

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

"Sundown"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. VALLEY - NIGHT 1

Looking down across a dark, quiet valley town, with the glittering lights of the small town standing out against the gloom all around.

But are those SCREAMS we can hear?

2 EXT. TOWN LIMITS - NEXT 2

Closer to the town, and those aren't the streetlights - those are FLAMES. The town is quite remote but large enough to manage a small airfield, a train station and a cluster of large buildings - but the whole city is in flames!

The WAILS of emergency service sirens filter up towards us as we push in closer, the flashing red and blue lights of fire trucks, ambulances and police cars tearing around the streets.

3 EXT. TOWN CENTRE - NEXT 3

In the middle of the large town square, it's like we've been thrown straight into a disaster movie - a tall memorial monument rises before us, but all around that, every building large or small is ablaze, with crowds of panicking citizens racing across the streets.

Fire crews battle valiantly against the flames, but their jets of water aren't having any effect on the flames licking up at the night sky and devouring everything in their path.

And then, with a tremendous ROAR and a CRASH, a colossal SKORPIONE stumbles into frame, its huge, insectoid carapace slamming awkwardly into the monument and reducing it to rubble.

Its long, jet black tail sweeps round, SPEARING into a fire truck - and lifting it up into the air!

Terrified citizens scatter, running for their lives as the hulking monster casually TOSSES the fire truck away, letting out another HOWL as the truck slams into another burning building - and EXPLODES!

Staying with the townsfolk as they run from the creature, they all suddenly skid to a halt, backing up and forming a solid mass of bodies, scared out of their wits...

... and facing a grinning VIVIAN, who stands at the head of an equally huge pack of snarling VAMPIRES.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN
 (to vampires)
 Alright, everyone... lunch time!
 You catch it, you eat it!

The vampires CHARGE to populace, and although the panicking citizens try to run for cover, the vampires are on them in seconds, fangs sinking into necks to a chorus of agonised CRIES for help.

On top of a wide, flat roof overlooking the city, a tall figure wrapped in a long, scarlet coat watches the chaos below, SMOKE puffing from a cigar between his lips.

The monstrous ROARS of the Skorpione can be heard as something else EXPLODES, and the streets leading into the residential areas are quickly swarmed by vampires, running towards the modest homes and CHEERING with glee.

A second figure joins the first on the rooftop, but the tall man doesn't turn round.

VIVIAN (O.S.)
 What are you doing waiting all the way up here? You're missing a hell of a night down there!

The man turns - and it's MANON. He grins as Vivian comes to stand beside him, the duo looking out across the chaos of the town below.

Vivian is splattered with several other people's blood, and looks out of breath - but she can't take that smile off her face. She's having a great time.

MANON
 I prefer not to get my 'ands dirty unless it becomes unavoidable.

VIVIAN
 Oh, right. I'll be sure to remember that next time you want somebody killed.

She grins at him, and Manon chuckles, taking another drag off his cigar before passing it to her.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
 So why this place? I mean, there's plenty of bigger towns we could've hit on the way back to Boston, right?

MANON

Small steps. Your army needs to feed, and my creatures need to let off a little steam so that they will sleep through the next transportation phase.

VIVIAN

You always this organised with your plans for world domination?

MANON

It is my first time. I am still learning.

Vivian passes the cigar back, stretches her arms lazily and exhales.

VIVIAN

Well, I gotta get back to the mouth of madness down there. People to kill, stuff to blow up - you know how it is.

MANON

I do. Tell your vampires we will leave 'ere within the 'our, so make sure nobody is left alive by then.

VIVIAN

Somehow, I'm not seeing that being a problem. Later.

She spins on her heel and marches away, eager to get back to the slaughter below, and as Manon takes another slow drag on his cigar, closing his eyes and letting the sounds of destruction below wash over him, we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NEXT MORNING

The town below is in ruins. No building is left standing or untouched by fire, and bodies litter the streets.

Another tall figure, this one wrapped in a dark duster coat, strides into frame, looking out across the wastes below.

DIEGO (O.S.)

There is nobody left, *senor* Sanctus.

The man turns - this is SANCTUS, and his heavy expression tells the whole story as DIEGO walks into frame to join him.

DIEGO (cont'd)

Whoever was not killed in the fire became food for the vampires.

(CONTINUED)

SANCTUS

And it looks like Manon has managed to summon another of those skorpione creatures.

DIEGO

Si. Either that or a mobile wrecking ball with claws.

Sanctus inhales deeply, scanning the desolation with a troubled brow.

SANCTUS

How does he keep staying one step ahead of us?

DIEGO

If I knew that, I would make sure it didn't happen again.

Sanctus stares out for another beat, then turns and walks away from the roof.

SANCTUS

Let's keep moving. I'm not going to let him do this to another town.

As Sanctus marches purposefully towards us, away from the edge, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 INT. PARKER'S LAB - GUEST ROOM - MORNING 6

An alarm clock BEEPS insistently until a hand reaches into frame, trying to knock it off but only succeeding in SWATTING the clock from the bedside table.

With a GROAN, the bed-haired form of DANYAEL emerges from under the covers, blinking blearily and rubbing his eyes.

DANYAEL

Whatever happened to being nocturnal? I was good at that...

Danyael takes a moment to come round, then throws back the covers, forcing a cut to:

7 INT. LAB - CORRIDOR - NEXT 7

Dressed and washed, ut not necessarily any more awake, Danyael strolls down the plain white corridor, nodding a greeting to two white lab-coated technicians he passes.

He comes to a pair of glass doors leading into another section of the lab, and pushes them open to step into:

8 INT. LAB - OCCULT RESEARCH DEPT. - NEXT 8

Danyael makes a few more greetings as he approaches JULIE, who is standing before an archive terminal and scrolling through many slides of old newspaper pages.

DANYAEL

Morning.

She turns, blinks, then looks at her watch.

JULIE

Crap.

DANYAEL

Up all night again?

JULIE

Looks that way.

DANYAEL

So you've picked up plenty of bad habits from hanging round us lot, huh?

Julie manages a grin, then heads back over to another lab table, this one covered with glass boxes, each one holding a small stone tablet.

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL (cont'd)
Any word from Chris yet?

JULIE
Nothing. You know I'm trying not to worry, but...

DANYAEL
Yeah, I know. I haven't seen Twist all night either, so I'm in the same kind of holding pattern.

Julie SIGHS, rubbing her eyes.

JULIE
Why do we let them do this to us?

DANYAEL
Because nobody else is patient enough to worry about them the way we do. Secretly, they couldn't live without it.

Julie nods, YAWNING and blinking blearily.

JULIE
I never worked out why your body only feels tired when it knows it hasn't slept. Why is that?

DANYAEL
Asking the wrong guy. I'm a vampire who's trained himself to sleep at night, so I feel tired, like, all the time.

JULIE
You and me both, Danny, you and me both.

DANYAEL
Is it worth checking on Parker and seeing if he's heard anything?

JULIE
I tried that, but all I got was his PA telling me he was down in one of the research labs and wasn't to be disturbed.

Danyael frowns, glancing round the lab and then leaning in closer to Julie.

DANYAEL
Can we do anything to check up on Chris without Parker knowing?

JULIE

I could try looking on the intranet, see if anything's been logged.

DANYAEL

Okay, do that. I'm gonna go look for Twist again.

JULIE

I'm sure she's fine. Chances are she's just found a snack machine and a pocket full of quarters, and isn't moving until she's tried everything in there!

Danyael manages half a grin, but his anxious expression is well justified as we cut to:

9 INT. SPECIAL PROJECTS DEPT. - NEXT

9

TWIST is strapped face down onto a long table, with a huge piece of sinister-looking lab equipment positioned over her.

She thrashes and struggles, but she's restrained at the wrists and ankles, her head leaning out over the edge of the table.

Observing her are DR. PARKER and PROFESSOR LEESE, along with several other technicians and lab assistants.

TWIST

Get me out of here! You hear me?

PARKER

It's hard not to hear you, lass, you haven't stopped screaming the place down since we brought you in here!

TWIST

Yeah, well, kidnapping and torture'll do that to a girl!

She struggles again, but she's secured too tightly. Parker allows himself a chuckle at her expense.

TWIST (cont'd)

Oh, that's right. Laugh it up, fuzball! The second I get out of here, I'm gonna turn your balls into a-

PARKER

(to assistant)
Start her up.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

Start what up? Hey!

A technician taps at the control panel of the bulky, crane-like device over Twist, and with a series of WHIRRS and CLICKS it lights up and starts to come to life.

Twist tries to turn her head to get a better look, but luckily for her she can't see a slender robotic arm extend from the nose of the device - and a rotating DRILL BIT slide out from the top of that!

TWIST (cont'd)

What the hell is that?!?

LEESE

Our latest experimentation device.
We used it quite successfully on
Miss Duncan several times.

Twist pales - remembering the scars Lizzie showed her when they were last together. She grits her teeth as the drill bit is lowered closer to the back of her neck.

TWIST

Alright, you monkey-screwing
science class reject bunch of
baumgartners, listen up! If you
don't let me out of this thing
right now, they're gonna have to
invent new words for the size of
the pieces I'm gonna tear you into,
so you'd better-

PARKER

Oh, spare me the tough talk, Twist.
It's not becoming in a woman of
your body weight.

Twist seethes, still fighting to get free as the drill bit pauses, inches above her neck.

Parker crouches down next to her, a malevolent glint in his eyes as he grins at her.

PARKER (cont'd)

There's a lot of secrets wrapped up
in that pretty little peroxide-
stained head of yours, lass, and I
intend to find out what they are.

TWIST

Why don't you let me up so I can
show you exactly what I'm thinking
of right now?

PARKER

I'd rather let your imagination
stay strapped down, if it's all the
same with you.

Parker stands, nodding to the technician who begins making
final adjustments on the lab machine.

PARKER (cont'd)

Lots of people tell me you're a
very important person, Twist. I
want to know why.

TWIST

It's the curse of being so
gorgeous. And it gives me an excuse
to stick my fist up your-

PARKER

(to technician)

Let's begin now, shall we? Before
her language earns us all an 'X'
rating!

The technician nods, and as he hits final button, the drill
bit starts to push down towards Twist's head again, aiming
directly for the base of her skull.

TWIST

What are you doing? No! Stop! Wait!
Wait!!

The drill bit starts to CUT into her, and as Twist SCREAMS we
cut back to:

Danyaël heads down another part of the lab complex, frowning.

DANYAEL

Damn it, Twist... where are you?

He comes to a perfectly smooth door in the wall - no handle,
no window and no identification. He runs his hands over the
panel, but if there's a way through he's not going to find
it. He steps back, rubbing his chin.

Two security guards walk past, and he does his best to look
casual, waiting until they're gone before pressing his ear to
the door panel.

He rolls his eyes and steps back - with his hearing, that
wasn't the best idea.

He studies the door for another few moments and then starts
to head back down the corridor.

LIZZIE (O.S.)
 (whispers)
 Psst! Danyael!

He turns - LIZZIE is waving to him, having opened a fire door just enough for him to see her.

DANYAEL
 Lizzie?

LIZZIE
 Come here, quick!

DANYAEL
 What for?

LIZZIE
 I know where Twist is, but we have to hurry!

DANYAEL
 (narrows eyes)
 How do I know I can trust you?

Lizzie HUFFS, then lifts her palm up towards Danyael - and to his alarm, he's DRAGGED towards her by an invisible force!

When he's close enough, she grabs him and pulls him out of sight with a YELP, shutting the fire door just before another set of security guards turn into the corridor.

A startled Danyael can only stare in amazement as Lizzie quickly jogs down the staircase to a lower level. She pauses, turning to see he isn't following her.

LIZZIE
 What are you waiting for? Come on!

DANYAEL
 But- how did you-

LIZZIE
 I got tired of waiting for you to make your mind up. Now do you want to help me save Twist or not?

That gets his attention. He hurries over to her, catching her up as she continues to patter down the stairs.

DANYAEL
 (urgent)
 'Save' her? From what? Is she in trouble?

LIZZIE

She's already in a lot of trouble,
but if we don't get to her fast
it's going to get a whole lot
worse.

DANYAEL

Why? Lizzie? Hey!

He GRABS her arm to stop her, but as she flicks her head round, Danyael finds himself SHOVED off his feet by invisible hands once again. Lizzie quickly steps over to help him up.

LIZZIE

Don't grab me like that!

DANYAEL

What the hell-

LIZZIE

Defence mechanism. Can't really
turn it off.

She turns away, but he grabs her arm again - lighter this time - and she turns back to him.

DANYAEL

(firm)

What's happened to Twist?

LIZZIE

Parker's got her down in the
Special Projects lab.

DANYAEL

Is that bad?

LIZZIE

(impatient)

Yes, it's bad, it's really god damn
bad! So come on!

This time, she grabs his arm and hurries back down the stairs, dragging him after her as we cut to:

The staircase leads out into a long, curved underground tunnel, with neon strip lighting and various heating and electrical pipes criss-crossing the ceiling.

Lizzie hurries down the corridor, her eyes flicking from side to side as she checks the numbers framed above the doorways they pass on the way.

DANYAEL

What's the 'Special Projects' lab?
What are they doing to Twist?

LIZZIE

Trust me, you're better off not
knowing.

DANYAEL

Lizzie!

With an annoyed HUFF, she stops and turns to face him.

LIZZIE

Alright, here's how it is. Dr.
Parker? Bad guy. Very bad guy.
Twist? Girl with psychic powers.

DANYAEL

She... what?

LIZZIE

Parker wants to cut her open to see
how she works, and the sooner you
stop asking me questions, the
quicker I can find her so that
doesn't happen!

She starts off again, with a now very confused Danyael having
to jog to catch her back up.

DANYAEL

Twist... Twist has... what?

LIZZIE

I'd rather let her explain it when
we find her.

DANYAEL

But-

She pauses, raising her hand to shut him up - someone's
coming. She glances towards a locked door to their left.

LIZZIE

In here.

DANYAEL

But it's...

Lizzie focuses her gaze on the lock - and it POPS open with a
loud CLICK.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

... locked.

Lizzie pushes the door open and shoves Danyael inside, closing it just as a squad of six heavily-armed TROOPS walk past - a marked step up in security from the patrols in the Lab upstairs.

After they're gone, the door opens a little, and once she's sure it's clear again Lizzie steps back out, with a shocked Danyael following her, his gaze locked on the contents of the room he's leaving.

DANYAEL (cont'd)
What... what was...

LIZZIE
Don't ask. The less you know, the better.

They move on, Lizzie finally coming to a stop outside a room labelled only with the number '2579.'

LIZZIE (cont'd)
This is it. Get ready.

DANYAEL
For what?

Lizzie turns to the door, raises her hand - and with a loud CRUNCH, the door is blasted straight off its hinges!

DANYAEL (cont'd)
(stunned)
Woah...

LIZZIE
Go!

She grabs him and pulls him through, into:

The duo burst into one of the Special Projects rooms - but all that's waiting for them is a tall, muscular black man in a grey uniform, flanked by six more troops sporting submachine-guns.

The troops train their guns on the duo in unison, and the black man allows himself a smug grin.

BLACK MAN
Sorry, Miss Duncan. We've moved things around a little since you were last here.

LIZZIE
(curses)
Crap.

BLACK MAN
 (to troops)
 Kill them.

To the backing of SpineShank's 'Asthmatic,' The troops OPEN FIRE, but Lizzie and Danyael are already moving - the room is filled with monitors, lab equipment and operating tables, providing plenty of cover as the duo duck behind a large console to avoid the hail of gunfire.

Danyael looks round for something to use as a weapon, shielding his face as monitors SHATTER above him, showering him with glass.

DANYAEL
Now what?

LIZZIE
 They must have known I was gonna
 come down here for her!

DANYAEL
 You think?!?

LIZZIE
 Distract them!

DANYAEL
 With what? My face?

LIZZIE
 Just think of something!

Danyael frantically reaches up, grabbing one of the bullet-ridden monitors and HURLING it back towards the troops.

The gunfire lets up for half a moment, but that's all the time Lizzie needs as she streaks out from behind the console.

The troops track her with more bullets, but she's fast enough to run around the room and get behind more cover, bursting out and POUNCING at the closest trooper.

There's a BLAZE of white energy and the soldier is thrown off his feet, crashing into his colleague and knocking them both down.

BLACK MAN
 What are you idiots doing? Shoot
 her!

Lizzie darts over to the next trooper, and in a blur of movement she grabs his gun, shoving the barrel down to point at his feet - just as he FIRES.

The man's boot EXPLODES as he blasts it, and his CRY of pain is cut off as Lizzie SLAMS her forearm into his throat.

She SHOVES him back as two more troopers rush her, and with balletic accuracy she ducks one clumsy blow, pirouetting and spinning her boot into one man's face with a loud CRACK.

She DUCKS impossibly quickly under another burst of GUNFIRE, racing over to the shooter and landing several PUNCHES in rapid succession, wrenching his gun out of his hands and SLAMMING the butt into his nose.

He drops, and she just turns in time to THROW the gun into the face of the last trooper, zapping over to him and flooring him with a ROUNDHOUSE KICK to his chest.

She reaches for his hip and draws his handgun out of his holster as he falls, spinning round on the spot...

... and coming face to face with the burly black man, his own gun drawn and pointed right at her. Lizzie's liberated gun is aimed right at his neck, and his points at hers.

BLACK MAN (cont'd)

Impressive stuff, Lizzie. Looks like you haven't spent the last few weeks just hiding from us!

LIZZIE

I'm a fast learner.

A beat as they psyche each other out.

BLACK MAN

So it looks like we have something of a standoff.

LIZZIE

Naah, we don't.

He frowns - and then with a SMASH, Danyael slams a chunk of ruined lab equipment across the back of his head!

The man groans and drops to his knees, and Lizzie quickly pulls his gun from his hand, grabbing him by the collar of his uniform.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

Where is she?

BLACK MAN

I'm not about to-

CRACK! She PUNCHES him smack on the bridge of his nose, breaking it in a spray of blood.

LIZZIE

Where. Is. She?

BLACK MAN

What are you going to do, Lizzie?
Kill me?

A beat - then Lizzie steps back, pushes her gun into the man's forehead - and FIRES.

A shocked Danyael watches his body slump to the floor, then he looks to Lizzie as she casually tosses her gun away.

LIZZIE

Since you asked me so nicely...

DANYAEL

Are you out of your mind?

LIZZIE

Wake up, Danyael! They tried to
kill us first!

DANYAEL

I don't care! You don't shoot an
unarmed man in the face, Lizzie!
That's just-

There's a soft FWIPP - and a small DART hits Lizzie in the neck! Her eyes roll back into her head and she CRASHES to the floor, and before Danyael can react:

PARKER (O.S.)

Rude?

He spins round - PARKER is in the doorway, lowering a small tranquiliser gun, and he's flanked by plenty more security guards and troopers. Danyael knows he's got nowhere to go, grimly raising his hands.

DANYAEL

What have you done to Twist?

PARKER

Oh, I'm only just getting started
with her, lad. But you'll make a
nice distraction.

He motions to the troopers, and as they march over to grab Danyael, handcuffing his arms behind his back, he throws one last defiant look at Parker before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14

EXT. ISLAND - SHORE - DAY

14

Back on the small island that has claimed the life of everyone who's tried to reach it - everyone except CHRIS, who crouches just at the edge of the surf, holding a piece of debris from one of the many shipwrecks littered along the shore.

He turns the piece of wreckage over in his hands a few times, then with a resigned sigh tosses it back into the water.

GIRL (O.S.)

You've been doing that for a long time now.

He turns round - the mysterious GIRL he met on the island is watching him from the cover of the trees nearby, keeping out of the sun up in the overcast sky, a shawl round her shoulders.

CHRIS

That's because there hasn't been much I've found to use yet. I've got everything I need except a decent hull.

GIRL

Would you like me to help?

CHRIS

No, I'm afraid I'm fresh out of cunning plans right now.

He looks down the shore - the shell of the powerboat he arrived on has reached the shore close by, and still looks serviceable - apart from the huge hole punched through the hull, that is.

CHRIS (cont'd)

If I could find something to seal up that hole that I thought would hold out, then I'm sure I could fashion some kind of makeshift raft for us, but as it is...

GIRL

Nothing will help.

CHRIS

No.

She lowers her head as Chris gets back to work, searching through the flotsam for anything he can salvage.

(CONTINUED)

GIRL

Would staying here be so bad?

He turns to her - she isn't looking at him, staring instead out across the beach.

GIRL (cont'd)

No-one has come in so long, and now... now I have you.

CHRIS

(cautious)

I'm flattered, but really, we should be getting off here and back to civilisation.

GIRL

Why?

CHRIS

I only ever saw one episode of 'Gilligan's Island,' and it looked like being a long way from any definition of 'fun' I know of.

He turns back to her - and reacts with surprise as he sees a TEAR roll down her cheek. He stares at her for a moment, not sure of what to do, before heading over to her.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Are you... are you alright?

GIRL

(nods)

Fine.

She SNIFFS and wipes the tear away, and Chris closes his eyes and sighs, knowing he's hurt her feelings.

CHRIS

I didn't mean to imply that I want to get away from you, I just-

GIRL

No, I know. Take me back to your home. Away from here. I understand.

CHRIS

It's for the best. After the... accidents that have happened here, the next people to find you might not be as open-minded as I am.

GIRL

Would they hurt me?

CHRIS

Possibly.

She pulls her shawl around her shoulders and SHIVERS.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Which is why I need to get us away
from here.

She nods, and he heads back to the beach, getting back to investigating the wreckage.

He searches for a few moments before he hears the Girl start to SING over to his left, and he turns to watch her.

Her eyes closed, she half sings, half hums a wordless melody, reaching out to lay a hand against the ruined hull of his powerboat.

However, as she continues to sing, something unexpected starts to happen - the hull starts to RATTLE, vibrating quickly and disturbing the sand around it.

Chris blinks in surprise, getting to his feet and looking on as the girl continues to sing.

The hull continues to shake - and then, with a chorus of CREAKS and GROANS, the broken chunks of hull start to BEND back in on themselves - sealing the hole!

Chris is stunned as the girl's song comes to a close, and as the hull stops shaking, she removes her hand from it and smiles to herself - the hole in the hull is completely closed off. She runs a hand across the hull, satisfied.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(stunned)

How did you-

GIRL

It's what I can do. I sing to
things, and they listen to me.

Chris walks over and inspects the hull, rapping his fist against it - it's solid.

CHRIS

That's incredible...

GIRL

Did it work?

CHRIS

Yes, of course it...

He trails off, looking to the girl with a frown.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)
Can't you see it?

The girl only smiles, turning and starting to walk away from him - and as something dawns on Chris, he turns to watch her leave with a thoughtful expression as we cut back to:

15 INT. LAB - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

15

SLAP! Danyael's bruised face reels from a fresh, stinging blow across his cheek, and as he shakes his head to recover, he glares back up at his attacker.

He's tied to a chair in the same small room Twist learned of Parker's true intentions in, with the still-sleeping Lizzie tied up alongside him.

Striding around the two chairs is a well-built man with ex-military written all over him - this is MELLISH, all close cropped hair and chiselled jaw.

DANYAEL
Okay, okay, you're obviously new to all this, so maybe I should explain a few things to you.

Mellish doesn't answer, continuing to pace in a circle around the two captives.

DANYAEL (cont'd)
See, you've got the two prisoners tied up, that's all good. You've done the preliminary roughing up, that's good too. Thing is, you're forgetting something.

Mellish stops before Danyael, arms folded.

MELLISH
And that is?

DANYAEL
(grins)
Vampire strength.

Danyael HEAVES at the ropes tying him down - but all he manages to do is unbalance his chair, and with a CRASH it tips over to the floor.

Mellish chuckles as he pulls Danyael's chair upright, SMACKING Danyael across the back of the head for good measure.

MELLISH
(mutters)
Chump...

(CONTINUED)

Danyaël seethes for a moment before the door to the plain grey room opens, and Parker steps in, followed by another lab assistant with a syringe in her hand.

PARKER

Sorry to keep you both. Things to do, you know how it is.

DANYAEL

Oh, you'd better not be here when I get out of this cha-

CRACK! Mellish PUNCHES Danyaël right across the jaw.

PARKER

(beat; to Mellish)
Thank you.

The lab assistant heads over to Lizzie, inserting the syringe into her neck and injecting her with the golden substance inside. She steps back as Lizzie GROANS and starts to stir, raising her head and blinking against the harsh lighting.

PARKER (cont'd)

Awake at last, Miss Duncan?

LIZZIE

(groggy)
What... what did you...

PARKER

A little insurance policy. You see, one of the benefits of all that admittedly painful testing we did on you was the remarkably effective antiserum I just had administered to you. It'll block your telekinetic abilities for several hours, so there's no chance of you getting up and running out on our wee discussion here.

DANYAEL

Are you gonna tell me what's going on here? I mean, I think I've worked out by now that you're the quarterback for Team Evil, but I'm still trying to get my head round the 'why.'

Parker bends over to look the seated Danyaël dead in the eye.

PARKER

(cold)
Because creatures like you are nothing but trash.

He straightens, pacing back and forth before the captives.

PARKER (cont'd)

You're a disease, you vampires.
Nothing more. You infect a human
organism and mutate it into some
kind of base animal, fit to live
only off the life of others. Your
kind have no right being on this
planet, and the sooner I find a way
to wipe you all out, the better.

DANYAEL

So why not just kill me?

PARKER

Because, for whatever reason, the
self-proclaimed vampire
'underground' looks up to you, lad.
Lots of the test subjects I've
taken apart in my labs have
mentioned your name, and now I
finally have the pleasure of your
undivided attention, I'm going to
make sure I find a use for you.

Lizzie's head lolls to one side - she's clearly still knocked
for six from the effects of the tranquiliser.

DANYAEL

What, you think I'm going to work
for you? Forget it!

PARKER

Oh, you're going to work for me, my
boy, and what's more, you're going
to like it.

Parker leans in close again.

PARKER (cont'd)

I can cut your girlfriend up into
so many pieces, the next Ice Age
would roll over the world before
you were able to put her back
together again.

Danyael shoots daggers at Parker, who chuckles.

PARKER (cont'd)

So what's going to happen is this:
you agree to help me locate as many
of these 'rebel' vampires as you
can so that I can exterminate them,
and in return I'll let Twist live.

DANYAEL

No way.

PARKER

(surprised)

You'd sacrifice her for your own
pride?

DANYAEL

No, I just have absolutely no
reason at all to trust you. You're
just gonna have to kill me.

Parker stares back at him, then nods, turning to Mellish.

PARKER

See if you can't persuade him to
reconsider my kind offer.

(to Danyael)

I'll be back in an hour to see if
you've changed your mind.

DANYAEL

Don't waste your time.

Parker heads for the door, but stops as Danyael calls out:

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Hey, Parker?

He turns, and Danyael grins broadly.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

I'm gonna laugh when Twist rips
your throat out, you sick sonofa-

POW! Mellish drives his elbow into Danyael's gut, and with a
final smirk Parker shuts the door and leaves as the beating
starts up again, and we cut to:

Chris heads back into the cave the girl calls home, finding
her over by the small fire. He takes a seat next to her,
joining her in staring into the flames for a moment.

CHRIS

Have you always been blind?

She nods, keeping her eyes on the fire.

GIRL

For all I can remember.

CHRIS

How far back is that?

GIRL
I do not know.

She pauses, then turns to Chris, reaching a hand out to touch his own.

GIRL (cont'd)
Can I... ask you something?

CHRIS
What?

GIRL
Don't have a name. Never have. The men who took me, brought me in their ship and were lost when we came here, they... they only ever called me 'the target.'

CHRIS
What 'men'?

The girl stands quickly and moves away from him, clearly reliving a distressing memory.

GIRL
Don't want to remember. Hurt me. Put me in a small place, dark and smelling of death.

She SHIVERS again as Chris comes to stand behind her.

CHRIS
It's alright. That doesn't sound like a memory you're too keen on recalling, so we'll save it for another time.
(beat)
Are you asking me to give you a name?

The girl turns to him, managing to smile again.

GIRL
Would you?

CHRIS
Well, I... I don't know, I've never... I mean...

She presses her hands against his chest, her big blue eyes staring in his direction.

GIRL
(softly)
Please...

Chris frowns - this isn't exactly the kind of thing he's good at - but then a thought strikes him.

CHRIS
Alright, how about... 'Siren'?

GIRL
With a 'y'? It would look better.

CHRIS
(beat)
Okay... why not.

The newly christened SYREN beams, the kind of smile that could melt a man's heart - but Chris takes his chance to take a step back.

CHRIS (cont'd)
I take it you're happy with that.

SYREN
(nods)
Good name. Different.

CHRIS
After what I saw you do on the beach, it struck me as quite appropriate.

SYREN
It is perfect. Thank you.

CHRIS
So... is that what you were talking about? When you said you just 'sang' and things... happened?

SYREN
Don't know why, don't know how. Just always been able to do it.

CHRIS
Well, I for one am glad you can, because I think you just managed to make us a raft.

SYREN
Then... then we can go? Back to your home?

CHRIS
Hopefully, yes.

With a short LAUGH of joy, she sweeps past him and dashes out of the cave, leaving Chris behind - and his look darkens.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(mutters)

What the bloody hell have you gotten yourself mixed up in this time, Christopher?

As he starts to follow Syren out, we cut back to:

17 INT. LAB - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

17

Danyaël HOWLS in pain as Mellish drags a bloody KNIFE back out of his chest, with more cuts on Danyaël's skin showing this has been going on for some time.

Mellish casually checks his watch as the exhausted Danyaël slumps forward in his chair.

MELLISH

Well, would you look at that. I'm ahead of schedule - I've still got thirty-seven whole minutes to keep this up!

Mellish moves over to the still-groggy Lizzie, grabbing her hair and lifting her head up.

MELLISH (cont'd)

Reckon I should give you a rest and start on the lady now?

DANYAEL

No!

Mellish chuckles and drops Lizzie's head.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

No. Leave her. Whatever you're going to do, do it to me.

MELLISH

You're a brave little piece of vamp trash, aren't you?

Danyaël SPITS out a mouthful of blood before replying.

DANYAEL

People who know me would probably use the word 'stupid,' but it's whatever works for you.

Mellish grins - but the grin starts to fade as he grips his knife tightly again, grabbing Danyaël's hair and forcing his head back.

Mellish presses the knife against Danyaël's throat, digging the blade into his milk white skin.

(CONTINUED)

MELLISH

Always wondered what'd happen if I cut a vamp's throat... would you bleed to death or just sit there and... gurgle?

LIZZIE

(slurred)
You know something?

Mellish glances at Lizzie, who is managing to raise her head with some effort and look at him.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

I just realised something... pretty cool, actually.

MELLISH

And what would that be?

Lizzie blinks, trying to keep her focus on Mellish.

LIZZIE

That even when I'm shot full of tranquiliser... I can still... do this.

SNAP! Mellish's arm suddenly BREAKS halfway along his forearm, and with a CRY of pain he drops his knife.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

And this...

Mellish is THROWN against the wall, his limbs splayed out as though some invisible force is pressing him into the plaster.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

And even this...

Mellish starts to CHOKE, trying to bring a hand round to his throat but finding the force holding him down is too strong.

DANYAEL

(wary)
Lizzie...

He turns to her, but her face is twisting with anger, her concentration all on Mellish as the bones in his neck start to CRACK under the pressure.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Lizzie! That's enough! Let him down!

Danyael manages to swing his foot out far enough to KICK her, breaking her concentration - and Mellish drops to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

Danyaël looks over to Mellish - his eyes are bulging and his chest is still. He's dead. Danyaël lowers his head.

DANYAEL (cont'd)
You didn't have to kill him.

LIZZIE
Yeah, I did. Hold on...

Lizzie frowns - and the ropes binding her fall away.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
There!

She suddenly SLUMPS forward, collapsing onto the floor.

DANYAEL
Hey! Lizzie! Lizzie, come on, wake up! You have to get me out too!

LIZZIE
(scowls; clutches head)
Alright, stop yelling...

Lizzie looks to Danyaël - and his bonds drop away too. He gets up, a little unsteady after the beating he took, but he manages to scoop Lizzie up, throwing her over his shoulder and heading for the door.

It's locked, but a quick search of Mellish's body turns up the keys, and Danyaël opens the door to stare out into the corridor beyond.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
Now what?

DANYAEL
Now, we find Twist and Julie and we get the hell out of this place, before anything else goes wrong.

LIZZIE
(nods)
Good plan...

Danyaël takes a breath, then hustles out of the door, and as he SLAMS it after him, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18

EXT. ISLAND - SHORE - DAY

18

Chris stands on what has now become a makeshift raft - the hull from his boat has a short mast fixed to its centre, salvaged from the remains on the beach, and a tattered sail hangs from that. It's taken him a few hours, but it's as good as finished now.

Chris tosses two pairs of oars into the raft for good measure, then stands back to inspect his work. Syren is standing under the cover of the trees, watching him.

SYREN

Is it done?

CHRIS

We haven't got to travel very far, so this should do the trick. I'm still not sure why you didn't try to do this yourself before now, though, especially with the powers you demonstrated for me!

SYREN

(guilty)

I was... scared.

CHRIS

Scared of what?

SYREN

More men. Others, like the ones who took me. They could be waiting, looking for me to try and leave. Safer to stay here, where they can't find me. Bring somebody here to be with me instead.

CHRIS

While I admire your caution, that's no way to live your life.

SYREN

It was working.

Chris half-smiles and heads over to her.

CHRIS

We're ready to go.

SYREN

What should I bring? I mean... I don't have much.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

It didn't look like you had a great deal to your name, but I think we can safely load a few bags onto that raft without worrying about it sinking.

SYREN

What do you think I will need?

CHRIS

Some clothes, any belongings you like to have around, that kind of thing. I'm sure I can get you anything else you might need when we get back to the mainland.

He starts to walk past her, heading for her cave, but she reaches out and grabs his arm to stop him.

SYREN

You won't... you wouldn't hand me back to them, would you?

CHRIS

I don't even know who 'they' are, Syren, so the answer is 'no.'

SYREN

Promise? Promise not to take me back to anybody?

A beat - Chris looks into her baby blues and tries to decide if he should tell her about Parker or not.

CHRIS

I promise.

Oh, he's going to the special Hell.

Julie is alone in her office, staring at her computer terminal as she runs through some lab reports.

She hears a TAPPING coming from somewhere in the room, and starts to look round for the source of the noise.

DANYAEL O.S.)

Julie! Up here!

Julie frowns, then starts to look up - and sees Danyael looking down on her from behind the air vent in the ceiling.

JULIE

Danyael? Why are you in my ceiling?

DANYAEL

Long story. Is it safe to come out?

JULIE

Uh... yeah, I guess.

Danyael's face pops back, then with a series of CLICKS, the air vent cover falls open, hanging from the ceiling as Danyael clumsily lowers himself into the office.

Julie watches him, trying to figure out what's going on as Danyael lands with his customary lack of grace.

JULIE (cont'd)

Alright, I'm intrigued.

DANYAEL

Get down!

Danyael quickly pulls Julie down behind her desk, out of sight, and she notices his battered appearance at last.

JULIE

What happened to you?

DANYAEL

We can't stay here. It isn't safe.

JULIE

What isn't safe?

DANYAEL

Just trust me! Parker's a bad guy. A very bad guy. And he's got Twist.

JULIE

(frowns)

What? That doesn't... what do you mean, he's 'got' Twist?

Danyael pokes his head up, scanning the office and the empty department outside before ducking back down.

DANYAEL

Lizzie explained it all to me, the two of us were-

JULIE

(surprised)

Lizzie? As in Lizzie Duncan?

DANYAEL

(glares)

'Were tortured by one of Parker's goons,' is what I was about to say!

JULIE

(beat)

Oh.

DANYAEL

We have to find out where they're keeping Twist, and then get the hell out of Dodge before anybody notices we're gone. I reckon we've got about...

(checks watch)

... twenty minutes before Parker comes back and finds we've escaped that cosy little interrogation room he was keeping us in.

JULIE

(incredulous)

'Interrogation room'? Danny, this all seems kind of...

DANYAEL

Don't you believe me? Look at my face, Jules!

(points)

Actual cuts and bruises!

JULIE

I know, I know, it's just... well, I've heard plenty of things about Lizzie since I started here. I don't think you can trust her.

DANYAEL

Yeah, I used to think that too, 'till she saved my life just before this psycho with a bowie knife could slit my throat to see what happened.

JULIE

(beat)

Maybe we should find Twist now.

DANYAEL

Yeah, good idea!

Julie thinks for a beat, then as a plan hits her she takes out her cell phone, turning to Danyael.

JULIE

Alright, stay here, I'll see what I can do. And if anybody comes into the office, hide!

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

She gets up and hurries out of frame, and as Danyael takes a moment to catch his breath, we cut to:

20 INT. LAB - BASEMENT CAR PARK - NEXT

20

A black truck is parked up near a pair of bay doors, and as Parker leads the way out, he holds the doors open so two technicians can wheel a gurney through - and Twist is strapped to the gurney!

She looks delirious, writhing from side to side - and still shackled in place - and her eyes are clamped shut.

There are more technicians and several armed troopers waiting in the back of the truck, and Parker gives out instructions as they load her into the truck.

PARKER

Make sure you keep her sedated until we get to the test site. Normal anaesthetics won't have any effect on her, so use that admaston extract sparingly.

His staff nod their understanding as Parker makes his way round to the truck's cab, climbing inside:

21 INT. TRUCK - CAB - CONTINUOUS

21

He turns to the driver, another gruff trooper.

PARKER

Let's go. We want to be there in time for sunset.

The driver nods, starts the truck's engine and pulls away, as we cut back to:

22 INT. LAB - CORRIDOR - NEXT

22

Julie walks quickly down another part of the lab, flashing a friendly smile to two security guards she passes but quickly getting back to business once they're gone.

She heads for a door marked 'Security Control,' and pushes it open to enter:

23 INT. LAB - SECURITY CONTROL - NEXT

23

A bald-headed GUARD is sitting at the control desk, his feet up and a newspaper across his lap. A wall of monitors is laid out before him, and he turns to Julie as she steps inside.

JULIE

(warm smile)
Hi there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JULIE (cont'd)

Uh, sorry to bother you, but you're the first guy I thought of to ask about this, uh...

(reads name tag)

... Doug.

GUARD

What can I do for you, Miss Kingston?

JULIE

Well, you remember that escaped test subject, Lizzie Duncan? I'm pretty sure I just saw her lurking down by the main power room on level three, so I thought I should let you know.

The guard gets out of his chair, grabbing his walkie-talkie.

GUARD

(into radio)

All units, all units, possible fugitive spotted on level three, respond at once!

He dashes out of the room as he speaks, leaving Julie by herself. She waits discretely for the door to close, then locks it and reaches into her lab coat pocket, taking out her cell phone.

JULIE

(into phone)

Hey, Neuro, are you still there? Good. Sorry about that, had to work up a diversion.

NEURO

(filtered; through phone)

That's cool. That's the kind of thing I'd rather leave to you people anyway!

She pulls up a chair before a small computer terminal, tapping in her password and bringing up a new screen.

JULIE

Alright, I'm into the network. What now?

NEURO

Just do exactly what I tell you. The further you get in, the easier you make my job.

She listens, following instructions and clicking on folders and menus until she reaches an 'Enter Password' screen.

JULIE

That's as far as I can go. Is this the part where I leave you to do your thing?

NEURO

Sure is. Leave the phone on top of the terminal, I'll see if I can hack into the wireless network and run some decryption software from there.

She places the handset on top of the computer's tower, then glances anxiously back towards the door. On the screen, menus and screens flick past at rapid speed.

Julie scans the CCTV monitors, looking for any sign of Twist, but a sudden BEEP from the PC draws her attention.

The screen is displaying a series of six small windows, each one showing a paused piece of video footage - and as Julie peers in closer, they're all of Twist in the Special Projects room! Julie snatches her phone back up.

NEURO (cont'd)

You're seeing all this, I take it?

JULIE

(shocked)

Oh, my God! How did you find her?

NEURO

Keyword search. They've already archived all of these video files, but I think I can get the playback running...

The first video starts to play - and Julie watches in horror as the SCREAMING Twist thrashes around on the table she's tied to, and the huge piece of lab equipment lowers the drill bit towards her neck...

Julie looks away, sickened, and Neuro mercifully stops the video playback.

NEURO (cont'd)

Damn...

JULIE

Where is she now?

NEURO

Hold on...

More files and menus open, until Julie sees an e-mail titled 'Test Subject Transportation.'

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

(reads)

'Subject McFadden, T. Moved to test site C-13 at 5:45pm to begin exposure testing.'

Julie checks her watch - it's 5:53.

NEURO

I think you're gonna have to get your skates on if you want to catch up with her! You know where this 'C-13' site is?

JULIE

I think so, yeah. Neuro, I've-

NEURO

You've gotta go. Good luck.

She hangs up, quickly exiting all the windows and menus - just as the Guard re-enters. She tries to act casual.

GUARD

No sign of her. If she was in the area, she's long gone.

JULIE

Oh well. At least you checked!

Julie hurries out of the room, and as the Guard frowns, sensing that something wasn't quite right, we cut to:

Julie hurries back into her room, pulling down a set of blinds to shut out the rest of the department before heading back to her desk. Danyael stands, waiting for her.

JULIE

We've found her.

DANYAEL

Is she okay?

JULIE

(hesitates)

She's been moved off site. We need to get after her, quickly.

DANYAEL

Jules, what's wrong?

Julie steps to a locker and opens it taking out a bag and starting to load it with supplies - her trusty modified handgun, grenades, and anything else to hand.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Julie!

She turns to him at last, and her worried expression makes his heart sink a little further.

JULIE

Danny, we need to go.

DANYAEL

Alright, alright. Lizzie said she was going to get us some transport, so we need to get down to the car park to meet her.

Julie nods, closing her locker and heading for the exit, and as Danyael follows, we cut to:

25 EXT. LAKE HURON - DAY

25

Chris and Syren are now on their merry way on their small raft, but there isn't much wind to speak of, and the raft hasn't made it far from the island.

Chris frowns as he tries to arrange the sails to catch more wind, but the sorry state they're in isn't helping. He struggles with them for a few moments before Syren reaches up to grab his arm.

SYREN

Let me help.

He stares at her for a beat, then sits back down. Syren stands, tilting her head to one side and listening to the breeze around them.

She closes her eyes - and starts to SING. It's a simple melody, delivered in her husky voice, but as Chris watches, he's startled by the sails suddenly WHIPPING out into shape, hit by a sudden burst of energy!

Syren keeps singing, and the raft starts to RATTLE as whatever force she's producing washes over it, filling the sails and getting the raft on its way again.

Syren smiles as she feels the boat start to move again, but Chris' expression is more cautious as he watches her - just what is this girl?

26 INT. LAB - BASEMENT CAR PARK - DAY

26

Julie opens the main doors and leans out, checking that no-one's about before waving for Danyael to follow her. He's barely stepped through the doors when an ALARM starts to sound throughout the complex.

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL
Guess time's up...

JULIE
Where is she?

DANYAEL
I don't know, she just said to be
here and to wait for her.

Julie looks round, becoming more anxious as the alarms ring on. There's still no sign of Lizzie - and now they can hear FOOTSTEPS clattering up and down the staircases nearby.

JULIE
(urgent)
Danyael...

DANYAEL
She'll be here! Just another
minute, alright?

JULIE
We don't have 'another minute'!
We've got to find another way out
of here, before-

She stops as a black Jeep SCREECHES to a halt before them. They look up as the passenger door swings open - and an unconscious DRIVER slumps out.

LIZZIE
Get in!

Lizzie's at the driver's seat, and Danyael is quick to leap into the cabin, Julie more hesitant behind him.

Once they're inside, Julie shuts the door and Lizzie floors the gas, the Jeep tearing away out of frame as we cut to:

27 INT. JEEP - NEXT

27

As the Jeep bounces up the exit ramp and into a long, plain tunnel that leads back to the surface, Lizzie glances across at Julie.

LIZZIE
Hey, Julie.

JULIE
Uh... hey.

LIZZIE
Sorry about all the drama, but you
know how it is.

JULIE

I guess so...

DANYAEL

We didn't get to Twist, they
already took-

LIZZIE

Took her away, yeah, I know. I
picked up some chatter on this.

She lifts up the handset for the Jeep's CB radio unit,
passing it to Danyael as she focuses on driving.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

See if you can hear anything, I
lost the frequency they were on.

JULIE

Do you know where we've got to go?

LIZZIE

Test site C-13, right?

JULIE

Right. How did you-

LIZZIE

(grins)

Julie, come on. I'm really psychic.

As Danyael continues to fiddle with the radio, we cut to:

Twist is still strapped down to the gurney, but the fever
seems to have passed, and she stirs with a GROAN.

TWIST

Brad, no... think about the baby...

The TROOPERS in the back with her nudge each other and laugh
at her as she finally drags herself out of her dream.

Twist manages to lift her head a little, surveying the people
around her with a darkening look.

TWIST (cont'd)

Oh. I'm still here.

She gets nothing but silent stares back from the troops, and
she flops back down on the gurney with a HUFF.

TWIST (cont'd)

Anybody ever teach you guys about
the importance of people skills?

She sits back up, fixing the nearest soldier with a glare.

TWIST (cont'd)

I'm gonna enjoy watching you try to
put your organs back in order after
I'm finished-

She stops as the truck JOLTS to a stop. The troopers stand, heading for the back of the section and opening the canvas flaps, as the lab assistants get ready to unload Twist.

TWIST (cont'd)

Hey, what's going on? Hey!

She starts to struggle again as she's lifted up and carried down out of the truck, out onto:

Twist finds the truck parked on top of a small hill with a commanding view of the surrounding area, cities and all - and the SUN setting in the sky overhead!

She SHRIEKS and tries to tear herself away from it, but before she's burnt by it a large black SHEET is lifted, protecting her from the sunset's rays.

She looks round - the sheet is fixed between two tall poles, and on our side of the sheet are three objects that look awfully like metal crucifixes!

Twist stares at the objects, the awful truth of what's about to happen slowly dawning on her as Parker looms over her.

PARKER

Welcome to the test site, lass.

TWIST

(snaps)

Baise toi, baumgartner!

PARKER

(tuts)

Language like that won't get you anywhere, my dear! There's no point trying to fight us now. You won't get very far, and we have a lot of very important tests to run before the sun goes down!

As a horrified Twist looks to the crucifixes again, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

30

EXT. LAKE HURON - EARLY EVENING

30

The sun is setting overhead as Chris and Syren's raft sails on, with an actual wind now pushing the raft forward. Chris is using one oar as a makeshift rudder.

SYREN

What is it like?

CHRIS

What?

SYREN

Your world. The place you come from.

CHRIS

No different to the one you came from, I expect.

SYREN

Wouldn't know.

She moves closer, and Chris seems a little awkward all of a sudden as she cosies up beside him.

CHRIS

Er...

SYREN

Tell me about your home.

CHRIS

(beat)

I'm from a place called England. Do you know where that is?

SYREN

European monarchy. Population sixty million, four hundred and forty-one thousand, four hundred and fifty-seven. GDP one trillion, eight hundred and sixty-seven billion dollars.

Chris eyes her - but the outburst of information doesn't seem unusual to her, as she leans her head against Chris' shoulder.

CHRIS

That's... right. You're going to have to tell me how you do that soon, you know.

(CONTINUED)

SYREN

Tell me more.

CHRIS

I'm from a place called Edgbaston, which is in a larger area known as Birmingham.

SYREN

What is it like?

CHRIS

Quiet. It's one of the more upmarket parts of the city, if I do say so myself - plenty of trees. More trees than people, in fact.

SYREN

It sounds beautiful.

CHRIS

So speaks the girl who's never had to drive through Handsworth to get there...

Chris grins at his own regional humour, but sees that the joke is lost on Syren.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Do you remember anything at all about where you're from?

SYREN

Not much. A few flashes of pictures. Sounds. A tall building with a spire. People, their faces covered with dark cloth. And animals, dozens of animals, all in cages. Crying, wanting to be free...

She starts to SHIVER, and Chris puts an arm round her on reflex to comfort her.

CHRIS

Maybe it's best if we avoid thinking about your past for a little while.

SYREN

Sorry. Didn't mean to be...

CHRIS

It's alright.

SYREN

(beat)

Will you protect me?

Chris isn't sure how to answer, and even less sure where to look as Syren turns to face him.

CHRIS

I... well, I...

SYREN

(smiles)

Is that 'yes'?

CHRIS

I'm not sure what you need protecting from just yet. Why don't we wait until I've figured that out before I start making any promises?

Syren seems satisfied, resting her head on him again.

SYREN

Is it much further?

CHRIS

It shouldn't be...

And as if to answer, a bank of FOG up ahead starts to clear as the raft bobs slowly towards it - revealing the bright city lights of Detroit up ahead. Chris grins.

CHRIS (cont'd)

There. Not long now.

Chris can even see more boats heading out from the bay in the distance, but his relief at the impending rescue is a stark contrast as we cut to:

With the black sheet still up against the sun, Twist is fighting, kicking and screaming as the troopers try to manhandle her up onto the crucifix-shaped device.

TWIST

Let go of me! Put me down! I swear to God, the second I get out of this I'm gonna wrap all your tongues together and play swingball with your-

PARKER

(mocking)

Miss McFadden, please!

TWIST

Don't you 'Miss McFadden' me, you
crap-gargling butt nugget!

Parker grins - then PUNCHES Twist hard in the gut. She doubles up with a wheeze, and the troopers quickly fasten her to the device, tied at the wrists and ankles.

They step back as Parker stands before her. She struggles, but it's the same old story - tied up too tight.

TWIST (cont'd)

Alright, alright, I get it now. Tie the funny vampire to a stick and watch what happens when you expose her to sunlight. You gonna try feeding me after midnight next?

PARKER

(chuckles)

If there's anything left of you after we're done today, I'll be very surprised!

Twist looks up at the sheet, seeing the glare of the evening sun through it and biting her lip. She's trying not to show her fear, but the cracks are starting to show.

TWIST

Look, Parker, you're a reasonable guy, right? Why don't we find some other way we can do this?

PARKER

There is no other way, I'm afraid.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out a tattered old scroll, opening it out to read from it.

PARKER (cont'd)

(reads)

'And the vampyre shall face the sun at dusk, and she shall burn again and again, but yet she shall not die, for she is the one with the power in her blood.'

Twist throws Parker an incredulous look as he puts the manuscript away.

TWIST

A prophecy? You actually believe that crap? That's the medieval equivalent of Christmas cracker jokes!

PARKER

That's what I used to think, but recent events have made me change my mind.

TWIST

Events like what? You eat too many doughnuts, get a sugar high and hallucinate or something?

PARKER

I wouldn't expect you to understand. Those destined for greater things rarely understand their part in it all.

TWIST

The only thing I'm destined to do is ram my baseball bat up your ass and feed you to something big and ugly, like a freakin' human corn dog!

Parker turns to one of his assistants, clearly amused by her defiant vitriol.

PARKER

That's anger. We've already had bargaining and denial, so two more stages to go, I think!

Parker heads over to the other assistant, who is waiting by the poles holding up the black sheet.

TWIST

Okay, okay, wait, wait. I think there's been some kind of major misunderstanding here...

PARKER

(ignores her; to assistant)

Let's get started. Drop the sheet in five.

TWIST

You're making a big mistake!

PARKER

Three...

TWIST

I'm not destined for anything! I'm just some dumb vampire who got lucky!

PARKER

One.

TWIST

Nooo!!

The sheet falls - and Twist BURSTS INTO FLAMES!

She SCREAMS as the sun's rays cook her - but after only a few seconds of exposure, the sheet raises again, cutting off the sunlight - and two troopers SPRAY her with fire extinguishers.

When the smoke clears, Twist sags in her restraints, her skin red and peeling, her breathing rapid and ragged.

Leese steps into frame with a clipboard, holding up a small electronic device and reading some numbers off it.

PARKER

Well?

LEESE

She's holding up better than expected.

PARKER

Good. Alright, let's get ready for the next exposure. We need to keep doing this in short bursts so we can test her reaction each time. According to the prophecies no matter how much we expose her to, she'll heal. I'd like to test that theory.

TWIST

No... please... stop...

PARKER

You can't stop scientific progress, Twist! We're about to debunk a number of supposedly major prophecies here, I'd have thought you'd be pleased!

Twist closes her eyes - and starts to shake as she lets out a single SOB.

TWIST

(weak)
Stop...

PARKER

(to assistant)
Ready? On three.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (4)

31

He counts down again, but Twist doesn't have the strength to shout back, and as the sheet FALLS again and Twist ERUPTS into flames with another agonised SCREAM, we cut to:

32 INT. JEEP - NEXT

32

Lizzie pulls off a main road with a SQUEAL of burning rubber, bouncing the jeep down a short incline and ending up on a dirt road, tearing towards the setting sun.

DANYAEL
How much further?

JULIE
Not far. Couple of miles, tops.

DANYAEL
(quietly)
Hang on, Twist...

LIZZIE
Do you have any idea what they were going to do to her?

JULIE
None.

DANYAEL
Whatever it is, we have to stop it.

Danyael's hands grip the dashboard, his knuckles whitening, and as a worried Julie watches him, we cut to:

33 EXT. LAKE HURON - SUNSET

33

Chris's raft BUMPS gently into the side of a larger fishing vessel, just on its way out.

Chris looks up as two puzzled FISHERMEN appear over the side of the ship, peering down on Chris as he stands, with Syren curled up at the rear of the raft.

FISHER #1
Uh... are you folks alright?

CHRIS
We had a little engine trouble, had to improvise. I don't suppose there's any chance you chaps could help us get to shore, is there?

SYREN
(murmurs)
Need to get back home.

The fishermen exchange a look, and we cut back to:

34 EXT. HILLTOP - SUNSET

34

The white mist of the fire extinguishers sprays across the frame again, and as it clears it shows that Twist is now a long way gone - her skin is starting to turn BLACK from the amount she's been burned.

She SHUDDERS, too wiped to even speak as Leese reaches up to take a scraping of some of the cracked skin on her leg.

Parker joins him, looking up at Twist's shaking form as she sags on the crucifix.

PARKER

I was expecting her to be dead by now. Most of our subjects don't last more than a few seconds of combined exposure. She's lasted ten so far.

Leese drops the skin sample into another device, waiting as it WHIRRS before a BEEP indicates its analysis is done.

LEESE

Remarkable...

PARKER

What?

LEESE

Her skin cells are still regenerating! I think there may be some truth in that scroll of yours after all...

PARKER

That's not possible. Give me that thing!

He SNATCHES the device away, but his eyebrows rise as he reads the same results.

PARKER (cont'd)

Well, well...

He shouts up to Twist, whether she can hear him or not.

PARKER (cont'd)

You're doing very well, Twist! Ninety-nine per cent of our other vampires are just ash on the ground by now, but I think we can push you a little further yet, can't we?

Twist manages to slowly raise her head, looking Parker dead in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

TWIST

F... f... fu... fu... fuc...

PARKER

(quickly)

Alright, everyone, let's get set up
for the next exposure!

Twist sags again, the effort of trying to cuss at Parker sapping the last of her strength, and as Parker moves back to the sheet we cut to:

35 INT. JEEP - NEXT

35

The Jeep is approaching the test site now, and Lizzie brings it to a halt at the top of a steep slope.

LIZZIE

This is the place. They should be
round here somewhere.

DANYAEL

I don't like this...

JULIE

There's nothing to like, Danny. If
Twist is out here...

He turns to her - she doesn't need to say how bad this could be for Twist.

Lizzie scans the countryside below them - and her eyes widen as she spots Parker's setup.

LIZZIE

(points)

There!

Danyael cranes forward to look - but is thrown back in his seat as Lizzie RAMS the Jeep into gear and stands on the gas, and as the Jeep hurtles down the hill, we cut to:

36 EXT. HILLTOP - NEXT

36

Parker stands by the sheet, watching Twist as the assistant behind him gets ready to drop it again.

PARKER

And on three. One... two... thr-

TROOPER

Look out!!

With a sudden ROAR as it comes into frame, the Jeep BLASTS onto the scene, bowling two of the troopers over as it skids to a halt - but it catches the sheet as it turns!

(CONTINUED)

The black sheet drops - and Twist SCREAMS again as she goes up in flames once more!

The other troopers OPEN FIRE on the Jeep as Lizzie, Danyael and Julie leap out, ducking for cover. Danyael sees the burning Twist, and his jaw drops in horror.

DANYAEL
(yells)
Twist!!

He starts to run towards her - but is hit by several BULLETS, collapsing back to the ground and shouting out in pain.

Julie drags him back behind the Jeep, bringing up her own gun to return fire over its hood. Her own face falls as she sees Twist thrashing around on the device.

JULIE
Oh, God! Twust!

LIZZIE
Go! Get her down! I'll cover you!

Lizzie SHOVES Julie forward as she breaks cover too, drawing the trooper's fire.

PARKER
Call for backup! Don't let them
take her!

Julie blinks, snapping out of her horrified trance and running towards Twist.

The troopers aim for her, but Lizzie sweeps her hand before her and they're both bowled off their feet.

PARKER (cont'd)
Get up, you bloody idiots!

Parker draws a HANDGUN of his own and SHOOTS - hitting Lizzie in the arm. She CRIES OUT and drops to one knee.

Julie grabs a fire extinguisher from the nearest fallen trooper and sprays Twist with it - but she's still in the path of the sun!

She looks round in a panic, ducking as more GUNSHOTS fly past her, courtesy of Parker.

Lizzie TACKLES Parker to the ground, tossing his gun away and taking the chance to land a few good PUNCHES before he manages to draw a taser, SHOCKING her with it.

Lizzie falls back as Julie races over to the Jeep, jumping into the driver's seat and slamming it into reverse.

Parker and Lizzie get back to their brawl, the beefy Parker proving he's no mean fighter as he ELBOWS Lizzie in the chest and SLAMS her to the ground.

Julie reverses the Jeep into the device holding Twist up, CRASHING into it at some speed - but it stays upright!

JULIE
(frustrated)
Oh, come on!

She backs up, smokes the wheels and tries again - and this time, she BASHES the device to the ground.

Julie leaps from the Jeep and runs over to the smouldering Twist as Parker starts to CHOKE Lizzie, his face blazing with fury as he clamps his hands round her neck.

PARKER
You were always trouble, Duncan,
from day one!

Lizzie GASPS as she struggles - Parker's too strong, and she can't focus to use her powers against him!

PARKER (cont'd)
I should have killed you and cut
you open when I had the chance!

JULIE (O.S.)
That's the thing about chances...

He looks up to see Julie, pointing her gun straight at him.

JULIE (cont'd)
... we never take them when we
should.

She SHOOTS - hitting Parker in the chest! He collapses to the ground, and Julie drags the wheezing Lizzie away as Danyael limps over, bleeding from his many bullet wounds.

DANYAEL
(woozy)
What... did we...

Julie looks round as two more trucks can be seen racing towards the hilltop - Parker's reinforcements.

JULIE
No time! Move!

She shoves him back towards the Jeep, and as the group clamber inside, Julie drops the brake and tears off out of frame, moments before the other trucks arrive.

36 CONTINUED: (3)

36

As troopers disembark, some FIRING after the escaping Jeep and others going to the aid of the badly wounded Parker, who clutches his bloody chest and GASPS for breath, we cut to:

37 INT. JEEP - NEXT

37

Julie drives, the recovering Lizzie alongside her. Julie's dark expression glances over to Danyael, who is looking down in horror at the smouldering body of Twist lying across his lap.

DANYAEL

Twist... Twist, come on! Can you hear me? It's Danyael! Twist!

He desperately tries to shake her - but her blackened, scorched skin starts to break away in his hands!

DANYAEL (cont'd)

(mortified)

No...

JULIE

Danyael, hold it together! We've got to get her to somebody who can help!

DANYAEL

(distraught)

Who?

JULIE

Anybody! You know people, so call somebody, damn it! She doesn't have any time!

Danyael looks down again at the smoking wreck of what used to be Twist, and we:

BLACK OUT:

TITLE OVER - To Be Continued...

END OF SHOW