

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

"Harvest "

by
Lee A. Chrimes

(c) 2005 Monster Zero Productions

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DOCKS. NIGHT. 1

TITLE OVER - Maryland - Thursday, 12:17 a.m.

We fade up looking down on a row of warehouses in an old dockyard. It's the middle of the night and a storm is raging, lashing the scene with rain as the black waves crash up and down in the harbour beyond, but the scene is lit up by flames coming from the outside of one of the warehouses, with shouts and yells as people scatter from the scene.

We start to move forward, leaving the mayhem behind and focusing on one warehouse in particular, tucked away at the edge of a long pier. It's disused, its roof panels missing large sections and rusted sheet iron covering up some of the holes like patches.

Up before a small door leading into the warehouse, we watch the fat raindrops pour past in the light of a security lamp for a moment before we hear footsteps off screen. The door is swung open with a CREAK by an unseen figure, blanketed by the shadows as they step inside.

2 EXT. DOCKS - WAREHOUSE. NIGHT. 2

We walk through and into the warehouse, lightning flashes overhead illuminating the interior. Standing with his back to us at the opposite end of the floor is a tall MAN, dressed in a long black coat. His rain-slicked long, dark hair lies around his shoulders as we watch him try to light a cigarette.

A rumble of thunder overhead covers the footsteps of the approaching figure, as well as the shouts from outside, until the man in the coat pauses, his head flicking to the side.

MAN IN COAT

Ah, good, it's about time you showed up. Are we ready to..

(beat)

No, you're not him, are you?

CHRIS steps out from the shadows, soaked with rain and looking cold with rage. His sword is in one hand and he carries a drawstring bag in the other. He tips his head forward, rainwater sloshing off his black fedora.

CHRIS

I'm afraid Amzin couldn't make it. I could say 'he lost his head' or some other wisecrack, but I'm really not in the mood this time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris THROWS the bag forward, and it bounces along the concrete floor, rolling to a halt just behind the tall man's feet. He slowly turns round, and we pan up from the bag to his head. This is CIEGUE, lithe and pale, a pair of large black sunglasses over his eyes despite the fact that it's night. He smiles, dragging on the cigarette.

CIEGUE

Subtlety isn't your strong point,
is it, Christopher?

Chris paces slowly forward, murder in his eyes. Ciegue regards him calmly.

CIEGUE

I'd ask what happened to the rest
of my men, but the explosions
outside and your presence here does
kind of answer that for me.

CHRIS

No more games. This ends tonight.

CIEGUE

And what makes you think it'll end
with you the victor, Chris? I've
beaten you once already.

CHRIS

If there's one thing I've learned
in all my years, it's this - it's
never over while both men are
standing.

A long beat. The rain continues to fall across the scene, dripping down from the holes in the roof, pinging off exposed flaps of metal and plastic holding the decaying warehouse together, pooling on the floor. Ciegue takes another drag and flicks his sodden cigarette away, hands behind his back.

CIEGUE

So is this it? This is your great
master plan to defeat me? You march
in here, throw me the head of my
assistant and challenge me to yet
another straight fight?

(chuckles)

I must say, I find your optimism
inspiring, if also rather foolish.

Chris doesn't answer, he just draws his sword and takes up an offensive stance, katana blade aimed directly at Ciegue. Ciegue still just smiles back, and nods.

CIEGUE

As you wish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ciegue STAMPS his foot down on the bag beneath his feet - we hear a crunch and a wet squelch as its contents are crushed beneath his booted foot. Ciegue then draws his own sword - a thin, barbed blade that looks more like a mutated fencing sword than anything human. The two opponents start to circle one another as on the soundtrack, 'Everything's Cool' by PWEI starts to build.

CHRIS

Too many people have died here because of you, Ciegue. People who I considered friends, who didn't have anything to do with the war people like us are fighting.

CIEGUE

I'd like to say I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I'm not. They were obstacles in my way, ergo they had to die. As you soon will too.

Chris pauses - and Ciegue tenses, ready for the attack.

After a beat, Chris CHARGES forward, and Ciegue rushes too, their feet splashing through the water as they race towards one another.

The action slows down to a crawl as the two men draw nearer, their swords swinging through the air as another flash of lightning fills the scene with bright white light.

The music builds to its initial crescendo just as the two swords CLASH together, and as they do so, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. HIGHWAY. MORNING. 3

We fade up to see Chris' black Ford van cruising along a quiet stretch of highway, passing the city of Maryland in the background and heading out, away from the bustle of the centre. It's an overcast morning, grey skies and patches of rain.

4 INT. BLACK FORD. MORNING. 4

Chris drives, with TWIST and DANYAEL both asleep in the rear of the van. His phone rings, and he reaches across the seat to grab it from the passenger's chair.

CHRIS

Hello?

A gruff but pleasant voice speaks, DONALD.

DONALD

(filtered; through phone)

Chris! How the devil are you? No pun intended, of course..

CHRIS

(smiles)

I'm just fine, Don. I've just passed the city centre, I should be out to you in about twenty minutes.

DONALD

Excellent. You remember where everything is round here, don't you?

CHRIS

It's been a few years but yes, unless you've sold the whole town to city planners and turned it into a theme park?

DONALD

Ha! Fat chance, this town may as well be deserted for the amount of people that drive through sometimes..

CHRIS

Well, you're about to have three tired and hungry travellers landing on your doorstep, so I'd batten down the hatches if I were you..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

Will do, see you in a little while.

Chris hangs up and puts the phone down on the dashboard as Twist reaches out from the back of the van, her hand fiddling with the radio tuning. Her eyes are bleary, she's clearly been asleep for a while, her hair sticking up as Chris looks down at her.

CHRIS

You've got no respect for the classics, have you..

TWIST

Chris, I need something lively to wake me up at this time of the day.. In case you haven't forgotten, vampires are nocturnal creatures, so trying to get us active before 6pm isn't going to happen without something suitably.. ah! There we go.

A loud rock song starts to blare from the radio speakers as Twist cranks the volume up. Chris rolls his eyes, and in the back of the truck Danyael starts to life, roused by the thumps of the music.

DANYAEL

Woah!

TWIST

Easy, Spook, we're here.

DANYAEL

(blinks)

Oh, right.. so where is 'here' exactly?

CHRIS

Maryland. Specifically, a little town a few miles out from the city centre called Burnsborough.

TWIST

Why am I getting a real 'Twin Peaks' vibe already?

CHRIS

It's a nice quiet town, full of people I'd consider friends. It's almost a retirement village for the local police and emergency services, so there's plenty of ex-detectives and their families round there.

5 EXT. FREEWAY EXIT. MORNING. 5

Chris turns the van off the freeway and down towards a quieter, local road. They pass a road sign which we stay on to read, 'Welcome to Burnsborough, home of Ma Baker's Mountain Pie.'

6 INT. BLACK FORD. MORNING. 6

We're looking from behind the driver's seat, the view through the windscreen of quite town streets and houses. The town of Burnsborough is full of wood-fronted buildings, homes with Land Rovers on the drive and plenty of trees rustling in the breeze. Chris pulls to a halt outside one house and turns to his colleagues.

CHRIS

Now then, I'm here to pay a visit to my friend Donald Hancock, a retired detective I met many years ago.

TWIST

How did you meet? Get arrested again or something?

Chris looks thoughtful for a moment as he remembers.

7 INT. SUBWAY STATION. NIGHT. 7

We're down inside a grimy subway station, crowds of screaming commuters flocking towards us as a huge, worm-like creature tears through a subway car, with Chris hacking away at a cluster of tentacles spilling out from the creature's chest toward him, while DONALD, a grey-haired man in a trenchcoat, SHOOTS at the worm with his handgun.

8 INT. BLACK FORD. MORNING. 8

Chris chuckles as he recalls their first encounter.

CHRIS

It's a long story. Anyway, he's asked me out here because there's something strange going on round here, and he thought my unique talents would be up for the job.

DANYAEL

'Unique talents?'

TWIST

Somebody else who knows Chris is part vamp, which means this is another mission.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST(cont'd)

Great, and here was me looking forward to finding out what this Mountain Pie I keep seeing billboards for tastes like..

CHRIS

You two still can.

Chris passes Danyael a black address book - Spice's contact book, with details of nationwide rebel vampire groups and cells.

CHRIS

Danyael, according to Spice's records there's a rebel cell out here.

DANYAEL

In a place like this? That's weird, they normally stick to larger towns and cities.

CHRIS

That's what I thought, so there must be a reason why they've settled here. I want you two to go find it out.

TWIST

Leave it to us, chief. Cloak and Dagger on the case! Come on, Spook, let's ride.

DANYAEL

Um.. not wanting to be the one to point it out, but isn't it morning outside?

Twist looks out through the windshield - cloudy skies, not a ray of sunlight in sight.

TWIST

Relax, we've got about as much chance of catching direct sunlight as Chris has of catching himself a woman any time soon.

CHRIS

(offended)

Hey!

With a smirk, Twist throws open the van's back doors and the two vampires hop out into the street, Twist aiming them towards a diner over the road.

Danyael pushes the doors shut again with a nod back to Chris, who unfastens his seat belt and steps outside.

9 EXT. BURNSBOROUGH - DONALD'S HOUSE. MORNING.

9

Chris hops up the steps to the front porch of Donald's house, noticing the array of dreamcatchers and other ornaments hanging over the doorway and positioned along the front windowsills. He knocks at the screen door while he carries on examining them, not noticing as Donald's wife, WENDY, opens the door.

WENDY

Is that you, Christopher?

Chris stands, smiles and the two shake hands. Wendy is a grey-haired woman dressed in plain clothes, her hair tied back and an apron round her waist.

WENDY (cont'd)

Hello there, I'm Wendy, Donald's wife. Don told me to expect you, come on inside.

Chris follows her indoors.

10 INT. DONALD'S HOUSE. MORNING.

10

Chris heads inside - the place is furnished with lots of natural wood fibres, with a large wicker chair next to an open fireplace. A kitchen is off to one side, with stairs leading to the first floor. A disabled lift stands beside that, the place having an open, spacious feel despite the amount of furniture inside. Wendy heads back into the kitchen as the lift whirrs into life, rising up to the first floor.

WENDY (cont'd)

I'm just making us both a cooked breakfast, would you like anything?

CHRIS

No, thank you, I'm fine, I-

DONALD (O.S.)

He's not really into solid foods, Wendy!

Chris smirks as the lift starts to lower again.

And here he is - DONALD HANCOCK. Wheelchair bound but not looking like that's slowed him down, the well-built, bearded man has a welcome grin on his face as he sets eyes on Chris at last. Chris walks over and the two shake hands, Chris hugging Donald warmly.

CHRIS

Hello again, detective.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD

(waves hand dismissively)
Ach! I told you to stop calling me that. Been off the force three years now, not much room for a mobile detective in our local precinct.

WENDY (O.S.)

First thing in the morning, and still just as grumpy..

DONALD

(sweetly)
Are those pancakes I smell, sweetheart?

Wendy pokes her head into frame, smirking at Donald's feigned pleasantries.

WENDY

That's my husband, always thinking with his stomach..

DONALD

While you're still cooking for me, Wendy, I always will be.

Wendy leans back into the kitchen as Donald motions for Chris to take a seat. He wheels over and locks his chair in place in front of him.

DONALD

So! You're probably wondering why I dragged you all the way out here.

CHRIS

'Dragged' is a harsh word, you know I've always liked it around here.

DONALD

Heh, but no chance of you retiring any time soon, is there?

CHRIS

It's a luxury that wasn't written into my contract. What's up? I noticed all the warding totems you've got outside - expecting some trouble from roblash monsters?

Donald is quiet for a moment - he leans in closer and talks quietly so Wendy can't hear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DONALD

There's something big going down round here, Chris. I may have retired, but you don't stop being a detective. People are getting killed round here, and not in the usual ways they do in towns like this.

CHRIS

(raises eyebrow)

There are 'usual' ways of being killed?

DONALD

You know what I mean - factory accidents, natural stuff. Last time I checked, people's organs don't just get up and walk out of their bodies.

Chris nods, appreciating the gravity of the situation.

CHRIS

You think there's some kind of underworld involvement?

DONALD

Think? I know. I may not have known much about the things that live beneath our streets until that monstrosity we fought in the subway all those years ago..

CHRIS

(smiles)

Yes, I remember.

DONALD

.. but since then, more and more so-called 'unexplained' killings are starting to make a lot of sense. And there's been a rash of them round here in the past few weeks. I figured you were the best guy to help me out.

(looks round)

Say, didn't you say you had a couple of sidekicks? A loud-mouthed girl and a quiet young fella?

CHRIS

Twist and Danyael, yes. They're out doing some recon for me at the moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DONALD

Ah, good. Always helps to have back
up, eh?

Chris nods, knowing full well what the duo are likely to be
doing at the moment.

11 INT. DINER. MORNING.

11

Twist and Danyael are sat in a booth inside the diner, next
to the window. The place has a red colour scheme and a
carefully-furnished 'retro' feel.

Twist is tucking into a wide plate holding a massive cooked
breakfast - eggs, sausages, hash browns, beans, bacon, the
works. She slurps an oversized cola while she eats, Danyael
looking on with disbelief on his face.

DANYAEL

Where does it all go?

TWIST

Beats me. My mom used to say I had
hollow legs, maybe she was on to
something! You sure you don't want
anything?

DANYAEL

I'm fine. Watching you eat is
enough for both of us.

TWIST

Suit yourself.. So when's this
rebel guy gonna show up then?

DANYAEL

I'm not sure, they just said they'd
show up soon as they could.

TWIST

Not waiting for sunset, are they? I
don't think the money I lifted from
Chris' wallet is gonna last me that
long..

There is a DING from the bell over the diner's door off
screen, and Danyael shifts round in his seat, looking towards
the door as Twist carries on eating.

Walking into the diner to the tune of 'EZ Pass' by Har Mar
Superstar is CRANE, a pale-skinned vision of beauty in her
long, dark skirt, flowing auburn hair and dark mascara-rimmed
eyes. She scans the diner, spots Danyael, smiles and starts
to slink over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danyael's mouth is hanging open - this girl is hot. She walks up to their table, smiling down at him and Twist.

CRANE

Hey there, you must be Danyael. I'm Crane.

DANYAEL

(flustered)

You're Crane? But.. but you're a girl!

CRANE

(chuckles)

Last time I checked! Mind if I sit?

DANYAEL

Uh, no, no, of course.

Danyael looks at Twist, who stares straight back - she isn't moving! Danyael shuffles along so that Crane can sit, the young lady elegantly sliding into the booth.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Sorry about that, you know, the guy I spoke to said somebody called 'Crane' was coming to meet me, and-

CRANE

You thought it was a 'he.' No big deal, happens all the time. So, you guys both from the Atlanta cell?

TWIST

Nope, just him. I'm freelance.

CRANE

Huh?

DANYAEL

It's a long story. We're here with Chris Berkeley, you heard of him?

CRANE

Oh my God, who hasn't? He's a hero!

Twist rolls her eyes, and Danyael chuckles.

DANYAEL

He's in town on business and asked us to get in touch with you guys, see what was going on round here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CRANE

To be honest, we'll be glad of the help. We've got an awful lot of trouble round here at the moment.

TWIST

Trouble? This is already sounding like our sort of thing..

CRANE

A few months ago, a family of demon gangsters, the Balkor clan, moved into town to set up a new arm of their business, next thing we know the few of us who were out here started getting threats, orders to move out, and before long they started taking us out altogether. The main Maryland cell sent a load of us down here to help out, but things are escalating every day. Those gangsters are going to own this town in a few months if we don't strike back against them somehow.

DANYAEL

What can you tell us about them?

Crane bites her lip - this isn't going to be good news.

12 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE. MORNING.

12

A body CRASHES into frame, thrown sideways against the wall of the dusty and disused house we're inside. As the man lies, coughing, on the floor, struggling to rise, a tall figure marches into frame, reaching down with a gloved hand to grab the man by the throat.

He lifts him clean into the air, the man's features showing the blood red eyes and fangs of a vampire as he fights against the chokehold.

We pull back a little to see that the tall man is Ciegue, sunglasses still in place.

CIEGUE

One last time. Where is the base for the rebels in this town?

VAMPIRE

(through chokehold)
I'll.. never tell..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CIEGUE

Now that isn't what I wanted to hear.

Ciegue jerks his hand to the side, and with a SNAP the vampire's neck breaks. His body goes limp in Ciegue's hands, and he drops him to the ground.

Two burly, dark-skinned men, AMZIN and VAIL, appear in frame as we pan around Ciegue, watching their boss in action.

AMZIN

Now what do we do, boss? You kinda killed our only lead..

CIEGUE

There'll be other leads. Find me another vampire, and we'll see if he can be convinced to talk. One way or another, I'm going to drive those wasters out of this town for good.

Off Ciegue's sinister look, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 EXT. BURNSBOROUGH - STREET. MORNING.

13

Chris walks along one of the quiet streets of the town with Donald wheeling alongside him, scanning the detached houses and noticing other dreamcatchers and wind chimes hanging over porches and front doors.

CHRIS

I see you've managed to get a few people round here over to your way of thinking..

DONALD

The trinkets? More psychological than anything else, but if the cause of these deaths are what I think they are, those should help. The first murder took place just round here.

The duo round a corner, onto another street in the sleepy town, but this time Chris freezes, looking ahead. Donald squints, trying to see what he's looking at.

DONALD (cont'd)

What is it?

Chris is silent, his eyes narrowing. His hand unconsciously goes to the hilt of his sword blade, tucked up high and out of sight inside his jacket.

DONALD (cont'd)

Chris? Fer Christ's sake, man, what is it? You look like you've just seen a ghost!

CHRIS

Maybe I have..

(beat)

Stay here, I'll be right back.

Chris breaks into a run and dashes forward, leaving Donald and his cries behind as he dodges between the houses, making a beeline for the house he just saw Ciegue leaving.

Chris hops over a white picket fence and comes to a stop against the side of a house, with Ciegue and his two men getting into a car just round the corner.

Chris steps out and into view, drawing his katana.

14 INT. CIEGUE'S CAR. MORNING.

14

Ciegue shuffles along the backseat of the car, its windows darkened, before realising the car isn't moving.

CIEGUE
Why aren't we moving?

VAIL
There's, uh, someone outside, sir.

CIEGUE
And?

Ciegue turns round in the seat and peers out through the darkened glass. A smile crosses his face.

CIEGUE (cont'd)
Well, well, well..
(to Amzin)
Wait here. And keep the engine running, I won't be long.

15 EXT. BURNSBOROUGH - STREET. MORNING.

15

Ciegue steps out of the car, smoothing his long black leather jacket down as he calmly steps up to face Chris.

CIEGUE
Hello again, Chris. It's been what, four years?

CHRIS
Not long enough. I don't know what you're doing here, Ciegue, but don't expect to carry it on any longer.

CIEGUE
I'm sorry, was that a threat? I hear so many of those these days, it's hard to tell.
(smiles)
Walk away, Chris. You know you can't beat me.

CHRIS
Not a chance.

CIEGUE
Very well.
(beckons Chris forward)
Let's get this started.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris takes a few cautious steps forward, then leaps in with a swing of his blade - which Ciegue effortlessly catches in mid-air.

Quick as a cobra, he punches Chris hard in the chest three times, before grabbing his sword arm, twisting him round and throwing him against the house next to them.

Chris SLAMS into the wall, leaving a dent in the plaster and bricks, and clatters to the floor.

Dazed, he can't react as Ciegue marches over, grabs him by the throat and lifts him up, spinning round and throwing against the house opposite them.

Chris crashes to the floor again, his lips red with blood as he coughs, clutching his wounded chest and wincing with pain.

Ciegue kneels down in front of him, not even out of breath.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

You won't listen, will you? You can't stop me, Chris, and you know it. Now, I'd better be going. Maybe I'll see you around. Although, if I do, I'll have to kill you.

With that, Ciegue stands and climbs back into the car which revs its engine and pulls away, leaving the bruised and bloody Chris slumped on the ground.

After a few beats, Donald wheels frantically into frame.

DONALD

Chris! What happened?

CHRIS

(coughing)

Just catching up.. with an old acquaintance..

Chris picks his sword up off the floor and uses it to help himself stand. Donald looks on, concerned.

DONALD

Looks like you had a few choice words to say to each other.. Are you sure you're okay?

CHRIS

(snaps)

I'm fine. Let's get moving.

Chris walks off again, wincing with every other step. Donald waits a moment, not sure what to make of things.

16 INT. BAR. MORNING. 16

Crane, Danyael and Twist walk into a moderately-sized, darkened bar, with soft background music piping out of an old-fashioned jukebox in one corner. The clientele is sparse and mainly young, sulky looking men, with a handful of old regulars propping up one corner of the bar.

Crane nods to the barman, who reaches under the counter and flips a hidden switch. Crane motions for Danyael and Twist to follow as she walks through the 'Staff Only' door around the corner from the bar.

17 INT. BAR - CORRIDOR. MORNING. 17

The trio walk down a set of steps before coming to a heavy iron door. Crane raps on it twice, and a shutter opens to show a pair of eyes peering out at her.

MAN BEHIND DOOR

Oh, hey, Crane. Who're these two?

CRANE

True believers.

MAN BEHIND DOOR

Okay, hold up.

The shutter closes, and with the CLUNK of several bolts sliding across, the door swings open.

18 INT. REBEL CELL. MORNING. 18

Holding the door open inside the large room beyond is REYES, a tall vampire with short brown hair and a white

shirt over blue jeans. He nods to Danyael and Twist as they enter, and Twist scans the room. The underground room is large and spacious, with a pool table, TV and set of sofas, two fridges, a clunky old radio transmitter mounted on a rickety desk, and about eight more vampires milling around inside. Reyes lights a cigarette as he closes the door.

REYES

You must be Danyael, right? I'm Reyes, I'm in charge round here.

They shake hands. Reyes offers Danyael a cigarette, and he takes it.

TWIST

So this is how you Maryland rebels do things, huh? Nice. There's a bunch of guys that could take a few lessons in luxuries off you..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REYES

We have an arrangement with the bar staff upstairs. We keep an eye on the streets, look out for the civilians, they keep us stocked up on what we need and don't give us any trouble.

DANYAEL

Good deal. Shame there aren't more places like this.

CRANE

We're doing our best! Reyes, these two are in town with Chris Berkeley.

REYES

Really? The Chris Berkeley?

TWIST

Yeah, him. Why does everybody call him that? It's not like he's a fricken superhero or anything!

REYES

Heh, you two must be his sidekicks, right? I can spot the inferiority complex a mile away.

Twist grits her teeth but Danyael just chuckles, taking a bottle of beer offered by another vampire.

DANYAEL

Chris wanted us to come and introduce ourselves, he's trying to re-establish the old links set up by Spice and her cell over in Seattle.

CRANE

Spice? Isn't she..

TWIST

Dead, yeah. That's kind of why we're doing this. Keeping the dream alive, you know?

REYES

Well, I guess Crane's filled you in on our little problem round here..

Reyes walks towards a whiteboard fixed to one wall, with a map of Burnsborough drawn across it and glossy photos highlighting marked out locations.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANYAEL

The gangster family in town, yeah.

REYES

They took out a lot of the original rebels lodging round here before the rest of us moved in, by now they've got their claws into most of the east side of this place. They control the docks that lead out to sea and to the freeway on the far side of town.

TWIST

So shipping in reinforcements isn't a problem for them, huh?

CRANE

Got it in one.

REYES

We've been looking for a way to shut them down for some time now, hopefully you guys can help us do that.

DANYAEL

What makes you think us three will make a difference?

CRANE

You're kidding, right? We've heard all about what you guys have been doing. That riot in Houston, all those rebel cells getting attacked in Atlanta and Minnesota.. you guys are like living legends!

TWIST

(mock aloofness)

Well, one doesn't like to boast..

DANYAEL

That's very flattering, but, uh, we should wait till Chris shows up.

TWIST

You've got no spirit for adventure, you know that? Look, I'm sure wherever Chris is right now, he can take care of himself just fine without us.

19 INT. HOUSE - FRONT ROOM. MORNING.

19

Chris flops down into frame, sitting on an old sofa and rubbing his aching ribs. Donald manoeuvres through the inside of the house with difficulty, tearing down 'Police Line' yellow tape that covers one doorway.

DONALD

Through here's where they found the body, it was-

(beat; sees Chris)

Look, are you sure you're alright?

CHRIS

I'll be okay. I just had the wind knocked out of me a little is all.

DONALD

Looks like you had more than just the wind knocked out! What exactly happened? I heard the sounds of you fighting someone, then a car drives away and I find you like this!

CHRIS

I'll explain it all later. Show me what happened in here first.

20 INT. HOUSE - BACK ROOM. MORNING.

20

Chris and Donald step through the doorway. Most of the furniture in the room is covered with white dust sheets, and a chalk outline has been drawn on the carpeted floor. Red stains still mark the grey fabric, and Chris kneels down to take a closer look.

DONALD

The victim's name was Eric Harper, single guy in his thirties, worked down at the local meat packing warehouse as a forklift driver. Normal guy, nothing remarkable about him at all. No criminal record, heck, not even a parking fine.

CHRIS

Model citizen. What was the cause of death?

DONALD

Massive wounds to the chest and abdomen, made by a serrated weapon and a rushed, clumsy hand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONALD(cont'd)

Seems the attacker barged in here, sliced the guy open, extracted a handful of organs and then split. That was three weeks ago, there've been six more cases since then.

Chris lays a hand on the bloodstain and closes his eyes, a soft mauve glow starting to form beneath his outstretched palm. Donald leans forward in his chair, trying to get a better look.

DONALD (cont'd)

What's that?

CHRIS

I'm seeing what I can pick up.. if there are any traces of demon or monster activity, I may be able to pick up a trail.

DONALD

Heh, you've sure learned a few tricks since last time we met..

CHRIS

Perk of the job, plenty of time to learn.

Chris opens his eyes and stands, shaking his head.

DONALD

Nothing?

CHRIS

The scent's too faint, I'll need to see a fresher site. Where were the other attacks?

DONALD

Three more inside people's homes, one who was a nightwatchmen and two more out in the woods just past town limits.

CHRIS

Tourists?

DONALD

Nope, that's the other funny thing. Everyone was a local, they'd been living here their whole lives. The victims in the woods were a married couple out camping, it was their wedding anniversary. That was one of the more recent ones, shall we head out there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

I need to catch up with Twist and Danyael first, see what they've been able to find out.

DONALD

No problem, there's a bar down the road, we can arrange for them to meet us there.

Donald reverses out of the room and Chris follows, casting one last look round the room. We pan back down to look at the bloodstained carpet again, before we:

21 INT. WAREHOUSE. DAY. 21

SLAM! The lid of a dirty-looking packing crate slams down into frame, and as we pull back we take in the box that it has sealed, and the line of other crates next to it.

A regular little assembly line is running, with rows of demons and humans packing sealed bags into the crates, sealing them and showing them down a ramp leading off screen, out of the warehouse.

We stay on the scene for a few moments before we:

22 INT. BAR. DAY. 22

Chris holds the bar door open as Donald wheels in, the two men in the same bar that houses the rebels downstairs.

Donald taps on the bar, and shakes hands with the bartender, nodding to the older regulars at the bar and exchanging a few greetings.

DONALD

Everybody in town knows where this place is, it's the accepted meeting place.

Donald nods thanks as the bartender places a bottle of beer down on the counter, which he stretches up to grab. Chris raises an eyebrow, chuckles and shakes his head as a new song starts on the jukebox - it's 'White Wedding' by Billy Idol.

Chris turns round - he knows somebody who harbours an obsession with this particular song..

And there's Twist, eyes closed, tapping her fingers on the side of the jukebox, nodding her head along with the tune as Chris steps into frame.

CHRIS

I might have known I'd find you here..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist jumps, startles, then relaxes as she sees Chris.

TWIST

I told you to stop lurking on people like that! Somebody could..
(notices his bruises)
What the heck happened to you? Have you been fighting with the other girls again?

CHRIS

I ran into some trouble. What did you and Danyael find out?

TWIST

Oo, you're gonna love this. Come on.

Twist grabs Chris' hand and leads him round to the staff entrance. Donald raises his beer to Chris as he passes.

23

INT. REBEL CELL. DAY.

23

Chris looks up at the whiteboard, matching up the marked locations with what he knows. Reyes stands next to him, a proud look on his face. Chris notices and turns to him.

CHRIS

Is something the matter?

REYES

What? Uh, no, why should there be?

CHRIS

You've just been giving me a rather odd look..

REYES

Sorry. It's just not every day I meet a hero like yourself, you know? Most of the time, us rebels, we're kind of flying against the wind out there. Nice to know we've got guys like you on our side.

Twist drapes an arm round Chris' shoulders.

TWIST

Careful, pal, he doesn't handle compliments too well!

CHRIS

These sites, are they gangland activity?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REYES
Yeah, as best as we can pinpoint.

CHRIS
Interesting..

TWIST
I can almost hear the plan
forming..

CHRIS
I know where to find the gangsters.
And I think it's about time we put
a stop to their work out here.

Reyes grins, but Chris' eyes are full of determination as he
stares at the board.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

24 INT. DEMON BAR. DAY.

24

We're inside another bar inside the town, but this one has a very different clientele - demons and their human colleagues sit around the bar and in the booths, raucous laughter and chatter sounding over the jukebox.

The door swings open and all talk stops - visitors aren't welcome round here.

Standing framed in the doorway is Twist, saved from the sunlight by the clouds overhead but dressed in a sharp, charcoal grey business suit, her hair pulled back in a tight ponytail. She carries a briefcase and wears shades which she pushes down her nose to scan the bar with a grin.

TWIST

Ah, this must be the place.

ON SCENE

Twist marches boldly into the room, the stunned people inside just watching her as she takes a seat at the bar, laying her briefcase down beside her. She looks around at the faces studying her.

TWIST

So! Who's a girl gotta eat to get a drink around here?

The bartender, a burly, red-skinned demon called VARG, steps into frame.

VARG

This ain't the place for you, little girl. Best pick yourself up and get out of here.

TWIST

(innocently)

Oh, I'm terribly sorry, I could've sworn this was the place to get in on the action with the Balkor family..

A murmur passes round the bar. Two large men step into frame next to Twist.

BURLY MAN

You tryin' to make us an offer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEMON

Heh, hope you brought us something
to keep us interested..
(looks her up and down)
.. besides yourself, anyways..

Twist just smiles again and picks up her briefcase, laying it flat on the bar. She flips the locks and opens it - to reveal four little KITTENS, mewling as they scrabble around inside.

The Burly Man raises an eyebrow but as he looks across to his Demon friend, he sees the brown-scaled fiend licking his lips and eyeing the critters hungrily. Twist carefully closes the briefcase.

TWIST

Now then, boys, before we start
breaking out the plates and
cutlery, let's talk business. Why
don't you start by filling me in on
exactly what kind of a racket you
guys are running around here,
starting with what the link is to
the poor townsfolk who keep showing
up in pieces..

The man and demon exchange another look.

25 INT. HILLSIDE NEAR DOCKS. DAY.

25

Chris steps into frame, standing on top of a hill overlooking the docks we saw earlier on. The drizzle of rain is still falling and the waves beyond the docks are thick with mist, but we can see the rows of old warehouses and piles of packing crates, with a large cargo lifter rolling up and down the rows. Chris starts down towards the jetties and walkways below.

26 INT. DOCKS. DAY.

26

We can see Chris at the far end of the frame as three men walk past in the foreground, chattering. Chris steals between two small wooden buildings, staying out of sight.

Pressed flat against the wall of one of the buildings, he edges forward until he can hear footsteps, and he hunches down, poised and ready.

We hear the flare of a cigarette lighting, then a stocky demon walks past, whistling tunelessly. He doesn't see Chris, who waits a moment more then darts forward to reach one of the other warehouses, ducking down as the large cargo lifter rolls past nearby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We can hear the clunks and whirrs of machinery inside the warehouse, and with a stolen look left and right Chris forces the door open and ducks inside.

27 INT. DOCKS - WAREHOUSE. DAY.

27

The sound of machinery is much louder in here, and we can see conveyor belts filled with large packing crates rolling past us. Demons and humans dressed in plain red overalls are loading the boxes onto the belts, others are depositing white plastic bags inside and others are taking them out towards the jetty through large open doors at the far end of the warehouse.

Chris stays close to cover as he edges forward, ducking back as two workers wander past, then getting close enough to reach one of the crates.

With a quick heave, he lifts it straight off the moving conveyor and lays it down gently on the floor, round a corner and out of sight from the main shop floor. Chris wrenches the lid off and looks down into the contents.

It's filled with white plastic bags, and Chris reaches in and tears one of them open. Before we can see what's inside, we cut back to:

Looking up from the floor again, his eyes widen as he sees the contents. With a sad shake of his head, he jams the lid back down on the crate and lifts it again, moving off screen with it.

28 INT. DEMON BAR. DAY.

28

Twist is sat in a booth now, and she looks up as a chubby demon squeezed into a well-tailored suit shuffles in to sit opposite her. This is OREN BALKOR, one of the higher ranked members of the crime family moving in on Burnsborough. He's short and fat with a bald head and very dark skin, with a tortoiseshell-like pattern running across his skin. He lights up a fat cigar as a muscular human bodyguard stands by the booth, arms folded.

OREN

So, you're the chick with the cats?

TWIST

That's me. The name's Loren. Sophia Loren.

OREN

Like the actress?

Twist hesitates - she probably should have picked a different alias..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Er, yeah. I hear you're the man I need to speak to if I want to get in on the business in this town.

OREN

(chuckles)

The 'business' ain't for people like you, sweetheart. Why should we let you in on any of this.

Twist closes her eyes. When she reopens them, they've turned the blood red of a vampire, and she grins, showing her fangs. Oren nods, looking impressed.

TWIST

Let's just say I've got an interest in what you're doing. And I'm hungry.

OREN

Haven't worked with a vampire for a while. There's this half-vamp guy who moves around a lot, can't remember his name now.. Malkum, Markuth, something like that. You know him?

TWIST

(coldly)

It's Malkuth. And yeah, I know him. Can we get back to our business?

OREN

Eager, ain'tcha? Okay, missy, let's see what we can do. What can you bring to our organisation if we cut you in on a piece of it?

TWIST

Way I see it, you guys need people on your team who can keep supplying you with fresh merchandise. No offence to the guys sneaking round at the moment hacking people open, but they're..

OREN

Dumb?

TWIST

I was going to say 'inelegant,' but yeah, they're being pretty dumb about it too. You need someone with a little more grace..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Twist's eyes fall down to the cutlery on the table, and she snatches up a knife. Spinning it, blade point first, on her finger a few times, she then snaps out with her other hand and GRABS Oren's wrist.

His eyes widen as she gently forces his palm down onto the tabletop, spreading his fingers out. Twist rests the knife down between two of his outstretched fingers.

TWIST (cont'd)

.. and I'm the girl for the job.

Slowly at first, then rapidly building up speed, she starts to STAB the knife down between each of the gaps between his fingers, playing a high speed game of pinfinger that only someone with her vampire reflexes could manage.

Oren is frozen to the spot, a whimper escaping his lips as Twist's hand becomes a blur, before she finishes, calmly laying the knife back down on the table and releasing Oren's hand. He snatches it back up, rubbing his wrist, but a grin creeps across his face.

OREN

You're hired.

TWIST

(smiles)

Groovy. Okay, here are my terms. I work at night, alone, and I get to pick my targets. All I need you to do is tell me where to pick up my money.

OREN

You don't waste any time, do ya? We work out a few old warehouses down by the docks, but the headquarters is in the old harbour master's office. Since we moved in, we don't get any trouble round there.

Oren grins and chomps down on his cigar, and Twist grins back, maintaining her cover.

29

INT. REBEL CELL. DAY.

29

Reyes and Crane are studying the whiteboard when Chris enters the room, walking straight up to them and dropping one of the white plastic bags on the table next to them.

REYES

What's this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

It's what people are being killed
for around here.

Reyes opens the bag, and his eyes widen.

Inside the open bag is a heap of human organs - thankfully
unidentifiable in the redness inside, but definitely
belonging inside rather than out.

ON SCENE

Reyes steps back, a look of disgust
on his face.

REYES

What the..

CHRIS

There's crates full of these down
at the dockside warehouses. My
guess is they're running a bigger
operation in neighbouring cities,
and using this place as their main
delivery outlet.

CRANE

Deliveries?

REYES

It's not a big leap of logic to
guess that there's plenty of things
out there that'd pay good money for
a ready supply of fresh human
organs, Crane.. Okay, so that
explains why the gangs are here.
Why the local killings?

CHRIS

I'm not sure. Meeting the quotas,
maybe? Seems odd that they'd only
kill a handful, hopefully we'll
find more answers when we go in
there.

TWIST (O.S.)

And I know where to start looking!

The group turn round - Twist has just entered the room,
shaking her hair free with a grin.

TWIST

I met up with one of the gangsters,
used the bait and got the location
of their headquarters. It's in a
building just off the main docks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

Good work. And the bait?

Twist lifts the briefcase and pops it open - the kittens inside are thankfully unharmed.

TWIST

I told them I'd bring more along later. Wasn't gonna leave these little cuties with that bunch of slobbering fiends, was I?

Twist lifts out one of the kittens and nuzzles it as Chris looks around the rest of the room.

CHRIS

Where's Danyael?

TWIST

Oh, he's out scouting, we'll meet up with him later.

CHRIS

(suspiciously)

Scouting where? Twist, you didn't send him out to the gangster's headquarters alone, did you?

Twist tries to look innocent as the kitten mews.

TWIST

Maybe I'll just go fetch him back..

CHRIS

(resigned)

Yes, if you could, before anything else happens!

30

INT. DOCKS - HARBOUR MASTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

30

Sheltered by the treeline that reaches right up to the edge of the dockyard, Danyael shuffles forwards, watching the yard through his binoculars.

Scanning the yard, Danyael sees a line of crates being loaded into a rusty old trawler moored against the pier, with workers hefting the crates back and forth. He scans along further when a black shape suddenly steps in front of him.

He lowers the binoculars and looks up with a gulp as a shadow falls across him.

Grinning down at him, Ciegue stands tall over Danyael, one hand on the sword hilt in his belt.

31 INT. HILLSIDE NEAR DOCKS. DAY.

31

We're some distance away from the dockyard, but we can make out Danyael being frogmarched along by Amzin and Vail, shoved roughly inside the small block that is the harbour master's office.

Watching the scene, she sighs bitterly.

TWIST

(mutters)

Stupid malnourished idiot gets himself captured so I have to risk my neck going and finding him again.. when I get my hands on him, hoo boy, then we'll see, oh yeah..

32 INT. HARBOUR MASTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

32

Danyael is tied to a chair, bloody from a beating he's obviously received. The inside of the office is a large, open plan area with walls covered with corkboards that have many notes attached, shipping registers and other documents.

Two desks are similarly covered with papers, next to the chair holding Danyael. Ciegue opens the office door and steps inside, sunglasses still in place.

CIEGUE

Ah, hello. And how are you doing?

Danyael is silent, glaring up at Ciegue through his bloodshot eyes. Ciegue grins at his stubbornness.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

Co-operation not your strong point, I see. You must be an accomplice of Christopher's, he seems to have this effect on everyone he works with! Well, he'll be here soon, so I can reunite the two of you before we get rid of you both. I'm being paid an awful lot of money to keep this operation running smoothly, and I intend to-

He's disturbed by a knock at the door.

TWIST (O.S.)

Mr. Ciegue? You in there?

Ciegue frowns and reaches out for the door, opening it to reveal Twist, who steps inside, throwing her arms up in dismay when she sees Danyael.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

There you are! I'm terribly sorry about this, Mr. Ciegue. This is Bobby Ewing, one of my associates. Was he sneaking around, spying on people again? He does that a lot. I think he used to be a bit of a peeping tom before I gave him a job, but old habits die hard, you know how it is..

Ciegue blinks to dispel Twist's distracting blabber.

CIEGUE

And you are.. ?

TWIST

(offers hand)

Loren. Sophia Loren. Like the actress. New vampire recruit to the team. I'm on board to help with the additional victims you all need around here. Say, I couldn't help but notice how big an operation this all was on my way up here, and the thought popped into my head - why do you need more locals killed if you've got so many body parts passing through here already?

Ciegue studies her for a beat, not letting on if he's rumbled her deception or not.

CIEGUE

The local victims are for a different client. There's a strange kind of mineral in the water here that's been absorbed by many of the people living here, making their bodies very rich in certain very pure types of energy.

TWIST

Really? Like what?

CIEGUE

Oh, I'm not a science man, I couldn't say.. Twist.

Twist freezes as Ciegue reaches behind him and lock the office door, then tries to continue her bluff.

TWIST

I'm sorry, what did you call me? The name's Sophia, not Twist..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CIEGUE

(smiles)

Please, don't try to deceive me any longer. You did well to get this far, but I can smell Chris all over you, same as I could your friend here. And now, you're going to tell me where I can find him and the rebels hiding out in this little town.

TWIST

Now wait just a minute..

Ciegue steps forward and reaches out, clamping his palm down across Twist's head before she can react. There is a FLASH of white energy, and Twist howls in pain, sinking to her knees.

A fierce glow of white light builds beneath Ciegue's palm, and his arm shakes as he controls the energy flowing between the two of them. He releases her, and she slumps to the floor, out cold.

DANYAEL

Twist! Twist!! What did you do to her, you freak?

CIEGUE

Miss McFadden here just told me where to find the people that have been hindering my work here. Remind me to thank her for it. If she wakes up, that is..

Ciegue turns and walks out of the room.

We close up on Twist, her pained expression locked in place as she slips into unconsciousness, before we:

BLACK OUT:**END OF ACT THREE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

33 EXT. BURNSBOROUGH - STREET. EVENING. 33

Chris walks along the street towards Donald's house, scanning the quiet and pleasant neighbourhood with a contented look. This look quickly fades when he sees that the front door of Donald's house has been ripped off its hinges, and he breaks into a run, sprinting up the steps and inside.

34 INT. DONALD'S HOUSE. EVENING. 34

Chris races inside, finding the place in a mess - destroyed furniture, smashed windows and broken glass and wood all around.

Chris paces along carefully, tensed for any intruders who may still be inside, when a SQUEAK from the kitchen spins him round. He steps slowly forward.

35 INT. DONALD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. EVENING. 35

Chris steps into the kitchen and sighs as he sees the dead body of Wendy lying on the floor, a trail of blood leading along from where she'd tried to crawl for help.

Chris kneels next to her and reaches out with a hand to close her blank, unseeing eyes, pausing for a moment to offer a silent prayer.

DONALD (O.S.)
Get away from her!!

BANG! The silence is shattered by a loud gunshot, and Chris is thrown off his feet.

Wheeling into the room, badly wounded but with a shotgun held in one unsteady hand, Donald's eyes blaze as he comes to bear on this intruder, but his face drops in surprise as he recognises Chris.

Chris picks himself up, wheezing with pain from the bloody shotgun wound in his side. His jacket sports an array of small pellet holes.

CHRIS
Don.. that was really, really
unnecessary..

Donald doesn't answer, he just looks down at his wife's body and starts to weep, dropping the shotgun with a THUD and burying his face in his hands. Chris stands with difficulty and limps over to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS (cont'd)
What happened?

DONALD
I couldn't stop them.. they just
burst right in here, and they..
(hits legs)
Damn these useless things! I
couldn't get to her in time, Chris,
I couldn't save her..

CHRIS
They'd just have killed you too.

DONALD
(mirthless laugh)
They already have, Chris..

Donald lifts up his sweater to reveal a gaping wound in his stomach. Dark blood soaks his skin, and Chris winces as Donald drops the sweater back down, suddenly seeming very weak. He slumps forward but Chris catches him.

DONALD (cont'd)
Chris.. do me one thing..

CHRIS
Donald, hang on, I can help, just
give me a moment to-

Donald grabs him by his shirt lapel and pulls him close.

DONALD
No! Listen to me! Get these
bastards, Chris, get them out of my
town, before anyone else..

Donald's eyes glaze over, and he slumps forward again. Chris bows his head, and gently lays his body back in his chair. Chris stands, clutching his wounded side, his head bowed as he leaves his friend behind.

36 INT. BAR. NIGHT.

36

We look at the door as Chris bursts inside, but he pauses, looking round with an expression of horror.

The bar is littered with bodies, old and young, the whole bar smashed and in tatters. Broken glass crunches beneath Chris' feet as he paces through the room, scanning the devastation.

He remembers the rebel cell downstairs and darts towards the doorway.

37 INT. REBEL CELL. EVENING.

37

We're looking at the doorway from inside the cell as Chris' footsteps clatter down the stairs, but we can already guess the scene before he arrives, bursting breathlessly through the door.

CHRIS

Oh, no..

As upstairs, the cell is in ruins. The bodies of the slain vampires lie all around - the older ones reduced to piles of dust, the youngest sprawled like rag dolls on the floor, their dark lifeblood pooled around them.

Chris spots Crane and kneels down next to her, her expression peaceful. He closes his eyes, saddened - and then Crane COUGHS weakly.

Startled, Chris opens his eyes and looks down at her, helping her to sit up.

CRANE

(woozy)

What... what happened?

CHRIS

Easy, you've taken quite a beating.

Crane looks round the rest of the base, GASPING and putting her hands to her mouth.

CRANE

Are they...

CHRIS

I'm afraid so.

Crane starts to SOB, and Chris helps her to her feet.

CHRIS (cont'd)

It's not safe here. Is there somewhere you can go?

Crane nods, and Chris starts to lead her to the door, handing her a small black object.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Go there, don't stop for anything. I'll find you with this tracker when the coast is clear again.

CRANE

Where are you going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

(serious)

I'm going to find who did this, and
then make them pay.

Crane nods, throwing a last, horrified look round the ruins
of her base as she heads up the stairs and away.

Chris closes his eyes, the mauve glow we saw earlier forming
beneath his hand. A trail snakes away from the glow, heading
up the stairs and out of the room.

Chris stands, a grim expression fixed on his face as he turns
and walks out of the room.

38 INT. CIEGUE'S CAR. NIGHT.

38

Driving along without a care in the world, Amzin and Vail
laugh over their work, car stereo blasting.

VAIL

Man, that auburn haired vampire
bitch was a real fighter, huh?

AMZIN

Yeah, almost a shame to stake her!

VAIL

Heh, don't worry, man, the boss
says we can get stuck into those
other two vamps when we get back
home, now we've taken care of the
rest. Then we can have some real fu-

CRASH! The car's windscreen explodes inwards, and Amzin roars
as he tries to stay in control, both demons showered with
glass.

Amzin leans forward against the wheel, panting with exertion.
He leans back, and we see what caused the explosion - Vail is
impaled against the car seat, Chris' katana buried in his
throat. He gurgles faintly, and Amzin yells in fear again,
bustling out of the car.

39 EXT. BURNSBOROUGH - STREET. NIGHT.

39

Stumbling out of the car, Amzin looks round, trying to work
out where the sword came from. He doesn't have to wait long,
as Chris appears in frame, grabbing Amzin by the throat and
lifting him into the air. Amzin struggles in his iron grip.

AMZIN

What the.. who..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

(icily)

You killers left a trail a mile wide for me to follow. Did you think I wouldn't come after you? You killed a good friend of mine tonight, you low life, and when I'm done with you, Ciegue will be next.

AMZIN

We were.. just doing.. what we're told to..

CHRIS

Let's get one thing straight. You're about to die. So before you do, I'll offer you one chance to tell me you're sorry for those people you killed before I break your neck.

AMZIN

(through clenched teeth)

Go.. to.. he-

SNAP! Chris twists his hand round and then drops Amzin's lifeless body to the ground. He walks round to the front of the car, wrenching his sword out from the now very dead Vail and turning and walking away, leaving the car in the middle of the road.

40 INT. HARBOUR MASTER'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

40

Twist stirs, still lying on the floor of the office where we left her. She gets to her feet, clutching her head as though in severe pain, looking round and seeing Danyael, dozing in the chair beside her. She slaps his leg.

TWIST

Spook! Wake up!

DANYAEL

(wakes)

Huh? What?

TWIST

We're in trouble, Danny boy. I don't know what tall, dark and mean did to me, but my skull feels like there's a gremlin trying to kick its way out, and my Spider Sense is telling me that something bad has happened..

DANYAEL

How bad?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist's look says it all. Without another word, she starts to untie Danyael, and the two step outside the office.

41 EXT. DOCKS. NIGHT.

41

The office is a little way away from the main warehouses, but as the duo scamper across the darkened grounds of the office, heavy rain falling down, before stopping at the edge of the docks compound.

They can see two small cargo boats being loaded up with the crates from the warehouses, and about two dozen hired hands shifting the boxes around. The two vamps sink down behind cover.

DANYAEL

What are we gonna do? We need to tell Chris about this and get him and the rebels down here, we can't let them leave with that cargo!

TWIST

(sarcastic)

Yeah, thanks for the deep insight into the situation, Danyael.

DANYAEL

Being sarcastic isn't helping, Twist.

TWIST

Never stopped me so far!

Twist retrieves her cell phone and dials Chris up on it.

42 EXT. ROAD LEADING TO DOCKS. NIGHT.

42

Chris is marching down the main road leading out of town and up towards the docks, the edges of the floodlights just starting to catch him. He still has a cold look in his eyes, answering his phone without missing a beat.

CHRIS

Yes?

TWIST

(filtered; through phone)

Chris! Whew, there you are. We're in trouble, Chris, Ciegue and his boys are about to ship out and we're at kind of a manpower disadvantage here.

CHRIS

I'm on my way. It's all under control.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWIST

Ah, reinforcements! You got Reyes and Crane and those other rebels too?

CHRIS

No, they're all dead, except for Crane, and I've sent her somewhere safe. It's just me.

43 EXT. DOCKS. NIGHT.

43

Twist looks across at Danyael, her eyes telling the story. He slumps back against their cover, defeated, as Twist carries on.

TWIST

What are the three of us going to do against all this lot? There must be over thirty guys here!

CHRIS

(filtered; through phone)
Alright, give me a diversion. I'll do the rest.

TWIST

Check.

She hangs up, scanning the area for something to use.

DANYAEL

What'd he say?

TWIST

He said to do what we do best!

Off Danyael's confused look, we:

44 INT. LOADING WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

44

The teams of men have almost cleared out the warehouse of goods, laughing and joking as they start to wind down. A WHISTLE off screen snaps all their heads round.

Twist is there, holding a large kerosene canister in her arms.

TWIST

Oh, boys.. catch!

She THROWS the canister through the air towards them, diving back out of the way.

TWIST (cont'd)

Now!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danyaël hops up from behind the cover of the conveyor belt, aiming a flare gun at the canister.

A few of the demons and humans realise what's about to happen and start to run, but the rest just watch stupidly as the canister bounces once as it thuds into the ground before them, then with a loud FWOOSH Danyaël fires the flare gun directly at it.

The flare sparks off the hissing gas outlet valve of the can, and with an almighty EXPLOSION, the back half of the warehouse is blasted to shreds, bodies hurled through the air by the blast, the survivors yelling and scattering.

45 EXT. DOCKS - PIER. NIGHT. 45

Ciegue is standing by himself at the end of a pier some way off from the warehouses, and he whips round as he hears the explosion. He watches the orange fireball light up the black waters around him, sighing.

CIEGUE

Oh, Chris.. you just don't know
when to give up, do you?

He turns round and starts to walk casually back towards the warehouses.

46 EXT. DOCKS. NIGHT. 46

Twist and Danyaël charge to the offensive, dashing through the flaming hole in the back of the warehouse and into the remaining workers, Twist cracking her baseball bat off a few skulls to pitch her opponents into the water, Danyaël dodging punches and swinging a fire extinguisher, connecting with one demon with a heavy CLONK, knocking him out cold.

The crates on the back of the first boat are on fire, and its captain dives into the safety of the sea, but the second boat guns its engines and starts to pull away from the pier, still tied in place by its mooring ropes but starting to tear away from the pier by sheer force.

Twist spots the boat trying to escape and points to it, and Danyaël runs to the end of the pier, lining the extinguisher up and throwing it with a grunt.

With a resounding CLANG, the extinguisher smacks into the head of the human boat captain, pitching him into the water just as the boat breaks free of the pier.

Lacking a pilot, it curls round in the water and crashes back into the pier, embedding itself nose first into the wooden walkways.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twist and Danyael look around, rain still lashing down as the flames from the explosion and the burning crates bathes the scene in an orange glow.

All the surviving workers lie unconscious or dead at their feet, the rest having made a break for cover. Twist smiles across at him - a job well done - before she spots Chris.

Marching straight past the burning warehouse, he's heading for the last one along the jetty, a disused, patchy building standing alone. This is the warehouse we saw him creep into earlier.

47

INT. DOCKS - WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

47

We walk through and into the warehouse, lightning flashes overhead illuminating the interior. Standing with his back to us at the opposite end of the floor is Ciegue, as we saw him earlier. He pauses, leaning his head to one side.

CIEGUE

Ah, good, it's about time you showed up. Are we ready to..

(beat)

No, you're not him, are you?

Chris steps from the shadows and walks towards us, sword is in one hand and drawstring bag in the other. He tips his head forward, rainwater sloshing off his fedora, his eyes full of cold fury.

CHRIS

I'm afraid Amzin couldn't make it. I could say 'he lost his head' or some other wisecrack, but I'm really not in the mood this time.

Chris THROWS the bag forward, and it bounces along the concrete floor, rolling to a half just behind Ciegue's feet. He slowly turns round and smiles, dragging on the cigarette.

CIEGUE

Subtlety isn't your strong point, is it, Christopher?

Chris paces slowly forward, Ciegue regards him calmly.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

I'd ask what happened to the rest of my men, but your presence here does kind of answer that for me.

CHRIS

No more games. This ends tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CIEGUE

And what makes you think it'll end with you the victor, Chris? I've beaten you once already.

CHRIS

If there's one thing I've learned in all my years, it's this - it's never over while both men are standing.

A long beat. The rain continues to fall across the scene, pinging off exposed flaps of metal and plastic holding the decaying warehouse together, pooling on the floor.

Ciegue takes another drag and flicks his sodden cigarette away, hands behind his back.

CIEGUE

So is this it? This is your great master plan to defeat me? You march in here, throw me the head of my assistant and challenge me to yet another straight fight?

(chuckles)

I must say, I find your optimism inspiring if also rather foolish.

Chris doesn't answer, he just draws his sword and takes up an offensive stance, katana blade aimed directly at Ciegue. Ciegue still just smiles back, and nods.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

As you wish.

Ciegue STAMPS his foot down on the bag beneath his feet - we hear a crunch and a wet squelch as its contents are crushed beneath his booted foot.

Ciegue then draws his own sword and the two opponents start to circle one another as 'Everything's Cool' by Pop Will Eat Itself starts to build over the soundtrack.

CHRIS

Too many people have died here because of you, Ciegue. People who I considered friends, who didn't have anything to do with the war people like us are fighting.

CIEGUE

I'd like to say I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I'm not. They were in my way, ergo they had to die. As you soon will too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chris pauses and Ciegue tenses, ready for the attack. After a beat, Chris CHARGES forward, and Ciegue rushes too, their feet splashing through the water.

The action slows down to a crawl as the two men draw nearer, their swords swinging through the air as another flash of lightning fills the scene with bright white light.

The music builds to its initial crescendo just as the two swords CLASH together, before we're back to:

Dazzlingly fast, the two men get to the attack, swords a blur and sparking as they strike and parry at one another. Ciegue still wears his calm smile, while Chris has a look of barely contained fury on his face.

With an elegant and inhumanly high backflip, he vaults up to the mezzanine walkway running around the warehouse, and with a similarly huge leap Chris follows, the two foes back into the fight.

They're perfectly matched, Chris' aggression tempered by Ciegue's speed. Chris is gradually forced backwards by Ciegue's attacks until he loses his footing, and slips off the walkway to the floor below.

Landing smoothly with a roll, he gets his sword up just in time as Ciegue crashes into frame with an overhead strike, the two men straining as they try to push each other down, Chris finally having to roll back out of the way again.

We stay low, following them across the floor as Ciegue charges forward, his sword slashing out at Chris in a dozen directions at once, Chris doing all he can to avoid getting cut to ribbons.

He yells out in pain as Ciegue's sword finds its mark, leaving a deep cut on his left arm. Chris staggers back, clutching the wound, and Ciegue takes the opportunity to gloat.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

You're fast, I'll give you that.
Much better than a few years ago.
You've been practising!

CHRIS

Obviously not quite well enough..

CIEGUE

Oh, don't feel bad. There is no shame in losing to a superior opponent, Chris. Even less so when that opponent just happens to be me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3) CIEGUE(cont'd)

(beat)
Ready for the next round?

CHRIS
As Twist would say.. bring it on.

Ciegue lunges forward again, spinning on the spot as he slices out towards Chris.

Ciegue leaps up into the air, sword sparking as it deflects Chris' attack, and with one foot he kicks out, catching Chris on the chin and knocking him head over heels.

Chris hits the deck, rolling to the side again as Ciegue stabs his blade down into the warehouse floor, barely missing his head. Chris gets to his feet and takes a few steps back, realising he's losing. Ciegue laughs.

CIEGUE
Come on, Christopher, you're not trying hard enough! Stop trying to hit me and just hit me!

Chris' eyes narrow, and with a flick of his wrist he FIRES an arrow of purple energy out towards Ciegue. The assassin snaps his head to one side impossibly quickly, but the arrow passes close enough to dislodge his sunglasses.

His face is away from us as he chuckles again, his rain-soaked hair covering his features.

CIEGUE (cont'd)
Now that was a cheap shot, Chris, I would have expected better from you..

Ciegue turns to face us - and where his eyes should be, there are just two dark, sunken pits, smoothed over with skin and bearing light scars. A thin smile is across his lips as he tilts his head to one side.

CIEGUE (cont'd)
.. against a blind man.

Chris registers the shock - he'd never known this about Ciegue until now. The two men circle each other again.

CIEGUE (cont'd)
The ravages of battle may have taken my eyes, but my other senses are sharper than your own vampiric senses could ever be. I can hear the beat of your heart, the air whistling as you move, I can taste your perspiration as we fight, and I don't need my nose to tell me that you're afraid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHRIS

Alright, I'll admit it. I'm impressed. You fight well for-

CIEGUE

For someone with a handicap? Life deals you these cards, Chris, the trick is to build up your hand until you can win the game. And when I leave your dead body on the floor of this place tonight, then that's just one more game that I'll have won.

The soundtrack comes to a halt, and Chris paces for another step before thinking of something. He freezes, standing stock still, eyes trained on Ciegue. Ciegue cocks his head to one side, smiling.

CIEGUE

Trying to trick me? Clever, the first smart move you've made since you rolled into town. I'm afraid it won't do you much good, but I applaud your inventiveness all the same.

Chris remains still - but now he closes his eyes, relaxing his body as though concentrating deeply. Ciegue frowns - Chris has suddenly become much harder to locate.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

Still with the tricks.. You never were a straight fighter, Chris, you always did have to rely on sneak tactics to get your way!

Ciegue tries to cover it but he's losing confidence now, his movements becoming more erratic as he tries to pinpoint Chris, who is still rooted to the spot, eyes closed, sword by his side.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

Chris?
(beat; angrily)
Chris!

Time seems to slow down - the soundtrack fades away until all we can hear is the heavily reverberated sound of Ciegue's footsteps and breathing, and the drumming of the rain against the warehouse floor.

Ciegue takes one last breath, before:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

THUNK! He gasps for air, his face showing shock suddenly. We pull back to see Chris, half crouched down and Ciegue's sword in mid-air where his neck would have been, his own katana reaching out behind him to spear Ciegue squarely in the chest.

Ciegue makes a choking sound and slides backwards off the blade, landing on the floor with a wet thud. Chris stands, calmly sheathing his sword, and kneels down over the gasping prone form of Ciegue.

CHRIS

One thing I've learned to
appreciate with a partner as loud
as Twist is the sound of a good
silence. I'll leave you to ponder
that.

Chris stands, turns and walks away, leaving the mortally wounded Ciegue struggling to rise from the floor, blood dribbling from the corner of his mouth.

EXT. DOCKS - END WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

Chris leaves the warehouse as Twist and Danyael run into frame. Twist winces when she sees his wounded arm.

TWIST

Did you get him?

CHRIS

(without stopping)
It's over. Let's get out of here.

Twist and Danyael exchange a look as Chris keeps walking, the camera pulling back to keep him in frame.

DANYAEL

Shouldn't we, you know, call
someone?

CHRIS

We've done our part, let's leave
this town to heal its wounds. We've
brought enough death to this place.

The two vampires watch Chris as he walks away.

48

INT. BLACK FORD. EARLY HOURS.

48

Chris drives, his eyes distant as we see Twist asleep in the passenger seat and Danyael sitting in the rear of the van, eating from a fast food drive-through food container. Chris takes out his dictaphone and thumbs the 'record' button.

49

EXT. HIGHWAY. EARLY HOURS.

49

We pull back from the van as it heads down the highway, Chris' voiceover starting as we move away.

CHRIS (V.O.)

All the places I've travelled, all the people I've met, all the things I've accomplished.. and yet I can't help but feel responsible for the deaths of both Detective Hancock and his wife, and also the rebels who we supposedly came to aid. The sun will rise soon and begin a new day, and blessed as I am to still be able to watch it, I can't ever shake the feeling that each new morning leads to another day of fighting, another struggle, another part of this war. And at moments like these, I sometimes catch myself wishing that the sun would never rise again.

(beat)

One thing puzzles me. If the people who were killed in the town weren't meant for the shipment, why did they die? Who was Ciegue working for?

We stay on the scene until we hear a phone ring.

MALKUTH (V.O.)

(filtered; through phone)

Hello, you're through to Malkuth.

CIEGUE (V.O.)

(breathless; filtered)

Malkuth? It's Ciegue, there's been a-

MALKUTH (V.O.)

I'm not here right now, so I'm probably off doing evil somewhere. Leave me a message.

After the BEEP, Ciegue continues.

CIEGUE (V.O.)

Chris beat me. I don't know how, but he did. And the shipments were destroyed. But the six people you wanted killed were taken care of, you'll receive their merchandise soon. I just hope this plan of yours is worth it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a CLICK as the phone receiver is hung up, and from that we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW