SOMEBEWHERE INBETWEEN

"The Masterpiece"

by

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&

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FADE IN:

EXT. SKY - DAY

Serene. Peaceful. A warm summer’s day. Not a cloud in the sky. A plane soars through the clouds.

INT. PLANE

CHRIS talks on the phone, looking like this has already been a long day.

CHRIS

Yes, we handle the cases no one else will handle… yes, it is a catchy slogan… no, we won’t work for scale… maybe because our business doesn’t have such a thing as scale… look, I must insist that we’re paid half up front… no, I’m not being untrusting… extenuating circumstances must be taken into account… you must understand that there aren’t many who will gladly take on the threat of a pack of angry jertaks, especially seeing as the summer is in full bloom… okay… we’ll collect $2,000 up front, and $2,000 when we complete the job. Thanks.

(hangs up)

God, I hate this part of the job.

TWIST sits next to Chris.

TWIST

It’s a necessary evil, chief.

CHRIS

True. These people are evil.

TWIST

How many more contacts?

CHRIS

One. Bobby Ridge. Used to be involved with some warlocks in Oklahoma, until I put him in traction for it.

TWIST

What’s he doing in San Francisco?

CHRIS

Tanning.
CONTINUED:

TWIST
Right. I’ll leave you to it, then.

Chris nods and dials another number.

CHRIS
Bobby? Hi, it’s Chris Berkeley.

Beep. Bobby hangs up on Chris. Chris turns to Twist, forcing a grin.

CHRIS (cont’d)
I think he remembers me.

Chris dials again, and this time Bobby answers. Chris & Bobby talk, but our attention shifts to Twist. She starts flicking through a magazine, the latest copy of SFX. On the cover is a photo of the new Dr. Who series.

Twist turns around in her seat to face DANYAEL, the sun blind tightly shut in the window next to him.

TWIST
Hey, Danny boy!

DANYAEL
Yeah?

TWIST
What do you think about ‘Dr. Who’?

DANYAEL
Hmm. The Daleks are cool, I used to use their sound effects, like “exterminate,” on my show a lot. I like the theme song too. Never a big fan of the show though. You?

TWIST
Too camp. Give me ‘Mystery Science Theatre: 3000’ any day.

DANYAEL
Corny sci-fi is my idea of Hell.

Both laugh. A beat, then:

DANYAEL (cont’d)
What’s Hell like?

Twist freezes. She doesn’t know how to react, but slowly the words come to her.
TWIST
Hell is perception. It’s pure fear. In a nutshell, take the most horrific thought you have and then magnify it by ten. Imagine it so real that your skin starts to boil, that you can feel your worst nightmares becoming real all around you. That’s Hell.

Danyael nods. He kinda understands.

TWIST (cont’d)
I don’t really want to talk about it. Gives me the creeps, ya know? I spent way too long down there already.

DANYAEL
I understand. Sorry.

TWIST
That’s ok. It’s a fair question, I just... I just don’t want to think about it again just yet.

Twist goes back to reading her magazine, and Danyael taps his CD player. He ponders something and looks at Twist.

DANYAEL
What about ‘Highway To Hell’?

TWIST
Good song.

DANYAEL
I think it’s a great song. It speaks volumes about life. Are we simply moving towards an end-date with Hell? Can we really do enough good to make sure that we don’t slip into the fiery netherworld? Or are we doomed to end up there, no matter how much we do up here?

TWIST
Check out Mr. Profound over here! As for an answer, I’m not sure. I think Led Zeppelin had it right... you know, with ‘Stairway To Heaven.’ I think that doing enough good brings with it its own rewards.

DANYAEL
Certainly something to think about!
They stare ahead, lost in thought, as we pan back across to Chris as he hangs up his phone.

**CHRIS**
Well, that went better than expected...

**TWIST**
Did Bobby agree?

**CHRIS**
Yes, after a fashion. He wants us to move his P.I. office out of the hotel he works from into a removals truck. He’s moving to New York, he says evil is coming.

**TWIST**
Give the clever man ten points.

**CHRIS**
What were you two talking about?

**DANYAEL**
We were using songs at metaphors for our personal opinions on the afterworld for Vampires. Religious undertones were the order of the day.

**CHRIS**
Reminds me of the time Twist said life was like a continuous episode of ‘Little House On The Prairie’...

Chris & Danyael laugh. Twist starts to join in, but her smile drops suddenly and she stares around, her eyes scanning the plane around her.

Twist’s viewpoint suddenly drops into slow motion. Children horse around, adults drink alcohol, flight attendants joke with passengers.

Everything becomes blurred, indistinct, as though we’re looking through a thick, dirty pane of glass.

This lasts a beat, before we cut back to the scene as before, with Twist looking thoroughly confused.

**TWIST**
(quietly; dazed)
What the hell was that?

**CAPTAIN**
(filtered; through intercom)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (4) CAPTAIN (cont'd)

Attention ladies and gentlemen, we are nearing the landing site, so please remember to fasten your seatbelts before we land. Thank you for travelling with Easy Jet.

Twist comes to, shaking her head to clear it.

TWIST
Memo to self: in flight food is not recommended...

She smirks. The vision still baffles her, but she’s managing to put on a positive face. Chris & Danyael stop chattering and turn to her. Chris smiles at her, Twist smiles back, albeit in a forced manner.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. REVOLUTION HOTEL – EARLY HOURS

It’s a glamorous joint, haunt of many a rock star who passed through San Francisco. A neon sign flashes ominously as Chris, Twist & Danyael approach. Each carries suitcases, but in addition to his suitcase, Chris carries a Judo Bag.

BOBBY RIDGE is standing on the steps. He’s a short, balding figure in a dull grey suit. He greets them.

BOBBY
Chris. Twist.
(re: Danyael)
New guy.
(off look)
How… nice… to see you again.

Chris & Twist share a wry look - they know better. Danyael goes with the flow, unassuming.

BOBBY (cont’d)
(forced civility)
Can I take your suitcases?

Chris & Twist laugh. Shaking their heads, they carry their bags up the steps. They walk past Bobby, entering the hotel. Bobby is about to enter, when:

DANYAEL (O.S.)
Hey!

Danyael taps him on the shoulder. Bobby turns round to face him, looking disgruntled. Danyael smirks back at him and holds out his suitcase.

DANYAEL (cont’d)
You can carry mine, if you like…

He bundles his suitcase into Bobby’s arm and walks off. Bobby struggles to carry the suitcase up the steps and shoots Danyael a foul look.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE

Danyael enters first and looks around in awe. Imagine the nicest, most poetically beautiful hotel room ever, and then add a widescreen TV and a PS2.

DANYAEL
Wow.

He walks in, Chris & Twist follow. They regard the room with equal awe.
CONTINUED:

With an offscreen THUD, Bobby falls over in the doorway, the suitcase landing an inch away from his head.

BOBBY
Ow!

All eyes turn to Bobby. He looks at Danyael with disgust.

DANYAEL
Are you okay?

BOBBY (angrily)
You’re a vampire, I’m a human. You do the math, bloodsucker!

Chris picks the suitcase up effortlessly, throwing it to Danyael, who catches it just as effortlessly. Chris helps Bobby up, and he dusts himself off.

BOBBY (cont’d)
Why did I give you such a nice room?

CHRIS
Because you’re a generous person.

BOBBY
Really? See, I thought it was because you threatened me… again.

Chris laughs and pats Bobby on the back. Bobby winces.

CHRIS
‘Threaten’ is far too strong a word, Bobby. I’d be happier with ‘gave an added incentive.’

Chris walks across the room to Twist & Danyael. Twist is staring outside through the window. It’s a great view, and thankfully the sun is obscured by cloud.

BOBBY
You can’t stay more than two nights. I need to move out ASAP.

No reaction. Bobby scowls and leaves the room, and as soon as he does:

DANYAEL
That guy is a creep.

CHRIS
That he is. He’ll sell us out first chance he gets.

(CONTINUED)
Danyael ponders this. Slowly he looks at Chris & Twist - that comment baffles him.

DANYAEL
Uh, isn’t that a bad thing?

CHRIS
(to Twist)
Should I tell him?

TWIST
No, I will.

Chris nods and Twist walks over to Danyael, laying an arm round his shoulders.

TWIST (cont’d)
Chris and me have one rule - never kill a human.

DANYAEL
(beat)
And?

TWIST
And nothing. That’s the rule.
(whispers)
But, we figure some dumb vampire will turn Bobby one of these days... and then it’s hunting season.

Twist laughs, Elmer Fudd style, and Danyael grins. The idea isn’t without merit.

EXT. BALCONY – TWILIGHT

Twist stands by the edge, staring into the bright lights of the city. It’s a fantastic view.

Visible in the room behind her is Chris, doing some one-armed push ups as the terminally lazy Danyael gets stuck into the Playstation, several empty bottles from the minibar by his feet.

She sighs happily as a light breeze blows over her, before turning and stepping back into the room.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - TWILIGHT.

Twist waits for Chris to finish his round of push ups, then plops down onto the bed as he lies back, catching his breath.

TWIST
So, what’s the score, Chris?
CONTINUED:

DANYAEL
There is a reason why we’re here, right? I mean, not that I’m not glad of the luxury room or anything...

TWIST (hopefully)
Has Malkuth strolled through town? Do we have to kick some ass? Please say we do!

CHRIS (shakes head)
No, he’s still recovering after our little voodoo experiment.

TWIST
Then what is it?

CHRIS
Not ‘what,’ ‘who.’

Twist & Danyael stare at him.

CHRIS (cont’d)
We are here to pay a visit to an art dealer.

DANYAEL
That’s… unusual, and much less kung fu than I was expecting.

CHRIS
I know this is a different kind of mission for us, but stay with me a second. The man we’re is Herbert-

7
INT. RECEPTION
Bobby speaks into a phone.

BOBBY
... Rengler?

8
INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE
CHRIS
He’s a big-time art dealer, famous even, known throughout the Western Hemisphere. His parents are the equally renowned entrepreneurs Maurice and Danielle Rengler. (MORE)
CONTINUED:

CHRIS (cont'd)

Made a killing in Texas selling oil, moved to San Francisco at fifteen, earned fifty-seven million when he turned eighteen due to a trust fund that his doting parents set up. Now worth thirty billion, he’s an entrepreneur, a wheeler and dealer.

Twist raises her hand like a schoolgirl.

TWIST
Do we really need his life story?

Chris sighs, but she has a point.

CHRIS
No, I suppose we don’t. I was just trying to give you both a bit of background info. Thought it’d help.

DANYAEL
Why is he so important? I mean, if we’re looking for him, he can’t just be a normal art dealer…

CHRIS
He has certain items that I require. As I said, this isn’t a usual job.

Off Twist’s look, we cut to:

9

INT. RECEPTION

Bobby is still on the phone, looking a bit more flustered than we left him.

BOBBY
No, I won’t hold, damn it, let me speak! Oh, for the love of…

Bobby presses a tired hand to his forehead as the unmistakable strains of muzak drift out of the handset.

10

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE

Danyael’s eyes flit between Chris and Twist. Something major has obviously just been discussed, and the two vampires don’t know what to make of it. Twist stares dead ahead. She tries to understand, but fails. Chris waits patiently. A beat, then:

TWIST
Are you out of your fricken mind?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CHRIS

No.

TWIST
Are you sure? Because, you know, in our time together I’ve heard my fair share of ker-azee ideas from you... are you absolutely sure?

CHRIS

Yes.

Beat. Twist is at a rare loss for words.

DANYAEL
She has a point.

CHRIS
Oh, will you two... Look, I’m sure! (mellows)
I’m not talking about hurting Rengler...

TWIST
True.
(stands up)
You’re talking about stealing, Chris.

CHRIS
Don’t get moral on me, Twist. We’ve done this type of thing before.

TWIST
Yeah. To vampires, and to demons, but not to humans. That crosses the line.

Silence for a beat before Danyael pipes up.

DANYAEL
Uh... I’m not into stealing, Chris. It isn’t really my thing, you know?

CHRIS
Alright, allow me to elaborate. I have been following Rengler for years, ever since I attended a private exhibition he held in his French penthouse. Trust me, he is not a good guy.

TWIST
What allows you to make that call?
CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS
(with conviction)
I’ll tell you. While at that exhibition in France, I saw that he had a knife. Not an ordinary knife, but a sacrificial knife belonging to a cult in Africa, who used to massacre mortals to their God. Through my sources, I found out that Rengler had some unscrupulous figures steal that knife from its temple in the centre of Africa. (smirks)
I want to retrieve that knife.

TWIST
Why? What’s so special about it?

CHRIS
Because Malkuth wanted it, and still does. He sent a gang to Africa to retrieve it, and luckily they showed up late, but unluckily Rengler got the knife instead.

DANYAEL
What’s the harm in this Rengler guy having the knife?

CHRIS
The cult who placed the knife in the temple put a curse upon it. If it is not returned within a year of being removed, then the currently long-dead cult’s god will be summoned from within the grave, and wage unholy war and slaughter on all in their path until they retrieve it.

DANYAEL
Oh. That’s pretty bad, right?

TWIST
(shrugs)
Just another day at the office.

DANYAEL
And why does stealing from a human bother you so much?

TWIST
It’s all a question of good karma, Spook. Which I sure need lots of.
INT. RECEPTION

Bobby is still on the phone, but appears to be talking to someone this time, instead of just holding.

BOBBY
Hello, Mr. Rengler, it’s Bobby Ridge. I have some information for you.

EXT. RENGLER ESTATE – TWILIGHT

An old fashioned style Manor. A bevy of luxury saloon cars are parked outside. Everything has a nice and tidy classic feel, you could say.

RENGLER (V.O.)
Really, Mr. Ridge?

INT. RENGLER MANOR

Inside the manor is as dripping with wealth as the exterior would suggest. We walk along, through a huge hallway and up towards a thickly-carpeted stairway.

RENGLER (V.O.)
I was of the impression that this town bowed to me.

We take a left, up another, smaller staircase towards the first floor, passing a row of framed portraits.

RENGLER (V.O.) (cont’d)
After all, I don’t bow to anyone.

Slowly ARM up the stairs.

RENGLER (V.O.) (cont’d)
This city wouldn’t survive without my influence…

Move across the hallway at the top of the stairs.

RENGLER (V.O.) (cont’d)
But I would survive without this city.

At the end of the corridor – a door is ajar.

RENGLER (V.O.) (cont’d)
Now, that is a funny thought.

Approach the door.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RENGLER (V.O.) (cont’d)
Darwin said that society is all about “the survival of the fittest”.

Stop just short of the door, it leads to a study.

RENGLER (V.O.) (cont’d)
But that gets me to thinking. Don’t you need a variety of people to have a society? And if this is true, then survival of the fittest can’t apply, because people need people to survive.

INT. RENGLER MANOR – STUDY

RENGLER sits on a chair, phone to his ear, his back to us. From the back, he has dyed black hair.

RENGLER
Yet this doesn’t apply to me…

Rengler spins around on his chair to face us at last.

RENGLER (cont’d)
(smirks)
Seeing as how I’m not fully human.

The words he just uttered not instantly true: Rengler looks distinctly human. He looks forty, but a real youthful forty, no wrinkles in sight.

RENGLER (cont’d)
I know what you know, but I also know more. Do me a favour. Call me when those miscreants leave the nest, and until then, keep quiet.

He hangs up the phone and thinks for a second, before turning his head to talk to someone off screen.

RENGLER (cont’d)
This could cause a problem, if what I know is correct…

Pan across to REMINGTON, a big, scary looking vampire.

REMINGTON
What would you have me do?

ARM back over to Rengler. He’s fiddling with a shotgun.

RENGLER
Nothing. Yet.

(CONTINUED)
Remington looks worried – he knows something we don’t, but tries not to show his concern to his boss.

15

EXT. SKY – DAWN/DAY/EVENING

In a series of quick images, and to the tune of ‘Payback Time’ by the Dysfunctional Psychdedelic Waltons, we see the sun rise to mark the start of a brand new day, and the sun set to mark the beginnings of a hollow eve.

16

EXT. REVOLUTION HOTEL – EVENING

Against the backdrop of the Hotel, Chris, Twist & Danyael walk away from the Hotel, ready for work.

17

EXT. RENGLER ESTATE – EVENING

Chris’ black Ford pulls up across the road from Rengler’s mansion, and Chris leans across the steering wheel as he peers towards the high gates at the end of the drive.

He turns back to Twist and Danyael, Twist dressed unusually smartly in a sharp suit, with glasses and her hair pulled back in a neat ponytail.

CHRIS
Do you two know what to do?

TWIST
(nods)
Occupy him with my hastily crammed knowledge of artists come and gone.

DANYAEL
Stay outside, look suspicious, keep their attention away from you two.

CHRIS
Great. I’ll sneak around the back, he won’t be expecting anyone else. I made this late appointment for you to see him, so he thinks you’re just a rich art critic looking for someone to write a feature on.

TWIST
Art critic. Check. I’ll just have to say ‘yah’ and nod a lot…

With a shared nod, the trio exit the Ford.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

**ACT TWO**

FADE IN:

18 INT. RENGLER MANOR - MAIN HALL

Rengler opens his front door to reveal Twist, who beams brightly back at him and holds out a hand.

RENGLER
Hello? To what do I owe this pleasure?

TWIST
Oh, I’m Susannah Harker, the art critic from ‘Times Of Yore’ magazine? I’m here to get started on that feature we’re writing about you.  
(checks watch; chuckles)
I know I’m an eensy bit late, so if this is a bad time…

She smiles hopefully at him, and Rengler smiles warmly back, not wanting to turn this attractive woman away.

RENGLER
No, no, come in, of course. I was having a quiet evening in, anyway.

Rengler clicks his fingers and Remington stands guard by the door, and Twist takes him in quickly, making sure she doesn’t give herself away. Twist steps inside.

TWIST
Wow. Great. Thanks for this, we’re actually up to almost three million readers per month now, so this article should bring a lot more publicity to your collection!

RENGLER
(not really listening)
Fascinating…

They walk out of frame. When he’s sure that they’re gone, Remington opens the door.

19 EXT. RENGLER ESTATE – TWILIGHT

Outside, we’re looking up at one of the high, ivy-covered walls of the manor as Chris scales it, using a set of small climbing claws to dig into the masonry and pull himself upwards.
INT. RENGLER MANOR - HALLWAY

Rengler & Twist walk past some antiques. The wall is littered with these weathered, but expensive artefacts. Twist is scanning, checking the place out.

RENGLER
Tell me, Susannah.

They stop. He turns to face her.

RENGLER (cont’d)
When I say the name ‘Dickinson,’ what is the first thing that pops into your head?

Twist laughs – a sort of half-snort that ties in with her nerdier look.

TWIST
“Cheap as chips!”

RENGLER
(chuckles)
Quite.

They start walking again.

RENGLER (cont’d)
Isn’t he a breath of fresh air? I watch his show, ‘Bargain Hunt,’ regularly on BBC America. Enlightening. Provides a welcome dose of humour to the competitive nature of antiques and artefacts, which I so truly enjoy.

He walks ahead, grinning. Twist makes a grimly comical face back, obviously doing her best to keep up the illusion.

EXT. RENGLER ESTATE – TWILIGHT

Remington approaches Danyael, who is strolling up and down outside the main gates, looking across at the row of luxury cars parked on the drive.

REMINGTON
See anything you like?

DANYAEL
(off estate)
Not bad.

REMINGTON
Care to move along?
CONTINUED:

DANYAEL
Not really.

REMINGTON
Look, this is private property.

He takes a step forward, trying to intimidate Danyael.

REMINGTON (cont’d)
No trespassers allowed. See?

A dusty old sign next to Remington on the gate, which reads ‘No Trespassers Allowed.’

REMINGTON (cont’d)
Get the hint?

Remington gets in Danyael’s face. Danyael is unfazed and grins back up at the hulking vampire.

DANYAEL
Yeah. I do.

Danyael walks back an inch. Officially he’s out of the estate. He throws a victorious smile up at Remington.

DANYAEL (cont’d)
But I’m not trespassing now...

With a grunt, Remington turns and heads back for the manor, throwing glances back at Danyael.

Danyael lights a cigarette - mission accomplished.

Remington heads back inside through the main door, as we start to look up towards the roof.

EXT. RENGLER MANOR - ROOFTOP.

Chris hops up onto the stone rooftop of the manor, scanning for entry points. He spots a doorway and a small balcony, used to gain access to the little observation point on the roof. He heads for the door, and with a shove it gives way. He steps inside.

INT. RENGLER MANOR - HALLWAY

Chris steps down a darkened stairway and out into one of the long, high-ceilinged hallways in the manor. Glass cabinets with suits or armour, urns and other antiquities line the floor, while paintings and tapestries hang from the walls.

There is clearly an awful lot of money contained within this manor! Chris nods, impressed, and starts to pace along carefully.
He walks past a display case containing an intriguing looking roll of parchment. Chris is about to open it when he stops, carefully drawing his hand back. On the glass is a tiny red dot.

Chris looks up at an alarm. He follows the wires over to a small CCTV camera, aimed at the display cabinet. Underneath the camera is a door, which Chris approaches.

INT. CORRIDOR

The door opens, and Chris steps into a long corridor. The floor is chrome silver, and made up of 72 perfectly appointed tiles, alternately black and white. Chris scans it for a few moments, then reaches into his pocket and pulls out a coin. He throws it across the corridor.

It hits the floor... and ZAP! It’s obliterated by an exceedingly powerful laser.

He smirks, nodding as if to say he knew it wouldn’t be this easy. There is a loud CLICK overhead, and Chris looks up. His face drops at what he sees.

CHRIS

Bugger...

From within the walls comes a sudden movement, followed by a horizontal beam of red light fired from a small laser in the ceiling. It’s travelling down the corridor at high speed, straight for Chris.

The laser draws ever closer, and at the last minute Chris dodges to the side, taking a step forward and then jumping in mid-air as a second laser fires out of the floor below.

Backflipping to avoid the first laser’s return sweep, he hops from tile to tile, narrowly avoiding getting zapped several times but making it safely to the end of the corridor.

Chris stands and takes a deep breath, the tiled floor in the background. He frowns, suddenly, and turns round.

Chris has managed to end up on the same side he started on.

CHRIS (cont’d)
(annoyed)

Bloody hell! Now I have to do that all over again...

Behind Chris, a loud humming becomes audible. He turns.

The horizontal red beam of light is back, only this time, it emits from every single nook and cranny. It’s coming for Chris, and it’s hungry for blood.
He turns and runs down the corridor, again narrowly avoiding the laser blasts as he hops from tile to tile. Behind him, the horizontal red beams draw closer.

Chris nears the door he entered through, and hurls himself towards it. He reaches for the handle, but it snaps off.

Chris starts kicking the door. The horizontal red beams of light draw dangerously close, but at the last moment Chris kicks the door off its hinges.

INT. RENGLER MANOR – CORRIDOR

Chris crashes through the door and into the corridor, taking the door with him. He gets up, dusts himself down and picks the door up, slotting it back in place as best he can. He breathes heavily, frowning at the loss of the element of surprise.

CHRIS

If I didn’t hate Rengler so much right now, I’d congratulate him on an excellent security system...

Chris reaches behind him for his small backpack and discovers that it is no longer there. It was cut to shreds by the red beam of light.

CHRIS (cont’d)

(tuts)

Well. Perfect.

He looks both ways, picks one and walks.

REMINGTON (V.O.)

Sir? We have a problem.

INT. CORRIDOR

Remington stands at the far edge, the lights inside the corridor now dimmer as the lasers have been deactivated. Rengler studies the tattered remains of Chris’ backpack.

REMINGTON

The half-breed vampire was here. How should I proceed?

Rengler smirks and stands, throwing the backpack down.

RENGLER

We won’t. He’ll come to us, and we’ll be ready.

REMINGTON

What about the reporter?
CONTINUED:

RENGLER
Hmm? Oh, I sent her away with some bits of news, that should keep her quiet. Although... there was something... odd about her...

Rengler leaves the corridor, and Remington follows.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE  
Chris paces as Danyael and Twist sit on the couch. Twist’s still in her reporter outfit, the team having just met up after the after breaking into Rengler’s mansion. Chris has just told his side of the story, and Twist stares at him for a long beat, until with a shared look Danyael & Twist roar with laughter.

CHRIS
Right. Bloody priceless. That was one of my favourite backpacks, you know!
(sighs)
Alright, time for plan ‘B.’

EXT. RENGLER ESTATE – DUSK  
The sun is setting. Chris approaches the front door, he wears a sharp suit and carries a chrome briefcase.

INT. RENGLER MANOR – FRONT DOOR  
Ding. Dong. Rengler opens the door.

RENGLER
Hello?

Chris grins like a Cheshire cat, and shakes Rengler’s hand enthusiastically.

CHRIS
(breezy American accent)
Hello, You must be Rengler. I’m Harry, Harry Kline. Shall we?

Rengler regards him curiously.. before smiling.

RENGLER
Alright, come in.

Chris enters and Rengler shuts the door.

INT. RENGLER MANOR – MAIN HALL.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RENGLER
So, Mr. Kline, what do you do?

CHRIS
Me? I do this, I do that. Little bit of everything. I’ve amassed a considerable fortune pretty quickly, if I do say so myself!

RENGLER
I’d imagine...

CHRIS
Shoot. Being modest. You probably knew me before I even uttered a single breath! Knew I was coming?

RENGLER
(not impressed; patiently)
Yes. Well.

31 INT. RENGLER MANOR - PLAIN CORRIDOR

Rengler leads Chris down a corridor. Generic artwork hangs from the walls. It’s plain & dull. Rengler gives Chris a sanitised, bland, tour-guide style monologue.

RENGLER
I collected this art in Africa, I was there on a routine expedition about three years ago. I like to go there, not just for the artwork, but for the fresh air. Everything there is so...

CHRIS
... magical.

RENGLER
Exactly. Not static, like so many things are here in the States...
(beat)
Tell me Harry, have we met before? In Paris perhaps?

CHRIS
I can assure you we haven’t. I’d remember meeting a guy like you!

RENGLER
Quite.

CHRIS
I’m sorry, you cut short your scintillating speech!
CONTINUED:

RENGLER
Indeed. This artwork is centuries old, African tribesmen in caves concocted it. Note the raw, savage energy that emits from every orifice-

CHRIS
You know, I hate to interrupt you, but my tastes are slightly more, how do I say? - bourgeoisie.

RENGLER
I’m afraid I don’t follow.

CHRIS
Mr. Rengler, please - this is the tourist attraction.

RENGLER
(frowns)
I assure you, this is the cream of the crop.

CHRIS
And I assure you, I am a man of immeasurable taste...

RENGLER
(off suit)
Yes, I can see that.

CHRIS
(chuckles)
My clothes aren’t at issue, sir. I choose to dress down, makes others feel that I am not above them.

He opens the briefcase, shows its contents to Rengler. A smile crosses his lips. Chris grins too - he knows he’s hooked Rengler in with the bait.

CHRIS (cont’d)
But do not question my wealth. Or my determination to get what I want.

He shuts the briefcase. Rengler can’t tear his eyes away.

CHRIS (cont’d)
I can be a stubborn asshole when need be.

RENGLER
Indeed. How can I be of service?
CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS
I wish to see Wonderland.

RENGLER
It’ll cost you.

CHRIS
Have me not noticed the briefcase here? I am a man of my word!

RENGLER
So it would seem... Very well then, Mr. Kline. Follow me.

Chris & Rengler walk out of frame. When they leave, an eerie atmosphere comes over this area.

One of the paintings appears to move, specifically the eyes, following the path Chris & Rengler take. This passes quickly, and things return to normal.

32 INT. RENGLER’S HIDDEN VAULT

Pitch black. In the b.g. a metal door creaks open, and the lights turn on. Chris & Rengler enter the room. Chris looks around in awe, and Rengler looks bemused as he watches him. It’s nothing new to him, he’s seen it all before. Chris goes over to touch a shiny object.

RENGLER
Don’t touch anything. I wouldn’t want to have to kill you.

Rengler’s threat registers with Chris. Eager not to blow his cover, he backs off.

RENGLER (cont’d)
These are my most prized collections, objects I have been given by the various contacts I have.

CHRIS
Unscrupulous.

RENGLER
Only as a means to an end.

CHRIS
What is the end?

RENGLER
Come now... Harry. We both know that some things have a way of being predestined.

(CONTINUED)
Rengler stares at Chris. Chris stares back. Does he know?

RENGLER (cont’d)
It’s only just begun.

Rengler turns his back on Chris and starts shuffling through various mystical orbs. Chris pulls out his miniature camera and sneakily takes several photos.

CHRIS
Tell me, Rengler. I think I’ve seen enough for today, is it okay if I let myself out?

RENGLER
Of course.

Chris leaves, and Rengler watches him carefully.

RENGLER (cont’d)
It’s your funeral, vampire...

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE

Chris & Twist sit on the carpet. On the table between them are 37 small photographs, taped together to form an outline of the Trophy Room. Twist frowns as she studies the diorama.

TWIST
Looks tricky.

CHRIS
Doesn’t it just! I’m not sure if it can be done.

TWIST
Chris, relax. I’ve watched enough films to know that nothing is impossible.

CHRIS
And what about ‘Mission: Impossible’?

TWIST
Please. Tom Cruise can do anything. Except realistically portray a Samurai. Anything can be done with a little ingenuity!

CHRIS
What do you suggest?

TWIST
How about the skylight?
(points)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:          TWIST (cont’d)
We could crash the party, Batman style! Land here, run here, get the oojits, and zip back up out of there before they even knew we were there.

CHRIS  
Although the crashing and general noise might be a factor, given that we’re breaking in.

TWIST  
Oh yeah...

CHRIS  
We want to avoid attracting attention, and the fights that always seem to go with that.

TWIST  
I guess...

Danyael enters, swigging a bottle of beer.

DANYAEL  
Any plans?

CHRIS  
Not so far, no.

TWIST  
Our plans are falling into three categories. Boneheaded, insane, and suicidal. Mine are the insane ones.

Danyael shrugs and walks outside to the balcony. Chris and twist exchange a look.

CHRIS  
Has he said anything to you yet about what happened in Atlanta?

TWIST  
Nothing. Either he’s still stuck in denial, or he’s just very good at getting over things, like seeing everyone you know murdered horrifically...

(glances to balcony)  
I’ll keep an eye on him, just in case.

(off photos)  
What are we trying to get, anyway?

CHRIS  
Everything.

(Continued)
TWIST
Everything?

CHRIS
Everything. Some of the things I spotted down there already make Rengler a very dangerous man, so it’s time we took the chance to put him out of action, once and for all.

(beat; grins)
And besides, I want some of those things!

As Chris and Twist share a grin, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO
CONTINUED: (3)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

34 INT. RECEPTION AREA

The phone rings. Bobby leaps back in shock, waits a beat, then answers.

BOBBY
Hello?

REMINGTON
(filtered; through phone)
The boss wants you to tag along with Chris and that Twist girl, keep an eye on them for him.

BOBBY
Okay. What about the new guy?

REMINGTON
Him too.

BOBBY
Okay. Are you sure? Hello? You there?

REMINGTON
He says you better believe it, Jacko.

Remington hangs up, and Bobby blinks a few times.

BOBBY
Okay, he’s sure.

35 INT. RENGLER MANOR - STUDY

Remington pushes the phone away and turns to Rengler, leaning back in his chair with a satisfied grin.

REMINGTON
Should I rally the troops?

RENGLER
Yes, that sounds like a plan. But let’s make it more incognito than the last break-in. Okay?

REMINGTON
(nods)
Okay.

(continues)
CONTINUED:

RENGLER
This Twist, she does intrigue me...
It’ll give me a chance to play with
my, ah...
(beat; evil grin)
... my wonderful toys.

INT. UNDERGROUND COMPLEX
Dimly lit in a blue haze. In the middle of the complex is a
long, wooden table, and at either side are manacles.
Torture devices line the sides. You most certainly would not
want to be left down here, if these are the ‘toys’ Rengler is
referring to.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE
Danyael sits on the couch. He watches TV – a cheesy show on
BBC America (maybe Holby City), but looks distinctly fed up.
The pile of empty beer cans by his feet would indicate he’s
been there a while.

DANYAEL
(grumpily)
Oh look, more repeats. Man, we need
something to happen round here
again!

TWIST (O.S.)
Hey, goth boy!

Twist stands in the doorway, dressed all in black, or what
she likes to refer to as ‘stealth mode.’

TWIST (cont’d)
We’ll need backup, Spook. That
means you. Get suited up.

Danyael leaps to his feet with a broad grin, and exits the
room, following Twist.

EXT. RENGLER ESTATE – TWILIGHT
At the manor, the lights are off. No one seems to be home.
Danyael stands, waiting, at the gate, wrapping his arms round
himself against the cold. In the background, we see Chris &
Twist effortlessly VAULT over the gate and approach the
Manor.

DANYAEL
Damn, it’s cold.
(shivers)
And I’m a vampire – I know cold.
EXT. RENGLER ESTATE – TWILIGHT

Chris & Twist exchange a look, then with a sly wink Twist throws her arms to the side, aiming them towards the roof.

TWIST
Go, go, gadget... uh, grappling hook thingies!

Dual grappling hooks spill from either arm. She swings her arms, and hurls them forward. They latch onto the rooftop above with a distant CLUNK, and Twist starts to pull herself along the ropes.

EXT. ROOFTOP – TWILIGHT

Twist reaches the rooftop. She discards the grappling hooks and dusts herself off. She turns, and comes face to face with Chris. She looks bewildered until he makes a jumping motion with his hands. She shakes her head, and he chuckles.

TWIST
What now?

CHRIS
Give me a moment.

Chris walks across the rooftop, Twist follows. They move over to the skylight, and Chris passes her his backpack.

CHRIS (cont’d)
Hold this.

TWIST
Huh?

Chris pulls a circular object from his jacket and rolls it on top of the skylight. A beat. Nothing happens.

TWIST (cont’d)
Is something meant to-

The object explodes with a muffled POP, emitting a small puff of dust.

TWIST (cont’d)
... happen?

She shakes her head. Chris walks over and grabs a pane of glass, removing it from the skylight.

TWIST (cont’d)
Okay, that takes care of the ‘breaking’ part. What’s the plan with the ‘entering’ bit?
CONTINUED:

Chris smirks, then leaps down through the skylight, disappearing out of view. Twist rushes over to the edge.

TWIST (cont’d)
Right. Yeah. Of course, because all we have to do is just jump about fifty feet to the ground. Perfect.

Twist shrugs, and starts humming the 'Mission: Impossible' theme. She throws the bag through the empty pane of glass, and leaps in after Chris.

INT. RENGLER MANOR - HALLWAY

Chris catches the falling bag as Twist lands on her feet next to him, like a cat. She makes no noise, but pulls a victorious kung fu pose as she stands up.

Chris rolls his eyes as he puts on the backpack, then motions to the right. Twist nods, and they start walking, alert for any danger.

EXT. STREET - TWILIGHT

Danyael is relaxing. Headphones on, he hums along but doesn’t notice the Manor lights start to flick on behind him.

His CD stops and he roots through his bag for another one, still oblivious to the Manor coming to life.

INT. RENGLER MANOR - HALLWAY.

Chris & Twist walk along, approaching the booby-trapped corridor Chris encountered last time round. With a glance back to Twist, Chris gingerly steps into the corridor.

EXT. RENGLER ESTATE - TWILIGHT

Remington walks out of the front door of the manor, and his eyes narrow as he spots something.

Bobbing his head along with what’s playing on his Discman, Danyael smokes as he leans against the gates.

He scowls and picks a walkie-talkie out from his jacket.

REMINGTON
Target in sight. Over.

INT. CORRIDOR

We’re back in the laser-beam trapped corridor, as Chris & Twist exchange a wry look.

CHRIS
Ready?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TWIST

Ready!

Chris & Twist walk straight forward, towards the tiles. The lasers in the ceiling are waiting expectantly for them as they approach.

EXT. STREET - TWILIGHT

In a single bound, Remington hops the gate. Danyael turns round, but Remington drops him with a right to the face. The CD player crashes to the floor. Remington smirks and turns away, as Danyael pops up, fangs out.

DANYAEL

(angry)

That was low, man!

Danyael swings a clumsy punch at Remington, but the larger vamp easily dodges it and strikes back, quickly gaining the upper hand.

Danyael’s no fighter, and after a vicious right hook drops to the floor, out for the count. Remington stamps on his Discman, grinding it underfoot before raising the walkie-talkie again.

REMINGTON

Target neutralised.

INT. CORRIDOR

The horizontal red beam of light flares into life, and edges close to Chris & Twist.

Just before it hits, they LEAP up onto the ceiling feet first, their feet somehow sticking as the beam passes right by them.

Twist opens one eye to check the beam is gone, then breathes a sigh of relief as she looks down at her feet. We can now see that they’re both wearing clunky black boots.

TWIST

Good call on the suction boots!

CHRIS

Not a problem, I always like to be prepared.

They push away from the ceiling and flip in mid-air, to land neatly in tandem on the floor.

TWIST

A perfect ten!
CONTINUED:

VOICE
(filtered; through speaker)
Halt!

CHRIS
(frowns)
Hmm, that’s new...

An alarm blares and the room is bathed in red light. Twist throws a worried look at Chris.

TWIST
Is this where we start running?

CHRIS
Right after we get what we came here for.

INT. VAULT

We’re inside a large, metallic trophy room, with cabinets, cases and shelves holding a variety of outlandish looking artefacts, paintings, statues and other objects.

The alarm keeps ringing overhead as Chris scoots round the room, grabbing the occasional item and stuffing it into his backpack.

TWIST
(fingers in ears)
That alarm is making me very cranky!

CHRIS
Almost done...
(closes up bag)
Okay, time to leave!

They race towards the open vault door.

INT. METALLIC CORRIDOR

Chris & Twist race along, Chris is in front, generating a lot of speed. Twist suddenly skids to a halt, looking as though she’s just remembered something.

TWIST
Wait... Chris! Wait!

Chris pulls up and turns round.

CHRIS
What’s wrong?
CONTINUED:

Twist opens her mouth, but before she can speak, what she saw on the plane finally happens.

From the floor and the ceiling appears two halves of a glass-cube, and with a quick SWISH they lock into place together, trapping Twist.

    CHRIS (cont’d)
    Twist!!!

Chris hammers away at the glass cube. It won’t break.

    CHRIS (cont’d)
    Hold on, don’t move!

    TWIST
    Well, duh...

Chris continues to hammer in vain, kicking the cube as hard as he can. Twist sighs and shakes her head.

    TWIST (cont’d)
    Go.

    CHRIS
    No, I can do this!

    TWIST
    Go! That’s an order!

Chris pauses. Twist presses one hand to her side of the cube, and Chris does the same.

    CHRIS
    I’ll be back.

    TWIST
    I know. Now get out of here!

With a lingering look at Twist, Chris turns and runs.

EXT. RENGLER ESTATE – TWILIGHT

Chris tears outside and towards the front gate, jumping up and over it in one bound. He looks around outside for Danyael, but he’s nowhere to be found.

    CHRIS
    Danyael? Danyael!!

As more alarms start to sound from inside the mansion, and more lights flick on, Chris is forced to beat it.

He doesn’t see Danyael’s smashed Discman on the ground.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CHRIS (cont’d)
He’d better be okay…

Somehow we can tell he doesn’t believe it.

INT. CORRIDOR

Twist is sat down inside the glass cube, the alarms now off. We hear the sound of FOOTSTEPS off screen, and Twist stands, looking around for the source.

Rengler steps into view, arms folded behind his back and a barely supressed smile of victory on his face. Twist puts her hands on her hips and gives him as much attitude right back as she can.

RENGLER
Hello, gorgeous...

She scowls as Rengler starts his maniacal laugh.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE
CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

52 INT. RENGLER MANOR - HALLWAY
The place is empty. At the end of the long hallway is a door. A DO NOT DISTURB sign hangs from the handle. The door is ajar.

53 INT. STAIRS
Slowly descend down the stairs. The lack of lighting adds to the creepy effect. SCREAMS are the order of the day.

54 INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY
The SCREAMS become louder. We slowly move down the hallway, at a snail's pace. At the end of this hallway is another door. This one is also ajar, but happens to be made of solid metal. More SCREAMS abound. The door opens as we pass.

55 INT. TORTURE ROOM
The room is darkness personified. The only sounds audible are the screams of pain & suffering. The lights flicker on and off. Briefly we see the room illuminated, for mere seconds at a time.

The place is like a hospital - only with torture more suited to P.O.W. Camps or Dentists. The room plunges into complete darkness, but a loud sigh is heard.

RENGLER
Blasted lights... Who was meant to call the electricity company?

LACKEY
I was, sir.

There is the BANG of a gunshot, followed by the THUD of somebody collapsing to the floor.

RENGLER
Right! Now, can somebody else please fix the lights?

After much scrambling of feet, and squeaky sounds, the lights pop on. Rengler stands over the fallen vampire Lackey, holding a gun in his hand as the Lackey writhes in pain at his feet.

RENGLER (cont’d)
Thank you.

He turns around, as he does so; we get our first real glimpse at the occupants of the room.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

All dressed in hazmat suits, they seem to be doctors of some kind, with scrubs on inside the suits. Rengler walks over to one.

RENGLER (cont’d)
How are things going?

DOCTOR #1
The patient is resisting.

RENGLER
Did you shoot him?

DOCTOR #1
I’m a doctor, not a killer.

RENGLER
There’s a difference?

Rengler walks away and Doctor #1 snarls. Rengler stops suddenly and turns round, looking angry.

RENGLER (cont’d)
A doctor? You are not a Doctor.

DOCTOR #1
Yes, I am!

Rengler moves in closer. The Doctor appears to be healing a deformed monster, a variety of surgical instruments by one side of the operating table the creature lies on, and several magical items by the other side.

RENGLER
What are you doing?

DOCTOR #1
Healing him.

RENGLER
Why?

DOCTOR #1
It’s my job.

RENGLER
It bloody isn’t!

The pulls himself to his feet, wincing from the painful gunshot wound.

LACKEY
Actually, boss, it is...

Rengler shoots the Lackey again without a second thought. He hits the ground again.
CONTINUED: (2)

RENGLER
I didn’t ask for your opinion!

Rengler turns the gun on the Doctor.

RENGLER (cont’d)
Now... start torturing him. It’s the only way we’ll learn about these creatures, and the only way I’ll be able to finish my masterpiece!

DOCTOR #1
(blankly)
No.

He fires the gun. Nothing happens. Rengler tries again, still nothing happens. He looks angry but the Doctor looks placidly down at the bullet holes in its suit.

RENGLER
Infernal weapon... REMINGTON!

Remington enters, and Rengler points toward the Doctor.

RENGLER (cont’d)
Kill him.

Remington nods, grabs the Doctor and snaps his neck. The Doctor hits the ground, very dead.

RENGLER (cont’d)
Thank you.

REMINSTON
You’re welcome.

Rengler notices Remington’s forehead, specifically a large, bleeding laceration.

RENGLER
How did that happen?

REMINSTON
(puts hand over wound)
That female vampire is... spirited.

Rengler sighs.

56

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE

A chest crashes to the floor and is kicked open. Various weapons fall onto the carpet, among them are a katana sword. A hand pulls the sword out of frame. The blade shimmers under the light.
39.

57  INT. RECEPTION

Chris storms forward, the blade at his side. Bobby cuts him off, sweating profusely.

   BOBBY
   Hey, I can’t let you-

   CRACK – Chris knocks him out of the way with a right hand, without breaking his stride. Bobby hits the ground. Chris exits.

58  EXT. STREET – TWILIGHT

The gate stands in front of Chris. He leaps over it without a second thought.

59  EXT. RENGLER ESTATE – TWILIGHT

Chris walks right up to the front door and rings the doorbell. A vampire opens the door.

   CHRIS
   (casual)
   Hello.

   Before the Vampire can react, Chris swings the blade and lops off the Vampire’s head. An alarm BLARES as Chris steps inside the manor.

60  INT. TORTURE ROOM

Rengler looks up and grins as the alarm sounds.

   REMINGTON
   What is it?

   RENGLER
   He’s back... perfect! Bring him to me in as few pieces as possible!

61  INT. RENGLER MANOR – MAIN HALL

Chris enters the hallway. He stops, looks around. Something feels wrong.

62  INT. TORTURE ROOM

Rengler’s eyes go black, and he raises his arms dramatically. A dark cloud of energy begins to form in the air around him, and a low RUMBLE can be heard.

63  INT. RENGLER MANOR – MAIN HALL

Behind Chris, the walls shake silently. He’s still looking around, his hackles up and ready for danger.

(CONTINUED)
Unseen by him, a group of SKELETONS walk out through the walls, holding blades of their own. They’re old and grimey looking, and they make no sound as they pad slowly towards Chris, their movements jittery but determined.

Chris catches sight of them in his blade. He watches them approach, never letting up as they draw ever closer.

Chris finally spins round. He’s ready for their approach, his katana already halfway towards the closest skeleton.

His blade CRASHES through bone, killing the first skeleton, which clatters to the ground in pieces, the magics holding it together broken.

In a heartbeat, the remaining skeletons rush Chris, pushing him out of frame.

64 INT. TORTURE ROOM

Rengler’s eyes return to normal as the dark cloud fades away. He turns to Remington.

RENGLER
Make sure I am not disturbed again.

Remington nods, and Rengler exits.

65 INT. RENGLER MANOR – MAIN HALL

Chris ducks a swing, and a blade SLICES into the wall behind him. He PUNCHES the skeleton in the face, knocking it back. Chris darts forward and KICKS another skeleton in the face, then impales him with the sword.

This is the last but one skeleton, the others are all heaps of bones by his feet. Chris pauses for breath and is knocked out of frame by the last skeleton.

66 INT. TORTURE ROOM – SIDE CHAMBER

Danyael lies on a table, strapped down by iron-tight manacles, very much unconscious. Twist paces around, livid.

The door opens and Rengler enters. Twist LUNGEs for him with a snarl, but with a wave of his hand she is sent flying and crashes against the wall.

RENGLER
My dear girl, I have no desire to be your enemy.

TWIST
Really? Coulda fooled me with the whole ‘hand of God’ act just then…
CONTINUED:

RENGLER
My apologies. I have no wish to harm you. Quite the opposite, in fact. I wish to study you further.
(beat; evil smile)
You fascinate me...

TWIST
(gives him the finger)
Fascinate this, baumgartner!

Off Rengler’s amused look, we:

67 INT. RENGLER MANOR - MAIN HALL

Chris trades blows with the last skeleton. They’re evenly matched in their skill with a blade as Chris parries a swing, and the skeleton’s sword SMASHES through a priceless antique vase.

There is a HOWL and a flash of white light, which Chris is distracted by for a moment until another SLICE from the skeleton’s sword makes him duck out of the way.

68 INT. TORTURE ROOM - SIDE CHAMBER

Rengler shakes and falls to his knees, clutching his head in agony. Twist sees her chance, darts forward.

Rengler regains composure, waves his hand again. Twist FLIES across the room, hitting the wall with ferocious impact. She falls to the ground, unconscious on impact.

RENGLER
That clumsy fool!

69 INT. RENGLER MANOR - HALLWAY.

Chris cuts the skeleton down, bone-by-bone, and its remains vanish. Chris stands tall, bloody but victorious, and walks out of frame, determination in his eyes.

70 INT. TORTURE ROOM - SIDE CHAMBER

Rengler shuts his eyes and clenches his fist.

A wisp of smoke forms in the air around him, and a DAGGER materialises in his hand. Rengler smiles sardonically and approaches Danyael.

RENGLER
Now, let us begin. I promise this won’t hurt for very long... well, comparatively speaking, at least.

As Rengler allows himself an evil chuckle, we cut to:
INT. TORTURE ROOM.

A wide shot, showing Remington overseeing the Doctors torturing various Demons with scalpels, avoiding the calming use of anaesthetic.

Another of Rengler’s vampires steps into frame and whispers something in Remington’s ear. He nods once and follows the vamp off screen.

INT. TORTURE ROOM – SIDE CHAMBER.

Rengler stands over Danyael, eyes closed as he concentrates on something, muttering an incantation under his breath.

Danyael’s eyes flick open, and in one smooth movement he CUTS downwards with the dagger, slicing through Danyael’s black shirt. Blood oozes up out of the cut, and Rengler grins as he digs deeper.

Twist’s eyes flick open, and with a groan she presses a hand to the back of her wounded hand and starts to sit up.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY

Chris cautiously walks along, scanning the manor.

Standing out of view behind a pillar on the next floor landing, Remington sniffs the air and smirks.

INT. TORTURE ROOM – SIDE CHAMBER

Rengler has sliced open a section of Danyael’s chest, thankfully out of our view, but he stops and frowns as he notices something.

RENGLER

Now, that isn’t something you see everyday...

Rengler puts his hands (ungloved) inside Danyael’s chest and starts digging around. In the background, we see Twist shake the cobwebs clear. She looks up and sees what Rengler is doing to Danyael, and a look of intense fury crosses her face.

INT. TORTURE ROOM

Chris enters. For a moment the Doctors don’t look at him, then they look up. Chris flicks the katana round once on his wrist, then raises an eyebrow at them, as if daring them to make the first move.

The Doctors exchange a variety of confused looks, then as one slowly start backing away as Chris paces towards them.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

He stops, and they all stop, then with a grin Chris takes one big step towards them, and the Doctors turn tail and bolt out of the room. Chris relaxes, grinning.

CHRIS
Nice to see I get some respect…

He glances round the room at the disassembled demons, grimaces and then starts towards the side chamber.

76 INT. TORTURE ROOM – SIDE CHAMBER.

Rengler FLIES across the room, BOUNCES off the wall, and hits the floor. His nose is bloody as he gasps for breath, and he looks up as a shadow falls over him.

Twist stands above him, fists clenched. This is her iconic power shot, and she’s selling it like a pro.

TWIST
I don’t know what passes for entertainment in your world...

Rengler looks at her, not quite so confident anymore.

TWIST (cont’d)
… but for me, ‘Operation’ stopped being fun a long time ago.

She smirks, then scowls and reaches down to grab Rengler, wrenching him up and out of frame with a yelp.

77 INT. TORTURE ROOM.

Chris approaches the door, not noticing that Remington is behind him. The burly vamp closes up on Chris, who doesn’t hear him approach until it’s too late.

Remington grabs Chris from behind and SLAMS him headfirst into the door. Chris bounces to the floor, dazed from the blow. Remington lunges for him.

Chris uses Remington’s momentum against him, plants a boot in his gut and FLIPS him over onto his back. Chris leaps up, and quickly brings the sword down. Remington rolls out of the way, and KICKS the sword from his hands.

It clatters across the floor, out of range.

Remington & Chris both get up and start trading punches. Remington is much stronger than Chris, and after shrugging off a few of Chris’ punches knocks him down with a heavy RIGHT HOOK. Remington stands back and gloats as Chris lies dazed on the floor.
CONTINUED:

**REMINGTON**
Is this all you are? The legendary Chris Berkeley, the vampire with a heart and soul, the one who’s going to cure us all? From where I’m standing, buddy, you look like you need to find a new calling in life!

Remington KICKS Chris in the gut.

INT. TORTURE ROOM – SIDE CHAMBER.

Twist approaches Rengler, now sprawled on the other side of the room. She lifts him to his feet by his labcoat.

**TWIST**
(incensed)
Okay, Vivisection Boy, here’s what’s going to happen. First, I think you should apologise to my now well-ventilated friend over there.

She nods her head towards Danyael, who is still out cold.

**TWIST (cont’d)**
And then, you can stitch him right back up, or else we-.

Twist freezes. Her lip quivers.

**RENGLER**
(icily)
I do not answer to you...

Twist looks down, and we pan slightly to follow - Rengler’s dagger is digging into Twist’s side.

**RENGLER (cont’d)**
... you answer to me.

He wrenches the dagger free, and with a moan of pain Twist falls to the floor, blood free flowing from the wound. Rengler licks the dagger clean with a cackle.

INT. TORTURE ROOM.

Chris gets up, bloody and bruised. Remington circles him, fists outstretched like a boxer. He’s toying with Chris.

**REMINGTON**
Come on, hot shot!

He HITS Chris, who staggers backwards.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

REMINGTON (cont’d)

Fight!

Chris hits the ground. His left eye is swollen, and he’s bleeding from his right.

REMINGTON (cont’d)

Is this it? Is this the big bad vampire hero?

Remington kicks Chris in the chest, rolling him over.

REMINGTON (cont’d)

It’s all a lie. All the boss keeps reading about you, all the things you aspire to. They mean nothing! All that matters is what we do right here, right now, and in my case, it’s to kill you...

He walks over to one of the operating tables and scoops up a particularly big syringe.

REMINGTON (cont’d)

But just for you, I’ll make it very...

He loads the syringe with yellow liquid from a small jar on the table.

REMINGTON (cont’d)

... very...

Chris reaches surreptitiously into his pocket.

Remington grins, tapping the syringe.

REMINGTON (cont’d)

... slow. So, here we go!

Remington reaches down with the syringe and grabs Chris’s arm, rolling up his sleeve and preparing to inject him.

He doesn’t see that Chris holds a small glass vial in his hand, and with a grunt he SMASHES it over Remington’s face. Remington SCREAMS in pain, clutching his face in agony and falling over backwards.

Smoke seeps through his hands as he stumbles backwards. Chris rises, weary but pissed.

Chris’ boot steps forward, crushing the now empty vial of holy water underneath his sole.

Chris stoops and picks up his sword, turning to the still writing Remington on the floor.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS
I’m sorry, I interrupted you. You were saying something?

Chris paces over to Remington, who is scrolled off screen as Chris raises the sword and DECAPITATES the vamp with one swipe. Chris turns and heads for the side chamber again.

80 INT. TORTURE ROOM – SIDE CHAMBER 80

Twist backs up, seeking shelter against the wall, one hand pressed to the wound in her side, blood glistening on her black top.

Rengler again approaches Danyael, but pauses when he notices that the Vampire has healed. Rengler goes to cut him again, but Danyael suddenly GRABS him by the throat.

His eyes pop open as Rengler gasps for air. Rengler drops the blade. Danyael’s grip loosens, but he uses his last strength to throw Rengler to the ground.

Twist makes it over to Danyael’s table, smiling weakly down at him.

TWIST
Hey, you… you okay?

DANYAEL
It fricken hurts...

Chris enters the room. He sees Rengler withering on the floor, and kicks him in the face, knocking him out.

Seeing the two wounded vamps, Chris dashes over and rips open Danyael’s manacles. He helps him and off the table, Danyael scratching at the red scar across his chest where Rengler cut him, grimacing with pain.

CHRIS
(frowning)
What happened? What did he do to you?

TWIST
It’s a little too NC-17, chief...
I’ll tell you… later...

Twist almost faints away but Chris lunges for her and catches her, Danyael supporting her as well. They help her out of the room.

Just as the trio’s feet pass by out of frame, Rengler’s eyes POP open.
Chris, Twist & Danyael walk forward towards the manor’s front doors, making their way out of Hell itself.

RENGLER (O.S.)
You... fool!

He sees Rengler hovering in the air in the middle of the hallway, his eyes as black as night.

RENGLER (cont’d)
You think you can do that to me?

Rengler claps his palms together and fires a ball of green energy at Chris. It hits him square in the chest and sends him flying backwards, sailing straight out through the front door. Twist shuts her eyes.

TWIST
(shouts)
Disappear from my sight, make all haste into the night!

Rengler sneers and raises his hands again, but with a CRACK of thunder, his expression switches to one of shock, and with a second CRACK he vanishes.

Twist shoves Danyael to get him moving, the vamp staring slack jawed at the empty space where Rengler had been.

DANYAEL
How did you...

TWIST
Something Chris taught me. Go!

They dash out through the doors.

Pausing to scoop the stunned Chris up from the floor, the trio head for the front gates and Chris’ black Ford.

Twist takes the katana from Chris’ hands and using it to SLICE through the lock on the gates, which swing open with a CREAK.

She glances down at the sword and nods, impressed with its strength. The trio push on, heading off screen.

We fade away from the scene as the alarms continue to ring in the background.
EXT. HIGHWAY STRETCH – EARLY HOURS

The Ford drives along, sweeping past the camera and continuing away from us.

INT. BLACK FORD. EARLY HOURS.

Twist drives, Danyael sits in shotgun, still rubbing his chest wound. The morning sun filters in through the tinted windows as Chris slowly comes to in the back seat.

DANYAEL
You know, in the future, if you tell me you need ‘backup’ for anything, remind me to say ‘no.’

TWIST
Hey, we’re not all hacked up Leatherface style, are we? Still got all your limbs intact? Then by our standards, that was a successful mission. Besides, we wouldn’t have made it without Chris.

(turns to face Chris)
Thanks for the kamikaze run, tiger.

Slowly PUSH IN on Chris, who looks confused.

TWIST (O.S.) (cont’d)
Chris?

Chris opens his mouth and looks surprised to find he can’t speak. He tries again a few times, but nothing comes out. He throws a pleading look back at Twist.

TWIST (O.S.) (cont’d)
(groans)
Oh, great...

BLACK OUT:

INSERT OVER – To Be Continued...

END OF SHOW