

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

"Blast From The Past"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT. 1

Aerial shot of the fine metropolis of New York City, tall towers glittering as they reflect the moonlight overhead, the streets below filled with row upon row of car headlights.

2 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - NIGHT. 2

Looking down on a street corner, with a few youthful gang members chatting and laughing as they sit on the steps of an apartment building, a YOUNG WOMAN, slim with long blonde hair, walks into frame, two fully loaded grocery bags in her arms.

One of the gang members half heartedly heckles her, but she just grins and keeps walking - she obviously knows this neighbourhood well, and knows she's safe.

She carries on along the street, swerving as two giggling young kids race past her, and stops outside the steps of another apartment block.

Making her way up the steps, she fumbles in her jacket pocket for her keys, but is having no luck until a middle aged WOMAN steps into frame.

WOMAN

Having trouble, Karen?

The Young Woman, KAREN, looks relieved as she sees the other woman, and gestures to the grocery bags.

KAREN

That time of the week, Maggie, you know how it is.

MAGGIE reaches over with her keys and unlocks the door, holding it open so Karen can step inside.

3 INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS. 3

Karen uses her boot to keep the door open for Maggie, and the two women start to climb the staircase ahead of them.

MAGGIE

(off groceries)
You alright with those?

KAREN

Oh, yeah, the hard part was getting through the door, you know. All plain sailing from he-

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

Karen TRIPS and almost falls face first onto the stairs, but Maggie is quick to catch her. She chuckles as Karen collects herself.

MAGGIE
(tongue in cheek)
Yeah, I can see you're doing fine.

Karen chuckles as the two of them reach the first floor.

4 INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - FIRST FLOOR LANDING - CONTINUOUS. 4

Maggie turns one way, and Karen turns another.

MAGGIE
Have a good night, Karen, see you later.

KAREN
Yeah, you too, Maggie.

We stay with Karen as she walks along the landing, passing the numbered doors on her way to the last one in the corridor. The complex seems quiet and respectable - not exactly upper class, but comfortable enough.

Karen fiddles with her keys again, this time managing to get the door open and step inside her apartment.

5 INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS. 5

Karen nudges the door closed, and we can hear a cat MEOW from off screen as she heads for the open plan kitchenette.

KAREN
Alright, kitty, hang on...

She dumps the bags down - and JUMPS a mile when she sees somebody standing in her kitchen!

There's a MAN there, his hands clasped before him and his head down, a dark, intense look about him. He's dressed in a plain black suit.

MAN
You're normally home by now, Karen,
what kept you?

Karen looks very tense all of a sudden - whoever this man is, he obviously unnerves her.

KAREN
(hesitant)
I was, uh, shopping.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

She waves her hand towards the grocery bags as her cat, KITTY, leaps up onto the kitchen counter and starts sniffing around them.

Karen reaches over and scoops up the cat, keeping her distance from the man before her.

KAREN (cont'd)
So what do you want?

MAN
Oh, you know why I'm here.

The man looks up at last, and Karen takes a step back as a slow grin spreads across his features.

6 EXT. OUTSIDE APARTMENT - NIGHT.

6

We cut outside, pulling away from the building as we see the kitchen window framed before us.

There are the sounds of a struggle from inside the apartment - the cat HISSES, something SMASHES. And we hear Karen SHOUT as though fighting for her life - then she SCREAMS!

There is silence for a moment.

Then, a substantial amount of BLOOD suddenly SPATTERS across the window!

We stay on the blood for a moment as it starts to slowly drip down from the window, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

7 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT.

7

We're looking at Chris' black van, parked up by the roadside, on the outskirts of one of New York's outlying districts.

We start to push in on the van, and as we do we hear voices talking, muffled as though coming from inside the van.

TWIST (O.S.)

Well, I'm not the one who forgot something!

JULIE (O.S.)

Oh, that's ridiculous, you can't-

TWIST (O.S.)

(interrupts)

I can and I will! Chris! Tell her she's wrong and I'm right.

CHRIS (O.S.)

(wearily)

I will do no such thing.

TWIST (O.S.)

But-

CHRIS (O.S.)

But nothing! Fact is, we're back in New York, no matter whose fault it is, and that's the last I want to hear of it. Alright?

There's a beat of silence. We're right next to the van now.

TWIST (O.S.)

Danyael, stick up for me!

DANYAEL (O.S.)

What? Hey, don't drag me into this, I like it here.

CHRIS (O.S.)

This is getting us nowhere...

With a SCRAPE of metal on metal, the van's side door is suddenly pulled back, to reveal our protagonists spread across the van's interior - CHRIS, TWIST, DANYAEL and JULIE.

Chris looks like this has already been a long night, and Julie and Twist both wear sulky expressions, making it look like the row we just heard has been raging for some time.

(CONTINUED)

Danyael, by contrast, is sitting in one corner of the rear of the van, happily playing away on Twist's GameBoy Advance and minding his own business.

Chris steps out and into the street, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath of the night air.

TWIST

So?

He sighs - there goes the quiet moment. He turns back to her.

CHRIS

So what?

TWIST

Are we gonna find this thing and move on, or what?

Chris turns to Julie, who rolls her eyes and HUFFS.

JULIE

Alright, fine. Let me make a call back to the safe house, see if somebody can find my laptop, then I'll arrange to pick it up and we can be on our way again.

Julie clambers out of the van, Twist making a show of not looking at her, and with a last look at Chris she walks off screen. Chris waits a few beats for her to go before he turns and glares at Twist.

CHRIS

What the bloody hell was that all about?

TWIST

(defensive)
What? She started it.

CHRIS

That's no reason to-

TWIST

Oh, well, excuse me if we can't all be perfect like Julie! You don't see me leaving laptops full of sensitive fricken information at every truck stop we pull into, do you?

CHRIS

(sighs)
That's not what happened and you know it.

Twist turns to Danyael, waving a hand to try and get his attention.

TWIST

Hey!

He doesn't look up, concentrating on his game.

DANYAEL

What?

TWIST

I've yet to hear you back me up on this. Will you tell Chris?

Danyael still doesn't look up - so with an irritated sigh, Twist reaches over and hits the 'off' button. Danyael blinks in surprise, then lets out a defeated sigh and tucks the GameBoy away.

DANYAEL

Alright. What?

TWIST

Tell Chris I had every right to get pissed at Julie, after we'd been on the road for three days before Julie realised she'd lost her computer, and we had to turn round and drive three days back again just so she could get it.

Danyael takes a beat, then looks across at Chris.

DANYAEL

(hesitant)

Well, she does kind of have a point...

Chris narrows his eyes, and while Danyael shrinks away a little, Twist pokes her tongue out triumphantly at Chris.

TWIST

Nyah.

CHRIS

That's still no excuse for calling her a... what was it?

TWIST

A cross-eyed, number crunching barnyard rodent.

CHRIS

(beat)

What the hell does that even mean?

TWIST

I don't know! I was angry, wasn't I? Jeez, if I stopped to think about the meaning behind everything that came out of my mouth, I'd never get round to saying anything!

CHRIS

(under his breath)
And wouldn't that be a change...

TWIST

Hey! I heard that!
(points at Danyael)
He's the one with bad hearing, remember?

DANYAEL

(looks up)
What was that?

Chris shakes his head and sits down on the edge of the van's interior, running a hand through his hair.

He hears Twist rummaging through her bag behind him, and turns to see her emptying its contents all over the floor.

CHRIS

What are you doing?

TWIST

Looking for my phone... aha!

She lifts it up, settling down and starting to tap away at it - leaving her mess all over the van's floor. Chris knows there's no point asking her to clear it up, and with a resigned look he climbs back into the van.

CHRIS

So who do you know to call in New York?

TWIST

Plenty of people, stupid, I was at university here for two years, remember? And besides, if Julie's gonna be gone a while, I may as well find a way to amuse myself.

Danyael takes that as a cue to reach for his GameBoy Advance again, but as soon as he flips the screen up, Twist reaches over and flips it down without looking.

TWIST (cont'd)

Stay focused, Spook. This 'fun' I find might need two people.

Danyael gets the hint and fishes out a pack of cigarettes, lighting one up and offering another to Twist.

Chris grimaces as she lights up, making a big deal out of wafting the smoke out of the van.

CHRIS

Do you have to do that in here?

TWIST

It keeps me relaxed.

(off phone)

Oh, hey, here we go!

She hits 'Call' and puts the phone to her ear as Chris checks his watch.

CHRIS

Isn't it a little late to call people up at random?

TWIST

Come on, Chris, you've known me for a year and my spontaneity still surprises you?

CHRIS

(mutters)

Irritates, more like...

Twist's phone BEEPS as her call is answered.

KAREN

(filtered; through phone)

He- hello?

TWIST

(perky)

Karen? Hey! It's Twist, Twist McFadden. How ya doin'?

KAREN

Twist? What, from university?

TWIST

(grins)

As if you could forget! That's me. How the Britney are ya, Kay?

KAREN

Uh...

Twist taps some of her cigarette ash onto the floor of the van, prompting an annoyed glare from Chris, as we cut to:

8 INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

8

Karen is standing in the living room area, the phone in one hand - and a knife in the other. Both the knife and Karen are splashed with blood, and she trembles slightly.

KAREN
Honestly? Not so good.

Karen looks down to the floor, and we pull back and pan down as she continues speaking.

KAREN (cont'd)
Are you in the area or something?

TWIST
(filtered; through phone)
Yeah, I'm a few blocks from your old place. You still live there?

KAREN
Uh, yeah, yeah I do.

TWIST
Are you alright? You sound a little wiggly.

We keep pulling back - and finally see the dead body of the Man we saw earlier, face down on the floor before Karen, crimson blood pooled around him.

KAREN
Huh? Oh, I'm... actually, things have gone a little weird over here.

TWIST
Oh. Well, anything I can do to help? I'm kinda bored.

Karen looks back up, her mind racing.

KAREN
That all depends... can you come over?

TWIST
Yeah, sure, I'll be there in five.

KAREN
O- okay. Bye.

Mechanically, Karen hangs the phone up, looking at the knife in her hands as though she didn't realise she was still holding it, before we cut back to:

9

EXT. CITY STREET/VAN - NIGHT.

9

Twist and Danyael are standing outside the van now, Twist pulling on her jacket.

CHRIS

Karen's not going to suspect anything about you, is she? I mean, does she know you're a-

TWIST

Vampire? No idea. When Boyce turned me and I left town, I made sure I left notes for my friends, telling them I was off on an extended holiday or something. Far as she knows, I've spent the last five years backpacking round Argentina or something.

CHRIS

You're not going far, are you?

TWIST

Nah, just a few blocks that way. Call me if you need me, alright?

Danyael spots Julie approaching, and nudges Twist to get her attention as she walks back into frame.

CHRIS

Any luck?

JULIE

Yeah, turns out I'd left it in that room I was staying at in the safe house. The guy I spoke to said there was a game of 'Half-Life' still running on there, though.

Julie looks at Twist, who tries and fails to look away innocently.

JULIE (cont'd)

So, anyway, he said he's gonna grab it and come meet us somewhere. He suggested this bar on the next block, says he's already late to meet some friends so would we mind meeting him there?

CHRIS

Not at all.

Chris steps out of the van and slides the door shut, reaching for the keys and activating the alarm system.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)

(to Twist)

Don't be gone all night, we're just going to grab Julie's computer and then we're out of here.

TWIST

(salutes)

I'll keep my fun to an absolute minimum, cap'n. Just the way you like it.

Chris smirks, then he and Julie head off one way and Twist and Danyael go the other.

We cut across to the other side of the street, looking at the van as the two pairs head off in either direction - and a FIGURE steps into frame, watching them intently. We've only got a shoulder and the edge of their head to go on, too quick to catch any detail before we cut to:

10 EXT. ZEROMANCE CLUB - NIGHT.

10

Looking down on a popular nightspot, the queue of fidgeting goths and rockers outside combining with the loud, aggressive music blasting from within to give us an idea of what kind of place this is.

Julie and Chris walk into frame, both of them grimacing as they take in the clientele and the music.

JULIE

Oh, God...

CHRIS

I'm beginning to think Twist should have done this, this is very definitely her sort of thing.

Julie retrieves her cell phone again as Chris catches several people in the queue looking him up and down.

JULIE

The guy I spoke to at the safe house was called Aaron, said to let him know when we were here and he'd get us inside.

Julie starts to make a call, as a dressed up couple walk past, all PVC and piercings, and Chris raises an eyebrow.

JULIE (cont'd)

(into phone)

Aaron? Yeah, it's Julie! You want to come let us in? Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

She snaps her phone shut and tucks it away, as another group of people walk past, chuckling to themselves as they look Chris up and down.

JULIE (cont'd)
(smirks)
Looks like you've found your
'scene' at last.

CHRIS
Bloody kids, they see someone
wearing black and they instantly
assume he's into Slayer...

AARON (O.S.)
Julie?

They look round as AARON waves to them from the entrance to the club. He's dressed for the occasion, wearing a black top with a neon logo, his black hair tall and spiked.

AARON (cont'd)
Hey, come on inside.

Aaron nods to the bouncers, who step aside and motion for Chris and Julie to step inside. There is a chorus of disapproval from the waiting queue, and Chris calls over to them.

CHRIS
Sorry, folks, age before beauty!

VOICE FROM QUEUE
Yeah, looks like you got plenty of
that!

The queue LAUGHS, and with a dark look Chris steps inside.

The inside of the large nightclub is filled with people like the ones waiting outside, only the music in here is several hundred decibels louder. Flashing lights flicker across the dance floor, and the place is rammed full of punters swaying to the pounding beat of 'I Feel Loved' by Depeche Mode.

Aaron leads Chris and the very out of place looking Julie to one of the tables set against one wall, where several of Aaron's friends are sitting and drinking.

A laptop computer sits on top of the table, and Aaron scoops it up, turning and handing it to Julie.

AARON
Here ya go.

JULIE

Thanks. Say, isn't all this a little...

AARON

What, a little unlike someone who works for Osbourne's company? Yeah, I guess it is, but everyone has their own way of blowing off steam, right?

Chris glances round at the club's occupants.

CHRIS

They certainly do.

AARON

Anyway, sorry for making you guys come all the way out here, but I promised my friends I'd be out tonight. After what happened the other week, I think I've got an excuse for wanting to get out and let my hair down.

JULIE

Don't worry, I'm with you on that one. We'd better be going, but thanks a lot for this.

She taps the laptop, and Aaron shrugs.

AARON

No problem. You sure you and Mr. Berkeley don't want to stay for a drink? It's on me.

JULIE

Oh, that'd be-

CHRIS

(interrupts)

Normally, we'd love to, but we are running a little behind schedule, as I'm sure you can appreciate.

AARON

No big. Have fun.

Aaron and Julie shake hands, before Chris leads Julie back towards the exit.

JULIE

Come on, Chris, we're inside for free, and this place isn't that bad...

A set of smoke generators over the dance floor blast into life to an appreciative CHEER from the crowd, and Julie can't help but chuckle at Chris' sour expression.

JULIE (cont'd)
You know what? Forget I said it.

CHRIS
(rubs eyes)
Sorry, it's just that I've been driving for almost a week straight now, and I think I just need to lie down somewhere.
(looks round)
Preferably, somewhere without its own PA and a hundred sweaty bodies leaping around.

JULIE
Point taken. Let's get back to the van and find a motel or something.

Julie starts to walk on again, but as Chris turns to follow he pauses, frowning, and looks across the club.

On the other side of the dance floor, the crowd parts for just a second, and we get a brief glimpse of a young woman staring back at him - she's tall and slim, with black dreadlocked hair and dark makeup.

Chris blinks - and the crowd moves to obscure her from view again. Julie turns round and notices Chris has stopped, then registers the dark look on his face.

JULIE (cont'd)
Chris? What is it?

Chris doesn't answer, but starts towards the dance floor.

JULIE (cont'd)
(confused)
Chris?

Chris starts to push his way through the dance floor, using his enhanced strength to shove the gyrating bodies of the dancing clubbers out of his way, his eyes locked on the last place he saw the mysterious young woman.

Julie does her best to follow, but the going is slower for her as she tries to safely keep hold of her laptop.

Chris reaches the other side of the dance floor and looks around, but the woman is nowhere in sight as Julie finally fights her way through to join him.

JULIE (cont'd)
 (breathless)
 Alright, you'd better tell me we
 just did that for a reason, 'cause
 otherwise-

CHRIS
 (serious)
 I thought I saw someone.

JULIE
 You 'thought' you saw someone? Who?

VOICE (O.S.)
 Me, actually.

Chris spins round - and walking towards him is the YOUNG WOMAN he glimpsed a moment ago. She's dressed to match the club, in a knee length black dress and shiny PVC corset, and there's a wry smile on her face as she steps closer.

YOUNG WOMAN
 Hello again, Chris. Long time.

Chris narrows his eyes and stares back at her, as Julie looks from Chris to the woman, waiting for an introduction.

JULIE
 Uh, Chris? Are you going to
 introduce me to your friend here?

Chris finally turns to look at Julie, then looks back to the woman, who raises her eyebrows and smirks.

YOUNG WOMAN
 Yeah, Chris, why don't you tell her
 who I am?

Chris waits another long beat before answering.

CHRIS
 Julie, this is Vivian Taylor.
 (beat)
 My first partner.

Julie looks in surprise back to Vivian, and from Vivian's grin, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

12

Looking at the front door as there is a KNOCK at it, and a cleaned up Karen steps into frame. She's still clearly shaken by whatever happened, but she takes a moment to compose herself before she opens the door.

Twist grins at her old friend, Danyael hanging back in the corridor outside.

TWIST

Karen! Ciao, darling.

Twist leans forward and kisses Karen on both cheeks, Italian style, but her smile fades as she takes in Karen's worried expression.

TWIST (cont'd)

Kay? What's up?

KAREN

Uh, you'd better... you'd better come in.

Twist glances over her shoulder at Danyael, then notices Karen is eyeing him warily.

TWIST

Oh, Danyael's cool. He's with me.

(beat)

Not with me, with me, he just follows me around. Kinda like a lost puppy.

DANYAEL

(offended)

Hey!

Twist smirks at him, then steps into Karen's apartment, followed by Danyael.

Twist scans the interior, nodding, as Karen closes and locks the door behind them.

TWIST

Nice. Always knew you'd land on your feet after we graduated, but I never figured you'd end up with a...

Twist's eyes fall on the dead body on the carpet at last.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST (cont'd)

... body.

(to Karen)

Why is there a body?

Wringing her hands, Karen walks over, joining Twist as she stares down in shock at the dead man.

KAREN

Twist, I... I'm in trouble.

TWIST

Gee, ya think?

DANYAEL

What happened?

KAREN

He- well, me and him, we- I mean, it just happened so-

TWIST

Alright, alright, Stutter Girl, we get the picture. Did this guy break in and attack you or something?

KAREN

(beat; nods)

Yeah, yeah, I came home after work and found him in here, and when I tried to defend myself, I...

Danyael crouches by the body, spotting the bloody knife and taking one of his gloves from his jacket to carefully lift it without leaving a fingerprint.

DANYAEL

Looks like you defended yourself pretty well.

Danyael uses his other glove to lift the man's body up a little, looking surprised as he takes in the multiple stab wounds on the man's chest.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Really well...

TWIST

Okay, damage control. Did you call the police yet?

KAREN

What? Oh, uh, no.

TWIST

Well... don't you think you should?

KAREN

(snaps)

I don't know, Twist, still kind of
in shock here!

TWIST

Okay, chill. Dan and I are used to
this sort of thing, we'll deal with
this.

Twist joins Danyael by the body, as a confused looking Karen
steps over.

KAREN

'This sort of thing'? But how? I
mean, I thought you were still out
of the country?

Twist and Danyael exchange a look, before they both stand.

TWIST

Ah, yeah, about that, see...

(beat; sighs)

Screw it. I lied. Doesn't matter
what I was doing, point is, I know
how to help.

(to Danyael)

You want to put a call out for some
help? See if you can get some
people in to clear this mess up.

Danyael nods, taking his phone and stepping towards the
kitchen as Twist places her hands on Karen's shoulders.

KAREN

'People'? What 'people'? Who is he
going to-

TWIST

Never mind. Now, I want you to tell
me exactly what happened.

Karen glances down at the body, then back at Twist, still
clearly on edge, before we cut over to:

Vivian leans against a side wall near a back entrance to the
club, down a narrow, cramped alley. The music playing inside
the club can still be heard, muffled, through the walls, and
Chris watches Vivian carefully as Julie sits on a doorstep
set into another entrance in the alley.

VIVIAN

So where do you want me to start?

CHRIS

The beginning.

VIVIAN

Yikes. Okay, well, when my mom and dad were in their twenties, my dad got this mischievous look in his eyes one day, and-

CHRIS

Vivian, please. This is no time for games.

Vivian chuckles, and Julie raises a hand to get their attention.

JULIE

I have a question, before she starts her story.

VIVIAN

What's up, doc?

JULIE

Okay, where did you two-
(beat)
Wait, how did you know I was a doctor?

VIVIAN

(shrugs)
Figured anybody dressed like you going into a club like this had to be a professional of some sort, and you just strike me as the medical type. Must be the hair.

Thrown, Julie looks up at Chris.

CHRIS

(to Julie)
Ignore her. She gets a kick out of winding people up.

VIVIAN

Hey, I learned from the best.

CHRIS

And how could I forget.

Vivian reaches into the front of her corset - and draws out a crumpled pack of cigarettes and a lighter, sparking one up and holding the pack out to Julie.

VIVIAN

Want one?

JULIE

Uh, no thanks.

Vivian shrugs and takes a deep drag, blowing the smoke back out before turning her attention back to Chris.

VIVIAN

Okay, we'll skip the background for later. I guess you want to know what I've been doing since the last time we saw each other, right?

CHRIS

Sounds like as good a place as any to start.

(to Julie)

Vivian and I didn't exactly part on the best of terms.

VIVIAN

(scoffs)

Now that's an understatement...

CHRIS

(eyes her)

We had a... disagreement about something, but that's not important right now. Let's just say, last time I saw Vivian, it was from a prone position on the floor as she walked away from me, having just sunk a knife into my chest.

VIVIAN

(wry smile)

You were asking for it.

Chris doesn't reply, and this suggests there's some truth in Vivian's words. Julie watches them both, extremely curious.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Since that falling out we had, I decided to stick around NYC for a while. I figured you'd be doing your usual nomad routine and be heading off soon as you pulled that knife out of yourself, so I figured I'd bed down, see what I could do for myself round here.

JULIE

Wait, clear something up for me. Chris called you his 'first partner' when we were in there - you mean she's like Twist?

VIVIAN

(intrigued)

Who's Twist? Got yourself a new groupie now, Chris?

CHRIS

Never you mind. Carry on.

VIVIAN

Well, seeing as how you and I had spent a few years ignoring every cry for help that came our way while you dragged me from one ass backward part of the world to the next, looking for your elusive 'cure,' I saw our break up as a chance to start over, to do some of the things I never got a chance to when I was with you.

CHRIS

Such as?

VIVIAN

Stopping the bad guys, helping the innocent, saving the day. You know, all the stuff you always claimed you were too busy to do. Got my own little posse now, too, a bunch of like-minded vigilantes who help me keep the streets round here as safe as we can. I reckon I've got a lot of lost souls to make up for, people who asked for help back in the day that I ignored.

(beat)

Because of you.

Julie looks at Chris, and the dark expression he wears tells her this is a story he'd rather she didn't hear.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

So that's pretty much what I've done over the last...

(counts)

... six years. Whew, has it really been that long? Feels like it was just yesterday I tried to kill you.

Chris doesn't appreciate her humour, and motions for Julie to stand and join him.

CHRIS

Julie, let's go, I've heard enough.

Julie stands and walks towards Chris, but Vivian pushes herself off the wall and heads towards him, suddenly looking serious.

VIVIAN

No, Chris... wait. Please, hear me out.

CHRIS

Any why should I do that?

Vivian sighs and lowers her head.

VIVIAN

Because I could use your help with something.

Julie throws a surprised look at Chris, as we cut back to:

The body is covered by a bedsheet now, as Karen sits on the sofa, Twist handing her a mug of coffee. Danyael walks back over from the kitchen, tucking his phone away.

TWIST

Well? Is Tonto gonna come pronto or what?

DANYAEL

There isn't much left in the way of rebel vam-

(catches himself; glances at Karen)

Uh, 'help' still left in NYC at the moment, after what happened a few months back. You know.

TWIST

Yeah, kinda hard to forget, what with all the dead bodies and all.

Karen throws a shocked look up at Twist, but she ignores it as Danyael continues.

DANYAEL

The local guys have regrouped a bit since then, though, they're sending a couple of people over to help clean up the mess.

TWIST

Alright, good work, Spook.

Twist sits down next to Karen, who now looks thoroughly bewildered.

KAREN

Twist? What's going on? What the hell are you mixed up in? Are you in a gang or something?

TWIST

That's not important. What matters is getting you somewhere safe so you can tell me what happened.

(off body)

This'll be taken care of when we get back.

Karen opens her mouth to protest, but Twist stands and takes one of her hands, pulling her to her feet.

TWIST (cont'd)

You know anywhere quiet we can go?

KAREN

Uh, y-yeah, yeah.

TWIST

Then let's go.

(to Danyael)

D'you wanna wait here until the boys show up?

DANYAEL

(nods)

Sounds good. You two girls go catch up and stuff.

Twist turns back to Karen and smiles.

TWIST

See? I always told you I've got your back if you ever needed me.

Karen finally manages a relieved smile, and we cut back to:

Back inside the club, but over in a quieter corner where the music is less deafening and there are more lights, Vivian, Chris and Julie sit round a small table.

VIVIAN

There's a new pack of vampires in town, they moved in after all that stuff at the Edgar Building a few months back.

(raises eyebrow)

Which, by the way, had you written all over it - was that anything to do with you?

CHRIS

I may have been involved, yes, but that's all I'm going to say on the subject.

VIVIAN

(shrugs)

Suit yourself. Anyway, these new vamps, they're pretty tough. Taller, stronger than usual, twice as mean and three times as ugly. They've been taking my crew down one member at a time, and things are getting pretty bad. It's kinda hard to try and police the streets when your own people are getting picked off.

CHRIS

So what do you want me to do about it?

VIVIAN

And there it is again. 'Me,' not 'us.'

(off Julie)

Isn't she part of your team now?

Chris looks at Julie, who throws him a look right back - that's a very good question!

CHRIS

Tell me what you want me to do first, and I'll see if I can help.

VIVIAN

It's nothing major, I could just use some added manpower to help take these things down before they get too big a stranglehold on my turf. You in? Some good old fashioned slice and dice action, just like the good old days?

Chris considers her offer, then after a long beat slowly nods his head. Vivian grins and takes a sip of her cocktail.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

You sure have changed, Chris!

(to Julie)

Back when we were a team, if anybody ever asked Chris for help like that, he'd say something suitably cold like 'it's none of my concern,' then turn and walk off like nothing had happened.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN (cont'd)
 (to Chris)
 What made you grow a heart all of a sudden, Chris?

Vivian's eyes fall on Julie, who shifts uncomfortably.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
 Or should I say... who?

CHRIS
 (stern)
 Vivian.

VIVIAN
 Alright, jeez! You're still as stuck up and British as ever, I see. You know, if it wasn't for us Americans, you Brits would still be busy saluting Mein Fuhrer today.

CHRIS
 National stereotyping aside, where can we find these new vampires of yours? We're in something of a hurry.

VIVIAN
 Ah, well, y'see, that's the great thing. They're right over there.

Chris frowns, but Vivian nods towards something off screen, and Chris and Julie slowly and discretely turn round.

Up on the balcony overlooking the dance floor are three surly looking men, all dressed in thick jackets and clothing, swigging bottles of beer and sizing up the clubbers below.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
 You see 'em?

CHRIS
 (nods)
 Three of them, first level.
 (turns to Vivian)
 Plan of action?

VIVIAN
 (pretends to think)
 Kill 'em?

CHRIS
 Be serious, Vivian.

VIVIAN
 (smirks)
 Kill 'em real good.

CHRIS

(cross)

There are innocent people in here,
we can't just go blazing in and-

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Taylor!

The trio look up - and three more large, beefed up men are standing a few feet away from their table, glaring down at the trio and not looking happy to see them.

FIRST GUY

Thought I told you not to show your
face round here again?

VIVIAN

Well, shucks, Nick, I guess I'm
just kinda hard of hearing
sometimes. Must be all this loud
music I listen to.

FIRST GUY

(off Chris and Julie)

And who the hell are these two?

VIVIAN

Friends from out of town.

Chris gets out of his seat and stands before Nick, staring him down quite easily.

CHRIS

Is there a problem?

NICK

That depends. One vampire in my
club is bad enough, but two? That's
just asking for an ass kicking.

Julie blinks and snaps round to look at Vivian.

JULIE

You're a...

VIVIAN

Vampire, yeah. Long story. Duck.

JULIE

(frowns)

What?

Vivian suddenly RIPS their table out of the floor and THROWS it towards Nick and his two accomplices, sending them crashing to the floor.

There are SCREAMS as frightened clubbers quickly bail out and clear a space for the impending fight, and Chris glares at Vivian as she hops to his side.

CHRIS

This is no place for a fight,
Vivian!

VIVIAN

What's the matter, old man? You
lost your sense of adventure?

One of the men starts to get up, and Vivian quickly KICKS him in the face, her adrenaline surging.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

We're just getting to the fun part.

The other two men jump to their feet, and as their snarling faces rush towards us, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

16 EXT. EMPTY OFFICE BLOCK - NIGHT. 16

Fade up on a tall office block, its lights off and its doors closed for the night, as a trio of police cruisers speed past, their sirens WAILING and their flashing lights highlighting the scene.

17 INT. FIFTH FLOOR OFFICE SUITE - NIGHT. 17

A wide, open plan suite, full of plain cubicles, looking down on the street below as we pull back, the entire floor wrapped in darkness.

There's a tall, well built man standing, arms crossed behind his back, as he watches the squad cars race past below - this is CONNELLY.

CONNELLY

(softly)

It's been a long night for both of us, I know. But it'll all be over soon.

Pull back further to get a better shot of Connelly as a POLICE HELICOPTER buzzes past the office block, its searchlight swinging to and fro across the streets.

Connelly is of average height, with a thin, wiry build and short, spiked hair. He turns to address someone off camera, and we see that his shirt is open, and his body is crisscrossed with deep, ritual scars and marks.

CONNELLY (cont'd)

I can only apologise for the discomfort I have put you through this evening.

Sitting on a chair, her arms and legs bound to it with thick rope, is VIVIAN. She's scared out of her wits, trying to hold in the sobs of fear but not doing a great job, her mascara streaking her face, her cheeks wet with tears.

Connelly turns and starts to walk casually towards her, a half smile on his face as Vivian shivers with fear.

TITLE OVER - Brooklyn, 1993.

Vivian's breathing speeds up as Connelly approaches her, but he stops next to one of the nondescript cubicle desks a few feet away.

Shining in the moonlight on its surface are two KNIVES, long, almost surgical blades that are already spotted with blood.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

Connely lifts one of the blades up and admires it in the dim moonlight, and Vivian WHIMPERS.

CONNELY (cont'd)

When I use this to slice you from belly to chin, and read the messages that have been left for me in your entrails, then we'll both know.

(smiles)

You'll understand at last that you were put here for a purpose.

He walks over to her, and she can't help but SOB in terror as he stands inches away from her, gently pressing the smooth knife blade against her cheek.

CONNELY (cont'd)

You were sent to earth to bring me a message, a message hidden deep inside this fleshy body of yours, that will tell me what I have to do next. For that, I thank you.

Connely tenderly strokes the trembling Vivian's hair.

18 EXT. EMPTY OFFICE BLOCK - NIGHT.

18

Back outside the office block, looking up towards it from street level as the police helicopter sweeps past again - before CHRIS steps into frame.

He looks the same as he does now - same hair, beard and clothes - and the intense look burning in his eyes tells us he's got a job to do.

He waits until the helicopter has moved away a little, before striding across the street, his long leather coat flapping in the breeze behind him.

19 INT. FIFTH FLOOR OFFICE SUITE - NIGHT.

19

Connely is removing his shirt, his back to Vivian as her eyes flick left and right, looking for some way out.

She starts to slowly push her wheeled chair across the carpeted office floor, but she doesn't get far before Connely calls over to her, not looking round.

CONNELY

You'd never make it.

She stops, defeated, and the newly stripped to the waist Connely steps over, his scars on proud display along with his impressively toned body.

(CONTINUED)

CONNELY (cont'd)

What good is a message, if the person meant to read it doesn't get to see it? You're a strange one, Vivian.

VIVIAN

(pleading)

Please, just let me go, I haven't done anything, I-

Vivian SHRIEKS as Connely suddenly grabs her hair, yanking her head back and pressing the knife against her throat.

CONNELY

That's the point! You have to be pure! If you're not clean, then I can't see anything, and when I cut you open, all I'll see is-

CHRIS (O.S.)

Blood.

Connely freezes, then slowly looks up. Chris is standing boldly in the middle of the suite, his katana drawn and ready, staring down Connely.

CHRIS (cont'd)

That's what all this is really about, isn't it, Connely?

Connely GRUNTS in annoyance and punts Vivian out of the way, her chair bashing into a nearby desk.

CHRIS (cont'd)

You kidnap these girls, torture them until you consider them 'clean' enough for you, and then what? Gut them? Slice them open, stare into them and look for your 'messages'? We both know you've never seen any messages.

CONNELY

(cold)

Shut up.

CHRIS

Oh, you keep hoping that one day you'll see one, that your faith will be rewarded and all the people you've left dead will have been for a reason, the day you look inside your latest victim and see some words from the divine, blazing out at you in all their glory...

CONNELY

I said shut up!

CHRIS

But all you ever see is blood.

Chris is now just a few feet away. Connely is hunching down, breathing hard, ready to spring, while Chris is still almost casual.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Nobody's going to send you any messages, Connely. Truth is, nobody cares.

CONNELY

(furious)

Shut up! You don't know! You'll never understand!!

He LEAPS to the attack, swinging his knife as he and Chris spar, Chris' katana deflecting Connely's attacks. Chris circles him, easily the better swordsman.

CHRIS

(off Vivian)

So who's this one? Another likely contender?

CONNELY

Why do you care? I thought you didn't give a crap about the victims. It's all about the mission with you, Chris!

CHRIS

I don't. But an awful lot of people want you dead, Connely, and one of them has something I want. So, we made a deal - I bring him your head, he gives me what I want.

The police helicopter is back, and this time its searchlight shines right across the suite.

Chris is temporarily distracted - and Connely takes the opportunity to LUNGE for Vivian, pulling her in front of him and holding the knife to her throat.

CONNELY

You don't understand!

(getting emotional)

Nobody understands! I know they'll come! I know they're waiting for me, I just have to find them!

(CONTINUED)

Chris sizes up the situation, glancing at Vivian who stares back at him with wide, petrified eyes.

CHRIS

Let her go, Connely. She's no part of this.

The helicopter is still hovering outside, and a voice shouts out through its loudspeaker:

COP

(filtered)

Attention, this is the NYPD!
Connely, we have the building surrounded! Release the girl and stand down!

CHRIS

(grins)

Looks like you're out of time.

Connely glances over his shoulder at the helicopter, then back to Chris, before we cut back to:

SMACK! We're straight back into the action as Chris clock the closest attacker across the jaw. The red eyes and snarling jaws of the three men facing Chris, Julie and Vivian mark them out as more VAMPIRES.

As 'All In Wait' by Static-X begins to play over the club's PA to accompany the fight, the three vampires from the balcony race into the fray, but Chris is on the ball, drawing a stake from his jacket and THROWING it towards them.

It hits one dead in the heart, and with a last WHEEZE he stumbles and falls to the floor, more panicking clubbers stampeding away all around him.

Julie isn't faring so well, and as one of the bulkiest vampires SWATS her to the ground, she can't recover before he grabs her round the neck, lifting her up into the air.

BULKY VAMPIRE

(grins)

Nothing personal, lady. You just have bad taste in friends.

VIVIAN (O.S.)

Hey!

The vamp looks round - just in time to see Vivian SLAM a stake into his chest. He ROARS in pain and drops Julie, who bounces off a table and painfully onto the floor.

Chris is busy trading punches and kicks with three vamps before him, glancing round and seeing the stricken Julie.

A quick, broad swipe with his katana buys him a little breathing room, and he uses it to dive to Julie's rescue, scooping her up as Vivian runs over.

CHRIS

Do all your fights go this badly?

VIVIAN

Usually, no. You must be a bad influence.

The four remaining vamps are joined by four more, the situation rapidly worsening.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

We can't fight them all, come on!

Vivian grabs Chris' hand and races towards the exit, Chris almost dragging the still-dazed Julie along behind him.

Vivian KICKS open the fire door, and the trio race out of the club and away. We stay inside the club as the pack of vampires make it to the exit - but instead of chasing, they just watch the departing good guys.

After a beat, the lead vampire starts to LAUGH, and as his comrades join in, we cut to:

Twist and Karen are sat inside a late night sandwich bar, Twist greedily devouring a huge subway sandwich as a shivering Karen watches, Karen still looking drained.

TWIST

(through mouthfuls)

And so then, me and Chris end up in Texas, where there's this faith healer dude giving it all the 'Praise The Lord!' and that, and we-

KAREN

(interrupts)

Twist?

TWIST

(pauses)

Mm?

KAREN

I... I need to tell you something. About the man in my apartment.

(MORE)

KAREN (cont'd)

I mean, first off, what I did, it was...

(deep breath)

Oh, God, Twist, I thought he was going to kill me! I was just trying to defend myself, I only wanted to scare him away, I never thought-

Twist reaches forward and squeezes Karen's hand.

TWIST

It's alright. I believe you. I lived with you for two years, Kay, you couldn't even bring yourself to stamp on a spider, so if you had to defend yourself I'm pretty sure you had a damn good reason for it.

KAREN

There's something else.

Twist registers Karen's serious expression and glances round the deli, making sure none of the other handful of customers are listening.

TWIST

Go on.

KAREN

He.. well, he and I, we used to... date. His name is- was Cosey.

TWIST

(blinks)

Cosey? The hell kind of name is that?

Karen takes a beat before continuing, the story obviously painful for her.

KAREN

I found something out about Cosey a week ago. The people he works for, they- he-

TWIST

Come on, Kay, it's okay. This is me you're talking to, remember? Nothing shakes the Twist.

KAREN

(beat; sighs)

He was a vigilante. He was part of this group of them who operate all down the East Side, fighting...

She trails off, and Twist reaches for one of her hands to encourage her to continue.

KAREN (cont'd)
(bitter chuckle)
You're going to think I'm crazy.

TWIST
Not likely. I think I've got enough
crazy for both of us.

KAREN
He told me he was fighting...
monsters.

A beat. Twist rolls her eyes and sits back in her chair.

TWIST
Is that it?

KAREN
(confused)
But... don't you believe me?

TWIST
Yeah, course I do. The way you were
building it up, I was just figuring
it was going to be something like
the Mafia, or corporate crime, or
something like aliens. Monsters, I
can handle.

KAREN
Twist, I don't think you
understand, I'm talking about vam-

TWIST
(finishes sentence)
Vampires, demons, goblins, trolls,
the whole enchilada. I get it. I
know. It's what I do.
(beat)
It's what I am.

Karen looks more lost than ever, and Twist knows she needs something more solid to convince her. She glances round the nearly empty deli again, making sure nobody is looking.

TWIST (cont'd)
Karen, if I show you something, you
promise not to freak out?

KAREN
(confused)
Twist, what's-

TWIST

(firm)

Do you promise?

A beat - then Karen nods. Twist takes a deep breath, then closes her eyes.

When she opens them again, they're blood red, and Karen GASPS. Twist then opens her mouth a little to show her fangs, and Karen turns white with horror.

KAREN

What... what are you?

TWIST

I'm a vampire, Kay.

Karen doesn't know how to react, so Twist closes her eyes, returning to her usual self and opening them again.

KAREN

But- why- how-

TWIST

Long story, longer story, and even longer story. Look, it's all cool. I'm not, you know, evil or anything. I'm one of the good guys.

KAREN

There are good vampires?

TWIST

Heaps of 'em. Me, Danyael-

KAREN

Wait, your friend Danyael is a vamp-

TWIST

Ssh!

Karen realises that isn't the best word to shout out in public, and quietens down.

KAREN

(whispers)

A vampire?

TWIST

Yeah. He's part of this big underground movement, cause there's, like, two sides to the whole vampire thing, good ones and bad ones, and there's been a war going on between them for as long as anyone can remember.

(MORE)

TWIST (cont'd)

Something about some French guy in
the seventeenth century.

Karen tries to take all this in, but as Twist casually gets
back to the rest of her sandwich, Karen can't help but
chuckle at her.

TWIST (cont'd)

What? Have I got food in my teeth?

KAREN

No, no, it's just... you're still
you, you know?

TWIST

(grins)
Yeah, I know.

KAREN

What's it like?

TWIST

What, being a vampire?
(shrugs)
Not that different. Less
opportunity to get an all over tan.

KAREN

Do you drink human blood?

TWIST

Blood, yes. People's, no. Part of
the deal me and Chris have. He
kinda saved me from a bad place a
year ago, I owe him a lot.

KAREN

And Chris... he's a vampire too?

TWIST

Sort of. Look, Kay, this story
could go on all night, so why don't
we skip it and flash forward to the
part where you tell me how your
vigilante ex-boyfriend ended up
dead in your apartment, peppered
with stab wounds that you seem to
have filled him with?

Karen looks away, and Twist curses silently as she realises
that wasn't a particularly sensitive thing to say.

KAREN

It wasn't just stab wounds.

TWIST

Come again?

KAREN

Your friend didn't roll him all the way over, or he'd have seen what I had to put in Cosey's heart to kill him for good.

As this new detail sinks in, we leave Twist and cut to:

22 INT. VIVIAN'S SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT.

22

We're inside a large, plain room, a few boxes adapted for furniture and heavy shutters down over all the windows, as a thick iron door in one wall swings open, and Vivian leads Chris and Julie inside.

VIVIAN

This is base camp. It's secure, we'll be safe here till my reinforcements arrive.

Vivian flips on a light and walks over to the shutters, opening a small gap and peering through as Chris helps the winded Julie over to a mattress in one corner.

JULIE

Seriously, Chris, I'm fine, you don't need to look after me.

CHRIS

I've been a doctor longer than you have, so that means I outrank you. Now sit still for a moment.

Julie gives in and rests back on the mattress, rubbing her sore neck as Chris joins Vivian at the window.

CHRIS (cont'd)

So were those vampires the ones you've been having trouble with?

VIVIAN

The very same. Haven't seen that many of the before, though, that's why I got caught off guard a little.

CHRIS

A 'little'? Vivian, they would still be wiping us up off the floor if we hadn't gotten out of there! What on earth were you playing at, getting Julie and I mixed up in that kind of fight?

VIVIAN

Oh, so now he suddenly gives a damn about the victims!

CHRIS

(frowns)

What?

Vivian collects herself, then walks away from him, over to a makeshift wardrobe set against one wall. She sits and starts to unlace and pull off her boots.

VIVIAN

It doesn't matter.

Chris watches her for a beat, then lowers his head, turning his back on her and looking over to Julie.

CHRIS

Alright, I'll admit it, you were holding your own in there. You've come a long way from when we first met, Vivian. In fact, I'd even say-

BZZT! Chris suddenly convulses, and as a blue current of electricity races over his body, Chris doubles over and collapses to the floor - to reveal Vivian, holding a cattle prod!

Julie's eyes bulge as Vivian grins down at Chris' still smoking body as he GROANS, barely conscious.

VIVIAN

You'd even say what? That I've learned a few new tricks?

(smirks)

And you'd be right.

There is a KNOCK at the door, and as Julie scrabbles over to Chris, Vivian marches up to the door.

She throws it open to reveal the vampires from the club - but instead of attacking, they nod their heads to her in greeting and file into the room!

The last one in shuts the door, and with the vampires lined up behind her, Vivian turns back to the shocked Julie, a wicked grin playing across her face.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

(to vampires)

Get everything ready.

Two of the vamps step forward, grabbing Julie and holding her fast as she struggles against them.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
I want everything to be perfect.

She strolls up to Chris, looking down on his body with a sinister smirk.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
Time to even the karma between us,
lover boy.

Vivian KICKS Chris across the jaw, knocking him out cold, and from her sinister grin, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

23 INT. FIFTH FLOOR OFFICE SUITE - NIGHT.

23

Back inside the darkened office block, the helicopter is still hovering outside as the voice shouts out through its loudspeaker:

COP
(filtered)
Attention, this is the NYPD!
Connely, we have the building
surrounded! Release the girl and
stand down!

CHRIS
(grins)
Looks like you're out of time.

Connely glances over his shoulder at the helicopter, then back to Chris.

CONNELY
(grits teeth)
Not just yet.

Connely suddenly PLUNGES the blade into Vivian's gut, before Chris has chance to react.

CHRIS
No!!

She GASPS in shock, and in an instant Chris LEAPS for Connely, tackling him to the ground, the two struggling men rolling away from Vivian.

Chris pins Connely to the ground and PUNCHES him twice, but as Connely looks up at him, we see a change has occurred - Connely's eyes have turned BLOOD RED, and a set of fangs have grown from his teeth! He's a VAMPIRE!

Connely HISSES and kicks Chris away from him, drawing a handgun from the back of his jeans.

CONNELY
You can't stop me! Not until they
tell me what they want!

Chris dodges as Connely FIRES, and as the helicopter outside veers away, Chris deftly KICKS the gun out of Connely's hand.

In one smooth motion, he snatches it out of the air and FIRES, hitting Connely in the chest.

(CONTINUED)

Behind him, Vivian FLINCHES as she is spattered with his blood, coughing and spitting.

Chris takes Connely down in three quick hits, SMASHING his fist down to plant Connely face first in the ground, then with a fluid motion he draws a stake from his jacket with one hand, and flips Connely onto his back with the other.

He RAMS the stake into Connely's chest, and with a last SHOUT of pain, Connely finally falls still.

Chris rushes over to Vivian, whose head lolls against her chest, blood from the knife in her gut spilling out across her skirt and onto the floor.

He presses his fingers to her neck for a pulse - but she's gone. Chris lowers his head and offers a silent prayer, before the sound of running feet approaching the suite snaps him out of it.

He stands and backs away, and with a last glance at Vivian's body, he turns and runs out of frame.

We stay on Vivian for a beat, before we cut back to:

Back in the present day, Chris is sitting on a wheeled office chair, his arms bound behind his back, his head down. After a few beats, he comes to, blinking as he tries to focus.

Through his blurry eyes, we can make out Vivian standing in front of him, arms folded.

CHRIS
(groggy)
Vivian?

SLAP! She smacks Chris across the face, snapping him back to reality. As Chris recovers, he sees Julie has been tied up in a similar fashion on the other side of the room.

Chris glares back up at Vivian, whose smirk has gone, replaced by a fierce, burning look, her whole body shaking with barely suppressed rage.

CHRIS (cont'd)
What's going on?

VIVIAN
(yells)
Payback, that's what! You think
I've forgotten what you did to me?
(MORE)

VIVIAN (cont'd)

How you took my life away, gave me no choice but to follow you around the world, from one false lead to the next, always ignoring everything except for when you could use it to your advantage, looking for something that does not exist?!?

CHRIS

(confused)

What are you-

Vivian PUNCHES him again, then starts to pace up and down the room before him, continuing to rant.

VIVIAN

I suppose I shouldn't be surprised that you never told any of your new bosom buddies about me. I mean, what, we only spent five damn years working together, right? Easy to forget!

Chris looks over to Julie, who's conscious but looking badly beaten already.

CHRIS

Julie has nothing to do with this, Vivian. It's between you and me, let her go.

VIVIAN

Oh, gosh, let's think, am I going to do that?

Vivian pretends to think for a beat - then PUNCHES Chris hard in the gut. He COUGHS, wincing with pain.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

You've gotten away with what you did for too long now. You turned me into this... thing, and then you talk me into joining you, filling my head with lies about being able to make me back the way I was, and give me my life back!

She grabs Chris by the hair, yelling right into his face:

VIVIAN (cont'd)

It's time to pay for what you did!

JULIE

Chris? Chris, what's she talking about? What did you do to her?

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

Vivian turns back to Chris, arms folded.

VIVIAN

Yeah, Chris, maybe you should tell her. What did you do?

Chris glares back at Vivian for a beat, and we cut back to:

25 INT. FIFTH FLOOR OFFICE SUITE - NIGHT.

25

We're back with the very dead Vivian, her head slumped and Connely's body on the ground in front of her. The distant sounds of the approaching police echo round the complex.

VIVIAN (V.O.)

You just ran out and left me there, didn't you?

CHRIS (V.O.)

You were dead, for God's sake! What was I supposed to do?

VIVIAN (V.O.)

You were supposed to pay attention!

We push in on Vivian, taking in the blood from Connely's gunshot as a droplet falls from her face - before Vivian suddenly CONVULSES, her head snapping back with a GASP!

She writhes in the chair, shouting with pain, and through sheer force of will BREAKS the ropes tying her down, collapsing to the floor, head down, breathing hard.

We push in a little closer - and when her head lifts up, we see that Vivian has the red eyes of a VAMPIRE!

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

If you had even a quarter of a brain, you'd have seen that I'd swallowed some of Connely's blood when you shot him. You know what ingesting vampire blood does to a dead person? Huh?

CHRIS (V.O.)

(quietly)
You were Turned.

VIVIAN (V.O.)

Damn right!

Vivian hears the SHOUTS of the approaching cops, and she quickly jumps to her feet and springs out of frame.

26 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT.

26

Chris walks down an empty side street, his spirits low after the incident in the offices, when he hears the CLANG of a garbage can falling over.

He stops and turns round, scanning the street behind him - nothing. He turns and starts to walk again.

Suddenly, Vivian POUNCES out at him from the shadows, her face a snarling mask of feral rage as she pins him to the ground, and it takes all his strength to hold her off.

Chris registers a look of shock as he realises who his attacker is, then with a HEAVE he throws her off, springing back to his feet and staring her down.

Vivian is curled up in a tight ball on the ground, shaking, and after a beat Chris walks carefully over to her. His hand goes to his mouth as it all sinks in.

CHRIS (V.O.)

You were dead, Vivian. I had no way of knowing what had happened.

VIVIAN (V.O.)

No! You're wrong! You had every way of knowing if you'd just stopped to check, but you didn't! The job was done, Connely was dead and you'd earned whatever you got paid for taking him out, so what did one more victim matter to you?

CHRIS (V.O.)

(quietly)
It wasn't like that...

We cut from Chris and Vivian in the side street back to:

27 INT. VIVIAN'S SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT.

27

Vivian CRACKS her fist across Chris' jaw again, his teeth bloody as he recovers from the blow.

VIVIAN

(furious)
That's exactly what it was like!

Vivian grabs Chris by the hair again, aiming his head towards Julie as whispering into his ear.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN (cont'd)

So now we get to play a game. I found out all about your idiot sidekick the moment you arrived in the city, so when I learned she had a friend round here who was banging one of my crew, it was easy to set up a distraction to keep her out of the way...

CHRIS

Twist...

VIVIAN

... so now I get to put you through what you did to me. You get to watch as I gut your girlfriend over there, then Turn her, right in front of you.

CHRIS

No!!

He starts to struggle, trying to break out of the chair, but he's in too tight. Vivian CACKLES and walks back towards Julie, one of her vampires handing her a long knife. She turns to Chris, twirling the knife round in her hand.

VIVIAN

(off knife)

This look familiar?

Chris glares at her, and she starts to walk around Julie.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

This is the knife Connely killed me with. I stole it back from a police evidence locker a few months ago, when I heard you were coming to town. Took me three months to find you, but the wait'll be worth it, once I see the look in your eyes as I sink this blade into her stomach. Kind of like an instant replay.

Chris narrows his eyes, seething with anger, as we cut to:

Karen and Twist step through the door to find Danyael watching the TV, his feet up on the coffee table. Twist kicks them down as she steps over.

TWIST

All done?

DANYAEL

All done.

(to Karen)

When were you planning on telling us your mystery attacker was a vampire?

Karen glances at Twist, who smiles and throws an arm round her old friend.

TWIST

I explained things, Spook. It's all cool.

DANYAEL

You did?

TWIST

Yeah, how I'm in charge, and you, Chris and Julie are my sidekicks.

Danyael chuckles and turns back to the TV.

KAREN

Thank you both so much, I... I don't know how any of this could have happened!

TWIST

Seems pretty straightforward to me. Some vamp got to your ex-boy one night while he was out fightin' evil, or whatever it was he did, and one of his first impulses was to come back here and go for you, either to kill you or turn you into a vampire, same as him.

KAREN

But why would he do that? I mean, Cosey wasn't a bad guy...

TWIST

That's how it goes sometimes. You could turn a saint and watch him become the sickest, most sadistic vampire in history, or turn a serial killer and watch him spend his afterlife trying to make up for all the wrongs he committed. It's a real lottery how anyone'll turn out when they become a vampire.

She looks down at Danyael, who isn't listening to them, and smiles fondly.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST (cont'd)

I got lucky several times in a row.

KAREN

Anyway, just... just thank you,
again.

TWIST

All part of the service, Kay.

KAREN

Is your friend Chris here? I'd like
to meet him.

TWIST

Good question.

(to Danyael)

Hey, Spook? You seen Chris?

Danyael shrugs, and Twist looks thoughtfully back to Karen.

TWIST (cont'd)

Hmm. I hope he's alright...

We cut from Twist back to:

Vivian is running the knife blade up and down Julie's face,
the same way Connely played with her before he killed her, as
Chris watches on, his eyes burning a hole through Vivian.

VIVIAN

(sighs)

It'll almost be a shame to kill her
now. I've spent so long looking
forward to getting a chance to do
this, the anticipation's almost
better than the result.

She turns to look at Chris, an evil glint in her eyes.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Well... almost.

She suddenly raises the knife, and Chris YELLS.

CHRIS

No!!

Chris is suddenly bathed in PURPLE LIGHT, and with another
SHOUT of exertion, he snaps his arms free of his bonds, using
a burst of magic to free himself.

Surprised, Vivian takes a step back away from Julie, a laugh
of surprise escaping her.

VIVIAN

Woah... that's new!

The light dies away, and Chris staggers, the effort having taken its toll on his stamina. Vivian spots this and motions to her minions to attack.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Take him down! Don't kill him, just beat him back to the ground!

The vampires rush over, and Chris recovers just in time to dodge the first round of blows, landing several back of his own before he grabs one vampire and spins him round, THROWING him into one of the crates scattered around the room, which SHATTERS as he hits it.

Chris quickly snatches up a chunk of wood to use as a makeshift stake, taking out two of the vampires in an instant, his reflexes taking over.

Vivian watches the fight, and as Chris starts to get the upper hand, she SNARLS and reaches over for Julie, but Julie manages to KICK OUT and push herself away.

Chris moves fast, racing over to Vivian and kicking the knife out of her hands, grabbing it and darting over to Julie, quickly cutting her free before he's TACKLED to the ground.

Julie manages to grab a stray chunk of crate and STAKE a vampire who rushes her, before tossing another one to Chris which he uses to take care of the vamp pinning him down.

As Vivian sees the tide of battle turning, she backs up towards the door, throwing it open.

JULIE

Chris! She's getting away!

Julie THROWS a stake towards Vivian, but she CATCHES it out of the air with a grin.

VIVIAN

Too slow, doc. Maybe next time.

(glances at Chris)

Give my regards to He-Man over there. Tell him I will get what's owed to me. Real soon.

With that, Vivian dives out of the door and disappears.

Chris KICKS one of the last two vamps to the ground, and as he STAKES one of them, he sees Julie SHOVE the last one over, and he tosses her the chunk of crate he used so she can stake her opponent.

(CONTINUED)

Chris stands, exhausted, the bodies of Vivian's vampire crew littering the floor around him, as Julie walks over.

JULIE

Chris?

He looks up - and she throws her arms round him, taking a beat to get a comforting hug.

Chris doesn't have time to enjoy it, however, as she pulls away from him, an accusing look in her eyes.

JULIE (cont'd)

Why didn't you tell me about her?

CHRIS

It wasn't something I wanted to remember.

JULIE

Well, don't you think it was kind of important? A psychotic ex-sidekick of your who wants to kill you, and who just happens to still be at large?

CHRIS

(angry)

The list of people who want to kill me stretches from here, round the world and back again, Julie! I can't possibly tell you about all of them!

JULIE

(frustrated)

Now's a good time to start!

Chris starts to answer back, but Julie's stern look makes him hesitate, and after a beat he manages to calm down.

CHRIS

You're right.

JULIE

Of course I am.

CHRIS

It's been six years, Julie. I never thought I'd see Vivian again, much less almost end up watching her kill you.

JULIE

There's a lot I still don't know about her, isn't there?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
I'm afraid so.

JULIE
Are you going to tell me?

Chris stares back at her - and then starts to walk away.

CHRIS
Some other time.

Julie throws her arms up in frustration.

JULIE
'Some other time'? What the hell
does that mean?

Chris pauses and slowly turns to face her.

CHRIS
Vivian was one of my biggest
failures... and one of my greatest
responsibilities. She's a threat to
all of us now, and it's up to me to
take care of my unfinished business
with her.

Chris walks up to the iron door and opens it.

JULIE
So do we tell Twist?

CHRIS
(beat)
Not yet.

Chris leaves the room, and we stay on Julie's troubled
expression for a beat before we dissolve to:

Everyone is silent as Chris drives the van out of New York
City at last. Twist rides shotgun as always, Julie and
Danyael in the back.

TWIST
So! What'd everyone else do today?

Chris glances at her - then turns his eyes back to the road.
Sensing he's not in the mood for talking, Twist rolls her
eyes and leans forward to switch on the car stereo.

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW