

**SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN**

"Song Of The Syren"

by  
Lee A. Chrimes

(c) 2005 Monster Zero Productions

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

1 EXT. LAKE HURON - DAY 1

Glittering blue waves reflect the light of the full morning sun high overhead, the gentle cawing of seagulls mixing with the soft sound of the waves.

A few larger boats, cruisers and fishing vessels can be seen in the distance, but sailing gracefully into view from the foot of the screen is a family-sized yacht, its full sails catching the wind and propelling it onward.

2 EXT. YACHT - DECK - NEXT 2

Standing proudly at the wheel is PHILIP, grinning from ear to ear as he steers his ship towards the horizon, sporting a nifty captain's hat. Over his shoulder stands SUSAN, both parents in their early forties and sporting tanned skin.

Susan has her arms draped lovingly around her husband, her head on his shoulder as she lets the ocean breeze flow over them.

PHILIP

This is, without a doubt, what it is all about, Suz.

SUSAN

So you keep saying.

PHILIP

Yeah, but this time I mean it!

SUSAN

So I shouldn't be reminding you of the last time you decided something was 'what it's all about'?

PHILIP

Are you going to keep bringing that up?

SUSAN

(laughs)

As long as we still have the photos of you on the top of that bridge, bungee rope at the ready and totally frozen in fear, then yes. I'll be getting drinks off that story for years.

He playfully nudges her, and she plants a kiss on his cheek before turning round, shielding her eyes from her sun as she looks back across the clean white body of the yacht.

(CONTINUED)

Sitting on the roof of the cabin, engrossed in their Game Boy Advances, are SAM and TOM, two little twin boys aged nine. They're not sharing their father's spirit of adventure.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Boys? Don't you want to come up front and let your father show you how to work the wheel?

Sam shrugs, but Tom looks up - and then shrugs. Susan sighs and turns back to Philip.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Well, we tried.

PHILIP

Give it time. The further we get them from land, the less pull those video games'll have on their souls.

SUSAN

I hope so...

She looks back over her shoulder at the boys as the yacht bounces on a wave, and as Philip lets out a laugh of mid-life crisis-evading glee, we cut to:

3 EXT. LAKE HURON - LATER

3

A few hours further into the day, and Philip pulls in the sails of the yacht as it bobs on the waves, a few curious gulls circling overhead.

Philip approaches the cabin and finds the boys still wrapped up in their games, and as he swipes the Game Boys away they both squeak in frustration.

SAM

Dad!

TOM

I was on level twenty eight!

PHILIP

Well, I've got a new game for you both. It's called 'help Dad run the yacht or watch both your Game Boys get thrown overboard.'

The boys glare at their father, then glance at each other, and with a chorus of mutters they reluctantly get to their feet. Philip grins, patting them on the shoulders.

PHILIP (cont'd)

Now, was that so hard?

(CONTINUED)

He heads back towards the stern, the boys dragging their heels behind him as he reaches the first set of pulleys that control the sails.

PHILIP (cont'd)

Okay, here's what we're going to do. We have a nice quiet bit of water out here, so we're going to teach you boys how to get the ship moving. Sam, you take these pulleys right here, Tom, you stand over by the wheel with your mother.

Sam grabs the nearest pulley as Tom slopes over to the waiting Susan.

SAM

This is boring.

PHILIP

You're only saying that because you haven't got to the fun stuff yet!

SAM

There is no 'fun stuff' on here!  
Why couldn't we stay in today?

SUSAN

(smirks)

Your father needed to give his testosterone some air, Sam.

Philip looks over to her as she chuckles, but his smile fades as he turns to look out across the starboard bow, frowning.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Phil? What is it?

PHILIP

Don't you hear that?

SUSAN

Hear what?

PHILIP

That noise, it sounds like... it sounds like somebody singing.

He turns to the others - but it's blank stares all round.

PHILIP (cont'd)

You're telling me no-one else can hear that?

TOM

Nope.

SAM

Can't hear anything.  
(to Susan)  
Can we go back yet?

SUSAN

Not yet, dear, let your father-

PHILIP

I'm gonna go check it out.

SUSAN

What?

Philip quickly raises the sails again and hurries back over to the wheel, and as a gust of wind catches the sails and propels it forward, he turns the boat hard to the left.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Philip, there's nothing there!  
Philip! Are you listening to me?

But Philip isn't listening - his eyes are locked on something in the distance, and despite Susan's efforts to literally shake him out of his trance, he doesn't look away.

Concerned, Susan turns to the boys and points towards the cabin, glancing back at Philip.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Boys, go and wait down in the cabin, alright?

SAM

What's the matter with dad?

SUSAN

Don't you worry. Go on!

The boys trot off and head down the steps into the cabin as an increasingly worried Susan goes back over to Philip.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Alright, you've made your point.  
The boys aren't sailors like you are, but there's no need to scare them like this!

No answer. Susan looks ahead - and sees a small island start to emerge from a bank of mist up ahead. Philip is heading straight for it, the wind giving the yacht a healthy burst of speed.

SUSAN (cont'd)

What are you doing? Pull the sails in! We're going to run aground!

She keeps talking, but Philip's focus is on the island, and as Susan's voice starts to fade out, it's replaced by what Philip is hearing - a husky, female voice, singing a mournful, wordless melody.

SUSAN (cont'd)  
(yells)  
Philip!!

She lunges for the wheel to try and steer away from the rapidly approaching rocky shore, but Philip's grip is too tight.

They're moments from impact now, and all of Susan's frantic shouts and efforts to wrench the wheel from her husband's hands are having no effect, and as the island looms before us, she SCREAMS in terror before we:

BLACK OUT:

FADE IN:

Waves massage the fine yellow sand as we pan across the idyllic, almost tropical beach - until a chunk of the yacht's shattered hull is washed up into frame.

As Philip's hat follows it, lodging in the wet sand next to more fragments of the yacht, the serene singing voice can be heard again, drifting softly over the scene before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. SAFE HOUSE - WARD - NIGHT 5

TITLE OVER - Osbourne Inc. Safe House, New York, April 2005.

BAM! A pair of swing doors are kicked open as a rain-soaked CHRIS barges through them, the unconscious form of TWIST in his arms, blood dripping from a wound across her temple.

Following close behind is an anxious looking DANYAEL, supporting a limping JULIE and DECADWAY as the stately form of SANCTUS follows the group in, the badly-wounded OSBOURNE in his arms.

A young male doctor, SEAN, rushes over as the group hustle down the long, plain corridor, part of the underground headquarters of Osbourne Inc.

SEAN  
Oh, God! What happened?

CHRIS  
(woozy)  
Lots of things... help her!

Chris staggers, almost stumbling to the ground, but two more assistants run over and help Sean ease twist out of his arms before Chris can drop.

SEAN  
(to assistants)  
Get a gurney and get her to the  
medical centre, stat!  
(to Chris)  
Is somebody going to tell me what  
happened out there?

JULIE  
A building was collapsed on us, and  
Chris ran into some... trouble.

CHRIS  
(fading)  
Help... they have to help her...

Chris sags, but Julie shoots out an arm to steady him, and Chris leans against the wall for support.

He slides down into a crouch as more medical staff run into frame, pushing two gurneys between them. Twist is loaded onto one and Sanctus lays Osbourne on the next, and Sean runs a quick check over both of them.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

(to assistants)

Call ahead, tell Dr. Marcone to have the trauma room ready, and call somebody down from the Occult department to see to this vampire girl here.

The gurneys are wheeled away, Danyael watching Twist go with tears in his eyes. The gurneys are taken round a corner out of sight, as Sean moves in to examine the wounded Chris.

SEAN (cont'd)

I'm going to need to get all of you checked out.

(looks round)

Where's Terence?

DECADWAY

He didn't... he didn't make it.

SEAN

(beat; to Sanctus)

Who are you? I didn't catch your name.

SANCTUS

I'm Sanctus. I'm a friend of Christopher's.

SEAN

Alright, can you help me get everyone into the infirmary so we can start treating them?

Sanctus nods and steps over to Chris as Sean takes DeCadway from Danyael. Chris looks up to see Sanctus extending his hand towards him.

SANCTUS

Come on, old friend. Our work is done for tonight.

Chris blinks, then reaches out and grabs Sanctus' hand, as we cut to:

With Chris' black van parked up at one of the gas station pumps, the side doors are open and Twist and Danyael take advantage of the cover the station's canopy gives against the sunlight, sitting half out of the van.

DIEGO stands before them, stretching his legs and arms as Chris and Sanctus head towards the kiosk.

TWIST

So, tell me the story again. You and Sanctus are what, old war buddies or something?

DIEGO

Something like that. He helped me out of a messy situation once, and I owe him a great deal as a result.

DANYAEL

What kind of 'situation'?

DIEGO

(beat)

A messy one.

Twist and Danyael exchange a look, sensing that there's a long story to be uncovered there.

TWIST

Okay, moving on. What's the plan?

DIEGO

Plan?

TWIST

Well, you know, what with Manon somehow becoming the greatest threat the free world has ever known and all - and how does that work again?

DANYAEL

Beats me.

TWIST

Anyway - we were just wondering if you and Tall, Dark and Gothic in there had come up with a plan on how to take him down yet.

DIEGO

Not yet, I'm afraid. Manon has spent several months co-ordinating his return from whatever dimension you sent him to-

TWIST

(interrupts)

Hey, I didn't send him anywhere!

DANYAEL

Well, you sort of did, you know, 'cause you were the one who shot that tablet out and...

Twist's cold glare shuts him up pretty quickly.

TWIST  
(to Diego)  
You were saying?

DIEGO  
Manon already has an impressive network of allies and contacts built up, some from before his departure and some from afterwards, and with Vivian on his side too, we're looking at one pretty big problem.

DANYAEL  
Yeah, but, we've got, like, two of the toughest vampires in the world on our side now, right?

TWIST  
(sweetly)  
Aww, thanks, Spook!

DANYAEL  
Uh, I meant Chris and Sanctus.

She punches him in the arm with a scowl, then looks over to the kiosk as we join:

7 INT. SERVICE STATION - KIOSK - NEXT 7

Chris is grabbing a few essentials for the trip - snacks for Twist, mainly - as Sanctus stands nearby.

SANCTUS  
And you're sure this Parker character can help us? Is he to be trusted?

CHRIS  
Ideally, no, but he's the best-equipped person I can think of to give us some assistance.

SANCTUS  
You don't sound too confident.

CHRIS  
People tell me that a lot these days.

SANCTUS  
What can he do? Is his organisation capable of dealing with a threat like Manon?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Chris heads over to the counter, paying for his gas and the food as he continues talking.

CHRIS

Bearing in mind I'm still taking your word for things on how big a 'threat' Manon really is, Parker inherited Osbourne's network from him after David was hurt in New York.

SANCTUS

Ah, yes. How could I forget that night.

CHRIS

As far as I'm concerned, he's our only option. We can't risk taking on Manon directly by ourselves, he may have more of those creatures waiting to pounce.

Chris realises the kiosk attendant is eyeing him strangely, and after a pause he decides to scoop up his shopping and make a rapid exit.

8 EXT. SERVICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

8

Sanctus follows Chris out of the kiosk as they head back towards the van.

SANCTUS

Alright then, let's divide our forces.

CHRIS

Already?

SANCTUS

We need to cover a lot of ground quickly. Manon's spent four months planning this, and that's just in our time, Who knows how the passage of time flowed in the dimension he was trapped in?

CHRIS

(mutters)

Not bloody fast enough for me...

Twist perks up as Chris tosses her a bag of sweets, and she eagerly tears the wrapping open as Sanctus signals to Diego.

TWIST

Thanks, chief.

(CONTINUED)

SANCTUS

Come on, Diego.

DIEGO

We're leaving?

SANCTUS

Chris has a lead he wants to follow up, and so do I.

TWIST

(disappointed)

Oh. So...

DIEGO

I'm afraid this is goodbye again for now, *senora*.

Diego smoothly leans forward, takes her hand and kisses it - much to Danyael's obvious annoyance.

TWIST

Not bad for a guy who was trying to kill me a few weeks ago.

DIEGO

Time heals all wounds, as they say.

Danyael can't help a SCOFF from escaping his lips, and as Twist glares at him Diego steps back, over to Sanctus.

CHRIS

Something tells me we'll see each other again soon.

SANCTUS

You have my word.

CHRIS

(sly)

I didn't say I was looking forward to it.

A beat - then with a grin, the two men shake hands. Chris gets into the van, and Twist gives Diego a final wave before she pulls the van door shut, and we cut to:

The door slides back open to reveal PARKER, flanked by a new face, a muscular black man in a dark suit.

PARKER

(grins)

I'm beginning to suspect you people actually like it here...

Chris steps out of the van as Twist and Danyael hop out of the back behind him.

CHRIS  
Purely business.

PARKER  
Aye, so I've heard.

TWIST  
Heard what?

PARKER  
Julie's team have managed to piece together a large amount of intel on what happened up in the hills past Fraserdale, and I imagine you're here to tell me the rest?

CHRIS  
I'm afraid it's far from good news.

PARKER  
Is there any other kind, lad? Come on, follow me.

He heads back over to the lift that leads from the basement car park up into the lab itself, Chris following.

TWIST  
(to Danyael)  
Hear that? Julie has a 'team' already! We've been gone, what, a few days?

DANYAEL  
Guess she really did want to stay here after all...

Danyael casts a suspicious eye over the burly black man watching them, before he joins Chris and the others in the lift, and as the doors close we cut to:

A large video screen on one wall of the white, classroom-sized briefing centre displays a map of the nearby region, with dozens of coloured dots moving across it.

Twist peers at the screen as the others take seats around a circular table behind her. She turns to Parker, jerking a thumb back towards the map.

TWIST  
What's all this?

PARKER

Real time threat assessment. Keeps track of all the underworld entities we've managed to tag and identify, different colours for different levels of danger.

CHRIS

It's too much to hope that Manon's on there, isn't it?

PARKER

Manon, no, but some of his associates, yes. Your vampire friend Vivian hasn't-

CHRIS

(sharply)  
She's not my 'friend.'

PARKER

Slip of the tongue. 'Mortal enemy' felt a little cliched.

DANYAEL

Uh, can we keep moving, please?

Parker nods, lifting a remote control and aiming it at the screen. The map switches to a selection of photographs, satellite images of a large body of water.

CHRIS

What's this?

PARKER

This is my one condition for helping you out.

CHRIS

I'm sorry - there's a 'condition'? Perhaps I didn't stress how serious this situation is!

PARKER

I'm not denying that, Chris, but I'm going to need some time to verify what you've told me and make sure it ties in with what my own people have found out. I'd like to trust your information right off the bat, you understand, but...

DANYAEL

... but you'd rather make sure for yourself, right?

PARKER

Exactly.

(off map)

What you're looking at is an aerial view of Lake Huron, north of Detroit. There have been several unexplained shipwrecks in that area over recent months, and we believe some kind of creature may be responsible for them.

TWIST

'Creature'?

CHRIS

We really don't have time to run errands for you, Doctor, so why don't you-

PARKER

D'ye want my help or not?

A beat. Chris chews his lip - then settles back down. He doesn't look at all happy about this, but goes with it.

PARKER (cont'd)

Right. I was just thinking it'd save you people twiddling your thumbs while you wait for me, give you something useful to do to pass the time.

TWIST

(dry)

How thoughtful of you. You didn't think a coupla new magazines and a Playstation'd do the job just as well?

PARKER

What can I say - I appreciate the unique talents your team has.

Her ego massaged, Twist allows herself a small nod for Parker to continue.

PARKER (cont'd)

I did have a team ready to go out and investigate, but now that you're all here I'd prefer some people with more field experience took the challenge. Most of my security teams are still quite new to the business.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS  
Alright. I'll go.

TWIST  
Cool, what about-

CHRIS  
I'll go. You two stay here, help Parker's team with anything they need to know.

TWIST  
Why? Why not all three of us go out there?

CHRIS  
Because if anything goes wrong with this mission, I don't want it to take all of us out of the fight.

PARKER  
Are you sure?

CHRIS  
I've made my decision.

TWIST  
(bitterly)  
And I guess we just have to ask 'how high,' making sure the first and last things out of our mouths are 'sir,' right?

Chris turns to her, the mood of the room darkening.

CHRIS  
After your recent exploits, you're not really in any position to argue my choices, are you?

Twist hesitates - then lowers her head and backs down.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
Besides, you might have a breakthrough while I'm gone and need to move without me. I trust you both enough to do the right thing without having to wait for my lead.

DANYAEL  
Well, if you say so...

TWIST  
You've got a real funny way of giving a compliment, Chris.

CHRIS  
I'm known for that.  
(to Parker)  
Tell me everything I need to know.

Parker nods and flicks the screen to a fresh set of images,  
as we cut to:

11 INT. PARKER'S LAB - CORRIDOR - LATER 11

Twist and Danyael walk down one of the white tiled  
passageways that link the various sections of the base,  
passing the occasional white-coated technician.

TWIST  
Who does he think he is, ordering  
us around like that, anyway?

DANYAEL  
He's got a fair point, Twist.

TWIST  
Oh no, don't you go sticking up for  
him. Just because you and him are  
like Bush and Cheney now doesn't  
mean you can get away with not  
having my back!

DANYAEL  
I've always got your back. You know  
that.

Twist looks over, and sees in his eyes that he means it. She  
starts to smile - just as another person, head down, walks  
straight into the duo.

TWIST  
Ow! Hey!

The figure looks up - and it's JULIE! She blinks in surprise,  
then breaks into a grin and embraces the two vampires.

JULIE  
Hey! What are you guys doing here?

TWIST  
Oh, you know, the usual. Giant  
scorpion monsters chowing down on  
people just over the border.

DANYAEL  
Oh, and voodoo-powered French dudes  
trying to take over the world.

TWIST  
Yeah, that too.

JULIE

I know the story, don't worry.  
Matter of fact, I had a feeling  
you'd show up before long...

(looks round)

Uh, where's Chris?

TWIST

Oh, he had a job to go do.

JULIE

(deflated)

Oh.

TWIST

He'll be back soon. Don't worry.

JULIE

(distracted)

Yeah... yeah, course.

(gathers senses)

Oh, hey, come on you two, I want to  
show you my new office.

Julie grabs Danyael's hand and leads him away with a grin,  
but as Twist starts to follow she pauses, turning to her left  
with a frown.

A doorway marked 'Special Projects - Testing Room #47' stands  
before her, and as Twist stares at it, a faint orange GLOW  
starts to appear around the door frame.

TWIST

(mutters)

Oh boy...

The glow fades, and Twist looks back down the corridor - but  
Julie and Danyael are gone. Twist takes a deep breath, looks  
back towards the door, and then steps over. She tries the  
handle - and it opens!

Twist gingerly pushes the door open to reveal a pitch black  
room, but before she can speak the lights are suddenly throw  
on, flooding the room with bright white light, and Twist just  
has time to GASP at what she sees before we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 INT. YACHT HIRE OFFICE - DAY

13

Chris stands at the counter of a small quayside boat hire emporium, a clunky phone receiver pressed to his ear.

Over his shoulder, Lake Huron spreads out across the bay with several other small boats zipping across its surface. A tinny radio plays nearby as Chris looks round the cheerfully-decorated office.

CHRIS

(into phone)

Well, Doctor, you were right about the unexplained shipwrecks, but so far I've not seen any evidence of any kind of 'creature' being involved.

PARKER

(filtered; through phone)

Look deeper, Christopher. You've only scratched the surface here - my gut tells me there's a lot more to be discovered here, and if you haven't already noticed I have quite a generously-sized gut. I tend to follow its lead.

CHRIS

I'll be setting out in a boat I've chartered soon. Not having Twist and Danyael with me gives me the advantage of being able to travel in the sunlight, at least.

PARKER

Aye, it would that. I'll await your next call, lad.

Chris hangs up, pushing the phone back towards the desk clerk with a nod. He scoops his bag up from the floor and pushes the office door open, stepping out onto:

14 EXT. PIER - NEXT

14

Chris strolls along the docks, glancing at the various shapes and sizes of yachts, dinghies, powerboats and other vessels moored all along the walkway.

He reaches the end of the pier, checking the keys in his hand to see the name 'Pugwash Express' written on them.

(CONTINUED)

He looks up - and before him is a small, plain powerboat, the name 'Pugwash Express' written stylishly on its prow, accompanied by a grinning image of a cartoon pirate.

Chris rolls his eyes and gingerly steps onto the boat, tossing his bag to one side and slotting the keys into the ignition.

MAN (O.S.)

Heading out?

Chris looks up - a middle aged MAN stands on the pier, looking down on him. He's dressed in a shirt and shorts - typical yachting club.

CHRIS

That's the plan.

MAN

Well, just so you know, we've had a lot of... incidents out on the waves recently.

CHRIS

Yes, so I've heard. Anything you can tell me about those?

The man looks from side to side, then steps closer, crouching down to get to Chris' eye level. Chris unties the mooring ropes linking his boat to the pier.

MAN

It's a pretty weird story, actually... are you an open-minded kind of guy?

CHRIS

I've seen my share of strangeness.

MAN

Well, here's the thing. I reckon we've had something like eight, maybe nine shipwrecks out there for no good reason at all in the last six months. No bad weather, all the boats left the harbour in shipshape condition, so...

CHRIS

So what are the current theories on what caused the accidents?

The man looks around again, checking that no-one is in earshot before continuing.

MAN

People come back and say they heard singing out there.

CHRIS

What kind of singing?

MAN

A woman's voice. Coming out of nowhere. Nobody seems to be able to find anything - or maybe they have, and they just haven't come back to tell us more, if you see what I mean.

CHRIS

You think something might be out there?

MAN

Hell, I don't know. I'd just advise you to be careful, and if you hear some girl singing and get the sudden urge to run your ship aground, you turn around and sail the heck right back here.

CHRIS

I'll take that under advisement.

Chris starts the boat's engine with a healthy ROAR. The man watches as Chris' boat powers away out onto the lake, hands shielding his eyes from the sun as we cut to:

Julie and Danyael step into Julie's new headquarters - and Danyael whistles appreciatively. The Occult Research Department is like a huge, high-tech library, with rows and rows of shelves containing books, files, storage boxes and spindles of CDs, along with many computer terminals and long tables overflowing with papers and books.

Several assistants criss-cross the floor, dressed more casually than the white-coated technicians in other departments but all looking just as busy.

DANYAEL

Nice.

JULIE

Yeah, it's not bad, is it?

She leads him forward - taking the tour - pointing out various sections of the room as she goes.

JULIE (cont'd)

We've got databases and records stretching back over a hundred years all on file, with more archived stuff going back even further than that kept downstairs. We've got spell books, demonology texts, monster compendiums - everything you could ask for, whenever you need it.

DANYAEL

Man, Chris is gonna have trouble keeping that British reserve of his in place when he sees all this...

Julie tries not to flinch at the mention of his name, nudging Danyael to get his attention again.

JULIE

That's not all. Watch this.

She CLAPS her hands, getting the room's attention.

JULIE (cont'd)

Hey, everyone? This is my friend Danyael. He's gonna help us with the research on Manon and his cronies, and he has valuable first-hand experience of what we're up against, so can I get a few volunteers to come talk to him?

Two researchers step forward - both pretty young ladies who smile eagerly at Danyael.

JULIE (cont'd)

See that? I have 'people' now.

DANYAEL

So I see... how the hell did you get all this together so fast?

JULIE

It was all ready and waiting. Their last departmental head went missing while out on a research mission to the Amazon, so when Parker offered me the job this place was just sitting and waiting for somebody to come and take it over.

Danyael nods, then turns to the girls - before realising something and looking round.

DANYAEL

Where's Twist?

JULIE

Oh, I don't know. I thought she was with you?

DANYAEL

She was right behind us...

JULIE

She'll be okay. You know how she wanders off. How is she, anyway? I mean, after... after what happened.

DANYAEL

Uh... let's talk about that later, okay?

JULIE

No problem.  
(to researchers)  
He's all yours.

With a grin to Danyael, Julie heads over to her office which is in one corner of the room, as we cut to:

Twist stands in the open doorway, her hand still on the door knob.

VOICE (O.S.)

Well, don't just stand there, miss, come on in!

Twist blinks, then pulls the door closed. She steps forward into the room she stumbled into - and her initial sense of alarm gives way to wonder as she heads on in.

She's walked into a large room filled with bulky, upright tables, each one with a young man or woman lying on them, connected to an array of monitoring devices either side.

A small army of technicians man the various computer terminals and monitors, taking notes and checking readings as the room's authority, the bearded PROFESSOR LEESE, heads over to greet Twist.

LEESE

You could only be the famous Twist McFadden, am I correct?

TWIST

(still recovering)  
The famous who now?

LEESE

I've heard a lot about you from Doctor Parker, he says you're quite the medical marvel!

TWIST

I am?

(beat)

I mean, yeah, I guess I am. What's all this?

LEESE

Welcome to Special Projects, division number forty-seven. We take care of ESP testing and study, as you can see by our many subjects on display here.

Twist looks round - the people on the beds are all conscious, some are talking to the technicians, and all of them seem perfectly happy with what's going on.

TWIST

Oh, I get it. So this is like what you used to do with Lizzie, right?

Leese's expression darkens, and he glances round before ushering Twist over to a quieter corner of the room.

LEESE

I understand you encountered the fugitive Miss Duncan on one of your recent visits here?

TWIST

'Fugitive'?

LEESE

I think I'd better fill you in on why she's no longer with us.

Twist folds her arms, fixing Leese with a suspicious glare.

TWIST

Yeah, maybe you had.

LEESE

Miss Duncan was one of our most exceptional patients. Her abilities developed rapidly from the day she arrived here - she soon surpassed basic low-level ESP standards and moved on to telekinesis and telepathic talents.

TWIST

I saw her in action, I know what she can do now.

LEESE

I'm afraid those powers came with a heavy price - a heightened sense of paranoia and an increasingly erratic personality shift that brought a major persecution complex. She became convinced we were going to literally cut her open to see what made her tick, and one day... well, let's just say she decided to use her talents to get away from us for good.

TWIST

What happened?

LEESE

She put several people in the hospital, one of them permanently, and made her escape from this facility shortly after Doctor Parker took it over. Since then, she keeps coming back, making raids, sabotaging our equipment and attempting to 'liberate' our other test subjects.

TWIST

Yikes.

LEESE

Every time we've tried to stop her - well, I'm sure you know how that goes.

TWIST

Up close and personal. Very 'Carrie.' She, uh... she wasn't exactly full of praise for this place.

LEESE

(shakes head sadly)

It's a terrible waste. To see a girl with powers like hers fall into the grip of psychosis like that...

Twist eyes him, trying to decide if she buys the story or not - but with a nod, seems to accept his version of events.

(CONTINUED)

LEESE (cont'd)

You, on the other hand... you're someone I've always wanted to meet.

TWIST

Well, obviously I'm flattered, but I don't really date older men, so-

LEESE

I meant with regards to your own psychic abilities.

Twist freezes - she quickly recovers, trying to act casual.

TWIST

I'm sorry, my what?

(quickly)

Hey, is that the way out? Maybe I should just-

LEESE

Osbourne monitored all of his patients at all times, Miss McFadden. Your conversations with Miss Duncan when you were here before the incident in New York have been documented and studied. Several times, I should add.

TWIST

(caught out)

You don't say...

Leese motions for one of his assistants to head over, clearly excited at the prospect of talking to Twist at last.

LEESE

If you wouldn't mind, I'd just like to run a few simple tests on you. Nothing drastic, I promise. Some bloodwork, a few MRI scans, and some basic psychometric tests.

Twist considers this, looking round the well-equipped lab.

LEESE (cont'd)

There would, of course, be financial reimbursement for your ti-

TWIST

(quickly)

I'll do it. As long as you and your oompah-loompahs in here promise me whatever happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas.

LEESE

You have my word. This falls under doctor-patient confidentiality, after all!

TWIST

Good. I don't want the others I came here with knowing about... well, you know. My 'talent.'

LEESE

I understand. Would you like to come this way?

Leese leads her away, and as Twist and Leese head towards one of the vacant beds we cut back to:

INT. LAB - JULIE'S OFFICE - NEXT

Julie is behind her desk, going through some paperwork as the office door opens and Danyael steps inside.

She waves him over, and he closes the door behind him - the room is sealed off from the noisy clatter of the department outside, while the office itself is pretty bare - no decoration to speak of.

JULIE

Thinking how plain it looks, right?

DANYAEL

It is kinda... beige.

JULIE

They cleaned it out when the last guy went missing, so I guess it's up to me now to start adding my own little touches again!

Danyael takes a seat, watching Julie as she struggles through the mountain of paper before her.

JULIE (cont'd)

I don't know how I'm ever going to catch up on all this... maybe I should've taken a better look around before I signed up, huh?

DANYAEL

Why'd you do it?

She stops, surprised by the bluntness of his question.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Sorry, that didn't come out right. I meant-

JULIE

No, it's okay, I know what you meant.

She looks at the paperwork for a thoughtful beat, then shoves it all to one side, giving Danyaël her undivided attention.

JULIE (cont'd)

What did Chris tell you?

DANYAEL

Not much. Less than that, in fact - he just said you were staying here, and that's all we've gotten out of him. He got pretty tetchy about it whenever we tried to bring the subject up, so me and Twist gave up asking.

JULIE

Sounds like him, alright.

DANYAEL

So d'you want to fill me in?

JULIE

It's...

DANYAEL

And don't you dare say 'complicated,' either!

JULIE

(grins)

Then I guess you've already got a pretty good idea why I didn't feel comfortable working with you guys any more.

DANYAEL

Let me guess, you told him how you feel and he shot you down, right?

JULIE

Something like that.

DANYAEL

Yeah, well, I know how that feels. Trust me.

JULIE

(sighs)

I wish things had worked out differently, Danny. You know how much you guys mean to me.

DANYAEL

Hey, you got an offer of somewhere else to go, I understand that. Your own office, a bunch of underlings and, I'm guessing, a much bigger pay check than the big fat zero Chris pays us each month...

JULIE

I'll admit, this place does have its perks. It's like the job I was doing for David, only... better.

DANYAEL

Is it permanent? I mean, are you staying here for good?

JULIE

Maybe. I don't know yet. I'm gonna give it six months, see how it goes from there.

Danyael nods, and the conversation lapses for a beat.

DANYAEL

He misses you, you know.

Julie is silent as Danyael continues.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

He won't say it, mainly 'cause I think he's still too pissed about you leaving, but... I can tell.

JULIE

Danny...

DANYAEL

Hey, it's okay. I'm not trying to get a confession out of you or anything. Just thought you should know, is all.

He stands with a smile.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

I'm gonna go find Twist and come right back, okay?

JULIE

Okay.

He leaves the office, and when she's alone again Julie lets her smile drop. She looks across at the heaped paperwork with a sad sigh, before we cut back to:

18

EXT. LAKE HURON - DAY

18

Chris is making good progress across the lake, a spread of satellite photos across the cabin's dashboard and a compass weighing them down.

Chris consults the compass and makes a slight steering adjustment, keeping the power steady.

He looks out across the waves - apart from a slight veil of mist there's nothing on the horizon. No other boats, no land masses, and so far, no singing.

Until a faint melody drifts across the air towards him. Chris snaps to attention, powering the engine down and leaving the boat bobbing in the water.

The singing starts up again - the same soulful, deep female voice as before - and Chris looks all around as he tries to get a bearing on the voice's location.

The voice becomes louder, and Chris' eyes seem to glaze over - and as he turns back to the wheel, bringing the engine back up to speed and rotating the steering wheel to face a new direction, his blank expression suggests he's no longer in the driving seat!

The island at the centre of the mystery is soon coming into view out of the mist, and as Chris increases the throttle, the powerboat starts to bounce dangerously across the waves, eager to reach the source of the song.

The boat shows no sign of stopping as it rockets towards the shore, Chris' knuckles turning white as he grips the wheel even tighter.

The singing is much louder now, and Chris is visibly straining to get to it as fast as he can, not caring about the jagged rocks rushing towards him...

... until with a terrific CRASH, the powerboat piledrives into the first cluster of rocks and almost shears itself in two, EXPLODING in a burst of hull fragments and flames.

As flaming chunks of the wrecked boat rain back down out of the sky, and what's left of the hull continues to putter towards the island's shore, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

19 EXT. ISLAND - SHORE - DAY

19

Back on the beach. Waves break on the shore and drag themselves back out - and they bring fragments of Chris' boat with them.

The wreckage is littered across the beach - joining other remnants of less fortunate travellers and their boats.

Chris soon comes into view, face down in the surf, his clothing scorched and blackened from the explosion that pitched him off the powerboat.

He stirs at last, pushing himself up and shaking his head to clear away the water. He sits upright with a wince, and peels away one side of his jacket to reveal a dark red stain on his short - looks like he took a bad hit.

With a deep breath, Chris pulls himself up to his feet, his legs buckling for a beat, but he finally manages to stand up straight and take a look around.

Noticing the wreckage and what's left of the bodies of other victims, he realises he's the first person to arrive on the island and live to tell the tale.

The island feels out of place, given the fact that it's in the middle of a Great Lake - the beach soon gives way to a chaotic landscape of dark rocks, twisting and arching away from him.

Chris looks back out across the water, but a thick bank of mist surrounds the island - he can't see any further than about forty feet away from the shore.

With no direction left but on into the depths of the island, Chris kneels back down, splashes a little water into his face to keep himself alert, and then heads up the shore, towards the rocky island waiting beyond.

As he puts his first foot on the dark landscape, he freezes, his head whipping round - did he just hear something?

He narrows his eyes - but there's nobody there. Turning back to the island, he heads onward as we cut back to:

20 INT. LAB - CORRIDOR - DAY

20

Danyael is heading back down the plain white corridor, approaching two technicians deep in conversation. He stops them with a raised hand.

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL

Uh, hey, I'm looking for my friend  
Twist, have you seen her? Blonde,  
curly hair, about five foot six...  
talks a lot...

The technicians shake their head and move on. A frustrated Danyael looks around again, not noticing Twist emerging from Room #47 behind him until she taps him on the shoulder.

He spins round, nearly jumping out of his skin before the relief kicks in.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

There you are! I've been looking  
all over for you! Where've you  
been?

TWIST

(evasive)  
Oh, you know... about.  
(quickly)  
Is Julie still around?

DANYAEL

No, I left her back in her office.  
You wanna come and see how she  
managed to land on her feet?

TWIST

Sure!

Glad of the diversion, Twist lets Danyael lead her away from the Special Projects room, as we cut to:

Chris is finding the almost volcanic landscape tough going - there are no even paths through the undulating terrain of the island, so he's forced to jump from platform to platform, trying to make some kind of progress.

He tries to climb up onto a tall, spire-shaped rock formation to get a better view, but he's only managed a few feet before he loses his grip, falling back...

He lands with a painful CRUNCH against the hard floor, shouting in pain as he pulls his damaged side again.

He grimaces as he tries to sit up, eventually lifting his shirt to examine the wound more carefully - he's suffered a large, jagged gash along his sternum. It's not going to kill him, but it's going to hurt like hell for a while yet.

CHRIS  
 (mutters)  
 Perfect...

Pressing a hand to the injury, he starts to stand again - and then hears something RUSTLING in the wind up ahead.

He looks round, searching for the source of the sound, and follows it towards a large hill rising up from the ground, blocking his view of the rest of the island.

Chris makes his way round the hill - and his jaw drops at what he sees beyond it!

The island suddenly changes from volcanic rock to lush, green forest, complete with tall, swaying trees.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
 What on Earth...

Chris heads forward, glad for the easier terrain but not twice as confused as to what this island is doing here.

He heads a short way into the jungle-like territory before he decides to try a different tactic. He cups his hands round his mouth and shouts:

CHRIS (cont'd)  
 Hello? Hello! Is there anybody here?

He waits - nothing.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
 (bitterly)  
 Of course there isn't anybody here, Chris. Nobody's made it further than the shore before you.

He checks his wounded side again - he's going to need to do something about that. Half-vampire healing will only go so far, after all.

He leans against a tree for support as he tears a strip from his shirt, using it to clean the wound as best he can.

He's considering his options when he hears the SINGING again, and he freezes, turning round very slowly.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
 Who's there?

The melancholy female voice seems distant, but still clear - he can't get a bearing on it, but as it fades away again he does get a general direction.

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

Chris looks back down at his wound, holding out one palm - and with a small POP, a tiny ball of FLAMES appears in his hand.

Chris grits his teeth - this is going to hurt. He closes his eyes - and SLAPS his palm against the wound!

There's a HISS of smoke as the fireball cauterises the wound, and Chris' muscles bulge as he fights to keep his cry of pain in - finally letting out a loud MOAN of pain.

He gingerly removes his hand - the wound is sealed. It's not pretty, but it'll do. Pulling his shirt back down, he heads off through the jungle again, towards the elusive singing, and we cut back to:

22 INT. LAB - SPECIAL PROJECTS ROOM 47 - DAY

22

Twist is back in the laboratory, although this time all of the previously-occupied tables and beds are empty. The only people in the room are Twist and Professor Leese.

Twist is sitting on the end of one of the tables, watching Leese as he attaches a series of monitor pads to her temples, hooked up to beeping machines nearby.

He has two left when he turns back to Twist, but pauses as if unsure about something.

TWIST

Don't tell me, those are for my heart. Right? And you just realised...

LEESE

They'd be a little redundant, wouldn't they?

TWIST

That they would.

Leese puts the pads away, then makes a few adjustments to the monitors.

TWIST (cont'd)

So... what's the game plan? You gonna hold up a series of white cards and ask me what's on the other side?

LEESE

(chuckles)

That's a little outdated, but the old standards never let you down.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEESE (cont'd)

No, first we're just going to get some readings of your brainwave activity.

TWIST

Seeing what makes me tick?

LEESE

Every individual we study has a unique biometric energy signature, and we-

TWIST

Woah, back up. Remember I don't speak Geek - you're going to need to break the Trek speak into simple New Yorker for me. I am, after all, a simple New Yorker.

LEESE

Of course. Your body naturally produces an energy field of sorts in the basic electrical energy it uses to move around, basically the nerves talking to the different parts of your body. Lie down, please.

Twist lays back on the table as Leese continues to set up the machinery around her.

LEESE (cont'd)

Psychics or other people with extra sensory capabilities give off a second, entirely unique type of energy, which is different for everybody. We just need to find out what yours is like so we know how to measure our results.

TWIST

Oh, okay. Wait, this isn't going to involve needles, is it?

LEESE

No, not at all. Just a few mild electric currents. Close your eyes and relax, we'll be done in a few moments.

Twist closes her eyes, settling down on the table. Leese steps off screen, continuing to tinker.

TWIST

Have to say, I'm glad I've finally got somebody who knows about all this, doc.

Leese doesn't answer, but Twist doesn't let that stop her.

TWIST (cont'd)

Something tells me they'd be pretty freaked out if I told them I had some kind of Spider Sense that had been warning me about incoming danger for the past year and a half, you know? I mean, what would I say to them? I'd say 'it's not what you think,' only I'm not even sure what I think this is...

Leese is still silent. Twist frowns, her eyes still closed.

TWIST (cont'd)

Professor?

She opens her eyes and starts to sit up - and a HAND suddenly clamps itself over her mouth!

Twist tenses up - but it's LIZZIE! She presses a finger to her lips for Twist to be quiet, before pointing to the ceiling, and then to her ears.

Twist glances round - Leese is lying unconscious on the floor a few feet away.

LIZZIE

(whispers)

Recording equipment. Don't make a sound, okay? I'm gonna move my hand away...

Lizzie slowly takes her hand away.

TWIST

(hisses)

Lizzie? What the hell is going on here?

LIZZIE

I can't explain now, we have to-

TWIST

(firm)

No, you explain, now! I've got people telling me you're crazy, that you killed people breaking out of here, and now you show up when I'm just looking like getting some answers about whatever the hell's going on with me? I'm not going anywhere until you start talking!

Lizzie hesitates for a long beat, holding Twist's defiant glare but eventually lowering her head and nodding.

LIZZIE  
 Okay, okay, I'll try.  
 (deep breath)  
 Twist, what you need to understand  
 is-

SECURITY (O.S.)  
 Professor Leese? Professor! Are you  
 in there?

Lizzie's head snaps towards the door - the locked handle rattles as somebody outside tries to get in.

LIZZIE  
 Damn it!

Lizzie bolts away, heading for one corner of the room and grabbing Twist's hand to pull her along.

Still attached to the monitors by the pads, Twist's sudden movement drags some very expensive equipment off its racks and onto the floor with a SMASH.

SECURITY (O.S.)  
 Professor!

There's a BANG at the door - the people outside are trying to barge their way in!

TWIST  
Now what?

LIZZIE  
 It's me they're after, but I can't  
 let you stay here!

Lizzie tries to lead Twist towards a door at the back of the room, but Twist pulls her hand free of Lizzie's grip.

TWIST  
 Give me one good reason why I  
 should trust you.

Lizzie looks anxiously to the door as it BUCKLES, the security team outside hammering away at it. She looks back to Twist - then nods her head.

Twist suddenly wilts, sliding to the floor, and Lizzie just manages to catch her.

LIZZIE  
 I'm sorry... but it's the only way.

Lizzie grunts as she heaves Twist's body up onto one shoulder, and she's halfway to the other exit when the main door FLIES open - three armed SECURITY GUARDS rush inside.

SECURITY #1

Freeze!

He lifts his gun, but before he can fire, Lizzie waves her hand towards a rack of monitors by the door, and with a snap of her wrist sends them tumbling down onto the guards.

As the security team are buried under a pile of falling equipment, Lizzie hurries towards the exit, keeping a hold on Twist over her shoulder.

She BARGES the door open as an ALARM starts to sound throughout the Lab, and as Lizzie disappears through the doorway, we cut to:

23 EXT. ISLAND - JUNGLE - DAY

23

Chris struggles on, his wounded side clearly slowing him down despite the going being much easier through the thick jungle.

He stops to rest, leaning heavily against a tree as he tries to catch his breath - and a dark SHAPE blurs past through the trees behind him!

He spins round, his hand reaching for his katana - but it's gone! The sheath is still there, but the sword itself is missing.

CHRIS

(darkly)

Oh, this had better have been worth the effort...

He stays still, looking all around - there's no sound but the rustling of the wind through the trees.

He closes his eyes, filtering out every sound, concentrating and trying to hear what's out there...

And he hears a HEARTBEAT. Focusing his senses, the heartbeat becomes louder, closer...

Chris suddenly SPINS round, fists raised - but there's nothing there.

Until a figure darts away from a tree less than ten feet away, streaking off through the jungle!

Chris takes off in hot pursuit, the dense foliage blocking his view of the mystery person as he tears through the jungle after them.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)  
Stop! Come back!

A branch THWACKS back into Chris' face, cutting his cheek, but he manages to keep going.

The figure ahead is moving quicker than he is, and Chris is losing ground!

CHRIS (cont'd)  
I'm not going to hurt you!  
(beat)  
I think!

Chris TRIPS on a rock and stumbles forward, crashing to the ground with a SHOUT of pain.

He gets back to his feet - and the figure is gone. Chris looks all around, but there's nothing but trees - and about twenty feet away, the volcanic rock is back, pushing up through the tress and forming a kind of natural corridor.

Chris heads for that, keeping alert as his eyes flick from side to side. He looks down the stone path - it branches off in several directions a little way ahead.

Chris takes a breath - and then sets off, hopping down into the cool rock and making his way forward, and as he walks on we cut back to:

Twist is lying on her back inside a dark, dusty part of the complexes ventilation network. She's still out cold, and the Lab's alarm system is still ringing, muffled through the walls of the ventilation shaft.

Lizzie leans into frame, placing a hand on Twist's forehead - and with a GASP, Twist suddenly wakes up.

Her eyes fall on Lizzie and she scrambles backwards, finding herself against a wall with nowhere to go.

TWIST  
What did you-

Lizzie motions for silence again, pointing to a grille panel set into the wall a little way behind her. Distant VOICES drift up into the air vent.

LIZZIE  
We're safe for now. They never look up in here.

TWIST

Okay, you are so out of context now, you're in another fricken time zone! What the hell is going on?

LIZZIE

You're not safe here, Twist.

TWIST

Says the girl who just Vulcan nerve pinched and kidnapped me, before hiding me in a god damn air vent! You really are crazy, aren't you?

Lizzie tilts her head to one side, studying Twist closely. Twist shifts uncomfortably, looking for an exit.

TWIST (cont'd)

What?

LIZZIE

You've never told him, have you?

TWIST

Told who what?

LIZZIE

About how he really makes you feel.

Twist's jaw hangs - but she quickly gathers herself.

TWIST

Stop it.

LIZZIE

I'm just-

TWIST

(raises fists)

Stop reading my mind, Lizzie, or I swear to Justin...

Lizzie nods, raising her hands submissively.

LIZZIE

Sorry. Gets a little hard to switch it off sometimes.

TWIST

O-kay... and remind me since when in the name of Lohan you turned into Jean Grey?

Lizzie sighs, settling down and opening up her backpack. She takes out a candy bar and offers it to Twist - and after a beat, she takes it.

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE  
Peace offering.

TWIST  
Thanks. I think.

Twist starts on the candy as Lizzie rummages through the bag again. She glances up as the muffled alarm finally stops.

LIZZIE  
They've probably told you I have...  
what was it Leese used to say? An  
'erratic personality shift towards  
paranoia and psychosis'?

TWIST  
Yeah, he did.  
(beat)  
Do you have any more candy?

Lizzie retrieves some more food from her bag as she continues.

LIZZIE  
I'm not crazy, Twist. This place,  
these people... they're not what  
you think. They're not like David  
and his team used to be.

TWIST  
Why not?

LIZZIE  
David had morals. Standards. He  
knew where the line was when it  
came to the work he did. Parker...  
he doesn't give a damn about who  
gets hurt, as long as his 'work'  
gets done. He's a bad guy, Twist.  
He's no better than Malkuth or  
anyone else.

TWIST  
Lizzie, you gotta give me more to  
go on than just your word. I mean,  
I want to believe you, but...  
Parker's helped us out a lot, and-

LIZZIE  
Maybe you should see for yourself.

Lizzie suddenly reaches forward and clamps her hands either side of Twist's head, and as Twist GASPS, we cut to:

25

EXT. ISLAND - STONE PASSAGEWAY - DAY

25

Chris reaches another junction and takes a left, following the narrowing path until it finally opens out into a larger clearing.

The rear of the area meets the jungle again, and as Chris looks round the craggy stone walls surrounding him, he spots something - a cave entrance, carved into the wall.

He heads over, pressing himself against the wall to stay out of sight as he reaches the entrance.

He pauses - and then whips round into the entrance, raising his hand and casting a FLARE of GREEN LIGHT to illuminate the cave - but it's empty.

He lowers his hand, dispelling the light, and starts to turn back round...

And a terrifying SCREAM suddenly blasts out of nowhere! Chris presses his hands to his ears, but the noise echoes around the stone walls and bounces back on him, ten times louder.

Chris SHOUTS, but the deafening noise is too much for him, and as it starts to overcome him his legs buckle beneath him.

Chris drops to the floor, stunned by the scream's effects, and as it fades away he blearily sees somebody approaching him - and then it all goes dark.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

26 INT. LAB - AIR VENT - DAY 26

Straight back with Twist and Lizzie, Lizzie's hand around Twist's head and Twist gasping for breath, as we SMASH CUT into:

27 INT. LAB - SPECIAL PROJECTS - FLASHBACK 27

With the edge of our vision covered in swirling, dream-like white shapes, we're up close with Lizzie, who is strapped down to one of the tables in a room like the one Twist was snatched from.

She struggles, trying to get free, but she's restrained at her wrists and ankles by thick leather straps, and again across her temple to keep her head still. She SOBS, her voice echoing and distorted.

LIZZIE

Let me go, please! Please! Don't do this... don't do this to me!

She keeps crying as Professor Leese looms over her, the warm, jovial smile replaced by a leering smirk.

LEESE

Now, now, Lizzie. If you keep struggling, we're just going to have to hold you down even harder, aren't we?

LIZZIE

(screams)

Get away from me! I won't let you... you can't do this to me!

PARKER (O.S.)

And that's where you're wrong.

Lizzie's eyes flick round desperately as Parker leans over her, grinning sadistically.

PARKER (cont'd)

We own you, Miss Duncan. Your parents don't want you now - and why would they? You're a freak!

LIZZIE

I'm not a freak! I'm not... I'm not!!

She thrashes around in the chair, but Parker answers her with a stinging SLAP across her cheek.

(CONTINUED)

PARKER  
 (to Leese)  
 Let's get started.

Leese nods and steps back out of frame. The increasingly panicked Lizzie looks up at Parker with wide, terrified eyes.

LIZZIE  
 Started with what? What are you  
 going to do to me?

Parker leans back over her, his face inches from hers.

PARKER  
 Anything I want.

He leans back, and Lizzie sobs for a few more moments, letting out a CRY of fear as something starts a loud WHIRRING noise behind her head.

A side-on shot shows a long, thin DRILL is being pushed slowly towards the back of Lizzie's skull - and she's powerless to move out of its way!

LIZZIE  
 Don't... please... don't... you  
 can't... you can't d-

She SCREAMS as the drill cuts into the back of her head, and with a brilliant FLASH of light, we're back in:

Twist LURCHES backwards away from Lizzie, clawing across the metal floor to get away from her, her entire body shaking.

TWIST  
 (breathless)  
 What... what was... where...

LIZZIE  
 I'm sorry... but you had to see it.

TWIST  
 What were they... what the frick  
 were they doing to you?

LIZZIE  
 (sighs)  
 Experimenting. Take a look for  
 yourself.

Lizzie reaches round and pulls her long, jet black hair to one side, turning her head to show Twist the back of her neck - and Twist GASPS at what she sees.

A small, circular SCAR sits at the base of Lizzie's skull, exactly where the drill connected in the vision.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

That's where they started. That's where they ran the wires into my brain to try and figure out how I got my... abilities.

Lizzie lets her hair back down, then unfastens the top of her shirt and slides it down over one shoulder.

Twist sees another set of marks, tiny circular scars in a line just at the base of her neck.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

That's where they tried to link directly to my nerves to see if they could 'copy' what my body was doing.

A horrified Twist looks on as Lizzie lifts the bottom of her shirt - showing another surgical scar to the side of her belly.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

And that's where they took out one of my ovaries in case they ever worked out how to clone human cells.

She drops her shirt and looks back at Twist, who is halfway between shock and disgust.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

That's what these people do, Twist. They start off all smiles and simple tests, scans and questionnaires... but soon as they find out what you can do, they'll stop at nothing to figure out a way to suck it right out of you.

TWIST

But... I...

LIZZIE

I guess with me they hit a nerve they shouldn't have somewhere. One day, in one of the sessions, it felt like my whole body just suddenly... switched on. I looked at the straps round my wrists, and they just fell away.

Twist is dumbstruck as Lizzie continues.

LIZZIE (cont'd)  
 I got up off the table, but it was like I was watching somebody else move my body around. Before I realised what was happening, there was smoke, and fire, and screaming...

A tear rolls down Lizzie's cheek as she relives the memory.

LIZZIE (cont'd)  
 I found out later that I killed three people that day, and I don't even remember doing it.

Lizzie tries to keep the tears in, but as she starts to sob, Twist instinctively reaches out to hold her. Lizzie's tears start to flow freely, and Twist squeezes her tightly.

LIZZIE (cont'd)  
 (sobs)  
 I don't remember killing them...

TWIST  
 It wasn't your fault.

LIZZIE  
 Of course it was my fault! I should have controlled what I was doing, I should've found a way to-

TWIST  
 It doesn't sound like you could have done a damn thing.

Lizzie sits back up, wiping her eyes.

LIZZIE  
 Sorry. I didn't mean to get all Dawson's Creek on you, it's just...

TWIST  
 Forget about it. We've got a new problem now.

LIZZIE  
 What?

TWIST  
 Danyael and Julie. We've got to get them out of here before Parker decides to turn them into his new chew toys!

Lizzie nods, her composure firmly back in place.

LIZZIE

I'll help. I liked Julie. She was  
always good to me.

TWIST

(grins)

Kinda hoping you'd say that...

LIZZIE

I know every inch of this place.  
All the access tunnels, hidden  
exits, everything.

TWIST

Then let's get out of here. Chances  
are the Doc won't wait long after  
I'm gone to figure out you'll have  
shown me the light on his little ER  
of Evil!

With a grateful smile, Lizzie scoops up her bag and motions  
for Twist to follow her back down the ventilation shaft, as  
we cut back to:

Chris is lying on the ground inside a dim cave, a rolled up  
blanket supporting his head. Crackling orange light from a  
nearby fire casts a little illumination in the gloom.

He groans and stirs, his eyes flickering open as he comes to.  
He starts to sit up, but stops as he hears:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

No. Don't. Not yet. You're not  
better.

He blinks, trying to focus as he looks for the source of the  
voice - through his blurry vision, he can just make out  
somebody sitting a few feet away.

CHRIS

Where am I?

VOICE

(beat)

The island. Home.

Chris pushes himself half upright, putting a hand to his  
cheek - a gooey paste has been spread over his cut.

VOICE (cont'd)

Mixture. For the cut. Don't touch  
or eat it. It tastes and smells  
bad, but it works.

Chris tries to focus on his captor, and the mystery girl slowly moves towards him, her body still wrapped in shadows.

VOICE (cont'd)

Sorry I knocked you out. Had to make sure you weren't going to hurt me.

CHRIS

And how do you know I'm not?

VOICE

(beat)

I just do.

CHRIS

Is it worth asking who you are?

The figure draws close to the light of the fire at last - but suddenly shrinks back, as though afraid of the light.

CHRIS (cont'd)

It's alright, I'm not going to hurt you. As a matter of fact, I think I'm here to help...

VOICE

No, no-one ever helps.

Chris pauses - the woman falls silent again, and watches him from the shadows as he sits up.

CHRIS

Well, we can't just sit here in silence all day, can we? That'd just be rude now we've made these first steps towards a conversation. Why don't you step a little closer so I can see who I'm talking to?

The woman stays still.

CHRIS (cont'd)

I'll stay right here. I promise.

A long beat - and then the figure steps cautiously closer to the fire. Chris smiles.

CHRIS (cont'd)

That's right. I'm not going to move one inch until I...

He trails off as the girl steps into the light of the fire at last - she's lithe, pale skinned and blessed with long, flowing auburn hair.

This Mortal Coil's 'Song To The Siren' begins to play as Chris takes in the girl's unusual features.

Looking like she's in her mid-twenties, she has full, pouting lips and big, soulful blue eyes, and she looks all around instead of directly at Chris. She's dressed in loose fitting, mismatched clothing.

He watches her carefully - apart from being caught out by her strikingly good looks, he's noticing how she's keeping one hand pressed to the cave wall.

CHRIS (cont'd)

I'm...

(gathers wits)

My name's Chris. Who are you?

GIRL

I... I don't know my name. I've never known my name.

CHRIS

Can't you remember?

GIRL

I can't remember a lot of things.

She closes her eyes and tilts her head upward, smiling at some happier memory.

GIRL (cont'd)

I remember the sun...

Chris starts to stand up, but as the girl takes a nervous step back he decides it'd be more diplomatic to stay seated.

CHRIS

It's alright, it's alright. I'm still keeping my distance.

GIRL

How... how did you get here? I call them, but no-one... nobody ever comes. Nobody ever hears me.

CHRIS

Well, I heard you, and here I am. I take it that was your voice I heard singing to me across the waves and through the jungle out there?

GIRL

I sing. That's what I can do. That's all I know how to do.

CHRIS

A modern day siren.

GIRL

Siren... Greek mythology, half human, half fish, lured sailors to their deaths with their singing, said to have the power to draw men to them, to fall in love with them.

Chris blinks - the dictionary-like outburst doesn't seem to fit with the willowy young girl before him!

CHRIS

Yes, that's... that's right. You know, the ancient Greeks used to say the most beautiful part of the siren was her voice...

(smiles)

... but perhaps they were wrong.

The girl smiles, and Chris relaxes a little. This girl, whoever she is, doesn't seem to be a threat.

He looks around the inside of the cave at last - it's peppered with oddly-placed items - blankets and bedding, what looks like a wrecked radio unit, cooking utensils and more.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Where did you get all of your things from?

GIRL

The beach. When they... when the people try to come to me, they never make it to the island, but... their ships do. I just take what I can. Things to help.

CHRIS

How long have you been here?

GIRL

Always.

Chris takes a closer look at some of the girl's scavenged belongings - a few more personal items like clothes, photographs and jewelry are heaped in one corner.

CHRIS

How did you end up here? This island... it's not like any place I've ever seen before.

GIRL

Do you like it?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

It's... well, it's your home. Who  
am I to judge.

GIRL

(brightly)  
I made it.

CHRIS

You... made the island?

GIRL

(nods)  
With my voice. That's what I can  
do. I sing, and... and things  
happen. This, all this, just rock.  
Just tiny, tiny rock. So, I sang,  
and...

She gestures with her arms to indicate the cave.

GIRL (cont'd)

I made my home.

Chris is clearly still a long way from understanding what's  
going on, but knows he still has a job to do.

CHRIS

The people you tried to call to  
you, they... do you understand what  
happened to them?

GIRL

Gone. All gone. Except you.  
(frowns)  
Why aren't you gone like them?

CHRIS

I'm not exactly like other people.

The girl suddenly presses a hand to Chris' chest. He's  
startled, but lets her hold it there.

GIRL

I heard it... or, I didn't hear it.  
Nothing there. Almost nothing.  
Very... very slow.

Chris looks down at her hand, held over his heart.

CHRIS

It's a long story.  
(beat)  
Look, I think we need to find a way  
to take you away from here.

(CONTINUED)

GIRL  
(puzzled)  
To where? The island is my home.

CHRIS  
I know, and... and a very nice home  
it is too, it's just that... well,  
your singing has caused some...  
accidents.

The girl lowers her head, a heartbreaking expression of guilt  
crossing her features.

GIRL  
I can make them come but I can  
never make them find me...

CHRIS  
I found you. And I don't think you  
ever meant to hurt any of them, did  
you?

GIRL  
(emphatic)  
No! Never! Never hurt anyone!

CHRIS  
So you're either an excellent  
actress, or you're someone in  
genuine need of help.

The girl's face lights up at the last word.

GIRL  
You... you'll help me?

CHRIS  
I think it's time I took you home.  
To my home, far away from this  
island, so we can find out where  
you came from before you were here.  
There may be somebody looking for  
you.

GIRL  
No... nobody.

CHRIS  
I thought you said you couldn't  
remember?

GIRL  
Just... faces. Moments. Sounds.  
Nothing to hold on to.

Chris reaches out and takes one of the girl's hands in his own. She smiles, clasping his hand with both of hers.

CHRIS

That's something to start with.

Chris smiles - the plight of this young woman has clearly touched him, but as he looks round the cave, reality starts to sink in.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Now... I just need to work out how we're going to get away from here.

As Chris continues to scan the cave for anything that could help his current predicament, we cut back to:

A ventilation shaft POPS open in another of the long, plain corridors, and Lizzie slides deftly out of it. Checking that the coast is clear she waves for Twist to follow.

LIZZIE

(points)

The Occult Research department is that way. You go and tell Julie we're getting out of here, I'll find Danyael.

TWIST

Check.

LIZZIE

And be careful. You can't get stuck into a fight with these people - they'll just keep throwing more guards at you until you drop. Hit fast and run.

TWIST

Important safety tip, thanks. Not my style, but thanks anyway.

The girls separate, and we follow Twist as she scampers down the corridor.

She hears a pair of lab assistants approaching and ducks into a doorway out of sight, waiting for the oblivious staff members to pass her before she heads on.

She pauses at one junction as she hears two people talking round the corner, and as she listens in she realises it's Parker and Leese.

PARKER

What do you mean, 'escaped'?

LESSE

It was Lizzie again. She just swooped right in and snatched from under my nose.

PARKER

(displeased)

You're making a habit of losing your star patients, professor. Maybe it's time I reviewed your contract with us?

LEESE

You can't expect me to fight off a psychic of Lizzie's power, Angus!

PARKER

No, but I can expect you to try a wee bit harder!

Twist has heard enough, so she takes a step back - but bumps straight into a huge security guard!

She starts to swing a fist round, but the guard is ready with a taser, jabbing it into her side and SHOCKING her.

Twist convulses and drops to the floor, just as Parker and Leese race round the corner, attracted by the commotion.

LEESE

What in the...

Parker grins as the guard finally switches off the taser and lets Twist slump limply to the floor.

PARKER

I think the gods just handed you a second chance to finish your work, professor!

They look down on the stunned Twist, before we cut to:

Twist is sitting in a chair, hands round behind her back, head slumped forward. A plain table sits before her.

She awakes with a start, blinking as she comes to her senses and struggling to get up - she's been bound to the chair.

She tries in vain to get free, looking round the pure white, featureless room she's in, before a door opens out of the wall facing her, and Parker steps in.

He nods a greeting to her and pulls up a chair on the other side of the table, dropping a thick folder of notes down before him.

PARKER

Have they made sure you're comfortable in here, Miss McFadden?

TWIST

Don't 'Miss McFadden' me, you crap-bashing ass monkey! The second I get out of this chair, I'm gonna-

PARKER

You'll do exactly as you're told, unless you want your boyfriend to end up as my next test subject down in the basement. You do remember what kinds of things I do down there, don't you?

Twist falls silent - she remembers. Parker opens the folder and starts to lay a series of sheets and glossy photos out on the table before her.

TWIST

What's all this?

He points to the relevant sheet or photo as he speaks:

PARKER

Cave painting, Alaska. Woodcut, Seventeenth century France. Persian scrolls, fifth century. Temple markings, modern day Puerto Rico.

TWIST

Holiday photos? Thanks, but the thought of you in Speedos is more than my tiny little mind can handle right now.

PARKER

Prophecies. Manuscripts. Fortunes. Destiny.

TWIST

All nice, big words. Well done. Are we approaching a point at all?

PARKER

They're all about you.

Twist shuts up, and Parker leans forward.

PARKER (cont'd)  
And I intend to find out exactly  
what is so special about you...  
even if I have to cut you open  
myself to do it.

Parker stands, leaving the files and looking down on the pensive features of Twist.

PARKER (cont'd)  
Make yourself comfortable. We'll be  
getting started soon, and I plan on  
taking my time to find the answers  
I'm looking for.

With a final, victorious smirk, Parker turns and marches back out of the room, and as the door closes and seals Twist back inside, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**