

**SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN**

"Test"

by  
A. J. Black

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - MORNING 1

A run down building in an equally run down part of Pittsburgh. A car SCREECHES to a halt outside the building, skidding its way up onto the kerb, and the driver's side door is flung open as CHRIS leaps out.

He races into the building as SYREN carefully steps out of the car, looking a little panicked as her pale eyes scan the streets around her.

SYREN

Chris? Where are you? Chris?

She starts to feel her way round the outside of the car as we cut inside to:

2 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NEXT 2

Chris clatters into a small room in the dilapidated building, skidding to a halt when his eyes fall on:

TWIST, sitting on a filthy mattress with a downcast expression. She looks up and sees Chris - displaying several patches of red raw skin still peppering her body - and manages a small smile.

TWIST

Hey.

Chris rushes over to her - for a brief moment it looks like he's going to hug her, and Twist tenses up involuntarily - but instead he just places his hands on his shoulders, looking her up and down.

TWIST (CONT'D)

Uh...

CHRIS

You're... are you alright? Is there any lasting damage? Any parts that didn't heal? Did you-

She gently pushes his hands away.

TWIST

I'm fine. My core temperature's shot up way beyond acceptable vampire levels, but other than that, still smiling.

He looks up as JULIE and DANYAEL walk in. Now it's Julie's turn to rush in - and this time, she does HUG him!

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

You're here!

CHRIS

I'm here. Sorry it took me so long,  
I had-

SYREN (O.S.)

Chris? Are you in here?

Everyone stops and turns - and Syren makes her way slowly in through the doorway.

SYREN (CONT'D)

You left me by the Toyota car! Had to follow the voices. Please don't do that again. Got scared.

A beat as Twist, Julie and Danyael try to process what they're seeing.

CHRIS

Everyone... this is Syren.

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

Hiking along a remote highway are the bedraggled forms of SANCTUS and DIEGO, the two men clearly suffering from their recent injuries.

A trio of AMBULANCES race past them, sirens wailing, closely followed by a pair of POLICE CARS.

DIEGO

At least the proper services are reaching the city now.

SANCTUS

(darkly)

That won't help all the people who died.

Diego lowers his head.

SANCTUS (CONT'D)

We had them, Diego. We had both of them, and they beat us. They tossed us away like we were nothing and proceeded to slaughter hundreds of innocent lives.

They look up - HELICOPTERS are passing overhead, bearing the markings of local news channels.

DIEGO

We did what we could, *senor!* We were outnumbered, ambushed, and-

SANCTUS

And nothing you say is going to sound like anything but an excuse.

Diego stares at him for a beat - but then nods.

SANCTUS (CONT'D)

We let them down. We have to avenge their deaths, and all the lives Manon and his forces have destroyed already.

DIEGO

*Si*, and maybe now we're meeting up with Chris and the others again, we can have more luck come our way?

SANCTUS

I hope so, Diego. I hope so.

The two continue walking - and a REVERSE ANGLE shot shows what they're leaving behind.

The city Manon's forces tore apart is nothing but rising plumes of black smoke and heaps of rubble. Helicopters circle the wreckage and a myriad of flashing emergency service lights flickers through the ruined buildings.

As the two grim faced warriors march on towards us, we cut back to the:

Back with the team - Julie steps away from Chris, glancing to him then back to Syren as she makes her way into the room.

Chris moves over to her, taking Syren's hand and leading her gently into the middle of the room.

JULIE

Who... who the hell is this, Chris?

CHRIS

This is the reason I've been gone. Syren, I'd like you to meet my team.

SYREN

Hello.

The others just glance at each other, a long way from knowing what the heck's going on. Twist raises her hand.

TWIST

Not to sound self-obsessed or anything, but can I bring the room's attention back to the fact that I was quite recently set on fricken fire?!? Do you have any idea what's happened while you've been off with your now... whatever the hell she is?

Chris looks like he's trying to hold back from saying something he'll regret, as Twist gets angrily to her feet.

CHRIS

Twist, I haven't been-

TWIST

No, forget it! I don't want to hear about it!

She marches right up to him, glaring into his eyes.

TWIST (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Where were you?

Chris stares right back. Nobody else makes a sound.

CHRIS

(quietly)

I'm sorry.

TWIST

(off Syren)

Is she the reason?

CHRIS

She was in danger. I had to save her. It's a long story.

TWIST

I don't care if it's War And Peace Volume Two, we're going to sit here and you're going to explain every last detail of it to me, and I'm not moving until you do.

(beat)

Lizzie's dead, by the way.

CHRIS

She- what?

TWIST

(cold)

Yeah, she died. Saving me. Because you weren't here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST (CONT'D)

We had to bury her out back like a god damn hobo! She deserved a lot better than that.

Twist holds his gaze for a moment longer, then turns and walks back over to Julie and Danyael, folding her arms.

TWIST (CONT'D)

So start talking.

Chris glances at Syren, who doesn't understand what's going on, then back to the others.

He opens his mouth to speak - and his cell phone RINGS. He sighs, reaching into his pocket and examining it.

CHRIS

It's Sanctus.

He looks up - they know he has to answer this, but still look disgruntled as Chris takes the call.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello?

SANCTUS

(filtered; through phone)

Christopher? It's Sanctus. Is your team still on schedule to reach the next rendezvous point in time?

CHRIS

I think so, but we've had a few... difficulties.

SANCTUS

Somehow, I doubt they'd compete with the circumstances Diego and myself are leaving behind. We'll see you all in a few hours.

CHRIS

Right, yes. See you then.

He hangs up, keeping his head lowered before looking back up to Twist and the others.

TWIST

Don't you dare...

CHRIS

We need to go.

TWIST

I knew it!

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I'll explain everything on the way,  
but we need to get moving.

DANYAEL

Woah, woah, wait a minute - Chris,  
man, did you blow a fuse while you  
were away or something? Twist  
almost got her self turned into a  
flambe, Lizzie's dead, and now  
we're just moving on again? Give me  
one good reason why we can't take  
five minutes to hear where the hell  
you've been?

CHRIS

(beat)

I think a brief listen to the local  
news on the way will fill in all  
the relevant blanks.

With that, he turns and goes, with Syren close behind him.  
Twist and the others look at each other, stunned.

TWIST

Okay, you guys have to promise me  
right now that I didn't actually  
die again and this isn't Hell,  
because otherwise things just took  
a definite left turn down Screwy  
Street.

DANYAEL

I'm afraid this is the real world.

TWIST

Crap.

(beat)

And what did he mean, 'the news  
will fill in the blanks'?

They exchange curious glances before we cut to:

A shaky helicopter cam view of the ruined city blocks, the  
aftermath of Manon's attack now front page news, with  
'Catastrophic Storm Devastates City... Hundreds Feared  
Dead...' scrolling across the bottom of the screen.

From this, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 INT. UNIVERSITY - LIBRARY - NEXT

6

TITLE OVER - University of Pittsburgh

Twist and Danyael push open the doors of a large, classical university LIBRARY, with towering bookcases filled with literally thousands of tomes, heading inside.

At a table at the end of a large row of bookcases, Chris and Sanctus are sitting surrounded by local reference material, in the midst of a very serious discussion.

TWIST

You see those guys? Mister and Mrs. Intense, or what?

DANYAEL

How would you know? I can't hear anything intense.

TWIST

You can barely hear anything!  
(beat)  
D'you think they're talking about me?

DANYAEL

Why would they be all intense and talking about you?

TWIST

Hello? I did just go through a near death experience, you know? That's not something that can be forgotten just like that.

DANYAEL

(distant)  
Yeah...

Twist turns and sees that he's now pretending to be engrossed in one of the dusty old books. She grabs it and throws it to the floor, scowling, but he just grins back at her.

TWIST

Listen, Spook, I may just have been to the brink and back, but that doesn't mean you can take advantage! And show some respect! I'm not about to forget what Lizzie did for me in a hurry, and neither should you!

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL

Look, this is gonna sound kinda callous, but... I'm glad you came back. Even if it did mean she died.

Twist and Danyael look at each other - and there's a sudden change in the air between them. It looks like there's something she wants to say to him, and she finally speaks:

TWIST

Danyael, I-

SYREN (O.S.)

Hey, guys?

The hint of smile soon fades from Twist, who rolls her eyes at the sound of the voice, turning towards where Syren stands behind her.

TWIST

In case you hadn't noticed, toots, some of us here happen to be female.

DANYAEL

Everything okay, Syren?

SYREN

(nods)

Yeah. Found something. Come see.

Syren heads off and Danyael follows, while Twist's expression shows her obvious irritation with the girl.

TWIST

(to herself)

This better be, like, a fountain of pure chocolate or something, otherwise I'm gonna be-

She stops in her tracks as she walks out of the bookcase row and sees what Syren found - it's a big, classical PIANO. Syren looks a little in awe of it, trailing her hands over its surface like it was a living thing.

TWIST (CONT'D)

(flat)

It's... a piano.

SYREN

(nods)

Yeah. Isn't it great?

TWIST

(fake nod)

Hmm. Yeah.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST (CONT'D)

On the greatness scale, I'm not giving it more than a two.

(beat)

Danyaël, wasn't there a conversation we were meant to be observing? C'mon, let's go find some more dusty old books.

DANYAEL

What, here? Tough call.

Without saying a word to Syren, Twist gets up and scampers off. Danyaël follows, giving Syren a goodbye smile.

Syren watches them go with a smile, before looking at the piano in front of her. She slowly makes her way around and sits before it.

After looking at the keys, Syren slowly moves her hands over them and touches the piano, beginning to play a tune.

This is nothing like the last one we heard. This is good. In fact, it's beautiful.

As the flawless sound begins emerging from the keys, which we recognise as Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata', Syren looks quite surprised at what she's doing - she didn't know she could play!

Over behind the bookcases, at the table, Chris and Sanctus' conversation continues.

SANCTUS

(mid-flow)

If our estimates are right, and we've got the right spot for the temple, it should only be an hour's drive out of the city. But with Julie wanting to go back into Pittsburgh to tie up her loose ends, it means we're going to be a man, or rather woman down, so-

CHRIS

(cuts him off)

Shh!

(listens; hears piano)

Can you hear that?

SANCTUS

(listens; nods)

Moonlight Sonata. Beethoven. Played rather well, too.

Chris, almost hypnotically, gets up and begins moving towards the source of the music.

(CONTINUED)

Syren continues playing the tune at the piano, but it doesn't seem to be an effort for her. It's as easy as breathing.

She pauses, staring at the keys - and then suddenly kicks into a higher gear, her hands dancing up and down the keys as she flows effortlessly into a new song - the piano coda from 'Butterflies and Hurricanes' by Muse.

As she plays, Chris appears from one of the corridors and see her. He looks pleasantly surprised by the sight.

Sanctus appears behind, watching, as Chris moves over and places a hand gently on Syren's shoulder. She stops and turns, smiling warmly.

SYREN

Chris. I didn't hear you.

CHRIS

Don't stop playing. That was incredible. Where did you learn Beethoven like that?

SYREN

I didn't. Just came to me.

Chris looks back at Sanctus, somewhat amazed. Sanctus raises an eyebrow of curiosity.

CHRIS

You know, Syren, I think I've just thought of the perfect way you can put this new talent to use.

Syren looks at Chris with an innocent curiosity, and off Chris' almost plotting smile, we cut to:

Open on a white board, set against one wall in an otherwise empty teaching room. Attached to the board are several photographs of a MAN - a dapper looking gent in his forties. Sanctus steps into frame by the board, addressing the others.

SANCTUS

I'll be brief. My contact here could only get us this room free for a short time. Marcus Wolsley. Local, respected entrepreneur and owner of the Rosary, one of the most exclusive nightspots in the whole of the Pennsylvania area.

DANYAEL

Yeah, I know the place.  
 (off his look)  
 I get around, remember?

SANCTUS

Wolsley's club is often frequented  
 by state dignitaries, not to  
 mention several high-powered half-  
 demon gangsters and businessmen,  
 who as you know...

He continues talking, but we focus on Twist as she leans into Danyael.

TWIST

(re: Sanctus; quietly)  
 D'you think he gets a kick out of  
 playing Exposition Boy? I think  
 he's enjoying it way too much.

Chris gives her a momentary sharp look, and Twist pipes down, though Danyael is smiling. Sanctus continues, ignoring her.

SANCTUS

I suppose you're wondering why  
 Wolsley and his club would attract  
 our attention. We've come across  
 plenty of others just like it,  
 right?

(nods)

Which is true. Except for one  
 critical difference.

DANYAEL

Which is?

SANCTUS

(beat)  
 Manon.

Twist looks interested, Danyael looks concerned, but Syren watches innocently - she doesn't yet understand the threat.

TWIST

Wonderful. So what does Monsieur  
 Voodoo-Portal have to do with all  
 this?

CHRIS

According to our research, Manon  
 used to regularly venture up from  
 New Orleans to frequent the Rosary.  
 He and Wolsley used to work  
 together.

DANYAEL

'Used to'?

SANCTUS

The partnership ended when Wolsley supposedly cheated Manon, cutting him out of a deal.

CHRIS

Though something tells me it may have been the opposite way around.

SANCTUS

The two subsequently became sworn enemies, pursuing similar goals with rival agendas.

TWIST

What, so this Wolsley guy wants to unleash big, giant, scorpion monsters on the world too?

DANYAEL

It's 'Skorpione.'

TWIST

Uh, do you mind, Spook? Sanctus was talking.

SANCTUS

(beat)

Wolsley has an element of power and influence, but he certainly doesn't share Manon's new found apocalyptic vision. He could be invaluable in the battle against Manon's forces, meaning we need to get him on side.

CHRIS

And I think I have the perfect way to do it.

He looks at Syren next to him and smiles a little. She smiles back. Sanctus watches the almost awkward beat with a touch of concern - he knows what Chris is thinking. Twist just doesn't like not being in the loop.

The moment is punctuated when the library doors are thrust open and DIEGO enters. He still looks somewhat worse for wear, but appears to be healing well.

TWIST

Diego!

Danyael frowns at Twist's happy reaction.

DIEGO

My apologies for being so late.

SANCTUS

Did you find what we feared?

Danyaël looks curious about the exchange, especially as Chris seems to know what it means too.

DIEGO

Yes, *senor*. It seems Manon's forces are there, as you predicted.

CHRIS

Which means they've found it.

DANYAEL

Uh, guys?

Chris, Sanctus and Diego all turn to look at Danyaël.

DANYAEL (CONT'D)

Are the rest of us gonna know what's going on any time soon, or should we just leave you three to talk amongst yourselves?

Chris and Sanctus share a look, and we cut to:

The team have ventured out into the fresh air - they're standing in and around the back of the black van, parked up just outside the university.

Sanctus opens out an old, heavy book and Danyaël looks at the page with interest - it shows illustrations of a jagged looking, ancient TEMPLE.

SANCTUS

It's taken us quite some time, but we've managed to dig out forty-seven books, many of them ancient, that reference the Skorpione and the portals.

TWIST

Where'd you get the books?

SANCTUS

Here at the university. I believe you already know that several of this country's colleges carry a selection of more... unique books, for people like ourselves.

DANYAEL

I'm just wondering how the hell nobody's noticed yet!

TWIST

When was the last time you paid attention to every book in a library?

A beat - Danyael shrugs. Good point.

CHRIS

After we learned Manon's cells are working to locate and reactivate the entire portal network, Sanctus and I brought us here to study these ancient texts to pinpoint temple locations for the portals.

DANYAEL

Why here? Pittsburgh's still not striking me as the kind of place you'd find a Hellmouth, if you know what I'm saying.

DIEGO

Because we got a heads up that one of Manon's new cells was operating here.

SANCTUS

That's when I asked Diego to check out their operations.

DANYAEL

(to Diego)

And you found something?

DIEGO

*Si*. An excavation site are at the temple coordinates. They are Manon's people, for sure, but my infiltration found no sign of the man himself.

SANCTUS

I didn't think it would. Manon is too good to get his hands dirty digging out temples. Or so he'd like everyone to think.

He looks to Chris, expecting him to backup his comments. Chris, though, is glancing over to Syren, who is talking with Twist. He seems distracted by her, and Sanctus notices.

SANCTUS (CONT'D)

Anyway, I think it's fair to say we need to shut that cell down before they can access the temple and get that portal up and running. Diego, get our equipment ready for the assault. We'll need weapons and explosives.

(Diego nods; heads off)

Danyaël, will you give him a hand?

DANYAEL

Sure thing.

(beat)

Uh, should I be calling you 'boss' now?

Sanctus looks at the still distracted Chris and turns to him, as Danyaël joins Diego.

SANCTUS

I take it you agree with my plan of action?

CHRIS

(distracted)

Of course.

SANCTUS

Or could it be that your mind is elsewhere?

Chris turns to him, his expression a little dark.

CHRIS

What is that supposed to mean?

SANCTUS

Syren.

(beat)

This plan of yours... are you sure it's wise? It might be too soon to put her in the firing line.

CHRIS

On the contrary - I think it's exactly the right time.

Clearly not enjoying having his authority questioned, Chris gives Sanctus a little glare and walks off, leaving Sanctus increasingly concerned.

Twist stands facing Syren with her hands on her hips, a forceful posture. The calm Syren has clearly just told her something that hasn't gone down well.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

Sorry to go all John McEnroe for a second, but you cannot be serious! There's no way that Chris would trust you with that kind of gig so soon!

(beat; narrows eyes)

You're lying.

SYREN

(innocently)

Why would I do that, Twist?

TWIST

'Cause... 'cause... just... because, alright?!

SYREN

Chris asked me to do this, and I told him I would. I would do anything for him.

TWIST

Just be glad Chris ain't into that kind of thing, 'cause statements like that could get you into a whole heap of trouble, toots.

Syren looks at her a little blankly. Twist goes to explain, but then gives up. Chris approaches, and Syren immediately brightens up when she hears his voice.

CHRIS

Let me guess, Twist. Syren told you about the plan involving Wolsley?

TWIST

She may have mentioned it.

(beat)

Are you serious?

CHRIS

Completely. Syren's musical talent on the piano, not to mention her voice, are perfect when it comes to the Rosary. According to Danyael, they have guest musicians in all the time, so she can get close to Wolsley and earn his trust enough to turn him into the ally we need against Manon.

TWIST

But she's the new girl! The rookie!  
You don't break in Little Miss  
Mythology here by sending her into  
the lions den!

CHRIS

I think you're underestimating her.  
(looks at Syren)  
I've seen what she's capable of.

There is a beat as Twist sees Chris and Syren share a look of recognition at shared history.

TWIST

Alright, that's enough of the  
cryptic schtick.  
(beat)  
This plan is crazy. There's no way  
Syren can do this on her own.

CHRIS

You know, maybe you're right,  
Twist.

TWIST

(does a double take)  
I am?!  
(beat; suspicious)  
What's going on? You never say  
that.

CHRIS

Well, I'm saying it now. Syren  
probably does need a little backup,  
given that this is her first  
mission, so to speak.  
(beat)  
You're going to prove it.

TWIST

Say what?

CHRIS

You have the experience and the  
know-how to help Syren bring  
Wolsley in for the fight.

TWIST

Hey, listen, when I suggested she  
needed help, I was thinking of  
Spook, not-

CHRIS

(firm)  
You're going with her, Twist.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Discussion over.

(beat; lightens)

So why don't you two ladies go and work on your infiltration plan?

SYREN

That sounds like a good idea.

(smiles at Twist)

Twist?

Chris gives Twist another firm look, though he's clearly dying not to smile. Twist gives him a firm look right back, clearly still not happy with him - but then she SIGHS.

TWIST

Sure. Not like I've got anything better to do like help save the fricken world!

Directing her comment bitterly at Chris, Twist stalks off and Syren follows. Chris watches them go as Sanctus approaches.

SANCTUS

You sent Twist with her?

CHRIS

(nods)

Something tells me Twist feels a little threatened by the new girl. Maybe a field assignment will bring the two closer together.

SANCTUS

I still think it's too soon. Even with Twist. And she's been through a lot herself, let's not forget that. Losing a powerful ally like Lizzie was a blow to us all, and it's bound to have had an effect on Twist.

CHRIS

I think you should start having a little faith in my judgement, Sanctus.

(beat)

I know how to run my team.

Sanctus nods as Chris turns and watches the two girls begin working, but Sanctus' eyes are on Chris. He knows something isn't right, as we cut to:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9

INT. SAFE HOUSE - ROOM - NIGHT

9

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

Chris sits on a small chair in what appears to be a waiting room, somewhere deep inside Osbourne's NYC base of operations. His head in his hands, and he's still dripping wet. He looks pretty close to the edge.

A hand holding a steaming mug reaches into frame, and Chris looks up to see Sanctus offering it to him.

CHRIS

I don't drink coffee.

SANCTUS

Good job it's not coffee, then.

A beat - Chris looks into the mug. It's BLOOD.

CHRIS

No, thanks.

SANCTUS

Come on, Christopher, we both know it'll help with your-

CHRIS

(snaps)

I said no!

Chris jumps to his feet, SLAPPING the mug out of Sanctus' hand and getting right in his face.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Is this your idea of a peace offering? I haven't seen you since you turned me into this, and you try to turn back the clock by offering me a bloody drink?!?

Sanctus stares back impassively, and after a moment Chris sags back into the chair. Sanctus sits beside him.

SANCTUS

I'm sorry we had to reunite under such circumstances, old friend.

CHRIS

Stop calling me that.

SANCTUS

Isn't it true?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

'Old,' yes. 'Friend,' no.

SANCTUS

Not wishing to sound egotistical,  
but without my assistance you and  
all your team wouldn't have made it  
back in one piece!

CHRIS

I'll be sure to pass your sentiment  
on to Twist. If she ever wakes up.

Sanctus starts to reply, but Chris gets up and heads for the door, pausing as he opens it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Thanks for turning up tonight.  
(beat)  
Now go.

Chris exits, and as Sanctus leans back in his chair, sighing heavily, we cut back to:

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

The team are gathered near the black van, looking over as Diego heads across to them.

DIEGO

Okay, the van is full. The rest of  
the gear, you will have to carry.

Sanctus detects certain personal good-byes need to be said, and nudges Diego.

SANCTUS

Come, Diego. We'll be in the van.

They head out of frame, as Chris faces Syren, and Twist turns to face Danyael. Both look a little awkward. Neither are fully looking at one another.

DANYAEL

Boy, do we suck at good-byes.

TWIST

(chuckles)  
You noticed that, too?

He smiles, and sees Twist lean over and pick up her newest version of 'Duggan,' her trusty baseball bat.

TWIST (CONT'D)

I thought you should borrow this.  
(quickly)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TWIST (CONT'D)

Just until I get back. On loan.  
Chances are, you're gonna run into  
a lot more danger than me and Kiri  
Te Kanawa over there.

DANYAEL

(surprised)

You're sure?

She holds the bat up with both her hands and Danyael holds it, but also clasps her hands at the same time.

Twist looks at him. It's a long, lingering look, in which they convey much that they're not yet ready to say with words.

As this lingers, we move to where Chris stands with Syren nearby.

CHRIS

I know Twist can come across as a  
little... abrasive, at times, but  
she knows what she's doing. You  
should listen to her, and follow  
her lead. She won't let you down.

SYREN

I will. Promise.

Syren proceeds to lean in and give Chris a peck on the cheek, which takes him totally by surprise. He never expected that, and he almost blushes.

CHRIS

(coughs nervously)

Well, uh... I think it's time we  
were going. Danyael?

Danyael and Twist are still looking at each other, locked in that moment. But his call has shaken Danyael out of it. Twist soon follows, letting go of the bat. Danyael almost drops it as he quickly turns to Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Time to go.

Danyael nods, looks at Twist and begins to head out, smiling a goodbye to Syren as he goes, which she returns with a wave. Twist approaches Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Now, listen, go easy on her,  
alright? You understand me?

TWIST

Course I understand you, you're not  
Chinese.

Chris nods and hesitates. Twist stares back, arms folded.

TWIST (CONT'D)

I hope you're not expecting a hug.

CHRIS

Some form of 'good-bye' would be a start.

TWIST

Bye.

Twist spins on her heel and marches away before Chris can reply. He shakes his head - he's screwed up here, and he knows it.

Twist rejoins Syren, who seems quite buoyed with enthusiasm, but Twist's sour expression suggests she feels the opposite.

TWIST (CONT'D)

(dry)

I guess now we can get the party started, huh?

Off Twist's sigh at Syren's beaming smile, we cut to:

Open with a view of the wharf side Rosary restaurant and club, a very classy joint, behind of which drapes the skyscraper-filled skyline.

Upper-class clientele are heading in and out, a middle-aged COUPLE talking together quietly and intimately.

They pass Twist and Syren, who stop a few yards from the entrance and observe the place before them.

Syren is decked out in an evening dress, while Twist wears a trouser suit that doesn't suit her, as well as a head scarf and dark glasses to cover up her burn scars. She has that whole Sophia Loren thing going on.

SYREN

(happily)

This place sounds wonderful. So many voices, and music...

TWIST

Hey, we're not here for a nice evening out full of food, wine and sophistication.

SYREN

Yeah, I understand. Tonight we're working girls.

TWIST

No! We're not-

(beat; shakes her head)

Listen, little lady, all you need to know is that while this may technically be your gig, I'm the one wearing the pants.

(looks at her suit)

Literally, in this case. In other words, do as you're told by *moi* or else. Capish?

SYREN

(nods)

I know. Chris and I had a conversation before he left.

TWIST

(affronted)

Really? And exactly how many 'little conversations' do you and Mr. Berkeley have together?

Syren looks a little bemused by her questioning.

TWIST (CONT'D)

(sighs; shakes her head)

Never mind. C'mon, we've got work to do.

Twist heads straight for the restaurant door, Syren following while taking in everything around her with interest.

A waiting foyer precedes the entrance, containing prospective, well-dressed DINERS waiting for tables in the expansive restaurant to become free.

Jazz music from a band on a stage toward the back of the dining area wafts over as Twist strides in with Syren in tow, walking right up to the MAITRE'D's pedestal. The Maitre'd, a thin middle-aged man, regards them with curiosity.

TWIST

Evening, my good man. Table for two, if you'd be so good.

MAITRE'D

Do you have a reservation, Ms?..

TWIST

The name's... Bristow. Sydney Bristow. And, no, I don't have a reservation. But that's probably because I'm not here to eat.

MAITRE'D

I'm afraid I don't un-

Twist pulls Syren next to her, which cuts the man off.

TWIST

I'm here to give your big boss, the owner of this establishment, an early Christmas present. This here beautiful creature is exactly what he needs to liven this place up. And I'm her manager... ess.

The Maitre'd looks at Syren with curiosity, and she just smiles with a touch of innocence.

TWIST (CONT'D)

So, are you gonna get the big guy down here to hear the goods, or is he gonna spend the rest of his life wondering what he missed out on?

MAITRE'D

Ladies, I'm sorry, but without a reservation, I'm afraid you're going to have to-

He is cut off when the phone on his pedestal next to him begins ringing, which he answers.

MAITRE'D (CONT'D)

Yes, sir?...

As he talks, Twist turns and looks at Syren.

SYREN

I don't understand. Why didn't you tell him your real name?

TWIST

It's called 'going undercover,' toots. And besides, can you think of a better alias?

Twist chuckles at her own pun, but Syren clearly has very little idea what Twist is on about. They both turn to see the Maitre'd is now looking sheepish.

MAITRE'D

(into phone)

Yes... yes, sir... right away... thank you, sir.

He puts the phone down, and with a little difficulty he addresses the girls cordially.

(CONTINUED)

MAITRE'D (CONT'D)  
 (forced pleasantry)  
 Table for two. Right this way,  
 ladies, if you'll follow me.

TWIST  
 (to Syren)  
 This management thing is too easy.  
 I'm in the wrong profession!

The Maitre'd begins heading off into the restaurant and Twist and Syren follow, as we cut to:

12 EXT. HILLSIDE - COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

12

From a high vantage point in a series of verdant hills deep in the countryside, binoculars are looking down on an excavation site.

The binoculars scan through and show at least a dozen WORKERS, most armed with weapons, working on some kind of excavated structure in the ground.

DANYAEL (O.S.)  
 I see around a dozen men. All  
 armed. Looks like the excavation's  
 coming along pretty well.

Danyael is holding the binoculars and looking down, with the others standing near the parked van.

DANYAEL (CONT'D)  
 They may even have dug out the  
 entrance to the temple already. And  
 that's bad, right?

DIEGO  
 If the entrance has been excavated,  
 Manon's forces may already have  
 gained access to the interior.

SANCTUS  
 And begun to activate the portal  
 inside.

Beat. Silence.

DANYAEL  
 Well, that's a whole lot of no  
 good.

SANCTUS  
 If a portal has been opened, we  
 need to shut it down before  
 anything gets a chance to come  
 through.

(CONTINUED)

Chris nods, and touches the katana hilt strapped to his back.

CHRIS

Then let's get down there, and get on with it.

Without hesitation, Chris strides off down the hillside towards the dig, about a quarter of a mile away.

Diego follows next, with Danyael next, making sure the baseball bat is firmly on his person. Sanctus takes up the rear and follows, a look of concern about what they may face on his mind.

13 INT. DINING AREA - THE ROSARY - NIGHT

13

In the centre of the restaurant, at one of the plushiest dining tables by the stage, Twist and Syren are now sitting and eating.

However, while Syren is dining with absolute social and cultural finesse, fitting every inch in the upmarket place, Twist isn't.

Some of the surrounding DINERS can't help but notice as Twist scoffs at her *cordon bleu* meal, sometimes with fingers, like it's a bag of potato chips.

TWIST

(looking at the jazz quartet playing on stage)  
Jeez, the music in this place is like a department store! Just how many autumn leaves to we have to wade through before we can get something to dance with?

Twist doesn't expect an answer from Syren, but it's at that point, she sees her staring at her.

TWIST (CONT'D)

What's with the Stare-o-thon, Mariah? And anyway, I thought you were meant to be blind?

SYREN

Sorry, I... couldn't help it. I like you.

TWIST

(suspicious)  
Hey, listen, I don't know what Spook or Zorro or any of the other guys might have told you about me, but I am definitely not... Willow-inclined. Are we crystal?

(CONTINUED)

Syren doesn't respond and Twist clearly realises she doesn't get it. She rolls her eyes.

TWIST (CONT'D)

Look, you-

SYREN

I like Chris, too.

TWIST

Oh, that's a relief! For a minute there, I thought you were going to go all KD Lang on me.

SYREN

He's a really cool guy. Chris.

Twist chuckles a little at how Syren says it. Doesn't seem natural, especially in her clipped tones with the way she's dressed.

TWIST

I guess he can be... 'cool,' yeah. On occasion.

SYREN

I owe him so much. I'm not sure I can ever repay him for what he's done for me.

TWIST

All he did was give you a boat ride off an island! It's not like he dragged you out the depths of Hell or anything!

(beat; shakes her head)

Anybody'd think you were in love with him.

Syren looks away towards the jazz quartet and doesn't answer, looking a little awkward. Twist observes her with a measure of curiosity and concern when she doesn't immediately deny the claim.

The slightly awkward beat is broken suddenly as we hear someone politely cough over Twist's shoulder. It gets hers and Syren's attention.

WOLSLEY (O.S.)

Good evening, ladies. Would you be enjoying your meal?

Standing over them is MARCUS WOLSLEY, the handsome, fortysomething Rosary owner they've come to see. He's impeccably attired and quite dashing.

(CONTINUED)

Twist clearly fancies him a little and stands, raising her sunglasses onto her forehead, and batting her eyes with a smile as she holds out her hand.

WOLSLEY (CONT'D)

Marcus Wolsley. Owner of this establishment. And you must be Miss Bristow.

(kisses her hand)

I assume you're a Miss?

TWIST

Well, if I wasn't, I am now.

She smirks flirtatiously and Wolsley smiles, slowly releasing her hand after lingering a hold on it.

WOLSLEY

May I join you, ladies?

TWIST

It'll take my mind off the music.  
Does your band know any Megadeth?

Wolsley smiles, holding out Twist's chair for her to sit and she takes the gallantry, quite enjoying it.

WOLSLEY

I understand you came here to show me something. My Maitre'd described you as... rather persistent.

TWIST

That's my middle name, Mr. Wolsley.  
Sydney Persistent Bristow.

WOLSLEY

Please, call me Marcus.

TWIST

(smiles)

Marcus. I'm here to deliver you a talent the likes of which you've never before seen.

(points at Syren)

I know she doesn't look like much, but trust me. Next Big Thing, sitting right there.

Wolsley looks at Syren properly for the first time - he is clearly quite taken by her beauty at first glance. She just smiles innocently at him.

WOLSLEY

You sing?

SYREN

(nods)

Yes. It is what I do.

Wolsley nods, a little taken by her words.

TWIST

Ye-ah. It's also much in demand. I've got more than one entrepreneur like yourself, Marcus, interested in this budding, uh... siren, but I thought it was only fair to come to the best joint in town first and give her the chance to start at the very top.

(beat; smiles)

With you.

Though not a stupid man, Wolsley enjoys the flattery in her patter and smiles at Twist, who is full of confidence, while Syren seems a little nervous.

WOLSLEY

Very well. You've convinced me enough to give...

(to Syren)

I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name.

SYREN

Syren.

WOLSLEY

(nods; considers the name)

To give Syren here a demonstration of her talents. Why don't you both come up to my office after you finish your meal?

TWIST

Why bother finishing? Food's great, an' all, but we really want to get down to business. So, shall we?

WOLSLEY

Follow me.

He begins heading off out the dining area and Twist follows, but soon sees Syren is still sitting watching the jazz quartet, so quickly goes back, grabs her and begins dragging her away as we cut to:

The fairly large dig site contains large excavation equipment amidst plenty of dig tents, marked with Skorpione emblems.

In the distance, we see armed GUARDS patrolling with automatic weapons. One now appears in frame, patrolling around one of the tents near the temple entrance.

Suddenly, he is grabbed from behind, and his neck is SNAPPED quickly by Diego, with Sanctus near behind.

The guard falls limp, and as Sanctus grabs his weapon, Diego kneels and sees the man is sporting the same Skorpione emblem on his arm as on the tents. He looks up at Sanctus, who nods.

SANCTUS

The same as the cult who opened the portal in Canada. Skorpione worshippers.

DIEGO

If ever we were in doubt that this is the work of Manon...

Sanctus nods and both he and Diego look across the dig and see the two guards in the far distance suddenly react to something near them.

Before they can take any action, however, one is GUTTED by Chris using his katana and the other KNOCKED OUT as Danyael swings 'Duggan' around his face hard.

Taking cover near the temple wall with Danyael, Chris gives a sign across the dig towards Diego and Sanctus, who returns the same sign.

SANCTUS

We're clear. Let's go.

Sanctus leads the way as he and Diego begin emerging from cover, Chris and Danyael doing the same.

From opposite sides, the four edge across the dig quietly and carefully, watching out for enemies, until they finally convene at the temple entrance.

CHRIS

Is the perimeter secured?

SANCTUS

Yes. There were far fewer hostiles than we expected.

CHRIS

That's what worries me.

While Chris keeps looking around the dig, sensing something amiss, the others look at the partially uncovered temple entrance before them.

DIEGO

Walking in there could be certain death. Manon's forces may be waiting inside, ready to pounce once we enter.

DANYAEL

(beat)

Yeah... I was in the mood for some Indy-style tomb raiding, but now this whole 'certain death' angle's not really working for me...

CHRIS

We didn't come this far to quit.

Fearlessly, Chris leads the way and heads into the temple. Danyael is the last one to enter, and he doesn't look all that keen about potential 'certain death' as we cut to:

The temple was clearly once a huge construction, as it towers in a very ancient gothic style, even though half of it is still buried.

Chris holds his katana ready as he leads them through, Diego close by with his sword. They are illuminated by Sanctus and Danyael, holding torchlights.

DANYAEL

Who used to live here? The Hulk?

SANCTUS

The ancient incarnation of Skorpione, at their smallest, were as big as the creature you encountered in Canada.

DANYAEL

'Smallest'?

SANCTUS

That was nothing compared to the kind of fiend that undoubtedly once rested in temples like these. It would be like comparing a mouse to a buffalo.

DANYAEL

Which, oddly, I've never done.

They continue walking, stalking through a towering corridor filled with ancient hieroglyphs.

DANYAEL (CONT'D)

Looks like this place is as dead as the dig site.

DIEGO

So it would seem.

CHRIS

(shakes his head)  
Something's not right.

DANYAEL

Ah, come on, we've-

He stops dead as the four of them begin to see a flashing LIGHT, coupled with a pulsating beacon noise coming from a nearby chamber.

Carefully, the boys step into the chamber and find the source of it to be a large PORTAL, which is well and truly open.

DANYAEL (CONT'D)

Okay, fine, something's not right.

DIEGO

I thought this place was deserted?

CHRIS

I never thought that.

SANCTUS

Someone opened this portal.

Suddenly, all stop dead as they hear a huge, echoing and very unearthly HOWL. It's impossible to tell where it came from, or how far away it is. All turn on their heels, looking around as they hear the howl, until it slowly dies away.

DANYAEL

I'm gonna go with something. And am I the only one who doesn't think that sound came from the portal?

CHRIS

(realises)  
Something has already come through.

As they look up at the portal, uncertain as to what to do next, behind Danyael, we see the SHADOW of an enormous creature on the dimly lit wall which cannot be all that far away, as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

16

INT. WOLSLEY'S OFFICE - THE ROSARY - NIGHT

16

The expansive office overlooks the wharf, a beautiful view, with the glistening city behind as Wolsley sits at his desk.

Sitting on the opposite side of him is Twist, who has something of a smug smile on her face as she views how captivated Wolsley is.

What's captivating him is Syren. She stands across the room facing them, singing the song 'Parting Gift' by Fiona Apple, with absolute perfection.

Twist sees Wolsley enchanted by her voice as Syren comes to the end of the song and slowly finishes, ending on a beautiful note.

A beat of silence, as Twist sees Wolsley begin shaking his head in amazement, while Syren looks a little melancholy after her song.

TWIST

So, Marcus, are you suitably impressed?

Not even registering Twist barely anymore, Wolsley gets up from his seat and walks over to Syren, his face full of emotion.

WOLSLEY

Dear lady, you have the sweetest, most enchanting voice I have ever before heard.

SYREN

(smiles)  
Thank you.

TWIST

(coughs theatrically)  
So, I take it then our girl here is good enough to-

WOLSLEY

(to Syren)  
When can you start?

Syren looks over towards Twist, needing her assistance.

TWIST

No time like the present. She can be on that stage in half an hour.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TWIST (CONT'D)  
Once you kick off Ray Charles and  
his big ba-

WOLSLEY  
(again, only to Syren)  
What can you sing?

He is staring at her with utter adoration, but Syren doesn't really register it. She is full of naive honesty and obliviousness. Twist, though, looks a little peeved she's now being totally ignored.

SYREN  
Well, I-

TWIST  
This girl's a regular cabaret act,  
she can sing anything.  
(gives Syren a pointed  
look)  
And she will.

Wolsley nods and smiles broadly.

WOLSLEY  
Wonderful. Consider yourself hired.

Syren smiles and as Wolsley heads over towards his drinks cabinet, she beams at Twist, but looks a little confused at Twist's irritation.

WOLSLEY (CONT'D)  
Let me get you both a drink.

TWIST  
I'll have a vodka. Set the kid here  
up with a Coca-Cola.

WOLSLEY  
(smiles)  
I think we can do better than that.

He pours a vodka for Twist, but pours himself and Syren something else. He walks over and hands Syren a glass, which she politely takes.

WOLSLEY (CONT'D)  
The finest of fine Cuban rum. A  
vintage. I can't think of a better  
occasion than now to use it.

Wolsley raises his glass for a toast at Syren, and she smiles and slightly sips the drink, Wolsley watching her with intensity.

The ignored Twist, behind, sarcastically raises her glass and sinks the vodka in one.

TWIST

Let me tell you, we never got free drinks at the last place we visited. That Manon was a real piece of work!

Upon hearing the name, Wolsley turns toward her quickly, his expression darkening.

WOLSLEY

Did you say... Manon?

TWIST

(nods; casual)

Yeah. Really slimy French guy. Owned a club down in New Orleans we tried our hand at a couple of times, before we really became serious. The only talent of Syren's that Manon showed any interest in was the horizontal kind, if you catch my drift.

WOLSLEY

(nods, looks disgusted)

That doesn't surprise me. Manon never appreciated true beauty, or talent.

(beat)

About as much as he never appreciated loyalty.

TWIST

You know the guy? How unfortunate for you.

WOLSLEY

(slight smile)

Indeed.

(beat)

Let me get you ladies another drink.

He heads over toward his drinks cabinet again, clearly growing to like the girls even more after the brief conversation.

While his back is turned, Syren and Twist exchange a slight smile of recognition that things seem to be going exactly to plan, as we cut to:

The chamber at the heart of the temple is lit by numerous plumes of fire along the large, towering walls, which illuminate the active portal inside.

Chris, Diego, Sanctus and Danyael stand before the portal as they did before, weighing up their options.

CHRIS

We need to seal the portal and put this temple back in the ground, forever.

SANCTUS

I couldn't agree more.

Suddenly, another unearthly HOWL resounds around them.

DANYAEL

Me neither.

(beat)

Guys, wherever that thing is, it's getting a lot closer.

It's at that point the SHADOW from before begins to cast over the portal and over them. The four guys slowly turn around to the sound of a deafening howl.

DANYAEL (CONT'D)

Too close...

They look up and we follow their vision, seeing an enormous SKORPIONE creature is standing before them, HOWLING and GROWLING as it watches them.

If the one in Canada was a mouse, then this is without doubt a buffalo.

It HOWLS again and moves closer, movement which shakes the very foundation of the temple. Danyael looks ready to pee, and Diego whispers a prayer in Spanish.

Chris observes it with dead anger as Sanctus realises the gravity of what's before them.

SANCTUS

Gentlemen, this is the menace that we are facing.

(beat)

Unless we stop Manon and his forces from opening all the portals to the Skorpione realm, this is the force that will roam the Earth. And we're not just talking one, or two.

(beat)

We're talking millions.

That little speech only serves to fill Danyael with more nerves as Chris raises his katana.

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

CHRIS

Then, I say we send the Skorpione a little message.

(beat)

And put this thing out of our misery.

Off Chris' look of determination, we cut back to:

18 EXT. THE ROSARY - NIGHT

18

All is calm outside the restaurant as we hear the strains of 'Someone to Watch Over Me' being sung to pitch perfection.

Even people passing by the wharfside outside are stopping to listen to the beautiful melody within.

19 INT. DINING AREA - THE ROSARY

19

The entire restaurant is practically silent bar the singing, with every table watching the stage intently and listening.

The jazz band are gone and Syren is there instead, playing the piano while effortlessly singing the accompanying tune that's captivated everyone inside.

At one of the tables nearest the front of the stage, Wolsley is sitting with several male BUSINESSMAN-type friends, all whom are captivated by the singing.

He smiles at Syren when she turns and looks at him, and she demurely smiles back a little in the midst of her song.

The only person in the entire restaurant who isn't exactly awed by her singing is, you guessed it - Twist. She's leaning at the bar necking vodka.

Looking rather unimpressed with Syren's set, Twist slams the glass back on the bar top.

TWIST

Fill her up again, cowboy.

The BARTENDER, though, is watching the stage while robotically cleaning out a glass. Twist rolls her eyes upon realising.

TWIST (CONT'D)

Hey, Sam! Quit gawping and get me another fricken Smirnoff.

(snaps)

On the double!

Shaken from his rapture, the Bartender nods and takes the glass, starting to fill it again.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST (CONT'D)

What is so special about her,  
anyway? I could probably sing that  
well if I'd spent all day on an  
island in the middle of nowhere  
with nothing else to do but go all  
Sound Of Music.

Twist shakes her head as her vodka is placed before her, and she knocks the shot back in one.

TWIST (CONT'D)

What is it I'm missing?

The Bartender isn't listening, however. He's reverted back to staring at the stage.

Twist rolls her eyes as she sees Syren finish the classic song and receive a rapturous, standing ovation from the diners, led by Wolsley. Syren modestly smiles, a little overawed by the attention.

TWIST (CONT'D)

(sighs; under her breath)

Whatever you and the guys are doing  
right now, Chris, I bet it's not  
half as much an ordeal as this!

As she swigs back her latest vodka, we cut to:

The katana SWIPES and CUT at one of the huge CLAWS of the enormous creature that the guys are now battling.

Chris holds off the swipes of the Skorpione, as it HOWLS and shrieks with fury while stampeding around the gigantic chamber after them.

Nearby, Diego is using his own sword to get leverage on the Skorpione in order to climb it's huge frame, and get a cleaner strike.

Chris is the distraction, rolling and jumping away from the creature as it careers after him, the swipes of it's huge CLAWS knocking huge pieces of rock everywhere.

One such rock slams extremely near to where Danyael and Sanctus are operating, the former firing blasts of the guards automatic machine rifle the latter lifted outside.

DANYAEL

Please tell me right now you have a  
plan to shut this down and stop  
another one of these things  
breaking through?

SANCTUS

I came prepared for the possibility we may need to achieve two objectives at once. Close the portal, and blow the temple that houses it to kingdom come.

DANYAEL

(shocked)

You expected one of these things to be here?

Another piece of huge, deflected ROCK almost slams into them.

SANCTUS

Let's just say I've gotten used to planning for the worst.

Suddenly, the two of them hear yet another unearthly HOWL, only this one isn't coming from the Skorpione tearing around nearby.

This one is from the SECOND Skorpione creature slowly doing it's best to break through the open portal, it's huge claw starting to appear. Danyael sees this and points, Sanctus noticing.

DANYAEL

Well, it looks like the worst you planned for is about to get even worse!

The sight is also noticed by Chris as he keeps drawing the Skorpione while swiping his katana, and Diego who is avoiding claw swipes as he climbs up the creature.

Sanctus looks at Danyael after witnessing the sight.

SANCTUS

Then, we have no time to lose.

From his jacket, Sanctus begins removing pieces of some sort of old-fashioned looking, spherical DEVICE in four components.

Danyael continues firing the machine gun at the Skorpione, while glancing repeatedly at Sanctus as he rapidly starts assembling the device. The battle and resulting carnage continues, as we cut to:

Ripples of applause are still continuing for the star attraction of the restaurant as Wolsley guides Syren, hand on her lower back, toward the bar.

Twist isn't drunk, but is slightly merry, which has made her even more grouchy and sarcastic as she sees Wolsley treating Syren like his queen.

TWIST

The opening set went well, then?

WOLSLEY

Well? It was a triumph. This young woman is going to be the toast of the civilised world. I'm going to see to that.

Wolsley approaches the bar as Syren heads over towards Twist, trying not to look sarcastic.

WOLSLEY (CONT'D)

(to Bartender)

Rick. I want you to make sure Ms. Syren here tonight is treated like a princess. Her wish will be your every command when it comes to food or drink.

(beat; thinks)

That goes for her friend, too, of course.

TWIST

Oh, it's so lovely to be an after thought. Thank you!

The sarcasm is lost on Wolsley, he's too enchanted. He begins ordering a round of drinks. Twist proceeds to pull Syren in close to her.

SYREN

Am I doing well? I think things are pretty cool right now.

TWIST

You gotta stop overusing the 'cool', toots, it just ain't you.

(beat)

And things may be going too well. You're job is to get us in this guy's inner circle, not to make him fall head over heels in love with you.

SYREN

He's not in love with me, Twist. He just likes my voice.

TWIST

Trust me, girl, he's a guy. That ain't the only thing he likes.

(CONTINUED)

Before Syren can really ask what she means, the conversation is interrupted when Wolsley heads over with three cocktails.

He positions himself between the two women and devotes all his attention to Syren, his back to Twist.

WOLSLEY

Time for another toast, I think, in the wake of your glorious debut.

(beat; thinks)

To us.

Wolsley clinks the glass a smiling Syren holds, she somewhat unfamiliar with the ritual. It's enough to tip Twist over the edge, and it does.

TWIST

Alright, that's it.

(taps Wolsley on the shoulder; he turns)

I think it's time we told you the truth about what we're really doing here, Casanova.

(beat)

Manon.

Instantly, as before, Wolsley's expression darkens as he stares at Twist, who for the first time looks pleased, since attention is once again back on her.

The battle continues across the temple chamber. Diego has now pretty much climbed to the very height of the Skorpione, using his sword as leverage, IMPALING it in the creature as he climbs.

Though the creature is starting to catch on and focus more on Diego, Chris continues providing the distraction, drawing it and attacking with the katana.

Danyael keeps FIRING also, but suddenly he runs out of ammo. Dumping the gun, he looks at the portal. The claw is almost fully through now.

DANYAEL

How much longer?

SANCTUS

I'm working as fast as I can. This is an extremely delicate device, it needs to be activated with pre-

He stops as he looks toward the creature, seeing its claws are now doing their best to hit Diego - he'll be knocked off unless something is done.

SANCTUS (CONT'D)

Danyael, there's nothing you can do here. Help Diego!

DANYAEL

Yeah, just let me pull a rocket launcher out of my pocket!

SANCTUS

You have that bat!

Danyael feels behind him and realises Duggan is attached to him - he's been hesitant to use it.

SANCTUS (CONT'D)

Use it!

Danyael rips the bat off his back and holds it up ready, looking at the creature before him.

With a SHOUT, Danyael charges into the carnage and begins helping Chris cause a distraction, while HITTING the creature where he can with the bat.

Sanctus smiles a little and goes back to the device, fitting the components together carefully. As they fit, they begin to GLOW magically in different colours.

The fight continues, more and more rocks showering down as the Skorpione flings itself everywhere, Chris and Danyael jumping to avoid being crushed.

Almost reaching the head, Diego continues his perilous ascent, the claws starting to SLICE at him as he does, causing several bad cuts, but he keeps going.

Amidst this carnage, though, Chris begins hearing a noise. A ringing. Coupled with a vibration.

It's his MOBILE PHONE!

Hastily, Chris removes it from his jacket while the katana swipes with the other hand. He sees the incoming caller reads 'TWIST'.

CHRIS

(answers the phone)

Twist? Twist?!

He strains to hear her as we cut back to:

In the corner now of the office, Twist is on the other end of the phone, Wolsley in the background making a serious call on the phone at his desk.

We can hear noises of struggle in the background of Chris' end of the call, but Twist is pretty oblivious.

TWIST

Who else?! Hey, hey, hey, guess what?! Mission accomplished, Mr. Hunt. We've bagged ourself a Wolsley in the fight against our friendly French lunatic! All courtesy of the Twist McFadden experience!

(laughs)

I told him the whole story, who I was, who you were, the back story, yadda yadda yadda, and basically he said he was more than willing to help us take out Manon and all his weird cultish people. Apparently, there's still a lot of beef between them, which we were gambling on.

(beat)

He's making arrangements right now to host a few friends I'm gonna go pick up later. Yeah, you guessed it, the nearest rebel vamp cell. Figure they can help us whip Wolsley's forces into shape for the big Manon-shaped showdown.

Finally, she stops talking and listens, starting to hear sounds of what seems to be fighting, mixed with a lot of strange growling.

TWIST (CONT'D)

Hey, you alright? This a bad line, or something?

CHRIS

(filtered through phone)

Where's Syren?

TWIST

Don't worry, the golden girl is... as she would say, 'cool.'

Twist walks over the office with the phone towards the window across from the desk, which overlooks the restaurant area below.

Syren is on stage in the middle of another song, this time without the piano, which again has the diners in raptures.

TWIST (CONT'D)

Actually, she's in her element.

(beat; hears more noises of struggle)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

TWIST (CONT'D)

Are you sure you're alright, Chris?  
You don't sound all that peachy.

Twist frowns as we cut back to:

24 INT. PORTAL CHAMBER - TEMPLE - NIGHT

24

That's probably because, right now, Chris is pinned into a corner having to duck as Skorpione claws come SLAMMING into the rock toward him, trying to impale him.

He avoids a claw strike that was surely about to kill him, and rolls out the way, still trying to SWIPE with the katana while holding the phone.

CHRIS

I'm a little busy.

(beat)

Just tell Wolsley that we're going to need serious magic if we're going to destroy Manon.

(takes in the creature  
before him)

Very serious magic.

TWIST

(filtered; through phone)

Don't sweat it, daddy-o. Twist is on the case. Later. And get some rest, you sound exhausted!

The call goes dead and Chris raises his eyebrows at the remark, before throwing the phone aside, not caring that it SMASHES on the floor.

Danyael avoids rocks the Skorpione is desperately trying to SLAM him with using its claws, while Diego continues getting cut as he holds onto the head.

Chris keeps swiping but looks at the portal. Two claws are now through - the body of the next Skorpione is going to be next.

As he sees this, Diego reaches into his jacket and pulls out a small explosive, his plan being clearly to chuck it into the creature's gaping mouth.

Just as he goes to set it off, a claw SMACKS him hard around the torso and, taking his embedded sword with him, Diego rolls off the Skorpione. He hits the floor painfully near Danyael.

DANYAEL

Diego!

Danyael rushes over to help him. Diego is concussed and in no fit state to continue the fight.

(CONTINUED)

The Skorpione stops its rampage and turns to face Chris, who is essentially now the last man standing, his katana still raised.

He's out of breath, and indeed exhausted. A momentary lull as Chris looks up and faces the Skorpione, which responds with a mixture of howl, roar and taunting laugh.

CHRIS

Sanctus! We're out of time!

On cue, Sanctus finishes fitting the fourth component of his device together, and he picks it up.

SANCTUS

Then let's get out of here!

They all watch as Sanctus throws the device into the air, and it begins flashing a multitude of light-colours we saw it glow with.

It doesn't fall to the ground, though, but simply hovers up in front of the portal. The flashing turns to pulsating, with increasing speed.

Sanctus begins running for the exit, helping Danyael lift and carry Diego on the way. Chris grabs Diego's discarded sword and gives the Skorpione a final dig with his katana, before ducking under it to follow.

The four guys all begin hastily heading out of the chamber as the device pulsates quicker and quicker, it's multi-coloured glow increasing.

The Skorpione swipes with its claws, trying to STAMP on the foursome as they flee, but they manage to evade it.

Through the portal, a second Skorpione begins fully forming into our existence - just as the device reaches its climax.

The four pieces separate in mid-air to reveal a huge, pulsating magical ball of FIRE which proceeds to quickly implode.

A huge EXPLOSION rocks the entire temple, the shockwave causing the interior to collapse in on itself in a huge rockfall.

It's like a seismic blast and caught up right in the middle of it are Chris, Sanctus and Danyael, as they help to carry Diego through toward the exit.

25 CONTINUED:

25

The rocks CRASH behind them, threatening to swallow them all up, and the falling rocks quickly fill our view, with a haze of dust.

26 EXT. TEMPLE EXCAVATION SITE - NEXT

26

The last of the rocks collapse the entrance of the temple - seconds after Chris leaps out, followed by Danyael, Diego and Sanctus, who hit the ground hard.

All breathe sighs of relief at having escaped the collapse of the temple, and having gotten the job done in the process. Danyael is the first to look up, though, and his relief soon fades.

DANYAEL

Uh... guys?

Diego is pretty much out of it, but Sanctus looks up and then Chris, both seeing what Danyael sees, and don't look best pleased.

Surrounding their position, all aiming machine gun rifles at their heads, are two dozen armed GUARDS - forces of Manon.

Another problem.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

27

INT. DINING AREA - THE ROSARY - NIGHT

27

Proving she has a wide repertoire, Syren is now belting out 'The Lady is a Tramp' to a delighted audience, swaying and dancing along.

Twist can't help but smile a little even at how much Syren is enjoying herself, as she stands at the bar with Wolsley.

WOLSLEY

She is truly magnificent. Where did you find her?

TWIST

I ain't takin' credit for that one. And I'd be lying if I said I knew where she came from, or much about her.

(beat)

I hope, though, you're not letting whatever feelings, wherever you're getting them, for that little diva cloud you to the task at hand. Manon ain't gonna be easy to-

WOLSLEY

(darkly)

You don't have to tell me anything about Manon. I know all too well.

TWIST

He's growing powerful.

WOLSLEY

I'm powerful, Ms McFadden.

(smiles)

And prepared to do whatever is necessary to take that son of a bitch down.

(beat)

You and your allies will have all the help you need. And more, if I have anything to do with it.

Twist smiles at him, genuinely thankful, but not quite as secure as he is right now.

WOLSLEY (CONT'D)

Now, I suggest you pay a visit to your rebel cell downtown and bring them over here. I've made a lot of resources at their disposal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

WOLSLEY (CONT'D)

The sooner they get here, the sooner we can get to work.

TWIST

(nods)

And Syren, will she be-

WOLSLEY

(smiles)

Syren will be fine. She's doing what she does best.

TWIST

Okay. I gotta make a phone call, tell the cell leader I'm on my way.

(beat; smiles)

Thanks, Marcus. It's nice to meet a good guy from time to time.

WOLSLEY

I'm not always good.

The little bit of flirtation isn't lost on Twist, and she grins as she takes out her mobile, and begins making a call.

Taking a last look at Syren as she finishes her latest song to great applause, Wolsley begins heading up to his office.

28

INT. WOLSLEY'S OFFICE - NEXT

28

The office door opens and as Wolsley steps through, he stops dead in shock and we soon see what he sees before him -  
MANON!

Bald-headed, wearing sleek-shades and a pin-stripe suit, Manon is lounging casually in Wolsley's leather chair behind his desk, drinking a glass of his Cuban rum.

MANON

'Ello, Marcus. Lovely little place you 'ave here.

His face contorting to pure fury, Wolsley quickly begins reaching into his pocket and pulls out a small PISTOL, every intention to use it.

As he does, the door is kicked shut from someone behind it and before Wolsley can turn, he is smacked hard in the face -  
by VIVIAN!

VIVIAN

Didn't your daddy ever tell you guns kill people, honey?

She grabs the gun from the dazed Wolsley's grip, and cracks him over the head with it. He falls limp, not unconscious, and Vivian grabs him.

(CONTINUED)

Calmly watching, Manon sees Vivian grab the back of Wolsley's head and slam his face onto the desk, pinning him down.

Manon stands at the desk and opens a crisp black briefcase, inside of which is a CANISTER he proceeds to open up.

MANON

I think, my dear Marcus, that it's time...

Enjoying the moment, Vivian twists Wolsley around, so he's looking up on the desk, straight at his nemesis.

MANON (CONT'D)

.. that you and I...

From the canister, Manon removes a horrific, white and very abnormal PARASITE creature from the canister, which he starts lowering towards Wolsley.

Vivian smiles as she cranes open Wolsley's mouth. He is now mumbling, terrified at what he's about to swallow.

MANON (CONT'D)

... get our old friendship back on track.

Manon laughs a little as the parasite edges closer toward's the terrified Wolsley's mouth, and we cut to:

While Syren continues singing in the background, now softly singing 'La Mer' in perfect French, we move towards where Twist excitedly talks on the phone.

TWIST

Okay... yeah, that's really cool...  
I'll be there soon... alright,  
later.

As she cuts the call, she turns and jumps a little to find Wolsley is standing behind her now. He looks very calm, no trace of the terror he suffered a moment ago.

TWIST (CONT'D)

Whoa, Marcus, way to sneak up on someone! Okay, everything's set. The cell are packing up their things ready to come over here and get this show on the road. They were just wondering, have you got, like, plenty of...

29 CONTINUED:

29

She continues talking but the sound fades out as we move behind Wolsley and close in on the back of his neck slowly and hold there.

A second later, something moves under the skin. It's the PARASITE, and it's clear that Wolsley is not the man he was a few moments ago. Off the image of the parasite wriggling away under his skin, we cut to:

30 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

30

The doors to the library are pushed open by Chris and Sanctus, who lead the way in, holding the door for Danyael as he drags in the injured Diego.

They seal the doors firmly behind them as Danyael leads Diego over to a table, and pushes off the books that cluttered it. Chris and Sanctus begin helping him to lay Diego out on the table.

DANYAEL

Looks like a chest injury. That Skorpione thing caught him with it's claws.

Sanctus begins to examine the barely-conscious Diego, tearing off his bloodied and dirtied shirt, to reveal a DEEP slice cut near the ribs.

SANCTUS

It caught him a fair way above the abdomen, and away from any vital organs by the look of things. He's been fortunate.

DANYAEL

(sarcastic)

Yeah, 'lucky' is a word that springs to mind right now.

FLASH CUT TO:

31 EXT. TEMPLE EXCAVATION SITE - NIGHT

31

It's moments after the two dozen armed Skorpione GUARDS had our four guys surrounded outside the collapsed, smoking temple.

They're fighting back. Amidst heavy GUNFIRE toward them, which they dodge and block, Chris uses both his katana and Diego's sword to slice up guards before him.

Danyael, meanwhile, is swinging 'Duggan' around with a strength we rarely see in him, knocking guards out of the park who come near him.

(CONTINUED)

And Sanctus shows good hand to hand skills as he unleashes a series of PUNCHES on two guards simultaneously, and grabs their guns, two new weapons he now uses on all-comers.

The guys fight off the two dozen armed guards across the site.

DIEGO (O.S.)

*Senor!*

The call is loud enough for Chris nearby to hear and he turns to see Diego, even with his injuries, is standing and ready to fight.

Chris uses his power to fling Diego's sword a good few hundred metres across the dig, and we follow its motion, up to when Diego catches it.

The moment he grabs it, Diego twirls it around expertly, deflecting several bullets in the process, before decapitating the nearest guard in a flash, as we cut back to:

32 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

32

As before. Danyael watches Sanctus examine Diego on the table.

DANYAEL

Still, even with all this going on,  
he still helped us leave those guys  
with some serious limb  
deficiencies.

SANCTUS

(nods)  
He was brave.  
(beat)  
But now, he needs help. I'm not a  
doctor, I can't fully diagnose his  
injuries. Danyael, call Julie.  
Hopefully, she'll be on her way  
back by now.

DANYAEL

(nods)  
I'm on it.

Danyael pulls out a mobile phone and begins making the call, Sanctus applies a temporary bandage over Diego's wounded chest.

As he does, he looks over at where Chris is now sitting at another table filled with books, poring over the contents for something.

Finished securing the bandage, Sanctus approaches Chris.

(CONTINUED)

SANCTUS

We should take a moment of pride  
for tonight, Chris. We took our  
first step in stopping Manon.

CHRIS

We almost got ourselves killed!

SANCTUS

I think you, of all people, know by  
now that comes with the territory.

Chris doesn't answer - he doesn't seem to like that fact.

SANCTUS (CONT'D)

At the very least, I'm sure tonight  
made you realise the necessity of  
what we must do. Regarding the  
cure.

CHRIS

(looks at him)  
What we must do?

SANCTUS

(as if he should know)  
Put the search on hold.

Chris stares at him for a moment with a look of disbelief,  
laughs a scoff for a moment, then shakes his head and walks  
off with one of the books. Sanctus is concerned by his  
reaction and follows him, as we cut to:

The entrance doors of the Rosary fling open and a confident  
Twist makes her way in, followed by eight REBEL VAMPIRES, the  
main body of the local rebel cell.

She strides up to the Maitre'd pedestal, where the man looks  
horrified at how Twist's associates are dressed in the place.

TWIST

How you doin', Maitre? Or are we  
pally enough now for me to just  
call you 'D'?

MAITRE'D

(beat)  
Table for... nine, Ms?

TWIST

If you'd be so good.  
(to the rebels)  
You see? They love me here!

33 CONTINUED:

33

The Maitre'd nods and begins heading through into the dining area. Twist and the eight rebels follow.

34 INT. DINING AREA - THE ROSARY - NEXT

34

As ever now, Syren is singing pretty effortlessly on the stage of the club, treating the captivated audience to a rendition of 'Georgia on My Mind'.

She smiles as she sees Twist enter with her rebels, and the Maitre'd lead them to a table. Twist replies with a friendly gun-finger point at her.

As the rebels all sit at a reserved central table in the dining area, Twist notices Wolsley sitting with his chums like earlier near the front. She scampers over and kneels next to the man, speaking quietly for the singing.

TWIST

Hey, Marcus. I brought the cell guys here like you suggested. They haven't eat, so I thought before we get to all the Manon-killing and stuff, they could all have a big bloody steak to just-

WOLSLEY

I'm afraid the killing has already started, Twist.

TWIST

What?! You got started on Manon's freaks before us?

(shakes her head; slight smile)

Man, that is really bad manners. I thought better of-

WOLSLEY

There's been a slight chance of plan. A re-evaluation of circumstances, shall we say? Manon and his forces are no longer the primary target.

TWIST

Oh? So, who the hell is the 'primary target'?!?

WOLSLEY

(beat; smirks)  
His enemies.

Suddenly, three entrances to the Rosary, some we don't know about, are kicked open. Two dozen TRAD vampires begin to enter, many carrying machinery.

(CONTINUED)

They kick the machinery into gear and Twist is shocked to see they're carrying FLAMETHROWERS!

Syren stops her singing, picking up on the panic as the diners begin SCREAMING in terror and trying to flee, many being BURNED ALIVE as they stampede past each other.

The rebel vamps stand and draw their weapons, realising it's an ambush, and begin looking around for options.

A horrified Twist looks over to Syren, then turns to a still calmly seated Wolsley.

TWIST

You set us up!

WOLSLEY

It's nothing personal, Twist. Like it wasn't personal when we burned down the rebel hideout on 14th and Decker, eliminating the rest of their group.

(shakes his head)

You just got them involved in something that wasn't their business. And which isn't yours.

TWIST

How long have you been working for Manon, you sonofa-

WOLSLEY

Not as long as you might think.

(smiles)

Face it, Twist. You can't beat him. Why not join him? You and Syren have the opportunity, right here.

TWIST

Let me tell you something, *baumgartner*, Syren and I would rather burn in the eternal flames of Hell, and believe me, I know what that's like, than work for that French piece of sh-

SYREN (O.S.)

Twist!!!

The exclamation leads Twist to look and see the rebel vamps in the centre of the room are being penned in by the flamethrower Trads, closing in.

Twist looks at Syren, the two of them incapable of doing anything without getting roasted alive themselves, as the Rebels prepare to face death.

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

As the flames begin hitting them and they SCREAM, a horrified Twist turns to Wolsley, who just grins coolly at her.

35 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

35

The door to a side room containing a stack of more rare books is opened by Chris as he enters, Sanctus hot on his heels.

SANCTUS

Chris...

CHRIS

Not now, Sanctus, I'm in no mood for a lecture.

SANCTUS

That's unfortunate. I'm afraid you're about to get one anyway.

Chris sighs and turns to his old mentor - prepared to face the inevitable.

SANCTUS (CONT'D)

I didn't think I would have to remind you, though it would seem now I do, that what we saw tonight was just a hint, a fraction of-

CHRIS

(heard it all before)

Of the evil Manon will unleash if he opens the portals and completes the final assault he's clearly about to commence.

(nods)

I know, alright? I heard you the first time you stressed the point on the way back. And the other eleven times after that.

Sanctus frowns, not appreciating his attitude.

SANCTUS

You're starting to sound like Twist.

CHRIS

Oh, don't be ridiculous.

He moves away, starting to grab at more of the books, but Sanctus remains behind him.

SANCTUS

This isn't a game, Chris! We have to stop Manon or billions will perish! It's your duty to-

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

(turns and snaps)

It's not my 'duty' to do anything!

The anger in the remark takes Sanctus back as he looks at Chris, who stares back.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

When did I suddenly become the  
saviour of mankind? Of the world?  
When did it become my  
responsibility to stop the Manon's  
or the Malkuth's out there?

(shakes his head)

I don't want to be part of the  
world these people inhabit, that  
any of you do. I don't want to be  
what I am. And the only way I can  
do anything about that, is by  
finding and assembling that healing  
device.

(beat)

That is what I'm in this for. Manon  
has his endgame, and I have mine.

SANCTUS

Manon's endgame is more important!

Chris gets right up in Sanctus' face, almost threateningly.

CHRIS

(calm but firm)

Is it?

Suddenly, a shadow appears at the door and Sanctus turns to see who's there, followed by Chris. He instantly looks surprised and concerned.

SANCTUS

Julie.

It's JULIE, and the look on her face suggests she's just heard everything that's been said.

JULIE

I, uh... I was almost at the door  
when Danny rang me.

(awkward)

Diego's wounds are superficial.  
He'll be fine in a few hours. I've  
got some remedies that will, uh...

She nods, no enthusiasm to continue, and walks off after looking at Chris with disappointment.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

The look is shared by Sanctus, mixed with anger, as he himself leaves. As they go, Chris turns away and shuts his eyes - he's a very conflicted man right now.

36 EXT. THE ROSARY - NIGHT

36

From the outside, we can see the carnage going on inside as regular humans begin fleeing for their lives, bursting out of the entrance in terror.

37 INT. DINING AREA - THE ROSARY - NEXT

37

The trad flamethrowers aren't burning the club, but are taking out the Rebels, cornering and flaying them, very little they can do about it.

Wolsley now stands and watches as a horrified Twist rushes over to the agitated Syren on the stage.

SYREN

Twist, what's going on?

TWIST

We were set up, Syren. We gotta get out of here, now!

SYREN

But he said he would help us!

Twist looks over at Wolsley, who looks back while standing watching the Rebels be exterminated, and smiles.

TWIST

Well, guess what, toots. People lie.

(grabs her hand)

Come on!

She pulls Syren off the stage and they begin making for the entrance, fighting through the horrified HUMAN crowd trying to escape.

WOLSLEY

(notices them fleeing)

Someone burn those two little girls, please.

One of the flamethrower Trads in front of him turns on cue, and billows out a massive chunk of FIRE towards Twist and Syren - Twist sees it coming and they dive the ground.

The fire rages above them as the Trad begins making his way over with the flamethrower.

SYREN

What are we going to do now?

(CONTINUED)

Twist considers the options from the floor, and her eyes suddenly catch on a FIRE ALARM close by, the cogs in her head turning.

TWIST

I think it's time we leveled the playing field.

Before Syren can respond, Twist jumps up and avoids blasts of fire from the Trad, before she jumps over a table and CRACKS her elbow into the fire alarm.

A SIREN instantly goes off, coupled with a cascade of water from the sprinkler systems on the ceiling. It begins putting out the flamethrowers, shorting out the equipment.

Twist looks victorious as the Trads begin dumping the flamethrowers, but sees it's too late for the Rebels. They're all pretty much just smoking ash now.

TWIST (CONT'D)

(furiouys)

I'm gonna make you scumsuckers pay for what you just did!

WOLSLEY

I don't think so.

At that moment, the sprinkler system shuts off and Wolsley begins to grin, while a wet Syren wonders what's going on from the floor.

Ready for the ruck, the Trads all turn towards Twist and sneer at her - all two dozen of them.

TWIST

Bring it on, sunbeams! I got you all!

(calls out)

Syren, you might want to stay down for this!

VIVIAN (O.S.)

Yeah, Syren, stay down.

The familiar voice from behind Twist leads her to turn suddenly, straight into a hard FIST launched by Vivian behind her, dropping Twist with a meaty SMACK.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

We wouldn't want you to get hurt, would we?

The punch has floored Twist, and before she can get up and fight back, four Trads hold her down on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

Wolsley approaches and stands next to Vivian, both exchanging victorious looks, both looking over the very pissed off Twist.

From her position, Syren remains down, but looks up as Trads surround her.

And while trying to fight a slight daze caused by the unexpected fist, Twist looks up into the faces of her enemies as a third appears between them.

It's Manon, between Wolsley and Vivian, who steps forward and kneels over Twist.

MANON

Well, Ms. McFadden.

(chuckles)

It would seem you are well and truly captured.

Manon grins at her in a very slimy way, as Vivian and Wolsley look super-smug.

Off Twist's defiant to the last look of anger, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

TITLE OVER: To Be Continued...

**END OF SHOW**