

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

"Mental Block"

by
Lee A. Chrimes

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT/EXT. - VARIOUS

1

A dizzying, nightmarish sequence of images unfold before us, distorting and spinning around, crashing from left to right and filling the screen with blurs, noise, flashes of light and hellish imagery:

MONTAGE:

A) A burning figure on a cross, SCREAMING as flames rage across their body.

B) Close up on a bloodied mouth, vampire FANGS on display - and blood DRIPS down into the mouth from somewhere above it.

C) A chain of EXPLOSIONS tear through what looks like a huge ocean tanker, lighting up the night sky around it.

D) CHRIS stands before us, eyes closed and arms held across his chest - and the room he's in rapidly fills with WATER, submerging him in seconds!

E) Looking through somebody's eyes as they fall to the ground, seeing a group of laughing children running away from them.

F) The burning figure on the cross has been joined by another dozen, identical figures, all SCREAMING as one.

G) Through someone's eyes again as a pair of HANDS are lifted into frame - the skin turning red, BLISTERING and peeling in seconds, before the skin CRUMBLES to reveal a pair of skeletal CLAWS!

H) DANYAEL is pinned to the ground by a huge SKORPIONE, trying desperately to prise open the claw threatening to shear him in two.

I) Twist's parents, TOM and ELENA, in the maternity ward with the newborn Twist in her mother's arms... but the baby HISSES to reveal a mouth of vampire fangs!

J) Looking through the person's eyes again - and JULIE lies on the ground before us, a dark red stain on her chest as she COUGHS weakly, reaching towards us...

K) The burning figure is back, surrounded by hundreds more just like it, and as their SCREAMS build to a deafening intensity, we finally cut to:

2

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

2

Twist carries on the SCREAM from the visions, writhing and thrashing madly as Danyael and Julie try to hold her down.

LIZZIE rushes into frame with scavenged medical supplies - strips of cloth for makeshift bandages and a battered gas can sloshing with cold water - and tries to help the others restrain the convulsing Twist.

DANYAEL

(panicked)

She's getting worse! Do something!

LIZZIE

There's nothing I can do! Shouldn't her vampire healing be kicking in by now or something?

JULIE

I don't know if she can...

Twist SOBS, unable to form words, just HOWL in agony, her blistered, blackened skin cracking and flaking away in several places.

DANYAEL

We have to help her!

JULIE

I know that!

DANYAEL

We need Chris, we need to use magic or something, before she...

He trails off - Twist has fallen still at last. Danyael tenses up, looking to Julie, who carefully releases Twist's arms.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Is she...

JULIE

I don't know. I don't know!

DANYAEL

You know magic, right? Do something to help!

JULIE

(flustered)

Danny, my magic's all about spell books and ingredients, I can't do that pure stuff Chris does! He was born with it, I wasn't!

(CONTINUED)

She stands, putting a hand to her forehead, her mind racing as she tries to figure out what to do.

The foursome are hiding out inside an old, empty building, dusty furniture piled up in one corner and a pair of RATS fighting over some poison pellets nearby.

Lizzie pours the water over the strips of material and starts to reach for Twist's hand to apply one, but Julie's hand snaps out and grabs her wrist.

JULIE (cont'd)

Don't!

LIZZIE

Why? It's a burn, aren't we supposed to keep her cool?

JULIE

(shakes head)

These are third degree burns. If we get them wet, we'll just make them worse. We need something sterile to keep them covered.

Lizzie starts to peel back Twist's t-shirt but stops - chunks of Twist's scorched skin are sticking to it!

JULIE (cont'd)

Be careful! Don't touch her clothes either!

LIZZIE

I am! I just...

(beat; lowers head)

I don't know what to do.

DANYAEL

(firm)

That doesn't matter. We have to try. She wouldn't give up on any of us and I'm damn sure not giving up on her!

Julie is trying her cell phone again, and after a frustrated huff tries a different number.

JULIE

(into phone)

Neuro? It's Julie. Yeah, we got her, but... look, I need you to try and find Chris. His phone's dead and we've got no idea where he is, but we need him.

(listens)

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIE (cont'd)
As in needed him two hours ago.
Yeah, that bad.

She listens for a beat, then nods and hangs up.

DANYAEL

Well?

JULIE

He's going to try and get into the satellite network over at Parker's lab, see if he can trace Chris' movements and track him down.

LIZZIE

He won't be able to.

JULIE

Why not?

LIZZIE

Parker's network's nailed down tight. Your guy'd have to be, like, the master of all hackers to get through.

Julie allows herself a small smile.

JULIE

Lucky us, then, huh?

She turns back to Twist as Danyael continues carefully dabbing damp cloth onto her skin, trying to cool her down and remove the worst of the burns.

Twist stirs, and the group give her room, but she's a long way into unconsciousness. Danyael gently takes her hand, tears rolling down his cheeks.

DANYAEL

Hang on, Twist. We're here.

Julie looks to the broken windows, silently willing Chris to find them quicker, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

3

Chris and SYREN walk into frame, Chris heading for a nearby pay phone and leading Syren by one hand, as her head snaps left and right, her face full of wonderment as she tries to process all the alien sounds and smells her senses are being bombarded with.

Chris starts to reach for his pocket, then glances round to make sure nobody's watching before placing his hand against the pay phone.

There is a brief blue GLOW from his palm - and the coin return slot SNAPS open, disgorging a pile of quarters. Chris scoops a few up and inserts them, dialing a number.

Syren nestles in close to him, taking his arm and wrapping it round her. Chris blinks, not sure how to react.

CHRIS

Are you... alright?

SYREN

(nods)

Noisy. Used to the quiet. Just the waves and the birds.

CHRIS

I'm afraid we're on the outskirts of Detroit. If you wanted a quiet, low key induction back into the civilised world, this wasn't the best place to start!

SYREN

What are you doing?

She reaches her other hand out, running it across the surface of the pay phone.

CHRIS

Calling my team. They're probably wondering where I am, and I need to let them know I have some company.

Syren smiles, her pale blue eyes looking out across the bustling city street around them as Chris waits for the call to connect.

JULIE

(filtered; through phone)

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Julie? It's me. I've-

JULIE

Chris! Oh, my God, where are you?

CHRIS

I'm-

JULIE

Never mind that. Chris, you have to get back to Pittsburgh, right away!

Chris frowns, picking up on the distress in her voice.

CHRIS

What's happened?

JULIE

Twist's hurt. Bad. I'm not sure... I don't think she's going to last much longer if we don't get her some help.

CHRIS

How...

JULIE

(sighs)
Parker.

CHRIS

(darkly)
I'll be there as soon as I can.

JULIE

Where are you now?

CHRIS

Detroit city limits. We managed to hitch a ride back from the edge of Lake Huron but I'm a long way from my van, so I'll have to find an alternative means of transport.

JULIE

Okay, I'll... hold on, 'we'?

Chris looks down to Syren, who has a happy smile on her face as she soaks up the city atmosphere.

CHRIS

It's as long a story as the one I expect you have to tell me. I'll see you soon.

He hangs up, stepping out of the booth and pulling Syren along after him.

SYREN
Where are we going?

CHRIS
Back to Pittsburgh.

SYREN
Who is Twist?

CHRIS
Somebody who needs my help.

Syren's smile fades.

SYREN
Is she... is she someone like me?

CHRIS
Not exactly, no. But she still
needs me. Come on.

Chris marches purposefully away from the phone booth, and as Syren follows we cut to:

Somewhere else entirely, a dense, moonlit forest stretches out below, the glittering lights of civilisation off in the distance.

Several small blobs of light can be seen making their way through the trees, and as they draw nearer they reveal themselves as TORCHES - both flashlights and flaming brands, all in the hands of a large crowd of pale skinned, mean-looking men and women - VAMPIRES, almost fifty of them.

Leading the group through the woods is VIVIAN, her long, black dreadlocked hair tied back into two large bunches.

She comes to a stop, raising a hand to halt the crowd of vampires behind her. A short male with scruffy blond hair, DOM, steps forward.

DOM
What is it?

VIVIAN
I think we're here.

Dom looks around - nothing but trees.

DOM
How do you know?

Vivian smiles, shrugging off her backpack, and as Dom opens his mouth to speak again, there is a sudden BOOM like thunder, and the vampires step back in alarm.

Vivian is unfazed as a huge PORTAL starts to form before her, a swirling mess of crackling purple light, streaks of electricity lancing away from it and sparking off the trees.

Vivian takes a bulky object out of her bag - some kind of golden statue, shaped like a human figure with its arms raised. She steps closer to the portal and stakes the statue into the ground, stepping back and looking up.

The portal starts to HUM loudly, and the glowing light from within begins to pulse in time to the humming, intensifying and focusing itself in the centre.

Vivian watches as a large BUBBLE of pure, blinding white light forms in the centre of the portal - and then SHOOTS forward, connecting with the statue and creating a blinding SHOWER of sparks.

The vampires recoil, but as they lower their arms against the glare they see the portal starting to shrink, the noise decreasing until the portal eventually fades into the dark.

Vivian turns to the assembled vampires, clapping her hands to get their attention.

VIVIAN

Alright, we're done! Let's move on out of here.

DOM

That's it? What about-

VIVIAN

Wait... you hear that?

DOM

(suddenly nervous)
Hear what?

VIVIAN

That sound...

She steps closer to him, straining to hear something, and Dom starts to look anxiously around.

DOM

I don't hear anything! Why? What can you hear?

VIVIAN

Sounds like...

SLAP! She smacks Dom upside the head.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

It sounds like somebody asking me too many damn questions, instead of just doing what he's told!

The other vampires chuckle as Dom rubs his head, scowling. Vivian raises her voice to address them all.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Okay, here's what we're going to do. We're meeting more agents in the city on the other side of this forest, so I want all hands on deck for when Manon and his little pet gets here.

VAMPIRE

(mutters)

She say 'little'?

VIVIAN

You know the drill by now. Feed if you have to but keep it low key - until the boss gets here. Then it's a free-for-all, and I know how much you guys and girls love those.

She turns and starts to walk on through the forest, with the vampires falling in behind her, and in moments the fearsome column has made its way out of frame.

There's a RUSTLING from one of the tall trees - and DIEGO appears through its leaves, watching the departing vampires from his vantage point on a high branch.

He silently drops to the ground, and with a last, wary look at the vamps he turns and races back deeper into the forest, as we cut to:

Danyaël steps into frame, heaving a filthy mattress along. Julie is still with Twist, keeping her supported as Twist occasionally shivers and twitches.

DANYAEL

This was the best I could find. There used to be some people squatting in here, though, so I'll go take another look around.

He drops the mattress down, and he and Julie carefully lower Twist onto it as Lizzie walks back into the room.

JULIE

Anything?

Lizzie holds up her hands - some bundles of clothes and what look like the remains of a small first aid kit.

LIZZIE

Not much. Third degree burns aren't usually covered by household medical kits.

Julie reaches for the kit and starts rifling through it, making a frustrated HUFF as she empties it onto the floor.

JULIE

Damn it!

DANYAEL

No good?

JULIE

There's nothing here we can use.

DANYAEL

Aren't you supposed to keep burn victims cool? Let the damaged skin, like, peel off?

JULIE

In theory, yes. I don't think any vampire's ever been this badly burned and survived before now, though. I'm trying to work out what's different - she could need a hyperbaric chamber or skin grafts, or, she could not. She could be too far past the point where her own healing can help her.

LIZZIE

So, what - should we find a hospital to raid for supplies or something?

JULIE

Maybe - what we really need is for Chris to get here!

LIZZIE

Let's assume he's not coming.

Julie and Danyael both throw her a dark look.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

I'm serious! Look, hear me out - say Chris doesn't get here in time.

(MORE)

LIZZIE (cont'd)
 What else can we do to keep her
 stabilised for now?

Twist COUGHS, her body convulsing for a few moments before
 falling still again.

JULIE
 Uh...

LIZZIE
 Come on, Julie! Think!

JULIE
 (snaps)
 I'm trying! I didn't exactly take a
 specialty in vampire trauma at med
 school, you know!

LIZZIE
 Wait a second...

DANYAEL
 What is it?

LIZZIE
 'Think'! That's it!

Lizzie crouches down by Twist's head, taking off her gloves
 and placing her hands either side of Twist's temples.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
 Maybe I can see if she's still in
 there.

DANYAEL
 'If' she's still in there?

LIZZIE
 If her mind's gone, there's no
 point trying to heal her body.
 (off their looks)
 Hey, I don't like that thought
 either, but it's a possibility!

JULIE
 What can you do?

Lizzie closes her eyes, trying to focus.

LIZZIE
 If I can reach her subconscious
 mind, I can try to hold her
 together while her body heals up.

DANYAEL
 (darkly)
 And if you don't...

5 CONTINUED: (3)

5

LIZZIE

If I don't, then she's gone. Body's
nothing without the mind. And if
I'm in there when she goes...

Danyaël sits back, clutching his head with his hands - his
mind is spinning, trying to process everything.

Lizzie keeps her eyes closed, frowning as she concentrates,
and as Julie and Danyaël anxiously watch her, we cut to:

6 INT. CAR - NIGHT

6

SMASH! A driver's side window breaks as Chris puts his
forearm through it, reaching in to open the door.

He quickly climbs into the car, brushing stray broken glass
away as he unlocks the passenger door, and Syren feels her
way round the car to get inside.

They're on a quieter street, Chris having selected one of a
handful of vehicles parked on a dimly lit car park.

SYREN

Is this yours?

CHRIS

The car? No. I don't care much for
Toyotas.

SYREN

So... we're stealing it?

CHRIS

Yes, Syren, we are.

He places his hand against the steering column and closes his
eyes, and as a green GLOW forms beneath his palm, Syren
GASPS. Chris takes his hand away and looks over to her.

CHRIS (cont'd)

What is it?

SYREN

The... the magic.

CHRIS

You could sense that?

SYREN

(nods)

Heavy in my stomach. Like before a
storm.

Syren rubs her belly, staring out through the windscreen.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Well, with any luck we can get to
Pittsburgh without hitting any bad
traffic...

He replaces his hand and the glow returns - and the car's
engine STARTS with a satisfying PURR. Chris grins.

CHRIS (cont'd)

... so let's go.

He clunks the car into gear and pulls away, flooring the
accelerator and throwing Syren back in her seat as we cut to:

INT. FOREST - NIGHT

Diego steals through the trees, his dark clothing making him
almost invisible until he reaches a small clearing, and finds
another person waiting for him - SANCTUS.

Sanctus turns to face Diego as he approaches, a grim
expression on his features.

SANCTUS

Is she ahead of us?

DIEGO

With fifty-two others.

SANCTUS

How long until they reach the city?

DIEGO

Half an hour, maybe less.

SANCTUS

We can't let them get there, Diego.
If they make contact with Revell,
they'll have access to one of the
largest caches of magical weapons
in this hemisphere!

DIEGO

So we stop them.

SANCTUS

Easier said than done.

DIEGO

I disagree. Easily said...

Diego draws his sword, the blade glinting in the moonlight.

DIEGO (cont'd)

... easily done.

7 CONTINUED:

7

Sanctus can't help but grin at Diego's confidence and nods, the duo starting to head back into the forest.

SANCTUS

It's at times like these I'm glad
you chose to fight on our side.

DIEGO

What else could I do?

They share a look, a moment of history passing between them as we cut back to:

8 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

8

Lizzie is still with twist, eyes closed and hands pressed to her head as Danyael paces over by the windows and Julie continues to cover Twist's damaged skin with what bandages Lizzie could find.

DANYAEL

How long now?

JULIE

About ten seconds after the last
time you asked. Just let her do her
thing.

DANYAEL

How do we even know it's working?
What if she-

LIZZIE

(frowns)

Ssh!

Danyael shuts up, and Lizzie opens one eye to peer at him.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

If you keep yapping on, I'm not
gonna be able to focus on this
properly. I'll keep her mind
together for as long as I can, but
sooner or later I'm gonna have to
bring her back. I just hope her
body's healed enough by then...

Danyael stares at her, then SIGHS and gets back to biting his nails as Lizzie settles down again.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

Come on, Twist... where are you?

Lizzie frowns, pushing her abilities to their limit, and we
WHITE OUT to find ourselves in:

9 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

9

Lizzie stands, eyes closed, in the centre of a large, empty warehouse, its clean floor stretching off around her.

Pull back to reveal the walls of the warehouse starting to move in, as the entire room resizes itself to suit her.

Dark shapes start to appear in the shadows on the walls, and as Lizzie opens her eyes and looks round they begin to morph into rectangular shapes - filing cabinets!

As the warehouse's shrinkage slows down, Lizzie finds dwarfed on both sides by rows and rows of the cabinets, with many levels of the jet black cabinets stretching off up the walls and into the distance behind her.

LIZZIE

I'm...

10 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - SAME TIME

10

LIZZIE

... in.

Her eyes are still closed, but Danyael and Julie huddle closer to her, watching her as he head starts to tilt from side to side.

DANYAEL

Can you see her? Is she okay? How's she-

LIZZIE

Danyael, please.

Julie glances at him, and he manages to quieten down again.

JULIE

What can you see?

LIZZIE

I'm in a room filled with... they're filing cabinets. Must be her brain's way of visualising her memories or something like that.

Julie frowns as we cut back to:

11 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

11

Lizzie heads for the closest cabinet, wiping her hand across the dusty surface to reveal a label: 'Etiquette.'

Lizzie smirks and steps back, looking around for another likely-looking cabinet to try.

(CONTINUED)

She runs her hand along the cabinets as she walks past them, selecting one whose label reads 'Movie Quotes.'

Lizzie grasps the handle and pulls the drawer open - but recoils as a burst of FLAMES jumps out at her!

She YELPS and staggers back - and the drawers either side of her also blast open and belch more fire out into the air.

Lizzie watches in horror as dozens more cabinets follow suit, with drawers up and down the levels on the walls flying open and disgorging flames into the warehouse.

She's forced to shield herself from the heat, but a loud CRACKING noise overhead makes her look up - and she GASPS in horror!

The entire roof of the warehouse is ABLAZE, and starting to break up under the intense heat.

Lizzie leaps to the side as a chunk of brickwork comes loose and hurtles towards her, SMASHING into the floor inches away from her.

As she looks desperately round the warehouse as it descends into an inferno, searching for some way out, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

12

Back with Vivian's marching band as they trek through the woods, not far from the outskirts of a city up ahead, with car headlights shining through the trees.

Near the back of the group, several of the vamps have fallen back, enjoying a crafty cigarette and generally not keeping up with the marching speed.

Two of them pause as one lights a cigarette and passes it to his friend - but as his hand reaches out, there is a soft SNIKT sound.

And the vampire's arm FALLS AWAY at the elbow!

The stunned vampire stares with bulging eyes at his amputated arm, but before he or his friend can react, Sanctus and Diego burst out of the darkness, and in a flurry of sword slices they chop the two vampires into pieces.

Fading back into the safety of the dark trees, silence falls over the scene as three more vampires walk casually back into frame.

VAMP #1

Hey, come on, you two! We're gonna miss all the-

He freezes - he's seen the remains of his colleagues.

VAMP #!

Aw, hell...

He turns and starts to YELL back to the others:

VAMP #1

They're back! Everybody, they're-

SWISH! The vampire GULPS - and his head slides neatly from his shoulders.

Diego and Sanctus reappear, but this time the vampires are ready for them, and the two warriors pick a target each as they launch into the battle.

The vampires are no match for them, and in seconds they've separated the two unfortunate opponents into their component parts - but as the rest of the crowd of vamps charges towards them, the duo wisely duck back into the shadows.

Vivian arrives in the frame, grabbing a heavy duty flashlight from the nearest vamp and sweeping it across the trees.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN

Find them! Spread out, watch each other's backs, and if you catch one of 'em, rip their damn throat out!

The vampires scatter, weapons appearing as they fan out and head into the trees. Vivian narrows her eyes and draws her own weapon, a sleek sword with a jet black, inscribed blade.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Come on, Sanctus... we both know you can't resist a good old-fashioned one-on-one...

The sounds of COMBAT drift back towards her - the CLANG of sword against sword, YELLS of pain as vampires fall to Diego and Sanctus and SHOUTS of alarm as the vamps try to come to each other's aid.

Vivian walks forward, her ears sharp for any indication that her prey is nearby - and a twig SNAPS behind her.

She spins round - and there's Sanctus. He's holding a broken twig in his hands.

SANCTUS

(off twig)

I hope you'll forgive the cliché.

VIVIAN

(grins)

Shame Chris didn't inherit your sense of humour!

He draws his sword, and she steps slowly towards him, that wry grin firmly on her face.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Many of my boys and girls left out there?

Sanctus smiles as a SCREAM echoes round the woods.

SANCTUS

One or two.

VIVIAN

You can't stop him, you know.

SANCTUS

You sound very sure.

VIVIAN

He's got it all figured out. The way time moved where he was stuck, gave him years to work the details.

(CONTINUED)

SANCTUS

Shame it'll only take minutes for us to foil those plans, then.

VIVIAN

Now who sounds sure?

SANCTUS

I don't need to sound sure. I know we're going to beat you.

He extends his sword, a mark of formality and respect, and with a smirk Vivian does the same, their blades a fraction apart.

VIVIAN

You've been dying to take another crack at me, haven't you?

SANCTUS

It's been a while.

VIVIAN

Let's hope you learned some new tricks in the last few years then, 'cause I have a pretty vivid memory of kicking your ass last time!

Sanctus just grins - and SLICES forward! Vivian blocks it, charging forward and sweeping her blade towards Sanctus' feet.

He springs into the air, neatly somersaulting over her and KICKING her back as he flips over.

She stumbles forward, barely recovering as Sanctus attacks again, his blade CHOPPING down either side of her as she ducks and dodges.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Alright, I'll admit... you've been practicing. I'm impressed.

Sanctus isn't in the mood to quip, bringing his left hand round and BLASTING Vivian in the chest with a ball of yellow energy.

She's blown off her feet, sailing backwards through the air and CRASHING painfully into a tree, and Sanctus has a beat to glance to his left - Diego is busy clashing swords with two more vampires.

Sanctus looks back to Vivian as she recovers, and as he charges back towards her, we cut to:

13 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

13

COUGHING as the room starts to fill with thick black SMOKE, Lizzie takes cover underneath one of the staircases leading up to the next level of cabinets, more flaming chunks of ceiling CRASHING into the floor all around.

She looks round for some way out - and spots a row of plain doors set into the opposite wall.

With a last glance up to the burning ceiling, she takes a deep breath and rushes forward - narrowly avoiding another hunk of rubble before reaching the doors.

She throws it open and dives through, into:

14 INT. OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

14

Lizzie stumbles into an ordinary cubicle farm - clean, plain lines of furnishings, muted colours for the walls and carpet and several aisles of cubicles, each one overflowing with stacks of papers and folders.

Quickly closing the door to the burning room, she heads for the nearest cubicle and grabs a sheet of paper.

It reads 'All Time Top Five favourite Ice Cream Toppings.' Lizzie raises an eyebrow as she reads - before someone clears their throat behind her.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ahem.

She spins round - it's Twist! Well, not exactly. It's a version of Twist dressed in a neat, simple suit, her hair straightened and wearing dark-rimmed glasses.

OFFICE TWIST

Can I help you?

LIZZIE

Twist? Is that you?

OFFICE TWIST

Well... yes.

Relieved, Lizzie grabs her.

LIZZIE

Thank God! Listen, you have to pay attention, this is important. You're in big-

OFFICE TWIST

(sniffs)

Can I smell something burning?

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE

Hey!

OFFICE TWIST

What?

LIZZIE

Twist, you're in trouble. Your body's been badly hurt and I think your brain's starting to go the same way.

OFFICE TWIST

(eyes her)

I... see.

LIZZIE

I need you to help me keep your subconscious in one piece until your body starts to heal, otherwise your mind's going to go the way of that warehouse out there.

OFFICE TWIST

(alarmed)

The Records Room? Oh, no! Is it-

LIZZIE

Don't worry about that now. What's important is that you stay with me.

Lizzie glances towards the door she entered through - SMOKE is starting to filter through the cracks in the door frame.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

We can't stay here. Where else can we go?

Twist looks round, nodding towards a row of doors set into the opposite wall.

OFFICE TWIST

Well, we could use those, but I'm not sure where most of them lead, so maybe we should-

But Lizzie is already on her way, pulling Twist along behind her. Twist protests, trying to grab handfuls of papers from the cubicles she passes.

OFFICE TWIST (cont'd)

Hey! Wait, slow down!

LIZZIE

We don't have time!

OFFICE TWIST

But some of this stuff could be important!

Lizzie stops, scowling, and grabs a sheet of paper at random, reading it to her:

LIZZIE

'Top Five Reasons Why I Don't Like Monkeys'?!?

OFFICE TWIST

(beat)

Well, I don't. And I might need to remember why some day.

LIZZIE

(impatient)

Come on!

Lizzie heads for the door again, dragging Twist along.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

The damage shouldn't be permanent as long as they get you fixed up soon.

OFFICE TWIST

Who's 'they'?

LIZZIE

Julie and Danyael.

OFFICE TWIST

Where's Chris?

LIZZIE

He's... delayed.

OFFICE TWIST

Oh.

(beat)

I'm screwed.

Lizzie throws her another look as they get to the doors.

LIZZIE

Which one should we take?

OFFICE TWIST

(shrugs)

I don't know. Any of them.

LIZZIE

Don't you know where they go?

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

OFFICE TWIST

I've never had to find out!

They're both startled as the door Lizzie entered through suddenly BURSTS OPEN, and the inferno outside spills into the office suite.

LIZZIE

(hurried)

Come on!

She picks a door at random, throws it open and SHOVES Twist through, before following her into:

15 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

15

Lizzie finds herself standing outside a house in a quiet little suburb, with identikit houses lining both sides of the road. It's a nice neighbourhood - trees sway in the breeze and the sun shines down overhead, with birdsong filtering through the air.

The colours are bright and oversaturated, and everything seems a little hazy round the edges as Lizzie moves away from the house. Twist is nowhere in sight.

LIZZIE

Twist? Twist! Where are you?

TWIST (O.S.)

I'm here!

Lizzie looks down - and there's Twist.

Except she's SEVEN YEARS OLD. Blonde hair in bunches, her shorts and trainers spattered with mud.

Lizzie sags, closing her eyes and groaning as Twist Junior stares innocently up at her.

TWIST JUNIOR

So... what'cha doin'?

Lizzie looks down at her as we cut to:

16 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

16

Lizzie is lying next to Twist on the mattress, looking like she's in a deep sleep. Danyael crouches nearby, still chewing his nails as he stares at the two girls.

DANYAEL

She hasn't said anything for almost twenty minutes.

(turns to Julie)

What if something went wrong?

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

Lizzie can handle herself. She's been staying one step ahead of the security at Parker's lab for the last few months, this should be well within her limits.

Danyael doesn't look convinced and goes back to his vigil, before a thought hits him and he turns back to Julie.

DANYAEL

Hey, wait! I just thought of something!

JULIE

What is it?

DANYAEL

The healing device!

JULIE

I'm not following...

DANYAEL

Parker has most of it, and Chris has his pieces stashed in that warehouse, right? So what if...

He trails off as he registers Julie's horrified look.

DANAYEL

I mean, I know it's not fixed, but maybe we can get it working just enough to fix her?

JULIE

The warehouse!

DANYAEL

Huh?

JULIE

I told Parker... Parker knows where Chris is keeping his parts of the device!

DANYAEL

What?!? Why the hell'd you tell him that?

JULIE

I thought it was what Chris wanted...

Danyael stands and heads over to her, clearly a man on the edge right now.

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL

Julie, I hope to God you're not saying what I think you're saying...

Distraught, Julie presses a hand to her forehead.

JULIE

Parker kept asking me about it when I started working at the Lab, he said it'd be a good thing to have all the parts in one place so that his teams could keep working on it... I was supposed to be working on it!

Danyael closes his eyes, trying to fight his anger down.

JULIE (cont'd)

Danny, I'm sorry...

DANYAEL

So what you're saying is, Parker either has all of Chris' pieces already or will probably get to them before we do?

With tears in her eyes, Julie nods. Danyael looks back to Twist - and the hope is fading from his eyes. He turns back to Julie, his expression serious.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Then we'd better hope Chris can figure something out when he gets here.

JULIE

Danyael, I-

He turns and walks away from her, taking his place over by Twist again and carefully taking her hand. Julie tries to fight back the tears, without much success, as we cut to:

More CHILDREN are playing nearby, but little Twist sits by herself on a low stone wall, carefully combing her doll's hair. The doll looks remarkably like a fully grown version of her, complete with dark roots and punky clothing.

Lizzie looks all around, but doesn't see any sign of the fire raging through Twist's mind - they're safe here for now. She takes a seat next to Twist.

TWIST JUNIOR

Isn't she pretty?

She lifts up her doll, and Lizzie takes it, obviously a little awkward around youngsters.

LIZZIE

Uh... yeah, she's great.

(hands it back)

How come you're over here by yourself?

Twist looks towards the other kids and SIGHS.

TWIST JUNIOR

Long story.

LIZZIE

What happened?

TWIST JUNIOR

They... they were mean to me.

LIZZIE

What did they do?

TWIST JUNIOR

You really want to know?

LIZZIE

If it's a strong memory, then linking your subconscious mind to it will make it easier for your psyche to stay anchored to something, so...

She trails off, noticing little Twist's blank expression.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

Uh... yes.

Twist beams, and we suddenly WHITE OUT:

Lizzie finds herself in another part of the street, and as she looks round, trying to get her bearings, she sees little Twist surrounded by a jeering pack of slightly older boys and girls. Lizzie hurries over.

LIZZIE

Hey! Leave her alone!

The children scatter as Lizzie approaches - and she sees twist struggling to remove a pair of tightly-strapped ROLLER SKATES.

Twist can't unfasten them, and as the laughing kids make their exit, she points after them and shouts:

TWIST JUNIOR

My bike! Come back with my bike!

Lizzie looks over - one of the boys is riding away on a small, pink bicycle with training wheels - obviously not his own bike.

Lizzie starts to help Twist unfasten the skates straps as the girl SOBS bitterly.

LIZZIE

Why'd you let them do that? I've never seen you not stand up to anybody!

TWIST JUNIOR

(sniffs)

No point.

(off skates)

They did this 'cause they knew I wouldn't try to chase them.

Lizzie frowns, continuing to undo the straps, before Twist points at something over her shoulder.

TWIST JUNIOR (cont'd)

What's happening?

Lizzie looks round - several of the tall trees branches are BURNING. Lizzie's expression darkens, and she scoops Twist up in her arms.

LIZZIE

(urgent)

We have to get out of here.

TWIST JUNIOR

And go where?

LIZZIE

Somewhere else!

She looks round for another doorway, spotting a wooden door set into a nearby fence. She hurries over, throwing back the bolts and stepping through, into:

Lizzie is suddenly in the middle of an inner city convenience store - a gang of laughing VAMPIRES run riot, one feasting on the struggling shopkeeper as the others trash the store!

Lizzie hears Twist SHOUT behind her and spins round - and Twist is being BITTEN by another vampire!

19 CONTINUED:

19

He raises his head to take a gleeful gulp of air, Twist's fresh blood staining his chin - it's BOYCE!

LIZZIE

Twist!

Lizzie takes a step towards her, but as Boyce sinks his fangs back into Twist's neck, we suddenly WHITE OUT to:

20 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

20

Lizzie wakes up with a SHOUT:

LIZZIE

Twist!

Danyael and Julie are quickly by her side, as Lizzie clutches her head and winces.

DANYAEL

What happened? Did you find her?

LIZZIE

I found her... and then I lost her.

(looks round)

Where's Chris?

JULIE

Still on his way. Can you go back?

LIZZIE

I'll try. I think I found a significant moment in her life, so it should be a strong enough memory for me to pick up again.

Taking a moment to collect herself, Lizzie places a hand across Twist's forehead, and as her body starts to wilt, Danyael catches her and carefully lays her back down.

Julie and Danyael exchange a concerned glance before turning their attention back to Lizzie, and we:

BLACK OUT:**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 21

A quiet street somewhere in a moderately-sized city, a few late night pedestrians and cars buzzing past...

... until the silence is shattered as Vivian and half a dozen vampires come screaming round a corner, running as fast as they damn well can!

Hot on their tails are Sanctus and Diego, weapons hot and chasing the pack of vamps down.

Vivian gestures for the vamps to slow down and take on the pursuing duo - but two of them decide to bug out and run away as fast as they can!

With a GRUNT of annoyance, Vivian takes a hard left, BARGING a few civilians out of the way as Sanctus and Diego get stuck into the remaining vampires.

As people scatter from the melee, Diego GRABS the leg of one vamp as he tries to kick him, swinging him round and SMASHING him through a shop window.

Diego is hit by another vamp as he recovers, staggering back as Sanctus lunges into frame, duelling with two more vampires.

His face is a mask of concentration as he forces the two vampires back, one of them stumbling over a newspaper stand and distracting his colleague - and Sanctus takes his head off with one SWIPE of his blade.

People SCREAM as the fight rages on, and as Diego downs his attacker with a rapid succession of PUNCHES, Sanctus calls over to him:

SANCTUS

This is somewhat more public than I would have liked!

DIEGO

I do not see a better option!

He DUCKS as his vamp swings a TRASH CAN towards him, and as Sanctus gets stuck into the next vampire, we cut to:

22 EXT. REVELL'S BUILDING - NEXT 22

Vivian rounds a corner and comes up to a small, plain-looking building - but the triumphant GRIN tells us she's found her destination.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

She glances over her shoulder - SHOUTS and sounds of combat tell her Sanctus and Diego are still bogged down fighting the last of her vampires.

She races for the entrance to the building, tearing the door from its hinges and disappearing inside.

23 INT. REVELL'S BUILDING - ENTRANCE - NEXT

23

Vivian fumbles around in the dark room, finding a light switch and flipping it on to reveal what looks like a disused gun shop.

VIVIAN

Revell? Revell! Where are you?

A back door opens and out steps REVELL - a scruffy man in his fifties with shaggy grey hair, a beard and thick glasses.

REVELL

Hey! What's with all the-
(sees her)
Oh. It's you.

Vivian marches up to him, KICKING some stray boxes out of the way as she approaches.

VIVIAN

Yes, it's me. I'm here for the merchandise.

REVELL

(nervous)
What's the hurry? You look like you're in a hurry. Is there something I should know about?

There's a HOWL of pain from outside, and the sound of approaching POLICE SIRENS.

VIVIAN

You could say that, yeah. How about I make this good and clear for you?

She suddenly GRABS him, SLAMMING him down onto one of the display counters, her face all fangs and red eyes as she SNARLS down at him.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Get me what I came for in the next ten seconds, or I'll punch a hole through your head so big they'll be able to name a bagel after you!

Revell cowers before her, and as Vivian allows herself a sinister grin, we cut to:

24 INT. LONG CORRIDOR - DAY

24

Lizzie hurries down a narrow corridor with smooth, featureless walls on either side, glancing back over her shoulder - and coming to a stop.

LIZZIE

Twist?

Twist is no longer her seven year old self, but instead looks more like a smack addict - she's slumped against the side of the corridor, her eyes sunken and heavily bagged.

Lizzie heads back to her, glancing around urgently as she starts to see SMOKE drifting through the corridor.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

Come on, Twist, we have to get up.

TWIST

No... can't...

LIZZIE

Whaddya mean, you can't? Haven't you been listening to me? We have to go, now!

TWIST

No point. Everything ends. Everybody dies.

Lizzie HUFFS, grabbing Twist and hauling her to her feet.

LIZZIE

You died - and came back. Twice. Guess that makes you special.

She looks round - but there are no visible exits, and the corridor ahead just stretches off into darkness. Lizzie starts moving again, half-carrying Twist.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

Is there somewhere we're supposed to be going?

TWIST

I don't know.

LIZZIE

Alright, what's with the attitude all of a sudden? Is this some hidden junkie side to your personality I haven't seen yet?

(CONTINUED)

Twist sags, almost sliding out of Lizzie's grasp, and as she struggles to keep hold, Lizzie accidentally pulls back Twist's shirt sleeve.

She sees TRACK MARKS. Twist lifts her head to look at her, and the awful truth hits Lizzie at last.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
Oh, my God... when was-

She stops, her head snapping round. She can hear something - a distant ROARING sound, echoing down the corridor towards them.

She squints, trying to make out the source of the sound - then her eyes bulge as the far end of the tunnel begins to GLOW a fierce red!

JUNKIE TWIST
What's happening?

LIZZIE
(urgent)
Twist, concentrate! I need you to make us a way out of here!

JUNKIE TWIST
What? How am I supposed to-

LIZZIE
Just focus! Close your eyes, think of a doorway, get us out of this tunnel!

JUNKIE TWIST
Why? What's...

Twist sees what's got Lizzie so agitated - FLAMES are spilling down the corridor towards them, turning the entire tunnel into one bottlenecked inferno!

JUNKIE TWIST (cont'd)
Oh...

LIZZIE
Twist, come on!

Twist closes her eyes, and Lizzie watches the fire eat its way down the corridor, getting closer every second.

She looks round - Twist has sagged again, almost passing out. Lizzie SLAPS her hard across the cheek.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
Wake up!

Twist comes to with a start, trying to shove Lizzie but not having the strength to do it.

JUNKIE TWIST

Hey! Don't you...
(trails off; points)

Look.

Lizzie turns - a DOOR has appeared in the corridor. With a look of relief, Lizzie tries the handle.

It's locked.

LIZZIE

Damn it, Twist! Can't you do anything right?

Lizzie lets go of Twist, who slides back to the floor as Lizzie tries desperately to barge the door open.

The flames are moments away as Lizzie drops her shoulder and RAMS it against the door, but after three attempts it still won't budge.

On the fourth, and with Lizzie letting out a CRY of pain as something in her shoulder BREAKS, the door flies open, and Lizzie has a brief instant to grab Twist and drag her through the door before the inferno reaches them:

A door SLAMS shut after disgorging the two girls into a large, overgrown garden, the sun streaming down across the landscape as faint insect chatter and birdsong replaces the ROAR of the flames.

Lizzie picks herself up, grimacing as she tries to rotate her shoulder and frowning as she tries to take in the strange environment.

LIZZIE

Where are we?

She looks down - and Twist is back to her usual self. Lizzie gives her a hand to lift her to her feet.

TWIST

(looks round)
Oh.

LIZZIE

'Oh'? 'Oh' what? Where are we?

TWIST

It's... complicated.

LIZZIE

Twist, now really isn't the time to play games. Your brain's literally burning itself up out there, so we've got to keep moving!

TWIST

What happens if the fire catches up to me?

LIZZIE

You mean what happens if you die in here?

Twist nods, and Lizzie takes a deep breath.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

You'll die. Your body'll probably go on healing itself, but there'll be nothing left of you up here.

Lizzie taps the side of her head, and Twist GULPS.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

So let's cut the chat and stay on the move!

TWIST

Okay. Right. Movement. Check. Er... this way.

Twist heads off, pushing through the waist-high grass and towering plants and weeds, and as Lizzie follows we cut to:

Diego and Sanctus, both looking like it's been a long night of fighting, dash in through the open doorway, quickly lifting the wayward door back into the frame.

They hold it in place as several POLICE CARS scream past outside, and once the coast is clear they step away from the door, leaving it leaning against the frame.

SANCTUS

You're sure she came in here?

DIEGO

The broken door is something of a giveaway.

SANCTUS

I just recall Revell living in slightly more affluent surroundings than this, that's all, so-

ZAP! Sanctus is suddenly hit by a BLAST of yellow energy which throws him against the far wall, where he CRASHES into a glass display cabinet and hits the deck in a shower of fragments.

Diego spins round - and sees Vivian step out of the back room, a GLOWING sword in her hand. Blood trails from her lips, and Diego looks to the floor to see Revell's body, slumped against the wall.

VIVIAN

He had to move downmarket. Lucky for us, his merchandise is just as good as it always was.

Diego draws his sword as Vivian strides towards him.

DIEGO

You're overcompensating, Vivian. There is no 'us' any more - Sanctus and I have killed all of your lackeys!

VIVIAN

You killed all of those lackeys, yes.

Vivian smirks - and a dozen more vampires step out of the back room behind her! They're all armed with weapons like Vivian's - axes, swords, spears and daggers, all infused with magical energy and glowing in a variety of colours.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Luckily for me, I had a few waiting around here as backup.

Diego steps back as the vampires spread out. Behind him, Sanctus GROANS as he picks himself up, smoke rising from a large burn mark on his chest.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Back in the game at last, old man?

SANCTUS

You're not leaving this place, Vivian.

VIVIAN

Actually, I think we are. Boys?

She glances round, and as the vampires raise their weapons, a HUM of intensifying magical energy starts to fill the room.

Diego and Sanctus swap a glance - this is not good. As they raise their swords and start to charge forward, there is a loud BOOM as the vampires' weapons energy is released, and we WHITE OUT to:

27 EXT. HIGHER PLACE - THE GARDEN - DAY

27

Lizzie follows Twist through the overgrown garden, taking in the lush surroundings.

LIZZIE

So are you gonna tell me where this place is?

TWIST

You mean apart from inside my head?

LIZZIE

That's the idea, yeah.

TWIST

It's-

PETER (O.S.)

Somewhere she never expected to find herself again.

The girls spin round - and strolling casually towards them is PETER, the tall, well-built man that Twist encountered on her visits here. His dreadlocked hair is tied loosely back and his tinted sunglasses perch on the tip of his nose.

TWIST

You again!

PETER

I live here, of course it's me again!

TWIST

Wait... so we're not...

PETER

(shakes head)

No, I had to step in and get you out of your mind for a moment. It was getting a bit too toasty for my liking.

TWIST

Oh. So that whole 'door magically appearing' thing...

PETER

Was me, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST
(scowls)
Way to blow my moment!

LIZZIE
Uh, hello? Can I get a 'what the hell is going on' now, please?

TWIST
Oh, yeah. Lizzie, this is Peter.
He's a...

PETER
(offers hand)
Guardian Spirit.

Lizzie carefully shakes his hand, eyeing him with a puzzled frown.

LIZZIE
Right...

PETER
I imagine you girls are wondering why you're here, right?

TWIST
That thought did cross my mind.
Just after 'fire hot.'

PETER
Follow me.

He heads back the way he came, and with a glance the girls follow him to:

Peter opens the door and ushers the girls into a large, stone-clad room filled with every kind of mystical artefact you could name. Totem poles, tribal masks, a few bubbling cauldrons, cobweb-covered bookcases, several tall mirrors and a myriad of other objects fill the space, and Lizzie walks into the middle of the room, looking up, down and all around, totally overawed.

TWIST
What's happening to my body back in the real world?

PETER
It's staying the same. We've got time on our side up here, remember?

TWIST

Yeah, well, you'll forgive me for asking, but last time I was in my body I distinctly remember it looking like an over-cooked burger, so I'm kind of hoping us being here isn't speeding up my transformation into a lump of charcoal!

PETER

You're fine.
(beat)
Relatively speaking.

Peter heads for a wide table, pulling out two chairs for the girls and taking a seat opposite.

LIZZIE

So why am I here?

Peter starts shuffling a deck of large cards.

PETER

Couldn't separate you. I needed to help Twist out but you were so closely linked to her psyche that I couldn't bring one up here without the other.

He starts flipping the cards out across the table - they're TAROT CARDS. Twist sits, and with a wary expression Lizzie follows suit.

PETER (cont'd)

Remember what we talked about last time you were here?

TWIST

Destiny. Mine.

PETER

That's right. A shiny nickel to the first one of you to guess why we're here again this time.

Lizzie opens her mouth, but Twist gets in first:

TWIST

Let me guess. More of the same? A few cryptic messages, then you send me on my way and watch me blunder from one mess to the next, safe up here in your... fricken shed?

(getting angry)

(MORE)

TWIST (cont'd)

And where the hell were you when I went all evil and started running around killing people? I coulda used some divine freakin' intervention back then!

PETER

(beat)

I'm here to tell you that everything that's happened to you so far was meant to happen.

Twist is stunned into silence.

PETER (cont'd)

It's all part of the test. You've got a very important ability in your visions, Twist, and I felt it was time to step in and make you realise that even though things seem bad right now, you can't-

Twist SLAPS the cards out of his hands, lurching across the table and GRABBING Peter's shirt, dragging him towards her.

TWIST

(furious)

Alright, you tie-dyed baumgartner, listen up! This is the one and only time I'm going to say this before I start replacing your upper colon with those dreads of yours, so pay attention!

PETER

What-

TWIST

(slowly)

I do not want anything to do with you people any more.

PETER

What? You can't just-

Twist scowls - and BASHES Peter's head off the table!

TWIST

Did I say you could speak?

Stunned, he can't react back as she continues:

TWIST (cont'd)

I don't want the visions, I don't want any fairy freakin' godfathers watching over me, and I sure as Hell don't want any 'destiny.'

LIZZIE

(cautious)

Twist, what are you-

TWIST

Shut up! I need to do this!

(to Peter)

You hear me? Take them away. Take everything away. From this second onwards I want to know that every decision I make is my own. I don't want to have to spend the rest of my life wondering whether putting on a black t-shirt or a red one is going to end up starting a chain of events that gets Chris or Danyael or Julie killed! I want to be able to get into a fight without worrying whether taking on the wrong guy is going to end up destroying the damn planet, and I want to be able to live every last god damn second of my life knowing that the only person in control of my destiny is me! You understand?

She releases him, shoving him back into his chair. She stands, arms folded, her firey expression daring him to try to say 'no' to her.

Peter takes a breath, calmly readjusting his shirt and looking up at her. Lizzie doesn't know how to react.

PETER

I hope you realise what you're asking.

TWIST

No more help from above, yeah, I get that. Believe me, I'll sleep easier this way.

PETER

(beat)

Last chance to change your mind.

TWIST

(seethes)

What is this, Who Wants To be A fricken Millionaire? Do it already!

Peter sets his jaw, then suddenly stands and CLAMPS his hand down onto Twist's head. She SHOUTS out in pain as a brilliant white LIGHT flares beneath his hand, and Lizzie is forced back by the intense light.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

I don't know why you're rejecting
our help, Twist... but this is what
you want!

Twist SCREAMS as the light builds to its highest intensity,
and as we WHITE OUT we cut back to:

EXT. REVELL'S BUILDING - NIGHT

BOOM! The entire front face of Revell's building EXPLODES
outwards, the white light dying down as Sanctus and Diego are
HURLED backwards through the air, hitting the street and
SKIDDING away.

They're both in a bad way - badly burned and sporting
numerous gashes and injuries.

Coughing, Sanctus manages to pick himself up first, looking
back across the flaming rubble scattered around the street as
Vivian and her vampires step out of the gaping hole that was
the front of the building.

VIVIAN

That was part one. Ready for the
next installment?

Sanctus tries to get up but falls back down, his left leg
BROKEN.

Storm clouds have gathered overhead, and with a deafening
RUMBLE of thunder, several bolts of LIGHTNING suddenly streak
out, BLASTING into nearby buildings in a shower of sparks.

Sanctus shields his eyes as dozens more bolts rain down, with
terrified civilians running for cover all around as the storm
rages on.

Power lines EXPLODE and crash down to the street, flattening
cars, and a howling WIND kicks up, blowing people off their
feet.

Sanctus manages to get onto his side - but sees a pair of
BOOTS step into frame before him.

He follows them up to their owner - MANON. The Frenchman
grins down at the battered duo.

MANON

I always 'eard the weather round
'ere was pleasant at this time of
year!

Manon chuckles - and a terrifying, feral ROAR from off screen
makes Sanctus spin round again.

A SKORPIONE is emerging from a massive portal in the middle of the street, its colossal, insectoid body writhing as the creature claws its way into our world.

It ROARS again, crowds of screaming people fleeing before it - and one swing of its mighty tail tears a nearby building in two!

MANON (cont'd)

Ah, well. You cannot trust what you
'ear on the news these days, I
suppose.

As fires start to break out because of the lightning, and the magically-armed vampires start gleefully BLASTING everything in sight, Sanctus is helpless to watch as the city descends into chaos all around him - and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

30

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

30

Back with Julie and Danyael in the decrepit building, with Lizzie on the mattress next to the comatose Twist.

Twist's skin is still charred and burned, and Julie is next to her, rifling through the small medical kit for a few beats - before THROWING it across the room in frustration.

DANYAEL

Hey!

Danyael scoops it up and heads back over to her. Julie has her head in her hands, staring at Twist's body.

JULIE

I can't just sit here and wait,
Danyael! I have to do something!

DANYAEL

We are doing something. We're
waiting for Chris and making sure
nothing happens to these two.

JULIE

That doesn't count!

DANYAEL

(shouts)
What do you...
(beat; calms down)
What do you expect us to do? This
is out of our hands, Julie.

JULIE

You were the one climbing the walls
an hour ago trying to find
something to do to help!

DANYAEL

Yeah, and when that didn't achieve
anything I grew up, shut up and sat
my ass back down!

A tense beat as the two stare each other down, their nerves clearly at breaking point. The RING of Julie's cell phone interrupts them.

JULIE

(into phone)
Hello?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

(filtered; through phone)
Julie? It's me. I'm driving as fast
as I can but it's still going to
take me several hours to get to
you.

JULIE

Yeah, that much I'd figured out.

CHRIS

What exactly is wrong with Twist?
Maybe I can help over the phone
somehow.

JULIE

She's burned.

CHRIS

What?

JULIE

Parker was experimenting on her, he
exposed her repeatedly to sunlight,
and she...

(sighs)

Third degree burns all over. There
wasn't anything we could do, so
Lizzie tried to-

CHRIS

Put Danyael on.

Julie blinks, then hands the phone to Danyael.

DANYAEL

(into phone)

I'm here.

(listens)

Uh-huh. Got it. See you soon.

He hangs up and passes the phone back to Julie, turning and
suddenly heading for the door.

JULIE

Hey, wait! Where are you going?

DANYAEL

To find something to help.

Danyael leaves, and a stunned Julie is left to look back at
the two girls on the mattress, as we cut back to:

31 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

31

Lizzie opens her eyes - she's standing back in the convenience store she saw Twist get bitten in - but Twist is nowhere in sight.

A few late night shoppers mill around as the puzzled Lizzie starts to wander up and down the aisles.

The door opens and she looks round. Twist enters - with Boyce! They're arm in arm, giggling like a pair of lovestruck teenagers, but as Lizzie watches them size up the various customers, she realises this is some time after she saw Twist getting bitten.

Staying low, Lizzie creeps round the store, circling round to get behind Twist as she and Boyce make a big show of pretending to browse the shelves.

Lizzie is just one aisle away when Twist leans over and whispers something into Boyce's ear. He grins, nods - and pulls a SHOTGUN from inside his jacket!

He FIRES it into the air, and the shoppers YELL in alarm, ducking for cover.

BOYCE

Alright! Nobody move or we'll be forced to redecorate this place with a new shade we like to call 'fresh meat.'

Twist snuggles up to him as he sweeps the shotgun around the store, prompting terrified whimpers from the customers.

Lizzie watches them, trying to pick her moment - then spots SMOKE and the tell-tale orange glow of FLAMES coming from behind the nearby fire door!

Alarmed, she turns back to Twist and Boyce, as Boyce vaults up onto the cashier's counter.

BOYCE (cont'd)

Now, you're all here to witness a very happy event, so I'd like to see a little celebration when I give you the prompt for it. Tonight marks the one year anniversary of the day I met the love of my afterlife here...

He extends his hand to Twist, taking hers in return and leaning down to KISS it, before straightening back up.

(CONTINUED)

BOYCE (cont'd)
 ... so as a present from me to her,
 I'm letting her pick one of you
 lucky people to be our first meal
 of the night.

The shoppers exchange confused looks - before Boyce HISSES,
 baring his fangs!

Several of the terrified shoppers SCREAM and try to back
 away, and as more smoke starts to pour out from behind the
 fire door, Lizzie knows she has to act fast.

Leaping to her feet, she vaults a display of tinned goods and
 reaches Twist in an instant, pushing her hand out towards
 Boyce and knocking the shotgun from his hands!

BOYCE (cont'd)
 What the- Twist!

TWIST
 Boyce! Help me!

Boyce jumps down from the counter, SNARLING as he advances on
 Lizzie. She gets her arm round Twist's neck.

LIZZIE
 Back off! I know lots of ways to
 kill a vampire, and trust me when I
 say you really don't want to see
 the one I'm planning for her.

Boyce narrows his eyes but keeps his distance as Lizzie
 starts looking for another way out.

TWIST
 What are you-

LIZZIE
 Twist, it's alright. It's me. I'm
 gonna get you out of here.

TWIST
 Who the hell are you?!?

LIZZIE
 (beat)
 Don't you know who I am?

TWIST
 I think I'd remember somebody like
 you! You always make a habit of
 kidnapping people you know?

Lizzie is stuck for a beat - and then it hits her.

LIZZIE

I'm in the wrong memory... damn it!

TWIST

Are you deficient?

BOYCE

Listen, lady, I don't know who you are but you've got about five seconds to let my girl go before-

LIZZIE

I said back off!

Lizzie shoves her hand towards Boyce and throws him off his feet, and he CRASHES back into one of the displays!

Twist shouts his name - and the fire door EXPLODES behind them, sending flames cascading out into the store! As the duo recoil away from the blast, we cut to:

32 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

32

Julie is still by the girls, standing as she hears a door open and sees Danyael walk back in - and he's dragging a tied up VAMPIRE behind him!

JULIE

What in the name of-

DANYAEL

(grim)

It's the only way.

Danyael's face is expressionless as he shoves the vampire onto the floor by Twist, KICKING it in the face to keep it down.

JULIE

Have you both gone out of your minds?!? What the hell has he told you to do?

DANYAEL

Vampire blood. It's what heals us when we get hurt.

Danyael kneels down by the captive vampire, pinning him down and pulling his shirt back to expose his neck. Julie's jaw drops as she starts to catch up.

JULIE

Wait a minute...

Danyael closes his eyes - and when he opens them, they're BLOOD RED. He turns to Julie, his fangs on display.

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL

Chris said this'll buy us more time.

JULIE

Danyael, wait! What if-

Too late. Danyael LUNGES down for the vamp's neck, BITING into it. The vamp SCREAMS and thrashes beneath him, but Danyael PUNCHES him to subdue him.

He leans back with a GASP, fresh blood dribbling down his chin, before hauling the vampire up and dragging him over to Twist. Holding the vampire over her, he watches as his blood DRIPS down into Twist's mouth.

Danyael is clearly shutting his emotions down to get through this, and as the horrified Julie watches, we cut back to:

33 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

33

The shoppers take their cue to leave, herding towards the exit and trampling each other in their panic to escape.

Boyce yells Twist's name a few times, but is beaten back by the fire, forced to take refuge outside the shop with the others.

Twist struggles to get free, but Lizzie keeps a firm grip on her, quickly maneuvering them away from the flames.

LIZZIE

Twist, you have to listen to me! I know this isn't the right version of you, but I know you're all in there somewhere! We're out of time, and we need to get you back to your body before we're both lost for good!

TWIST

What the hell are you talking about? Boyce! Baby, come on!

LIZZIE

Damn it, stop that! Twist, look!

She turns Twist's head towards the advancing flames, which have spread to the ceiling and are making short work of the displays, racing across the aisles towards them.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

You see that? You remember fire?
You remember what it did to you?

Twist is frozen stiff, transfixed by the flames.

(CONTINUED)

LIZZIE (cont'd)
 I need the real you. I thought I
 could stay one step ahead of this
 but we are out of time!

The flames reach the microwave oven over by the snack foods -
 and it EXPLODES!

LIZZIE (cont'd)
 Come on, Twist! You have to wake
 up! We have to get out of here and
 just hope to Hell that Julie and
 the others got your body fixed up!

The two are forced to duck down into a corner as the flames
 ROAR above them, rippling across the ceiling. The neon lights
 start to BLOW OUT, showering the blazing store with sparks.

TWIST
 (tearful)
 I don't understand! I don't know
 what you're asking me, I can't-

LIZZIE
 You can!

She takes Twist's head in her hands, staring into her eyes.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
 You're too important.

Twist stares back - then blinks.

TWIST
 (softly)
 Lizzie?

LIZZIE
 (grins)
There you are.

Twist looks over Lizzie's shoulder...

TWIST
 Look out!

She shoves them both to the ground - the fire has reached the
 deodorants, which starts to BURST under the heat, sending
 razor sharp chunks of aluminium scything through the air!

Twist looks up, one of the stray fragments having sliced her
 cheek open - the fire is consuming the whole store now. The
 girls are cut off.

TWIST (cont'd)
 Oh, God...

LIZZIE

It's alright, we can do this!

TWIST

Do what? Get some barbecue sauce?
We're screwed!

LIZZIE

No, we're not. You just need a push
to get out of this. Once your
subconscious mind is back where it
belongs, none of this will be able
to hurt you.

TWIST

How do you know-

LIZZIE

Just trust me!

A beat - then Twist nods, closing her eyes.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

Repeat after me. 'There's no place
like home.'

Twist opens one eye, looking incredulously at her.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

(grins)
Just kidding.

Lizzie looks up as a large section of the roof CAVES IN, the
flaming piece of ceiling landing only a few feet away, before
she turns back to Twist.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

Time to do my good deed...

She leans forward - and KISSES Twist, and as the flames surge
up, obscuring them from view, we WHITE OUT to:

With a GASP Twist sits bolt upright, heaving for breath!

JULIE

Twist!
(calls out)
Danyael! She's awake!

Twist's body has gone some way to healing itself - patches of
her skin are still red raw and peeling, but the charred,
blistered skin she was last seen with is all but gone.

Twist looks down at her badly burned hands, looking up as Julie heads over and Danyael races in from the next room.

TWIST

What did-

Danyael THROWS his arms round her, holding onto her as if he never means to let her go again.

TWIST (cont'd)

Oof! Spook! Burn victim, damn it!

DANYAEL

Oh, uh, right.

Danyael lets her go, and the smiles of relief on Julie and Danyael's faces say it all - they didn't think she'd make it back.

JULIE

What happened in there?

TWIST

Urgh, man! It was freaky. The inside of my head is a very strange place.

She leans forward, resting her forehead on her hands.

DANYAEL

How do you feel?

TWIST

On the off chance there's a kind and loving God, I will now choke on my own vomit. Do not try to help me. It's for the best.

JULIE

That good, huh?

TWIST

Hey, wait - Lizzie! Where is she?

DANYAEL

Right next to you.

Twist turns and sees Lizzie, still lying down with her eyes closed. Twist smiles and reaches out to shake her.

TWIST

Hey, come on, Brainiac! You saved me! Time to get all smug about...

Twist's smile fades. Something's wrong.

TWIST (cont'd)

Lizzie?

She shakes her more urgently - and Lizzie rolls onto one side, her body limp.

TWIST (cont'd)

No... no... no!

Twist starts to shake Lizzie more urgently as Danyael and Julie exchange a dark look.

TWIST (cont'd)

Wake up... wake up! Come on,
Lizzie, wake up!
(getting angry)
God fricken damn it, don't you do
this! Not now! Don't you save my
life and then... and then...

It hits her. She releases Lizzie, who falls back onto the mattress. Her features are peaceful - it doesn't look like she suffered.

Twist starts to SOB, and Danyael gently wraps his arms around her. He glances to Julie, who nods and gets up.

TWIST (cont'd)

Why'd she... why'd she do that for
me? Why did she die for me?

DANYAEL

She must have thought you were
worth it. Same way we all do.

TWIST

It's not fair... it isn't fair! I
was the one who was hurt, she was
fine! She didn't have to... she
shouldn't...

She buries her face in Danyael's shoulder, crying her little heart out as he holds her.

In the background, Julie is carefully removing the body of the vampire Danyael drained to restore Twist to her usual self, and as she drags the vampire off screen, we cut to:

Flashing up from black comes a rapid MONTAGE of images:

A) People running, SCREAMING in terror, the huge form of the Skorpione rising up behind them and BELLOWING its fearsome roar into the night.

B) Swords CLASH together - Manon and Sanctus!

C) Vivian FEASTS on a hapless civilian, as all around her more vampires do the same.

D) Diego charges at the Skorpione, ducking a swing from its huge claws.

E) Manon knocks Sanctus' sword out of his hands, then SPEARS his own sword into Sanctus' gut!

F) Vivian LAUGHS as she slices her magically-charged sword towards a building - which EXPLODES!

G) With the city in flames all around him, Diego jumps over the Skorpione's other claw as it swings for him - but gets hit by its TAIL!

H) Manon drags his sword back out of Sanctus, placing his hand on his chest - and with a deafening BANG, a blast of energy blows Sanctus back into the air.

I) Diego CRASHES into the side of an already trashed building, disappearing under a pile of rubble.

J) Manon watches his lumbering Skorpione SCREECH as it stampedes over a herd of police cars trying to fence it off.

K) Manon's boot STAMPS on a cigar, stubbing it out, and from there we cut to:

It's a few hours later. The city is destroyed. Smoke rises from the gutted buildings, bodies litter the street, wrecked buildings hemorrhage more chunks of masonry and all around, feeble cries for HELP echo round the desolate streets.

Push in on one pile of rubble in particular - which starts to MOVE! It rises up, as though someone underneath is pushing their way through - and a battered Diego rises into frame, coughing.

There's blood on his lips, and his breath comes in short WHEEZES. He clutches his side and clambers down the rubble, back into the street.

Staggering through the ruined city, he makes his way towards what used to be an ornate fountain in the middle of a small square of gardens - but what is now just a pool of water and more rubble.

Passing the wounded and dying and forced to ignore their pleas for help, Diego limps up to the fountain.

He hoists himself up and looks into the water - and there's Sanctus. Floating face down.

With a GRUNT of effort, Diego grabs an arm and hauls Sanctus up, dragging him up and out of the fountain. The two men collapse onto the floor.

Sanctus is out cold, but after some effort to rouse him he starts to come round. His eyes fall on Diego as he pries them open at last.

SANCTUS
The... the city?

DIEGO
(shakes head)
Destroyed.

SANCTUS
Ma... Manon and... Vivian?

DIEGO
Gone. So are the weapons, and the
skorpione.

Sanctus starts to push himself up, Diego doing his best to help him to his feet.

The WAIL of ambulance sirens echoes around the streets as the duo survey the apocalyptic landscape - what used to be just another American city is now little more than rubble, flames and bodies.

SANCTUS
(turns to Diego)
We're going to need more help.

Diego looks back, and from their grim expressions, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW