

**SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN**

"Sunburn"

by  
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&

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. STREET - MORNING 1

TWIST walks down the street. She passes a few HOMELESS GUYS listening to a portable television.

WEATHERMAN

Just to clarify a mistake that I made, and such events do occur loyal listeners, the sun is scheduled to rise earlier than usual this morning. Usually the longest day in the year is in July, but this certainly hasn't been a typical year. Now, back to Devin with sports.

A shadow falls across one of the Homeless Guys, and he looks up just in time to notice the STAKE in his gut.

He slumps to the ground and the other Homeless Guys Vamp out as Twist re-enters frame. She trades punches with both of them, quickly gaining the advantage.

She rolls past a punch, and grabs her stake, stabbing the second Homeless Vampire with it.

The Third Homeless Vampire charges at Twist, but she grabs one arm and spins him round, slamming him to the floor. She SLAMS her stake down towards his chest, but he moves, ducks a punch, and knocks her down with a forearm.

Twist dodges a spinning kick before grabbing the Homeless Vampire by the collar of his dirty clothes, and THROWING him headfirst through the window to Video-Shack.

Lying, dazed, in a shower of broken glass, he can't move in time to avoid Twist quickly STAKING him.

Twist brushes some glass specks off her jacket and grins.

TWIST

Aah! Morning exercise. Can't beat it!

Twist walks along the street, entering The News Hut.

2 INT. NEWS HUT - MORNING 2

Modern News Agent. Soft drinks are in fridges, liquor is on the shelves, dirty magazines are in sight, and overpriced food is everywhere. Twist approaches the counter. RASHIDI (25, Indian, bearded) is behind it, reading the latest issue of SFX.

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TWIST

Hey there.

Rashidi briefly looks up, but just as quickly looks back down at the magazine. Twist blinks, having expected a warmer response.

TWIST (cont'd)

Uh, I'm a friend of Chris?

RASHIDI

I know many Chris's, young lady.

TWIST

I'm sure you do - but not many of them have sharp teeth.

RASHIDI

(grins; puts down  
magazine)

Not many of them have teeth at all.  
What can I do for you?

TWIST

I've come to purchase some goods.

Rashidi gestures to the fully-stacked shop shelves.

RASHIDI

We have lots of goods.

TWIST

The kind I'm looking for aren't on  
the shelves.

RASHIDI

(nods)

Give me a second.

Rashidi walks from behind the counter and moves over to the door. After checking that no one is going to enter, he shuts it, making sure to double-lock it quickly.

The blinds are pulled down, and the entire store is rendered into near-darkness. With a CLICK, the auxiliary lights are turned on. They cast an ominous hue over the shop as Rashidi stands behind the counter.

He presses a button underneath, and the entire shape of the shop changes before our eyes.

All the shelves and merchandise the average customer would see disappears, and in its place comes the most extensive collection of weaponry not owned by a major government or a terrorist faction.

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CONTINUED: (2)

Twist looks around, displaying the wide-eyed exuberance of a young child at Christmas. Pistols, shotguns, bazookas, grenades, Holy Water, supersoakers, crossbows, vials of acid, stakes, swords, daggers, heck, they even have a Dissimulator Gun. Twist can't keep it in.

TWIST

Wow! This is kinda like 'Men In Black'... only with a stronger background smell of curry.

RASHIDI

(smirks)

I had a feeling you'd feel that way!

Twist runs her hands over some of the weapons, eyeing them with a cheeky grin. She lifts up a silver-plated rifle weapon, checking its weight and swinging it round to aim at imaginary enemies.

TWIST

Dare I ask how you got your grubby little hands on any of this stuff?

RASHIDI

The war never ends, Miss Twist. It's best to keep prepared.

TWIST

And here was me thinking *Chris* was hi-tech just 'cause he had a swish laptop...

RASHIDI

How do you think he *stays* hi-tech?  
(beat)

We go way back. Around the time he first became a vampire, in fact. I helped him out a little, once I knew I could trust him.

(while putting weapons in a sports bag)

He's a good guy. He'll be loyal to you no matter what. That's one of his problems, in fact, he can be too trusting.

TWIST

What about you?

RASHIDI

Me? I'm too distrustful.

He throws the bag to Twist. She catches it, bowing slightly under the weight of everything inside.

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CONTINUED: (3)

TWIST

How much?

RASHIDI

I'll waive the usual fee on one condition. Tell Chris 'it's coming,' he'll know the rest.

TWIST

One thing I've learned in this business - there's always something coming. Thanks for the goodies, amigo, I'll pass that message on for ya.

Rashidi opens up the door, and lets Twist out. When she leaves, he flips a switch and turns the shop back to its usual state.

3 EXT. STREET - MORNING

3

Twist walks along the street. In the sky above, the sun rises, a little higher than expected.

A ray of sunlight starts to burn Twist's exposed neck. She doesn't notice at first until she sniffs the air and smells smoke.

TWIST

Whoo, something smells off round here...

(it hits)

Oh, *crap!*

Twist races along the street, luckily able to avoid any other burns. As she dives into an alley:

4 EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

4

Twist stands in shadow, rubbing her neck, still red from the burn.

The sunlight at the end of the alley cuts Twist off. There's no possible escape. She glances round a few times, looking for a way out, when a car pulls up at the end of the alley, with a dim looking blonde girl at the wheel.

'Walking On Sunshine' by Katrina & The Waves blasts out the girl's car stereo, and after a beat Twist realises what the song is. She slaps her forehead loudly at the irony of it all, then looks up at the sunny sky before we:

**BLACK OUT:****END OF TEASER**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

5

Twist paces back and forth. The sounds of the city echo distinctly in the distance, and we can see the sunlight cutting her off from either end of the alleyway.

TWIST

Think Twist, think! There's got to be a way out of this one...

The sun sizzles in the clear sky as Twist continues to pace. She's trying to think, but the ideas aren't presenting themselves. Then she stops, slowly smiles and snaps her fingers.

TWIST (cont'd)

Gouranga!

Twist grabs a phone out of her stylish overcoat pocket.

TWIST (cont'd)

(dials number)

Let's hope Chris is in a chatty mood...

6 INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

6

Blinds cover the windows, blocking out sunlight. Chris's phone is on a table. It rings repeatedly but no-one makes an attempt to answer it.

Off screen, we can hear feet hopping back and forth and the odd 'thwack' of a punch landing.

CHRIS and DANYAEL are engaging in a little sparring - not so much boxing, more kung-fu maneuvers. Both are wearing work-out clothes.

Chris backs away, blocking Danyael's kicks and punches - he's showing a lot of promise. Chris ducks a spinning-kick, and locks his arms around Danyael's neck.

He tightens the grip and after a beat, Danyael taps Chris on the shoulder. He promptly releases the hold and the two step apart, catching their breath.

CHRIS

Excellent, you're getting much better.

DANYAEL

Slowly but surely, right?

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CHRIS

Lesson number seventy-nine, never  
rely on anything that has an  
element of risk. Every move must be  
timed to perfection.

(hears phone)

Excuse me.

Chris picks up the phone.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(into phone)

Hello, Twist.

7

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

7

Twist smiles with relief.

TWIST

(into phone)

Ah, glad you finally decided to  
answer! Where were you?

CHRIS

I was just teaching Danyael some  
moves. He's getting much better,  
and I think he-

TWIST

(sarcastic)

Wow, that sounds good, I'll make  
sure not to bother you with the  
whole *mortal danger* angle I'm  
working.

CHRIS

(turning serious)

'Mortal danger'? What do you mean?  
Is everything alright?

TWIST

It turns out I didn't read the  
newspaper this morning, and that  
I've gone and landed myself in an  
actionable position.

CHRIS

(exasperated)

What?

TWIST

I'm trapped in an alley. Just as  
the sun gets his big old hat on.

CHRIS

Oh! That isn't good.

(CONTINUED)

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TWIST  
You're telling me!

CHRIS  
Is it shaded at all? Can you make a  
break for it?

Twist looks forward.

The street is lit perfectly, which - natch - is a problem for  
your average Vampire.

TWIST  
No. Too risky.  
(beat)  
I don't play nice with the sun. We  
have issues.

CHRIS  
(solemn)  
Yes, I know..

TWIST  
What should I do?

8 INT. MOTEL ROOM 8

Chris is about to answer when with a BEEP, the connection to  
Twist is lost.

CHRIS  
Huh? That's strange...

He looks down at the phone and rattles it a few times.

9 EXT. ALLEY - MORNING 9

Twist frowns, shaking her phone and shouting into it.

TWIST  
Hello? Hello!

Twist looks down at the phone - the screen reads 'Battery  
Empty.'

TWIST (cont'd)  
Stupid, mass-produced, Taiwanese  
knock-off piece of *crap!*

She stares at the edge of the alley as she pockets the phone.  
A look of uncertainty slowly creeps over her.

10 INT. MOTEL ROOM 10

Chris eyes his phone. Something's up. Danyael practices kicks  
and punches, he's pretty quick.

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DANYAEL  
Watch out, creatures of the  
night...

He pulls his fist back.

DANYAEL (cont'd)  
... the ass-kicking DJ is in town!

He looks at Chris, sees his strange expression.

DANYAEL (cont'd)  
What's wrong?

CHRIS  
Twist's in trouble.

DANYAEL  
So what else is new?

Chris just motions towards the sunlight outside with his head, and the penny drops.

CHRIS  
You do realise what time of day it  
is, don't you?

DANYAEL  
Aw, *man*... What are we gonna do?

Chris doesn't answer, he just looks out towards the windows. His lack of answer makes Danyael even less comfortable.

11 EXT. ALLEY. MORNING.

11

Twist looks around for something she can use to get out of the alley safely. There's a dumpster, several cardboard boxes, a manhole, a fire escape overhead and a few windows further up the wall of the building next to her.

The sunlight hasn't made it across the whole wall yet, but she'll need to move fast.

TWIST  
Okay, girl, time to take some  
action pills and get moving!

She takes a few steps back and aims for a run up at the bottom of the fire escape ladder. She takes a deep breath, then jogs forward, jumping up at the last moment, arms outstretched.

Her hands miss the lowest rung of the ladder by inches..

.. and Twist sails through the air, landing in a heap on top of a pile of damp wooden crates a few feet away.

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As she rolls off, her left wrist falls under a stray sunbeam, and with a howl and a HISS of burning skin, she jumps up to her feet.

Rubbing her sore wrist with a frown, she looks up at the bottom of the ladder again, before realising a much simpler method.

She shoves the dumpster to beneath the ladder, and then with a quick hop she's on top of that and climbing the ladder. She's halfway up when she remembers something and looks back down into the alley.

With a groan, she slides back down the ladder and onto the dumpster, scooping up the bag and starting her ascent again.

She gets to the first floor landing of the fire escape, but as she swings up to get her feet on the metal stairway, she fumbles the bag, which spills open on the stairs with a series of echoing CLANGS.

Twist quickly scoops up the guns, stakes, axes and swords, but as she stands, we see a middle-aged MAN staring out at her from a window next to the stairway, a horrified look on his face.

Twist looks in at him, then down at her hand - she's still holding an axe in one hand. She tries her best, most innocent smile.

TWIST (cont'd)

Good job I picked this up! Wouldn't want any kids playing with it, cutting their legs off or anything, or...

She stutters to a halt. The man isn't buying it, already dialing '911' into the phone in his hand. Twist scowls at him as she tucks the axe away.

TWIST (cont'd)

Well, shucks. Thanks for the vote of confidence!

Twist jumps up to the next floor and continues to scale the steps up the side of the building as the man watches her from the safety of his window.

12

EXT. ROOFTOP. MORNING.

12

Twist makes it up as far as the top of the roof of the building, which is thankfully dotted with pockets of shade from the smokestacks and other small structures poking out across its surface.

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CONTINUED:

The sun is still high overhead, unfortunately, so Twist's immediate route out of the shade cast by the building opposite only extends a few feet forward. Twist scans around for something to help, before spotting something off screen with a smirk.

A row of sheets and shirts hang from a clothesline before us, fluttering in the morning breeze.

As we watch, a sword blade slowly pokes into frame, trying to unhook one of the sheets from the line. The sword gets one of the clothes pegs, but as it makes a lunge for the sheet, it misses and the sheet drops down towards the street below, out of view.

Tongue out as she concentrates, we see that she's tied the sword hilt to the end of a long wooden stick, broken roughly off from the frame of a service door next to her, and is trying to use it to grab one of the sheets.

She tries again, and with a little gasp of victory reels the sword back in from out of frame - a sheet is draped over it, which she grabs and drapes over her head.

Turning and looking out across the roof, she sees the dash she'll have to make to the first bit of cover, and she bites her lip - not an attractive prospect.

Struck with the moment, she grins sardonically and wraps the drape around her head, Mother Teresa style, and puts her hands together in prayer.

TWIST

Bless me, Father, for though I am doubtlessly a sinner in thine eyes, albeit a fantastically attractive one, I've got too much work to do to die out here on this rooftop, so... make sure I don't. Amen.

Gritting her teeth, she takes one step back then makes a dash for cover, bag of weapons tucked under her arm.

Huffing as she runs, the sunlight overhead glinting through the drape over her head, we hear Twist starting to sizzle as the nearest smokestack draws closer.

With a gasp, she makes it to the shadows again, and whips off the drape which is smoking, frantically patting her head and shoulders in case they're burning too. Twist sighs and leans back against the stack, looking out across the rest of the roof.

The far side of the roof is safely in the shade - but it seems like an awfully long way away, with plenty of open ground and sunlight in between.

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CONTINUED: (2)

Twist sags against the wall, already looking exhausted.

13

INT. SHOPPING MALL

13

Three TEENAGERS are hanging in the Food Court. They stand by a fountain, sipping sodas and laughing after hearing some truly crude jokes. They're dressed like your average teen rockers - plenty of black.

Watching them are two men, ROBERTS (33, balding) and HARRIS (34, big). Though it isn't immediately obvious, both are cops - undercover cops to be precise.

ROBERTS

What do you think?

HARRIS

Let's go.

They walk over to the Teenagers. The teens tense up as the two guys approach, obviously sensing the cop vibes coming from them.

ROBERTS

Can you kids read?

The Teenagers look at one another, when one steps forward, in Roberts's face.

TEENAGER #1

Yeah. Can you?

They laugh. Roberts and Harris exchange a knowing look.

ROBERTS

Funny.

HARRIS

The sign says 'No Loitering.'

A polite and often-ignored sign stuck to one of the food court's columns says: No Loitering.

TEENAGER #2

(rolls eyes)

Come on, man! We're just chilling out, it's too good a day to get heated up about anything.

Roberts steps forward, gets in the Teen's face.

ROBERTS

Guess what? I don't care.

Teen #3 gets in Roberts's face.

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TEEN #3  
Hey, back off!

Harris and Roberts grab the Teen and SLAM him down onto the concrete. His nose breaks on impact. He yells in pain as his horrified friends watch on.

Roberts smirks and draws his badge, flashing it to the rest of the teens. With worried glances back to their fallen friend, the teens beat a hasty retreat.

14 INT. POLICE CAR (MOVING) 14

Teen #3 sits in the back. He clutches his broken nose, bleeding all over the seats. A small little chain-link partition separates him from Roberts & Harris. Harris drives as Roberts smokes. Their radio crackles.

DISPATCH  
225 & 326 come in, over.

Roberts picks up the radio.

ROBERTS  
(into radio)  
Dispatch, this is 225. Over.

DISPATCH  
225, we have reports of a woman in your area who appears to be in possession of a bag full of unaccounted weapons. Last sighted in the alley behind the News Hut.

ROBERTS  
(into radio)  
Dispatch, we are on our way.

He puts the radio down.

The two cops share a grin, before Roberts cocks his .45 and Harris guns the car's engine, accelerating towards their destination.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

15 EXT. ROOFTOP - MORNING

15

The sounds of the city are still buzzing as Twist dashes into frame, the blanket over head smoking as she makes it to the next smokestack along.

Pausing to catch her breath and pat away any stray bits of fire again, she readies herself for another run when a pigeon lands on top of the smokestack. It peers down at her, cooing, and Twist smirks back up at it.

TWIST

It's alright for you, you can just fly away and get out of here! What's a girl like me supposed to do?

The pigeon cocks its head from side to side a few times before two more join it. Twist psyches herself up for the next dash, but as she takes her first step out of the shadows, the pigeons reach down as one and grab hold of the blanket. Twist jerks backwards and glares up at them.

TWIST (cont'd)

Hey! Scat, you flying vermin...

She tugs at the blanket but the birds hold it fast, quickly joined by several more. With a growing cacophony of cooing, the birds succeed in wrenching the drape out of her hands, and with a flutter of wings they take to the air with it, landing a few short feet away - directly out in the sun.

Twist stares at them, dumbfounded, as they settle down on the blanket, making themselves comfortable.

TWIST (cont'd)

Of all the... Ooh! If I could walk out there, why, you scumbags'd be picking each other's heads from out of your asses!

Twist looks back across to the next bit of cover. It's a raised service door leading to the top floor of the building, several feet away.

Twist estimates her chances, checking between the door and the sun a few times as she weighs up the odds.

TWIST (cont'd)

I can make that. Sure I can! Just a few feet... in broad daylight. No problem.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST(cont'd)

(less confident)

No problem...

She tenses - and then runs. She gets a few feet out into the open when goutts of flame start to spark up all over her arms, and so with a yell she JUMPS - and sails into the shade again.

She hits the deck and rolls on the floor to quickly put the small fires out, yelping with pain. When they're all out, she lies on the floor, panting.

TWIST (cont'd)

I don't suppose anyone ordered a vampire well done, did they?

She looks up and sees a ladder leading down to the other side of the building.

16 EXT. ANOTHER ALLEY. MORNING.

16

The bag of weapons drops into frame, followed by Twist as she hops off the bottom of the fire escape ladder leading down to street level, and slumps to the floor next to a set of large recycling bins.

She looks weary as we pan left and catch sight of a cop car crawling to a stop at the end of the alley.

17 INT. POLICE CAR. MORNING.

17

Roberts & Harris stare out of the window. They see Twist sitting on the floor further down the alley.

ROBERTS

Blonde female, early twenties...

HARRIS

... complete with sports bag.

ROBERTS

That's our suspect. Huh, looks like a hooker.

(off look)

What? Goths can't be hookers? And to top it off...

(cocks gun)

She's a vampire.

HARRIS

How do you know?

ROBERTS

Tip-off. Same call that put us over here in the first place. You know what to do, right?

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CONTINUED:

He exits the car. Harris looks round the inside of the car, grabs a small wooden pencil and follows him a moment later.

18

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

18

Twist looks up and sees them approach. She sees the gun in Roberts's hand, and the pencil in Harris's hand. She leaps up, holding the bag protectively.

TWIST

What? I knew the police were tough round here, but can't a girl and her bag sit in an alley for five minutes without you guys trying to bust me?

HARRIS

Co-operate with us, please, ma'am.

ROBERTS

'Ma'am'? Harris, stop playing by the damn rules. Call that thing what it is.

TWIST

Excuse me?

ROBERTS

I know exactly what you are... *vampire*. And the only things I want to see here are you dropping that bag and your undead ass burn under the sunlight.

TWIST

Oo, scary. Look at me shaking. Kinda sucks that you'll have to walk away having accomplished neither of those things.

Roberts aims his gun at her, but Twist just sighs.

TWIST (cont'd)

That'll only slow me down, stupid!

Roberts SHOOTS Twist in the shoulder. She yells in pain, dropping the bag as she clutches her shoulder.

ROBERTS

Yeah, that's kinda the point.

Harris approaches with the pencil. Twist backs off, wary but starting to grin again as she looks down at the pencil, dwarfed by Harris' chunky hand.

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CONTINUED:

TWIST

Overcompensating for something, are we?

Harris scowls and lunges forward. She moves, and pulls her knee up so it SLAMS into his groin. He falls to the floor with a grunt, holding his crotch.

Roberts goes to fire again, but Twist is off like a flash. She doesn't blink as she SMASHES through a locked door and quickly enters it.

Roberts grabs Harris up. The two men pursue Twist through the door.

19 INT. SHOPPING MALL - SERVICE ENTRANCE. MORNING. 19

Twist dashes along a plain corridor, frantically trying every door on the way, but finding that every one is locked.

Roberts shouts as he rounds a corner in pursuit, and Twist starts to dash onwards, towards a pair of glass doors leading into the rest of the mall.

20 INT. SHOPPING MALL. MORNING. 20

Twist looks around her, trying to find somewhere to get away from the cops, and she groans as she scans the floor.

The roof of the mall is made up of large window panes, allowing all the sunlight above to filter down into the rest of the mall.

She starts forward, carefully hopping from side to side to stay in the shadows cast by the window frames, making slow progress until Roberts bursts through the glass doors and aims his gun at her again.

ROBERTS

Freeze! Everybody get down, escaped suspect on the run!

Twist looks round as terrified early morning shoppers throw themselves to the ground all around her. She looks to either side - sunlight all around. She flaps her hands in frustration.

TWIST

Oh, give me a break!!

Roberts takes one step forward, but Twist JUMPS to the side, part of her hair bursting into flames as she lands in shadow a few feet away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She starts running for the doors leading outside, but Roberts FIRES at her, and she ducks and jinks to one side as the bullet shatters a shop window just next to her.

She heads for the doors again, but a Japanese tourist stands in her way, oblivious to the danger and excitedly readying his camera to catch some footage of the US police force in action. Twist looks back over to Roberts.

Roberts is raising his gun to fire again.

She realises the tourist is going to get shot if he doesn't move, so she lunges and throws herself in front of him.

There is a BANG off screen, and an instant later a bullet PUNCHES into Twist's forearm, missing the tourist's head by inches thanks to Twist's save.

Twist and the tourist crash to the floor, and she gets up, wincing and clutching her arm.

TOURIST

Ah, arigato!

TWIST

Yeah, don't mention it...

Twist shoves through the mall doors and races off outside, sticking to the cover of the awning outside the building.

Roberts and Harris enter frame, not paying any attention to the tourist as they barge through the doors in pursuit.

21 INT. NEWS HAT. MORNING.

21

The door opens and Chris and Danyael enter. The entire place is in carnage - newspapers cover the floor, the shelves are wrecked, glass is everywhere, and there is a stream of blood from the counter to the soft drink fridge. Chris throws Danyael a concerned look before calling out for the shopkeeper.

CHRIS

Rashidi?

They hear a slam O.S. Before they can react, Rashidi walks in from the back. His face is bloody, his body bruised.

RASHIDI

Thank you, now, shall we...

Rashidi starts to faint away, but Chris lunges for him and grabs him, and he and Danyael lead him over to a chair behind the counter. Danyael looks around for something to clean up Rashidi's cuts.

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CONTINUED:

CHRIS

What happened?

RASHIDI

Vampires!

DANYAEL

(sceptical)

This early?

CHRIS

Why would they attack you?

RASHIDI

My secret apparently got out, it's now officially hunting season on me. The undead don't take kindly to those who fight the good fight.

Chris nods, knowingly.

DANYAEL

Why would they attack you here though? Why not attack you during the night? Daytime is a risky prospect for us vamps, last time I checked.

RASHIDI

Whoever said vampires used reason?

DANYAEL

(double takes)

Excuse me?

RASHIDI

I think I was pretty clear.

Danyael steps forward, pissed, Rashidi just glares coldly back at him. Obviously there's no love lost between the shopkeeper and the underworld he deals with every day.

DANYAEL

Maybe I want to hear it again?

Rashidi stares down Danyael. He's weak, but not too weak to get in a vampire's face.

RASHIDI

Vampires are slime. Filth. There's no humanity left in any of them. And yes, I know you're a vampire. Backs up my point. Your entire race is filled with pieces of trash, whose sole purpose is to rape, and to plunder, and to corrupt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Danyael shakes with anger, and Chris picks up on this and steps between the two of them.

CHRIS

(sternly)

Both of you, cool it. Rashidi, you know better than to talk to friends of mine like that.

RASHIDI

(still glaring at Danyael)

Last time I checked, Mr. Chris, you didn't have any friends.

CHRIS

Things change.

Chris turns to Danyael, who is still glowing with wounded pride. He pushes Danyael gently back a step.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Danyael, go take a look round the shop, see if you can find us some bottled water so I can finish cleaning Rashidi's wounds.

Danyael can tell he's being sent away to cool off, so with one last dark look at Rashidi, he slopes off. Chris waits until he's out of earshot then leans in close.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(quietly)

I told you before, don't pigeon-hole all of us, Rashidi. Not everything is what it initially appears.

Rashidi nods grudgingly. Chris passes him a bunched up wad of kitchen roll which Rashidi presses to a cut on his head.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Now. Where is Twist?

RASHIDI

You mean she never came back to either of you?

Chris suddenly looks worried - very worried.

22

EXT. CITY STREET. MORNING.

22

Twist jogs down the street, keeping close to the side of the mall, looking for a way across the street. The sun is overhead now, not giving her many shadows to play with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She comes to the end of the wall and finds her way blocked off by the sun. Frantically looking for a way out, we hear Roberts and Harris bustle out of the mall doors behind her.

At that moment, a large truck rolls down the street towards us, casting a long shadow across the road. Twist grins and hops out into the road, running alongside the truck and staying inside its shadow.

It shifts gear and starts to accelerate, starting to leave her behind. Twist bangs her fist against its cargo hold.

TWIST

Hey! Hey! Slow down, I'm not built  
for sprinting!

As Twist weaves between the other cars on the road, trying to stay alongside the truck, we see Roberts take aim from across the street, and Twist ducks as another SHOT rings out, pinging off the truck next to her.

Ducking reflexively as he hears the shot, the truck driver curses and swings his truck to the side, starting to lose control as the truck begins to skid.

Twist dodges to the side as the truck starts to slide away from her, one eye on the sunlight gleaming over the top of the rig, when she hears a SCREAM. Her head whips round.

Frozen in place in the middle of the road as the truck skids towards her, a nine-year old GIRL watches the two-ton rig close in on her with big deer-in-the-headlights eyes. Her MOTHER, several feet away, is the one screaming.

She dashes forwards towards the girl, ignoring another bullet that flies her way.

Looking from just behind the girl as the truck cabin looms above us, there doesn't seem to be any way out - until Twist heroically flies into frame, scooping the girl up without stopping and racing off screen, missing the truck by a breath as the rig slams grille-first into the screen.

She starts to smoke again as she runs across the street, through the sunlight, to the refuge of a café across the street, taking cover beneath the canopy over its tables.

Twist, the sports bag still slung under one arm, lets the girl go as her mother runs into frame, bundling up her daughter with a grateful sob.

MOTHER

Oh, thank you, thank you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST  
 (out of breath)  
 No big, just doing what I do.

ROBERTS (O.S.)  
 Freeze! Stop that woman!

TWIST  
 Oops, time to go!  
 (to girl)  
 See you later, honey. And look both  
 ways next time!

With one look over her shoulder, where we can see Roberts sliding across a car bonnet as traffic backs up around the stricken truck, Twist dashes off screen again.

The mother watches her go, not knowing what to say as Roberts and Harris run past, still in hot pursuit.

23 INT. NEWS HAT. MORNING.

23

Chris and Danyael are getting ready to head back out in search of Twist, readying weapons just in case. Neither notices Rashidi reach under the counter.

He grabs a crossbow duct taped to the bottom, and raises it to level it at Chris. Chris freezes, tapping Danyael on the arm to alert him.

CHRIS  
 Rashidi? What are you doing?

RASHIDI  
 Sorry Chris. Just logistics.

Rashidi fires. Danyael pushes Chris to the side, and the crossbow PIERCES Danyael's shoulder. Danyael shouts in pain and stumbles back as Chris leaps at Rashidi, but Rashidi reloads quick and SHOTS Chris through the neck.

He gasps in pain and falls to the floor. Rashidi lays the crossbow down and steps round the counter, looking down at the two stricken vampires beneath him.

RASHIDI (cont'd)  
 I'm afraid I forgot to mention that  
 these are poisonous crossbows.  
 They'll kill humans, but sadly  
 they'll only knock out vampires.

Rashidi licks some blood off his palm as Chris struggles to rise. Danyael is already out cold.

RASHIDI (cont'd)  
 Ketchup. Surprisingly effective.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rashidi laughs, picks up a phone and dials 911.

RASHIDI (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
Hello, police? I'd like to report a  
break-in... just tell them Rashidi  
has some more trouble-makers  
rounded up. They'll understand.

On his insidious grin we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

24 EXT. STREET. MORNING.

24

Twist runs along, a broadsheet newspaper held over her head as a makeshift blanket, not helping much against the sunlight that hits her as she sprints along, dodging past shoppers and pedestrians as she tries to stay under cover.

She veers left, and runs towards us down a covered promenade, throwing the paper away. She's still smoking slightly, attracting some odd looks as Roberts and Harris round the corner after her.

Twist reaches out and snatches an umbrella from a young woman she passes, popping it up over her head and darting out into the road again.

With several honks of car horns, Twist dodges between cars as they screech to a halt around her, making it to the other side of the street safely thanks to the umbrella.

Folding the umbrella away, she dives into a lingerie store nearby, and after a few beats Roberts and Harris jog into frame, Harris huffing as he tries to catch his breath.

HARRIS

Aw, tell me we're not going in there?

ROBERTS

Damn right. Vampire freaks think they can run free round my town?

(reloads gun)

Not while I'm still breathing. Come on, Harris.

Roberts steps inside the shop, and with a reluctant gulp Harris follows him in.

25 INT. LA SENZA STORE. MORNING.

25

With whispered comments floating around between the ladies inside, Roberts stalks through the inside of the lingerie store, his eyes snaking round as he searches for Twist.

He flashes his badge at the girl behind the till as Harris tries not to look at any of the displays.

ROBERTS

Police, ma'am. We're following a suspect who just snuck in here, blonde Caucasian female about five-eight in height.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TILL GIRL

Uh, she just ran through here, I think she went out back...

The till girl points, and with a nod Roberts walks off. Harris has become entranced by one of the posters until Roberts barks back to him.

ROBERTS (O.S.)

Harris! Get over here!

Harris jogs off screen.

Roberts has his gun ready, one hand on the service door handle, before wrenching it open, aiming his gun inside. He steps in slowly, followed by Harris, who pulls the door shut behind them.

The till girl watches the cops disappear from view, as Twist's head pokes up from behind the counter. She sighs with relief and pats the till girl on the shoulder.

TWIST

Thanks, sweetheart.

TILL GIRL

Uh, sure, I think... haven't I just committed a felony?

TWIST

Hey, I haven't done anything, remember? Those guys just *think* I have, and they're not in the mood to stop and listen. I've gotta split, try and stall them if you can, okay?

TILL GIRL

(uncertain)

Well... alright.

TWIST

(big smile)

*Molto buono!*

Twist sneaks off towards the shop entrance, pausing on her way, checking round to make sure nobody can see her, then snatching up a fancy-looking bra from one of the displays.

She pushes open the door and steps outside, unfolding the umbrella as she leaves.

26

INT. NEWS HAT. MORNING.

26

Rashidi is still talking on the phone, but Chris and Danyael have been tied up back-to-back now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His crossbow lies within easy reach, but both of our guys are slumped and out for the count.

RASHIDI

Relax, I've still got everything under control! These two won't cause a problem. Everything is going to ahead as planned. Just make damn sure you actually manage to contact that vampire. Okay. Goodbye.

Rashidi hangs up as Chris starts to cough up some blood, and Rashidi looks down at him with a smirk.

RASHIDI (cont'd)

Ah, good, alive at last!  
(beat)  
Technically speaking.

Rashidi kneels down as Chris starts to lift his head up.

RASHIDI (cont'd)

I suppose you want to know 'why'?  
(no response)  
It's simple. Logistics, as I said. In this day and age, it doesn't really pay to be good any more. Too many constraints, too many rules you have to follow.  
(beat)  
No. It pays to be grey. Not good, not evil, but a kind of beige. I'm not sure really what the exact colour is, I never really liked art at school.  
(wistfully)  
Maybe red. I do kinda have a thing for red. Blood, like you're coughing up... red-headed girls always make me turn twice. There were three of them once...  
(dismisses gesture)  
... don't worry, you'll get the gist sooner or later.

DANYAEL

(weakly)  
Hey!

Rashidi stands as Chris' head slumps down again.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

I'm... talking... to you...

Rashidi walks over to Danyael. He's barely conscious, fighting the effects of the poison.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RASHIDI  
Recovering as well, good for you!

DANYAEL  
(through gritted teeth)  
If you touch... one hair... on her  
head... I'll make damn sure... you  
die a slow, painful death, you back  
stabbing-

RASHIDI  
Is that so?  
(kneels by Danyael)  
Truth is, I don't know where your  
friend Twist is. Can't say I really  
care. She doesn't factor into the  
plan.

DANYAEL  
Plan?

RASHIDI  
(smirks)  
Oops. I said too much.

He CRACKS the crossbow down onto Danyael's head. The force of the blow knocks him out instantly, and he slumps down.

RASHIDI (cont'd)  
But what is a Master Plan that you  
keep to yourself?

He laughs and walks back over to the counter, laying the crossbow down again, grabbing a Pepsi from the fridge cabinet behind him and taking a gulp from it.

27 INT. EMPTY SHOP. MORNING.

27

Twist sits cross-legged on top of the counter inside what appears to be an army surplus clothing store as she dials in a number on the store phone.

The steel shutters over the windows are down, but a few of the internal shop lights are on.

Twist looks across to a dummy standing nearby and grabs a US Marines cap from one of the displays, wearing it lopsided as she drums her fingers on the counter, waiting for the call to connect.

28 INT. NEWS HAT. MORNING.

28

We hear Chris' mobile RING, but he and Danyael are both still out cold. Rashidi walks back into the room, looking for the sound, and kneels down by Chris, locating the phone in his jacket pocket. He takes it out and answers it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RASHIDI

Hello?

TWIST

(filtered; through phone)  
Chris? You're not Chris, who the hell is this?

RASHIDI

(smirks)  
I'm afraid Mr. Berkeley can't come to the phone right now.

29

INT. EMPTY SHOP. MORNING.

29

Twist hops down off the counter, looking alarmed.

TWIST

Rashidi? Is that you? Since when did you start sounding like a bad guy? And where's Chris?

RASHIDI

(filtered; through phone)  
It would take me a long time to explain my reasoning all over again, Miss Twist, so let's just say I had an epiphany a while ago about my direction in life, and I'm making my first positive steps towards it.

Twist paces up and down the shop, getting more and more concerned as Rashidi speaks.

TWIST

You rotten baumgartner, you sold him out!

RASHIDI

It's just business, Twist, just business.

TWIST

(seething)  
I'm gonna take you apart in alphabetical order when I get my hands on you, you stinking-

Twist is disturbed by the loud SCREECH of metal grinding against metal outside, and looks up to see what's happening.

The first steel shutter over the shop's windows suddenly lifts up, sending a beam of bright sunlight into the store.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist yelps and hops backwards out of the way, throwing the phone away and looking round frantically for a way out.

The second shutter creaks up, leaving Twist even less room to move in, but as she turns she sees a large display board next to the counter.

With a grunt and a heave, she tips it over, running alongside it and using it as a mobile sunguard as the third and final shutter is raised, flooding the shop with light.

Twist drops into a roll as the display hits the floor, making it to safety on the other side of the shop. Catching her breath, as she readies her umbrella again.

TWIST (cont'd)

This is already turning into a very long day...

Twist tries the shop's front door and opens it.

30 EXT. OUTSIDE EMPTY SHOP. MORNING.

30

Stepping out onto the pavement to a surprised look from the teenager opening the shutters to open up the shop, Twist stays in the shade cast by the building and pops up the umbrella. She notices the teenager and flashes him a smile.

TWIST

Sorry about that, just needed to make a call. Ciao!

She heads off down the street, with the teenager blankly watching her go.

31 EXT. CITY STREET. MORNING.

31

Twist walks to a junction in the road, the only path she can take being through the shadow of a building cast over the road straight ahead. She checks both ways then starts to walk forward.

A Porsche is racing towards the junction, and as we see Twist walk into frame, the driver slams on his brakes and starts to skid to a halt.

She tenses as the Porsche bolts towards her, realising that if it hits her she'll be thrown straight out into the sunlight.

She waits until it's inches away from her, then deftly JUMPS up onto its bonnet, skipping across its roof and landing on the road again as the car finally slows to a halt several feet away from her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the car's driver jumps out and shouts over to her, she starts running again.

32 INT. POLICE CRUISER. MORNING.

32

Roberts and Harris are back in their patrol car, searching the streets for any sign of Twist. Harris is clutching a La Senza bag, much to Roberts' annoyance.

HARRIS

(off bag)

Cheryl's gonna love this, she's always trying to get me to go into that place, but I always wuss out, because it's all, you know, so, well, girly and everything so I-

ROBERTS

(interrupts)

Harris, gotta stop you there.

(beat)

No reason, just gotta stop you.

Roberts reaches for the CB radio as Harris pouts.

ROBERTS (cont'd)

Dispatch, this is 225, over.

DISPATCH

(filtered; through radio)

Dispatch, over.

ROBERTS

Any leads on that suspect we've been tracking? We lost sight of her downtown and were hoping somebody else had spotted her.

DISPATCH

Afraid not, 225, but we had a call for you from a Rashidi Deepak, proprietor of the News Hat kiosk over on 4th and Rosenberg, he says he's captured two intruders and wants you to swing by and pick 'em up.

ROBERTS

We're kind of on the trail at the moment, can't somebody else go?

DISPATCH

He asked specifically for you, Officer Roberts. He said it was a special case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roberts pauses, and he and Harris exchange a look.

ROBERTS  
Copy that, Dispatch, we're on our  
way. 225 out.

Roberts replaces the CB receiver and accelerates away.

33

EXT. OUTSIDE NEWS HAT. MORNING.

33

Roberts' police cruiser is parked up next to a second, unmarked car outside the shop, and as we watch Chris & Danyael are hauled out the shop doors, blankets wrapped over their heads.

Chris is squashed down into the back seat by Roberts, but Danyael kicks up a bit more of a fuss as Harris tries to shove him in, twisting to avoid the sunlight creeping across the scene.

DANYAEL  
Hey, careful, man, I burn easy!

HARRIS  
Keep it quiet, freak. Get in there!

Rashidi watches from the doorway, still sporting the crossbow as CURRY (45, no nonsense), the Police Chief, appears next to him. He momentarily eyes the crossbow, but quickly dismisses it.

CURRY  
Good work Rashidi, nice to have two  
wanted criminals in custody.

RASHIDI  
Criminals?

CURRY  
As far as I'm concerned, all of  
these vampires are criminals the  
moment they stop being human  
beings.

Rashidi chuckles as Curry steps towards the cruiser.

RASHIDI  
So what will you do with them?

CURRY  
We'll question them, maybe beat  
them a bit, and then send them  
packing from town. They ever come  
back, we'll do the same as we did  
the last bunch of nightcrawlers we  
caught sneaking around.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURRY(cont'd)

Chain them to the statue of our benevolent governor, and let the sun do the dirty work for us.

RASHIDI

Try to go easy on Chris, though, would you? I know we're not exactly friends any more, but he's done me a few favours in the past.

CURRY

Okay, fine, we'll just run them out of here under cover of darkness. You happy?

RASHIDI

Very. Oh, and there's one more of them too, a girl. Blonde. Pretty. But armed with a bag full of my merchandise.

CURRY

That's kind of sloppy, Rashidi, why'd you let her leave with that kind of firepower?

RASHIDI

Well, I was hoping she'd lead me to Chris and his pale friend in there, but as you can see they came to me instead. You'll be able to find her with this.

He tosses a small black box to Curry.

Curry holds up the box - a small GPS map of the city is displayed on its screen, with a flashing red dot in the centre. Curry pockets the box and nods.

RASHIDI (cont'd)

There's a tracking device hidden in the bag. That'll lead you straight to her.

They nod their goodbyes, and Curry steps towards his unmarked car as Roberts' cruiser drives away.

34 INT. POLICE CRUISER. MORNING.

34

Chris is still woozy from the poison arrow, but Danyael is a little more coherent.

DANYAEL

Listen, boys, I don't know what you think we've done here, but there's a friend of ours stuck out there, and she needs our help...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRIS

Yeah, sure, let's just go walk into  
an ambush with some more of your  
bloodsucker friends, huh?

Roberts and Harris laugh as Danyael turns to Chris.

DANYAEL

Chris? Hey, Chris, wake up, man.  
What are we gonna do?

CHRIS

I'm in the planning stages... I'll  
get back to you in a minute...

Danyael doesn't look too hopeful as the car speeds on.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

35 INT. NEWS HAT. MORNING.

35

The shop looks back in working order now - the mess has been cleaned up, the shelves are restocked and everything is in place.

Rashidi, mopping the floor, wipes his brow and pauses as he inspects his work. With a satisfied nod, he stands the mop against the wall and heads back over to the counter.

He looks up as he hears an engine outside revving loudly.

A dark shadow approaches the front of the shop, hidden by the stickers and posters in the windows, accompanied by an increasingly louder engine ROAR.

With an almighty SMASH, the windows explode inwards, and we hear Rashidi yell as we see the attacker - Chris' black van, which has been reversed at high speed into the front of the shop.

The back doors swing open and Twist steps out, baseball bat in hand and not looking at *all* pleased.

She marches up to Rashidi and grabs him with a growl, lifting him clean off his feet and slamming him against the wall. She holds the bat up and taps it against the wall next to his head.

TWIST

Alright, Rash, here's what's gonna happen. I'm gonna ask you a series of questions. For each answer you fail to give me, Duggan here is going to find out which of your bones break the easiest. Capish?

She bops Rashidi lightly on the side of the head with her bat, and he winces in pain.

RASHIDI

I've got nothing to say to you, I'm not going to-

Twist THROWS Rashidi against the wall behind the counter, dislodging several racks of magazines which cascade to the floor on top of him.

Twist hops over and grabs him by the shirt collar, lifting him out of the pile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Can you guess if that was a right answer, or a wrong answer?

RASHIDI

I-I don't-

TWIST

And there you go again!

She THROWS him over the counter again, and this time he SLAMS into a line of shelves, knocking canned goods down with him to a heap on the floor. Twist stands over him.

TWIST (cont'd)

Listen, Rash, old buddy, my arm's getting kinda tired so I'd really appreciate not having to throw you around anymore. 'Kay?

Rashidi, shaking with fear, nods. Twist beams at him.

TWIST (cont'd)

Good! Now. Question number one.  
(holds up a finger)  
Where are Chris and Danyael?

RASHIDI

At the p-police station...

TWIST

That's one. Great. Question two.  
Why are they at the police station?

RASHIDI

(shaken)  
T-the police in this town, they...  
some of them know about you...  
about people like you.

TWIST

'People' like me? You mean  
vampires, right?

RASHIDI

(nods)  
There's groups of us, trying to get rid of you all from our city. The police, they... they help us out when we need it.

TWIST

Huh. And you sold Chris out to the  
Feds because...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RASHIDI

Because I want to clean up my town.  
There's too many of you *things*  
running around, it isn't safe for  
us humans anymore.

TWIST

Uh-huh. So, did you ever stop to  
think that not all vampires are  
evil, soulless, bloodsucking,  
murderous monsters?

Rashidi just stutters, trying to find an answer.

TWIST (cont'd)

(sighs)

No, of course you didn't. Well,  
it's been fun, but...

She grabs him again, hefts him up to his feet and then spins  
round, launching him through the air off screen.

Rashidi is flying towards the windows of the shop.

Her eyes widen as she realises what'll happen when he hits  
the glass.

TWIST (cont'd)

Uh-oh...

Rashidi CRASHES into the windows of the shop, and blazing  
rays of sunshine immediately burst into the rest of the  
store.

Twist dives for cover behind the counter as the light fills  
the space around her. Her ankle is caught in a ray of light  
and bursts into flames.

Twist crashes to the floor behind the counter, yelping and  
swatting the fire on her ankle out. Pausing to catch her  
breath, she peeks out from behind the counter, but can't move  
anywhere because of the light. She pouts.

TWIST (cont'd)

Well done, Twist, another *dazzling*  
idea...

36

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

36

Chris & Danyael sit across from Curry and BURKE (38,  
intimidating.) They stare each other down. Curry holds up a  
grotesque 8x10" of a dead young girl.

CURRY

Does this ring a bell?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

No response. He passes it to Chris & Danyael.

CURRY (cont'd)

Twenty-one year old girl. Found ritualistically murdered in the woods.

(beat)

I know who you are.

CHRIS

Why don't you enlighten me, officer?

BURKE

Vampires! Monsters! Freaks!

DANYAEL

(unfazed)

That's a bit of an overstatement.

CHRIS

Yes, almost offensive, actually...

CURRY

Not to me. In my book, vampires equal evil. Any way you look at it. So, by definition, you two are evil, and evil things have to be taken care of!

DANYAEL

See, that's the problem here. I'm guessing it your experience of vampires comes from Bela Lugosi movies?

CURRY

My experience stems from truth!

DANYAEL

Truth?! You can't handle the truth!

Chris motions for Danyael to calm.

CHRIS

Danyael, please.

DANYAEL

Sorry, couldn't resist...

CHRIS

What is all this? Do you have any reason to convict us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CURRY

Reason? No. But I have a right under the law. I suspect you two of being involved in these murders.

Danyaël stands up, livid.

DANYAEL

Is this because of what Rashidi said? That man's an idiot! We're innocent!

CURRY

Are you?

(beat)

I've spoken to police officers up and down the country, there are arrest warrants out for both of you. Breaking and entering, stalking, violence, dereliction of civic property, incitement to riot and violence...

Chris says nothing, staring stone-faced back at Burke.

DANYAEL

You don't understand, we were helping society...

BURKE

(incredulous; chuckles)

*Helping?* How exactly? By keeping the population down?

DANYAEL

(defiantly)

We're the good guys.

CURRY

(raises eyebrow)

Really?

DANYAEL

(angry)

Yeah, really! We're out there every day protecting the world from monsters and demons. While you sit here questioning us, they're getting away with murder.

Curry stands up, furious.

CURRY

What gives you the right to question me?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CURRY(cont'd)

I've been a cop for sixteen damn years, I've seen the evil that you monsters can do, and I think I've earned the right to not look favourably on slime like you!

Chris says nothing as Curry breathes heavily, trying to stay calm. He sits down again, taking a deep breath.

CHRIS

What do you want?

CURRY

I'll do you a deal. Leave town, today, and I'll pretend you were never here.

CHRIS

(nods)

Alright. Done.

CURRY

But if you, your wannabe goth boy accomplice here or that other undead bitch ever show up here again, we'll burn you at the stake - do you read me?

CHRIS

(nods again)

Understood.

Danyael is speechless, throwing a questioning look at Chris. Curry stands, as does Burke.

CURRY

Burke, take these guys downstairs, keep 'em somewhere till we can get rid of them at sundown.

BURKE

(nods)

Yes, chief.

CURRY

Well, I'd say it's been a pleasure to meet you, but it hasn't.

CHRIS

We don't have to be enemies, Chief Curry. One day I hope you'll understand that.

With one last disgusted look at the two undead before him, Curry leaves. Burke grins as he closes the door, waits a moment and then opens it again. Roberts and two other burly officers step inside. Burke shuts and locks the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DANYAEL

What's going on?

ROBERTS

A lesson in respect for the living.

BURKE

The chief's too soft, he's always saying he'll burn you creatures when he catches you but he always just kicks you out of town instead. I think it's time we left you with a more permanent reminder.

Roberts and the other officers draw their nightsticks as Chris and Danyael stand, ready for the fight.

37 EXT. POLICE STATION - CAR PARK. MORNING. 37

We're looking out across the interior of the basement car park of the station, passing over a sewer manhole, when with a scrape of metal it is pushed up and to the side.

Twist pulls herself out from the tunnel below, grimacing at the smell as she lays the bag beside her.

TWIST

(mutters)

Yeah, take the sewer. *Real good idea...*

38 INT. RIOT VAN. MORNING. 38

We're looking inside an empty riot van as the rear doors open, and a bruised and bloody Chris and Danyael are thrown roughly inside.

Danyael looks badly burned and barely conscious, but Chris looks ready for more, springing back towards the entrance but being rewarded with a nightstick to the head.

He crumples as Burke steps into frame, shoving Chris back into the van.

Standing by the doors, gloating over their two captives.

BURKE

That's right, freak. Play nice, make this easy on yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERTS

I'm not going to kid you - you are going to die when we park out by the lookout spot and tip you two into the light, so if you have any last words you want to throw our way, go right ahead.

CHRIS

(trying to stay cool)  
Sunlight won't kill me.

BURKE

Yeah, I noticed you weren't screaming like your buddy there when we dragged you both across the parking lot. Beautiful day still, ain't it?

ROBERTS

Shame, really, he could use some sun. He's pretty pale.

BURKE

We'll take care of you too, don't worry. More than one way to kill a vampire, even a tough one like you. Soon as we round up your other lackey, we'll make you watch those two burn before we finish you off.

ROBERTS

You scum have had the run of our streets for long enough. It's time people started taking the world back from things like you.

CHRIS

I keep telling you, we're not killers!

BURKE

Hey, guess what? I don't care!

The two cops laugh before slamming the doors shut and locking them.

39

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT. MORNING.

39

Burke motions to two other officers standing by the van.

BURKE

Watch that till we get back. Don't let anyone but us inside.

The officers nod, and Burke and Roberts walk off screen.

40 INT. RIOT VAN. MORNING.

40

In the gloom, we see Chris gently shake Danyael, trying to wake him back up.

CHRIS  
Danyael? Can you hear me?

He groans and stirs, shaking slightly. Smoke rises from his burned skin, and he looks in bad shape. Chris closes his eyes and lays a hand over him.

Muttering something under his breath, the interior of the van is quickly filled with a blue GLOW, which fades away to reveal a much less crispy looking Danyael. He blinks and sits up, checking his previously wounded arms and face.

DANYAEL  
Wow. Nice work!

CHRIS  
I have my uses.

DANYAEL  
Is one of those uses working out  
how we get out of here?

CHRIS  
I just hope Twist hasn't-

Chris pauses as we hear a THUD outside, followed by what sounds like a scuffle. Grunts of pain are followed by two heavy WHACKS, and the distinct sounds of two bodies hitting the floor.

Somebody outside the van unlock the door and swings it open. Danyael instinctively shuffles back as a ray of light creeps into the van.

TWIST (O.S.)  
Oops! Sorry.

Silhouetted in the open doors with a blanket over her head against the sunlight, her trusty bat in one hand and the sports bag in the other, Twist smiles in at her team mates, closing the door slightly so less light can get in.

TWIST (cont'd)  
Hello boys, International Rescue  
here!

Danyael jumps to his feet, relieved, while Chris smiles and shakes his head.

CHRIS  
That's one for you, then!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

I've lost count of who's saved who more times now, Chris, let's skip the speeches and get the frick out of here! In case you haven't noticed, it just so happens to be the sunniest day of the year!

CHRIS

Good plan. Shall we?

41 EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT. MORNING.

41

Chris jumps out of the van. Danyael waits by the doors until Twist holds the blanket up for him to join her underneath. She smirks at him.

TWIST

Always knew I'd get you under the covers with me one day!

DANYAEL

(blushes)

Um...

TWIST

(laughs)

Oh, Spook, you are so easy to wind up!

CHRIS

Are you sure you weren't followed?

TWIST

Well, I did find this flashing box thing in this bag, probably something important.

Twist holds up a small black box with a shrug, then tosses it over her shoulder, where it lands back in the driver's area of the van, before she and Danyael hurry off screen.

Chris pauses, reaching into the driver's seat of the van and grabbing a notebook lying there. He starts to scribble something down as Twist calls to him.

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

Chris! Most escape attempts do not involve standing still!

Chris finishes his note, throws the notebook back into the driver's seat and jogs off after Twist and Danyael.

42 INT. BLACK FORD. AFTERNOON.

42

As 'Times Like These' by the Foo Fighters plays on the van's stereo, Chris drives. Twist sits shotgun. Danyael is in the back. No one speaks for a few beats, then:

DANYAEL

Do you guys remember that old song?

TWIST

Which one?

DANYAEL

'Love Is All Around,' by Wet Wet Wet.

CHRIS

I'm afraid not, music isn't exactly my strong point. Why do you ask?

DANYAEL

Well, change the word 'love' to 'evil' and you would set up this world we live in. Hell, it could even be our theme tune.

Silence for a few more beats. Chris sighs heavily, knowing a motivational speech is needed. He glances at Twist, who nods her consent before Chris continues.

CHRIS

The world is what it is.

DANYAEL

Comforting.

CHRIS

Listen for a moment, Danyael. This is something of a life philosophy for me. Is there evil in the world? Yes, there is. Are we ever going to completely stop it? No. Evil isn't all monsters and demons. It's them. The people who we protect from our definition of evil have evil inside of them. It's rooted in the subconscious, ready to jump out when we least expect it to.

43 EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT. AFTERNOON.

43

Burke and Roberts walk back up towards the van, slowing down as they see the open back doors and the two unconscious officers next to it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS (V.O.)

Those policemen today weren't demons. They were humans, like we all once were. They treated us like enemies, but in their eyes they have a just cause. That's why I didn't want to fight back against them - I'd just have been confirming what they expect and perpetuating the myths about our kind. We need to show we're not all evil.

Roberts tends to the men while Burke goes to the driver's seat to call in for help on the van's CB radio.

Burke reaches in for the radio, but spots the tracking device, red light blinking away, and the notebook, lifting it up with his other hand.

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

Spice died because she believed that one day, the human world and the underworld can live side by side, instead of being in a constant cold war with one another. And for all the times I question that ideal, I just think back to her last words to me.

TWIST (V.O.)

'Keep my dream alive.'

CHRIS (V.O.)

Exactly.

Roberts appears in frame, speaking to Burke but we can't hear him, instead we concentrate on Burke's darkening expression as he reads from the notebook.

In Chris' impeccable handwriting, the message reads 'Good luck catching some real killers, Officer Burke. Chris.'

Gripping the tracking device tightly in frustration, Burke scowls, thinking up a thousand different ways to get payback on the vampires who've outsmarted him, before throwing both articles back into the van.

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

Those policemen were a good example of the sorts of people we'll need to win over if we can ever make any of that happen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS(cont'd)

Honest people, doing what they can to protect their homes and families from what they see to be the real threat - true evil.

44

INT. BLACK FORD. AFTERNOON.

44

Chris carries on speaking, looking thoughtful.

CHRIS

True evil exists within the minds, and the hearts, of every single human on the planet. The only thing that keeps that evil in check is upbringing, a sense of right or wrong installed by parental figures.

(beat)

When you tried to save your sister's life, Twist, you were doing it for the right reasons. You fought against the evil, the vampire within. Hell, I turned evil just a short while ago. It can happen to any of us. Evil will never stop, guys, but we can make its life a little less pleasant while we're here.

There's a silence, as each takes this in.

DANYAEL

(to Twist)

Was that one of those speeches you're always warning me about?

TWIST

(grins at Chris)

It sure was. I'd give you '8' for that one, chief.

CHRIS

(grins back)

Everybody's a critic.

TWIST

Hey, You're not having second thoughts about being part of our team, are you?

Danyaël thinks about this for a beat, then chuckles and shakes his head.

DANYAEL

Naah. What else would I do with my days?

45 EXT. HIGHWAY. AFTERNOON.

45

A high shot of the van driving down the highway as the soundtrack continues to play, pulling up and back as the sun shines over the mountain ranges in the distance.

TWIST (V.O.)

Okay. So. Who wants to hear about  
what *I* got up to today?

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**