chris is silent, shaking
slightly as he fights to contain his distress.

TWIST
So what's up, doc?

DANYAEL
(shakes head)
I cannot *believe* you just said
that...

TWIST
What? Oh, you're trying to tell me
you're not a child of the Looney
Tunes like me?

DANYAEL
I- what does *that* have to do with
anything?

TWIST
A-ha! I knew it. It's the hair.
Dead giveaway. Excuse the pun.

CHRIS
(quietly)
She's dying.

TWIST
Hmm? Say what?

CHRIS
She's dying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

TWIST
 (beat; quietly)
 Oh.

DANYAEL
 Man... I'm sorry.

CHRIS
 The infection did too much damage
 to her body, it's just a matter of
 time before it gives up.
 (beat)
 I killed her.

TWIST
 Hey!
 (hits Chris on the arm)
 Do not think that. This is
 Malkuth's fault, not yours, you
 can't blame-

But Chris is already walking away, tears rolling down his
 face. He walks straight past the two vampires and out into
 the ambulance bay.

DANYAEL
 Should we go after him?

Danyael starts to walk, but Twist stops him.

TWIST
 No, leave him.

NURSE
 Um, excuse me?

Twist turns to see the Nurse waiting, chart in hand as she
 looks around for Chris.

NURSE (cont'd)
 Where did he go?

TWIST
 (beat)
 He, uh... he needed some air.

40 EXT. COOK COUNTY - AMBULANCE BAY. NIGHT.

40

As 'Bother' by Stone Sour starts to play, Chris is stood
 outside in the bay, sheltered between two tall buildings
 either side, a light rain falling as he looks up to the night
 sky, his fists balling up.

He SCREAMS at the top of his lungs up at the moon, his voice
 failing after a few moments, and he collapses to his knees,
 his hands wrapped round his head, sobbing into the pavement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The AMBULANCE DRIVER steps over and leans down.

DRIVER
Hey, pal, you alright?

Chris suddenly snaps up, and the Driver jumps back, startled. Chris shakes his head slowly.

CHRIS
No. No, I'm really not.

DRIVER
You, uh, want me to fetch anyone?

CHRIS
No. She's not going to die.

A beat as the Driver starts to understand what's happening.

DRIVER
(sympathetic)
People die here every day, buddy.
That's just the way it is.

Chris stands and turns his head back towards the hospital.

CHRIS
Not tonight.

41 INT. COOK COUNTY - E.R. WARD. NIGHT.

41

We're looking across the main ward, rows of curtained off beds bathed in the subdued overhead lights. Heart monitors beep softly, breathing apparatus clicks and wheezes, and there is the occasional cough or groan of pain as we look down the rows of beds.

With a SNAP, the security locks on one of the windows are wrenched open, and as the window pane slides up, a rain-soaked Chris clambers inside. He looks up and down the ward for Julie's bed.

Asleep in her bed, raised half-upright, with an IV drip in one arm, a breathing tube in her nose and a heart monitor beeping slowly by the side of her bed. Her skin is starting to turn an almost grey colour, and it's clear she doesn't have much time left.

A shadow falls across her as someone pulls aside the curtain surrounding her.

Chris looks down at her. The tears are welling up in his eyes again, but he closes his eyes and lets them roll down his cheeks, trying to regain his composure. He reaches out a hand and holds it over her chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A soft yellow GLOW starts to appear from beneath Chris' hand, and thin slivers of yellow light start to spread out, running across Julie's torso as though they were liquid. Chris' hand starts to shake and he frowns, eyes squeezed shut as he maintains the supreme effort.

CHRIS

(softly)

Don't die on me, Julie. Please...

The glow intensifies, and Chris starts to breathe heavily as the spell begins to drain what little energy he has left. The yellow trails of energy are cascading from his hand down onto Julie, soaking into her skin and fading away. Fade to black, then back up:

42 INT. COOK COUNTY - WAITING ROOM. NIGHT.

42

Twist is at a complete loss as she wonders where Chris could be. The bay doors hiss open behind her, and as she turns round Chris staggers into the waiting room, collapsing to his knees.

Twist leaps out of her seat and grabs him, and he throws an arm around her as she starts to help him to his feet.

TWIST

Where did you go? Danyael's out looking for you, we thought you'd-

CHRIS

(wheezing)

It's alright... just let me sit down...

She helps him into a seat and he takes a deep breath, as the Nurse rejoins the scene.

NURSE (O.S.)

Ah, there you are!

She looks oddly relieved, checking her chart again and shaking her head, before grinning and looking back.

NURSE (cont'd)

I'm not sure how, but... I think you'd better come with me.

43 INT. COOK COUNTY - E.R. WARD. NIGHT.

43

Looking down on Julie in her bed, asleep and suddenly much healthier - colour in her cheeks and a regular heartbeat. The Nurse smiles down at her, and then turns to Twist and Danyael, standing by the bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NURSE

I can't explain how it happened, but she's starting to recover. We must have overestimated the amount of organ damage - it's like her body just decided it wasn't ready to quit, and started to fight back and heal itself. If I didn't know better, I'd say it was a miracle! By rights, she should be dead.

TWIST

(grins)

We hear that a lot. Right, Chris?

She turns - Chris is gone. Danyael looks round.

DANYAEL

Huh, he was right behind me...

TWIST

(calling out)

Chris? Chris! Chris, where are you?

44 INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

44

Back in the hotel suite the group were using, Twist is checking through the heap of bags on the floor.

TWIST

All his stuff's gone. His clothes, his weapons, everything. Where the hell did he go?

DANYAEL (O.S.)

Hey, Twist, come take a look at this.

Twist gets up and walks over to Danyael, who is sitting on the bed where Chris was restrained earlier, holding two small white envelopes. One reads 'Twist & Danyael,' the other 'Julie.'

With a concerned look to Danyael, Twist opens the first envelope. Inside is a sheet of paper, which she reads.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Dear Twist and Danyael, I'm sorry to carry on like his, but I have to go. I know you'd probably say I was overreacting, but you have to understand how much Julie means to me, and how close we all came to losing her tonight.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS(cont'd)

No matter what involvement Malkuth had in all of this, the fact remains I both lost control of myself, and I very nearly killed innocent people, and that I nearly took the life of one of my dearest friends as well. I think it's best for everyone if I spend some time alone. I've left you and Danyael some money and my contact book, you should be able to find plenty of work to do while I'm gone. I can't say how long it'll be for.

Twist sits on the bed, shocked at what she's reading.

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

The other letter is for Julie, I'd appreciate you passing it on when she comes to at last. All it really says is that I'm sorry for what I did, and that I won't get her involved in my problems any more. Please don't try to find me, I need to do this, for all our sakes.

DANYAEL

Well? What'd he say?

TWIST

(disbelief)

He's... he's taken off! He said he can't handle almost killing Julie, or how close he came to killing other people while he was under the influence of that spell, so he's disappeared...

(beat; seethes)

God, that is so fricken *British*!!
What is it with Brits and their damn guilt complex?

DANYAEL

What are we going to do?

Twist glances at Danyael - it would seem that she's now in charge. She thinks for a moment, then stands.

TWIST

We're gonna find him.

Off Twist's determined look, we:

BLACK OUT:**END OF SHOW**