

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

"Sing For Me"

by
A. J. Black

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. DINING AREA - THE ROSARY - NIGHT 1

Open on a piano, as a pair of perfectly manicured hands enter view and begin playing the opening strains of 'Little Death Orchestra.'

Pan up to show the player is SYREN, who is sitting at the piano playing her heart out, eyes closed, her fingers dancing up and down the piano keys like it's nothing.

Slowly, pan around and reveal that the dining area of the Rosary club is full to bursting, with a multitude of both HUMANS and HALF-DEMONS of all shapes and sizes.

All are either enraptured or drooling over Syren from where they sit and stand, which Syren seems to detect as she turns her head to the crowd.

She smiles a little, clearly forced, before turning back to the piano. It's then her face drops to one of deep concern.

While playing the tune, which starts increasing in tempo, Syren glances toward an AIR VENT directly above her position to the left. Pan up and away from the piano and towards the vent, leading into:

2 INT. AIR VENT - NEXT 2

Push into the slim, grey vent and the music from the piano begins dying away, with repeated distant cries of PAIN.

Descending through the vent, the sounds increase. PUNCHING, KICKING, the sound of someone painfully being beaten, mixed with gruff LAUGHTER.

Finally, with the music almost entirely gone and the beating loud, push towards the opposite end of the vent, approaching the exit and into:

3 INT. CATACOMB CELL - NEXT 3

And pass through into an extremely dingy catacomb cell area, adjoining an enclosed area of water leading through to the wharf.

Two burly vampire TRAD thugs are beating the hell out of someone, while a third Trad, named CREEK, is recording the beating via camcorder.

As we pan into the Trads conducting the beating, we see they're knocking seven colours out of a restrained TWIST, as we cut to:

4 INT. DINING AREA - NEXT 4

Where the piano playing continues, Syren starting to reach the crescendo in the music. And we cut back to:

5 INT. CATACOMB CELL - NEXT 5

Twist, as the punches rain down on her from the Trads, desperately trying not to cry. Back to:

6 INT. DINING AREA - NEXT 6

Syren, who is fully invested in the powerful music as the tune reaches its peak. Back to:

7 INT. CATACOMB CELL - NEXT 7

The faces of the Trads as they laugh and gleefully murmur while inflicting maximum damage on Twist. Back to:

8 INT. DINING AREA - NEXT 8

The club as the diners are enraptured by the music as it climaxes, Syren almost crying at the effect it has, plus the situation she's in. Back to:

9 INT. CATACOMB CELL - NEXT 9

The cell as the beating continues relentlessly, Twist unable to fight back, while the music slowly begins trailing away.

And focus in on Creek as he grins, while aiming the camcorder at the sight. Push in on the camera lens, the sounds of the beating still audible, before we cut to:

10 EXT. ENTRANCE - UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - MORNING 10

A HAND, as it knocks on the large, ornate double doors into the university library complex, the next morning. There's a tattoo on the back of the hand - a scorpion.

TITLE OVER: Pittsburgh

Once it knocks, the hand disappears as the unseen person behind it walks away.

A moment later, the door is opened by DANYAEL. He looks around, but sees no-one there, before his gaze falls to his feet.

A recorded DVD in a case has been left on the step. Danyael reaches down and picks it up.

DANYAEL
Hmm. Home delivery.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Danyaël then notices something interesting on the DVD - a label on the case gives a name it's addressed to. It reads 'Christopher Berkeley'

11 INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - NEXT

11

In a corner of the old library, near certain electrical sockets, Danyaël is now setting up a creaky old University-badged DVD player with a small TV.

CHRIS looks at the DVD he's been sent, as he stands with SANCTUS, waiting for the equipment to be set up.

JULIE stands in the background, applying a fresh bandage to DIEGO'S wound, watching them.

CHRIS

What does this mean?

SANCTUS

Considering we were unable to ascertain who delivered it, that question is difficult to answer. But I could hazard a guess.

CHRIS

(nods)

Trouble.

Chris looks at the large clock on the far right wall, sees it's 10:30am.

CHRIS (cont'd)

And neither Twist or Syren have checked in for almost the last twelve hours.

(shakes his head; looks at DVD)

I have a really bad feeling about this.

Danyaël finishes fixing a connection at the back of the TV and grabs the remote.

DANYAEL

And... done. Up and running. Just another of my hidden talents.

Chris steps forward and hands the DVD to Danyaël, who twirls it in his hands.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

So, uh, what d'you think is on here? A movie? 'The Hunger' was pretty cool.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

We won't know until we find out.

(nods)

Play it.

A little nervously, Danyael places the DVD inside the player and begins manipulating the remote.

Chris steps back next to Sanctus, and Julie soon joins his side, the two exchanging a glance. Diego sits up on the table to look.

As the screen flickers on, Danyael moves back next to them and watches, worriedly.

With good reason, as after a moment of static, appears none other than MANON. He is sitting behind the desk of the Rosary office, and smiling very smugly.

MANON

'Allo, Christopher Berkeley.

The sight of the villain concerns everyone, and brings a scowl of anger from Chris.

CHRIS

Manon.

MANON

It's been a while, hasn't it? A lot longer for me, in fact. The places I have been, time 'olds very little meaning. Not like us humans. Always running around trying to 'elp or 'inder each other. We are conscious of time. How much 'as passed. How much we 'ave left.

(laughs)

I suppose that's because some of us don't 'ave all that much time. Take your friends Twist and Syren, for instance.

The mention of both of them further worries the team, all glancing at one another aside from Chris, who remains fixed on the screen.

MANON (cont'd)

You see, Christopher, my friend... I 'ave them. And they are going to stay with me and watch everything unfold, as it will, unless you make the right choice.

(beat)

Oui, choice. That's what it all comes down to.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MANON (cont'd)

The choice whether to accept the destiny this world 'as, or to try and prevent the inevitable. So far, you 'ave chosen to fight. But, now you 'ave to accept that whatever you do, 'owever you try... you cannot win, Chris.

Sanctus glances at Chris next to him, who remains emotionlessly transfixed on the screen.

MANON (cont'd)

(leans forward)

It's a simple choice, *mon ami*. You give up the fight... or you watch your beloved girls die.

Smiling smugly, Manon leans back in his chair as the camera cuts to the digitally recorded footage of Twist being savagely beaten.

Julie gasps at the sight, and Danyael looks horrified, while Diego looks away and curses in his native tongue, Sanctus frowning.

All watch the savage beating of Twist take place, the camera zooming in closer towards Twist's face, showing the pain and suffering she tried to hide.

It's Chris' face we focus on, though, slowly moving closer as his expressionless look begins to give way to a cold fury, off which we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

12 EXT. THE ROSARY - DAY 12

The sun shines brightly down on the Rosary club, glistening off the wharf adjoining it.

13 INT. SYREN'S DRESSING ROOM - NEXT 13

A quite plain dressing room at the back of the club also adopts some of that sunlight, casting through the windows right onto Syren.

She sits near a mirror, staring towards the floor as the sun casts onto her face. She doesn't look happy, clearly a prisoner here herself.

The nearby door then opens and a TRAD vampire guard enters, carrying a tray of decent food.

Syren turns her head toward him, and the Trad stops in his tracks momentarily, eyeing her. It's obvious she creeps the guy out a little!

Eventually, he places the tray on the table next to Syren, and moves to leave the room.

SYREN

Wait.

There's a firmness to the word that makes the Trad stop and turn back.

SYREN (cont'd)

I need to see Mr. Manon.

Off the Trad's slight look of suspicion, we cut to:

14 INT. WOLSLEY'S OFFICE - THE ROSARY 14

A glass of Cuban rum is toyed with by Manon as he holds it in his hands, firmly entrenched in the leather chair behind his old partner's desk.

VIVIAN stands loyally behind him, one hand draping the chair, close to Manon's head. Her demeanour towards him is very sexual. Manon, though, actually looks a little bored.

Now firmly on the other side of the desk is MARCUS WOLSLEY, or what used to be him, now a subservient subject.

A series of complex-looking PLANS are now laid out on the desk, which Wolsley is going over as he leans on the desk with both hands.

(CONTINUED)

WOLSLEY

According to these estimates, it appears you were correct. Boston is indeed the central node. My resources should be satisfactory in conducting the portals correctly, at which point the effect you wanted will-

He is interrupted when the door KNOCKS, and the Trad guards enters.

TRAD

(to Manon)
My apologies, sir.

VIVIAN

I thought I said no disturbances?

TRAD

(still to Manon)
I'm sorry, but she insisted on seeing you right away.

VIVIAN

Who?

SYREN (O.S.)

I did.

At that point, Syren appears at the door and upon seeing her, Manon sits up at the desk with interest. Vivian sees this, and quickly steps out from behind the desk.

VIVIAN

We're busy right now. Take the little girl back to her little room and lock her-

MANON

(interrupts)
Non.

Hearing this, Vivian turns in surprise to see Manon staring at Syren with growing interest.

MANON (cont'd)

It would be discourteous to refuse to 'ear what the young lady has to say.

(beckons to Syren)
Please. Talk.

Vivian looks affronted by this, but says nothing as Syren steps into the room and approaches the desk.

(CONTINUED)

At first, she says nothing. It's as if she's trying to judge her surroundings

MANON (cont'd)

Well?

SYREN

I would like to see my friend.

MANON

I'm sure you would.

(beat)

And you came all the way up 'ere to ask this?

SYREN

I want nothing more.

MANON

Not even your freedom?

Syren doesn't answer - she knows he knows her answer. Manon nods, smiles with curiosity, and takes a sip of the rum from his glass.

MANON (cont'd)

Very well. May your wish be granted.

VIVIAN

(steps forward)

Jacques-

Manon holds his hand up to Vivian and she stops. His eyes never leave Syren.

MANON

I will allow you this request, on one condition.

(beat)

You continue to sing for me.

Vivian looks incredulous at what he's saying as Syren considers his words and nods. Manon smiles broadly at her acceptance.

MANON (cont'd)

Tres bien.

(to the Trad)

You, see to it that Ms. Syren is taken to her friend immediately.

Obediently, the Trad nods and waits as Syren turns and steps out of the office, the Trad following. Manon watches her go, clearly quite taken with her. Vivian sees this and clearly dislikes it, as we cut back to:

15 INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY

15

Open on the sight of a very tense confrontation going on near the door between Chris and Julie, both trying to get their points across.

The exchange is observed from a distance by Diego, Sanctus and Danyael.

DANYAEL

How much longer d'you think they're gonna keep going at it like that?

DIEGO

They will do battle for as long as they must, *compadre*.

DANYAEL

I don't think I've ever seen Julie this angry. Man, I would not want be her enemy right now.

SANCTUS

I'm sure her anger is justified.

(beat)

In fact, I know it is.

Danyael glances at Sanctus, detecting he's referring quite possibly to something else.

Over by the door, we get right into the guts of the argument underway between Chris and Julie.

CHRIS

I did what I thought was best! I shouldn't have to stand here and justify my decisions to-

JULIE

That's exactly what you should do! We're supposed to be a team. We're supposed to be fighting this battle together. Yet you decide, with barely any consultation with the rest of us, to throw Syren in at the deep end like this without her having the benefit of any experience!

CHRIS

She had Twist!

JULIE

And a hell of a lot of good that did her! Did both of them!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JULIE (cont'd)
Twist is now being beaten within an
inch of her life, and Syren may
already be dead for all we know!

CHRIS
Syren isn't dead.

JULIE
How can you be so sure?!

CHRIS
(calmly)
Because I believe in her.

Julie stops for a moment, looks at him.

JULIE
You've known her little more than a
week, Chris. You know barely any
more about that woman than the rest
of us.
(shakes her head)
When exactly did blind faith become
your new partner?

CHRIS
(eyes her)
I know what this is really about.

JULIE
(frowns)
What are you talking about?

CHRIS
This is about what you heard. Last
night. Me and Sanctus. What I said.

JULIE
I'm not interested.

CHRIS
You deserve an explanation for-

JULIE
(firm)
I told you. I don't want to hear
it.

The anger is now gone from Chris, replaced with guilt, but
the anger is still within Julie. A permanent frown marks her
face.

JULIE (cont'd)
Right now, I suggest we just figure
out a way to get our girls out
Manon's clutches before he makes
good on his threat. Alright?

With a shake of the head, Julie walks off past Chris, left on his own with much to consider.

And we return to the other guys, still watching the fallout from the row. Sanctus turns back to a nearby table scattered with books. Danyael, somewhat fired up, heads over to him.

DANYAEL

So, quick question: when exactly do we get our gear on and storm the Rosary? 'Cause I'm getting itchy for some, you know... derring-do.

SANCTUS

We don't.

The remark takes Danyael totally off guard, and Diego turns with curiosity.

DANYAEL

What d'you mean, 'we don't'? What kind of plan is that?

SANCTUS

The most logical one, given the circumstances.

(beat)

Twist and Syren's capture undoubtedly means that either Marcus Wolsley is now in league with Manon, or at the very least Manon now has access to his power base. Not even we can hope to succeed against the combined forces of both Manon and Wolsley.

DANYAEL

Hey, yesterday we all brought down a twenty foot tall ancient scorpion! Making it two for two, I should add! What's a few vampires and a bald Frenchman?

SANCTUS

Danyael. The answer is no. You still don't have any idea of the full extent of Manon's powers.

Sanctus tries to go back to his books, but Danyael sighs with frustration.

DANYAEL

But we can't just sit back and let Twist get beaten to-

SANCTUS

(cutting him off)

Until we are able to come up with a way of fighting back without resorting to a confrontation we cannot win, I'm afraid 'sitting back' is about as much as we can do!

On that, Sanctus grabs several of the books, and heads off elsewhere.

Releasing a grunt of frustration, Danyael turns on his heel and storms off the opposite way.

All that's left is Diego, who has overheard the conversation, and is clearly cooking up some kind of plan as we cut to:

16 INT. CATACOMB CELL - DAY

16

Twist is chained up by both her wrists against a cold and rocky wall inside the catacomb cell, overlooking the water to the wharf. She's now black and blue.

Down a set of old spiral stairs heading up into the club comes the Trad guard, followed by Syren, one hand trailing along the catacomb walls.

The Trad is approached by Creek, one of the three Trad on guard down in the cell.

CREEK

(sees Syren)

Man, now that is what I call a birthday present!

TRAD

Shame it ain't your birthday then, Creek. This one's only on a flying visit. Here to see your girl.

CREEK

Can we at least have a little fun with her before we send her back into polite society?

TRAD

Not a chance. The boss wants her intact for tonight's performance.

(beat)

So, hands off, if you value them.

On that, the Trad turns and heads back up the spiral stairs. Syren remains standing as Creek leers in close to her, smelling her.

(CONTINUED)

His two Trad associates sit watching smugly nearby. Creek places his hands on Syren's shoulders and aims her at the captive Twist.

CREEK

Go on then, girly, your playmate is over there.

(smiles)

Enjoy yourself.

Creek laughs creepily, echoed by his fellow Trads, as Syren walks over to where Twist is chained up.

She runs her hands over her - Twist's chin is resting on her chest. She appears to be unconscious.

SYREN

(lifts Twist's head up)

Twist? Twist, can you hear me?

Lightly, Syren begins patting Twist's cheek and eventually, Twist jolts slightly back into lucidity. As she speaks, though, she's groggy and weak.

TWIST

Wha- what-

(sees Syren)

Oh, it's you. Hey, toots.

SYREN

Are you alright?

TWIST

Kind of a stupid question, given my current position.

(beat; remembers)

And given the fact you're blind, you don't really know my position. Question valid.

SYREN

How badly have they hurt you?

TWIST

A few bumps and bruises, but nothing I couldn't handle. Seriously, this is nothing compared to the shizzle that Scottish a-hole put me through not so long ago.

(sees Creek leering at them)

But I could do without that guy existing. He's an easy Factor Ten on the Personals Ad-o-Meter.

Syren seems to be checking Twist's wounds, touching her face softly with her hands.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST (cont'd)

What about you? I take it they haven't gotten to work on you yet, since you still have that whole L'Oreal thing going on.

SYREN

It appears Manon has decided not to hurt me, as long as I sing for him.

TWIST

'Sing'? That's what you've been doing while I've been getting seriously owned by the Three Stooges over there?

(sighs)

Well, gee whizz, how unfortunate it is that we're not all the next Julie Andrews!

The bitter sarcasm is lost on Syren, who continues trying to tend Twist's wounds. Seeing this, taking stock for a moment, Twist looks guilty.

TWIST (cont'd)

You know, if I were you, I'd have so kicked my ass by now.

SYREN

What d'you mean?

TWIST

Well, ever since I met you, I've been nothing but a Grade A superbitch. I'm starting to sound a lot like Vivian, and that ain't good.

SYREN

I never thought you were a superbitch, Twist.

(shrugs)

I always thought you were cool.

The word makes Twist chuckle, which instantly causes her to suck in air with pain at all her aching muscles.

SYREN (cont'd)

I wish you were with me now. Up there.

(shakes her head)

Until a few days ago, I was alone. And now, all these people, all these places, it's... it's so overwhelming. I wish I could help you, but I don't know how.

(MORE)

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

SYREN (cont'd)
I just...I just don't know what I'm
supposed to do.

TWIST
(beat; sympathetic)
Well, I guess there's really only
one thing you can do right now.

Syren waits with anticipation for the answer.

TWIST (cont'd)
Sing.

The answer makes Syren's head drop slightly, and it's clear
Twist isn't sure she has it in her to get them out this mess,
as we cut to:

17 INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY

17

Over by a large table, Chris, Julie and Sanctus are debating
the next course of action.

CHRIS
So, right now, what are our
options?

SANCTUS
The one thing we cannot do is rush
in where angels fear to tread, and
try taking the Rosary.

CHRIS
Agreed.

JULIE
Why not?

The tension is palpable between Chris and Julie as Sanctus
speaks.

SANCTUS
We would be severely outnumbered,
it's too great a risk. As I've
already explained to Danyael.

He glances over nearby to where Danyael is sitting on a table
edge, within earshot, but sulking a little, unimpressed by
the debate.

JULIE
What if I told you I had a way of
evening the odds?

CHRIS
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

I mean you may not entirely have forgotten, Chris, that I'm a little more than the pretty doctor in the corner who heals the sick and offers relationship advice.

(beat)

I've come up with a plan.

Chris can't help but look a little sceptical, which Julie doesn't appreciate. Sanctus is more open, however.

SANCTUS

Do tell.

JULIE

Well, simply, in the last few hours, using Danny's laptop and the aide of Neuro's hacking skills, I've managed to trace certain of Wolsley's funds. Turns out he's just pumped a great deal of money into some kind of shipping operation he's running from one of the numerous storehouses he owns in an industrial park downtown. And according to Neuro, CCTV footage shows the place has been a hive of activity in the last few hours with Skorpione cult members.

(beat)

Anyone else getting some kind of pattern here?

SANCTUS

You're thinking this storehouse may be the key to Wolsley's resources?

JULIE

(nods)

And if we take it out, it deals a blow big enough to Manon's operation for us to try that rescue mission that right now you think is 'too risky.'

SANCTUS

(nods, while thinking)

An attack of that kind would undoubtedly spread Manon's forces pretty wide. It could be the window we'd need to effect a rescue.

CHRIS

It's still too risky.

Sanctus glances at a tensed-up Chris, as Julie looks at him with frustration.

CHRIS (cont'd)

As I understand it, the scope of power with Manon and Wolsley as allies is dramatic. If we got hold of a Harrier jet and launched a missile into the Rosary, we'd still probably only do minimal damage to his forces.

(shakes his head)

The plan is unworkable.

JULIE

(sharp)

Do you have a better one?

The silence from Chris speaks volumes, and he sees even Sanctus is wondering the same thing.

JULIE (cont'd)

(nods)

In that case, until you do, why not let me and Sanctus get on with trying to save our friends?

She turns away from Chris toward the table and begins talking further about her plan to Sanctus, who after looking at Chris slightly apologetically, joins her.

A little humiliated, Chris just stands with his head down, thinking about the rebuke. He is watched by Danyael, who looks a little sorry for him, but isn't ready to offer support.

DIEGO (O.S.)

Disillusionment.

Danyael turns to see Diego is now standing beside him, his wound pretty much entirely healed.

DIEGO (cont'd)

It can destroy the soul.

DANYAEL

(darkly)

Tell me about it.

DIEGO

While our 'team leaders' plan their little operation, Twist and Syren may be dying at Manon's brutal hand.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DIEGO (cont'd)

I don't think either of us are prepared to wait any longer for a pleasant conclusion.

DANYAEL

What are you saying, Diego?

DIEGO

I am saying, Danyael, simply this: we have a club to storm. If you're game.

Danyael glances over at the oblivious Chris, watching as Julie and Sanctus earnestly discuss their plan. He then turns back to Diego, fired up.

DANYAEL

(nods)

I'm game.

Diego grins and holds out his hand, and as Danyael shakes it, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

18 INT. DINING AREA - THE ROSARY - EARLY EVENING 18

The club is now packed out with customers, much like the previous night, with the addition of VAMPIRES, WARLOCKS and other heavy-duty supernatural folk.

By the entrance, Wolsley is acting as a meet and greeter for all the clientele that enter, including several high-ranking underworld villains.

Almost all of the guests notice as Manon, dressed in his finest suit, appears from the upstairs office, trailed by an all leather-clad Vivian.

Some bow, others clap their hands, but all show a general deference to Manon as he and Vivian make their way through, Wolsley guiding them.

He directs them toward the best table in the house, right by the stage. Vivian takes her seat after Manon, and looks around.

VIVIAN

Not a bad turn out. I'm sure most of them will be quite willing to invest in our little enterprise.

MANON

Where is she?

Vivian turns to see Manon is preoccupied, looking at the currently empty stage. Immediately, she knows to who he's referring and looks cold.

VIVIAN

(mutters)

Maybe her guide dog got lost on the way to the stage...

Manon ignores her remark and continues looking at the stage, as we cut to:

19 INT. SYREN'S DRESSING ROOM - NEXT 19

Staring into the mirror is Syren. Her hair is impeccably tied up in an attractive bun, but we don't see what she wears.

Picking up a lipstick, Syren holds it close to her lips, then uses a finger to help trace a path round her mouth with it. Her lips begin to glisten as the red casts over them.

Once done, Syren puts the lipstick down, and with a heavy heart she stands and heads away, into:

20

INT. DINING AREA - NEXT

20

The assorted villains chat amongst themselves as Wolsley negotiates his way through the tables and sits with Manon and Vivian. Neither are talking, with Vivian clearly feeling ignored as Manon watches the stage, sitting up as the lights begin to DIM and the voices hush.

After a moment of silence, a beat starts up. It's the opening of 'Fever'. The stage is dark, but the song builds up anticipation, especially in Manon.

And then the spotlight HITS! At the centre of the stage, Syren is illuminated, in all her glory. She is wearing an incredible red dress showing off her beauty.

Manon looks quite taken with how utterly stunning she looks, and Vivian's mood only serves to darken more as she sees this.

SYREN

(sings soulfully)

*Never know how much I love you.
Never know how much I care. When
you put your arms around me, I get
a fever that's so hard to bear. You
give me fever...*

Her whole demeanour is incredibly sexual, and right from the beginning she sings in the direction of Manon, never moving her focus from him.

She strokes the piano as she prowls the stage, before she HOPS up onto the piano and sits on the edge, dangling her feet, clutching the microphone tight.

SYREN (cont'd)

*Fever! In the mornin'. Fever all
through the night.*

Vivian has one eye on the stage and one eye on Manon, her rage growing, as an intoxicated Manon sees Syren slide her body across the piano seductively.

SYREN (cont'd)

*I light up when you call my name
and you know I'm gonna treat you
right, you give me fever. When you
kiss me, fever when you hold me
tight.*

Syren quickly flips up and crosses her legs at the thighs, fully on the piano, to the drumbeat.

She then jumps down from the piano and begins slowly sauntering her way from the stage toward Manon's table.

(CONTINUED)

SYREN (cont'd)
*Everybody's... got the fever...
 that is somethin' you all know...*

Manon begins smiling increasingly as Syren approaches the table and walks around it, stroking the faces and shoulders of the MEN sitting there.

SYREN (cont'd)
*Fever isn't... such a new thing,
 fever started long ago.*

Vivian looks at Manon, who is oblivious to her as Syren finishes stroking a totally enraptured Wolsley, and moves toward Manon. She leans in closely toward him, getting inches from his face.

SYREN (cont'd)
*Captain Smith and Pocahontas, had a
 very mad affair. When her daddy
 tried to kill him, she said 'daddy,
 oh don't you dare, he gives me
 fever.'*

Quickly, Syren proceeds to sit on Manon's lap, still staring at him intensely. He doesn't resist, even with Vivian's glaring eyes. She is a mere inch from his face.

SYREN (cont'd)
*With his kisses, fever when he
 holds me tight.
 (beat)
 Fever!*

The second it looks like Syren is about to kiss Manon, she pulls away and gets off his lap.

Vivian looks at her with pure hatred as a seemingly oblivious Syren struts around the back of Manon, her fingers gliding over the back of his neck.

SYREN (cont'd)
*Now you've listened to my story...
 here's the point that I have made.
 (beat)
 Chicks were born to give you fever,
 be it fahrenheit or centigrade,
 they give you fever.*

She is now making her way back to the stage while singing, slinking around all the men present. Each one of them are intoxicated.

SYREN (cont'd)
*When you kiss them, fever if you
 live, you learn.
 (MORE)*

SYREN (cont'd)
 (beat)
Fever! 'Till you sizzle.

At that moment, Syren skips back onto the stage and begins leaning against the piano.

SYREN (cont'd)
What a lovely way to burn...

She seems to slide down the piano in the spotlight until the beat ends and the spotlight disappears, plunging the club into darkness.

A huge round of APPLAUSE, CHEERING and wolf WHISTLING begins echoing out of the crowd, led by Manon. He's first on his feet, enthusiastically applauding.

The lights come up on Syren, who now stands on the piano quite demurely and nods politely around, before her eyes lock with Manon's.

The only one who doesn't cheer, applaud or whistle, who isn't on her feet is Vivian. She simply stares at Syren with cold hate as we cut to:

The plan is in action. In the distance, Sanctus is carefully packing the supplies needed for the mission, while Julie is checking Diego's wounds.

Chris and Danyaël stand nearby, watching as Julie presses the wounds. Diego takes a sharp breath.

JULIE
 That still hurts?

DIEGO
Si. I think the sudden intake of breath may have been an indication of that.

JULIE
 I don't understand it. The remedies I gave you should have taken effect by now.

DIEGO
 It would seem Spaniards are not as receptive to your victuals as vampires, *senorita.*

CHRIS
 The main question is, Diego - are you fit enough to assist us in destroying Wolsley's storehouse?

Diego attempts to sit up from where he lies, but again inhales a sharp breath. Danyael watches this anxiously.

CHRIS (cont'd)

It would seem not.

JULIE

He may need more time to rest.

(sighs)

Which means I suppose I'll have to stay here to check on his wounds.

DANYAEL

Hey, I can do that!

Chris and Julie both look at Danyael, while Diego watches from the corner of his eye.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

I know how to tie a bandage, and no offense Jules, but if more of those Skorpione cult weirdos come knocking, I'm a little more equipped to handle them than you.

He lifts up 'Duggan' and tosses it in his hand, to make the point. Chris and Julie glance at one another, the tiniest bit suspicious, but Danyael holds his casual look.

CHRIS

(beat)

Fine.

He heads over towards Sanctus, and begins helping him get their equipment ready.

JULIE

You sure, Danny? You might miss out on another brush with near certain death?

DANYAEL

You know what, I just might be able to live with that.

Julie smiles and heads over to join the others, not noticing the surreptitious look between Diego and Danyael as she goes. The three pick up their equipment ready for transport, and face each other.

SANCTUS

Ready?

CHRIS

(nods)

Let's get this done..

Sanctus and Chris are already halfway out the door as Julie looks back at Diego and Danyael.

JULIE

Stay outta trouble, you two.

DANYAEL

We'll do our best.

(beat)

And good luck!

The SLAM of the doors eclipses his final words, and Danyael is distracted by the sight of Diego quickly getting up from the table without a trace of pain.

DIEGO

We too should get going, *amigo*. A long night lies ahead of us.

Danyael nods, but doesn't move as Diego begins heading off.

DANYAEL

Hey, you know how much I want to rescue Twist, and Syren...

His words stop Diego, who turns back.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

... but are we really doing the right thing, Diego? Going in without the team? Without our friends?

(beat)

We could get ourselves killed.

Diego walks back up to him, but he's sympathetic, not angry at Danyael's uncertainty.

DIEGO

Every day, any of us could die, Danyael. That is what our life is. It is all risk.

(beat)

And through it, there is only one thing we must retain, in ourselves.

DANYAEL

What?

DIEGO

Faith.

(puts his hand on Danyael's shoulder)

Tonight will not be our last. If nothing else, I have faith in that.

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

With a reassuring smile, Diego heads off, but Danyael can't help but still look concerned as we cut to:

22 INT. BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - THE ROSARY - NIGHT

22

The corridor leading away from the stage to the numerous dressing rooms is traversed carefully by Syren, as she exits following her set.

She doesn't look happy as she heads down the corridor, and turns a corner leading to her room, at which point she is YANKED back and up against the wall!

A hand clutches her throat and keeps her pinned - it comes from an ambushing Vivian, who does not look happy.

SYREN

Let go of me! Who are you?!

VIVIAN

Like you don't already know!

SYREN

(beat)

Vivian.

VIVIAN

I know your game, blue eyes. That voice have yours may have fooled those suckers out there like Manon and Wolsley, but your plan isn't gonna work.

SYREN

What 'plan'? I don't know what you're-

Vivian grips at Syren's throat tighter, further hurting her.

VIVIAN

The plan to seduce Manon in order to save that little bitch downstairs.

(laughs)

The thought of it is almost pathetic. Just like you and Twist.

SYREN

What about me and Twist?

VIVIAN

You think she actually likes you?

(scoffs)

Let me tell you something about your new best friend. She is very territorial.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN (cont'd)
 She couldn't even stand it when I
 crawled out of the woodwork, but
 you? Ha! She'll kill you rather
 than let you get in the way of her
 relationship with Chris.

The mention of his name seems to start turning Syren's fear
 more into anger, though Vivian doesn't sense it.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
 Now, you might want to think about
 that before you use whatever
 'charms' you have on Jacques, and
 know that they won't work. He's too
 good for you. He has destiny.
 Destiny I'm gonna be sharing with
 him.

(beat)

In other words, honey, stay away
 from him or I'll cut this throat of
 yours until it's-

She suddenly stops as Syren's anger boils over and she
 proceeds to let out a flat, but very odd musical NOTE that
 starts building.

As it builds, amplifying into more of a musical SCREAM, it
 starts having some kind of effect on Vivian. She lets go of
 her grip and grabs her head.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
 (grimacing)
 What the hell?!?

Syren directs the SCREAM straight at her, something she seems
 to find hard to control.

As Vivian starts to CRY out in pain and collapses to the
 floor, Syren suddenly stops and falls back against the wall,
 exhausted.

After a moment of recovery, an upset Syren hurries off down
 the corridor towards her room, and a recovering Vivian
 watches her go, very disturbed, as we cut to:

A few moments later, Wolsley sits opposite the desk as Manon
 stands pouring himself another glass of the fine Cuban rum.
 Both are distracted when a very disturbed Vivian bursts in
 without knocking.

VIVIAN
 (unnerved)
 Okay, boys, we have a very serious
 and very weird problem.

23 CONTINUED:

23

Manon turns and looks at her with puzzled curiosity, as we cut to:

24 EXT. OUTSIDE WOLSLEY'S STOREHOUSE - NIGHT

24

A large storehouse in the centre of a sprawling industrial estate, the towering city lights in the distance, is observed at a distance by Chris, Julie and Sanctus.

All watch Skorpione CULT MEMBERS milling around the building, transporting items and crates into numerous trucks parked in the vicinity.

JULIE

Looks as though they're on the move.

SANCTUS

But going where? Transporting what?

CHRIS

I suggest we find out.

Nodding toward them, Chris darts out from their cover behind a wall and begins running as lightly as he can toward the storehouse.

Sanctus and Julie both follow themselves, all three keeping out of sight of cult members by hiding in shadows behind various walls and vehicles.

None of the Skorpione members notice the trio slip discreetly into the storehouse via an unguarded side exit.

25 INT. STOREHOUSE - NEXT

25

The interior is packed with rows and rows of tall, metallic shelving containing a huge amount of artifacts and weaponry that could only be used in supernatural circles.

Avoiding routinely patrolling cult members, Chris, Julie and Sanctus begin carefully making their way through one of the aisles.

JULIE

Wow, look at all this stuff!
There's enough magical equipment here to fight a guerilla war.

SANCTUS

It would appear Wolsley was getting prepared for such an event.

As they pass a certain type of weaponry, recognition seems to hit Sanctus.

(CONTINUED)

SANCTUS (cont'd)

I recognise these artifacts. Revell traditionally sold them.

JULIE

Revell?

SANCTUS

A weapons dealer Manon murdered just last week in the city his forces destroyed. He stole all of Revell's arsenal. Clearly he's been storing it here.

JULIE

In preparation for what?

Sanctus doesn't readily have an answer, but as they stop at the end of the aisle, behind a huge stack of cargo crates just across being shipped out, something catches his eye.

A crate, slightly separate from the others, which Sanctus notices has been stamped with a destination. The stamp reads - 'BOSTON.' Realisation dawns, and he moves towards the others.

SANCTUS

(urgent)

We must destroy this place now, before Manon has a chance to transport anymore of this arsenal.

(beat)

I brought a Triumvirate.

Chris looks at him with a touch of concern - Julie, though, is out of the loop.

JULIE

What exactly is a-

CHRIS

A Triumvirate is a three pronged charge, a weapon that if placed at an exact triangular latitude focuses an energy reaction. It's a very old, very rare and highly destructive magical weapon.

SANCTUS

(grins)

When I was young, these things were new!

Quickly, from his bag, Sanctus removes a thin METALLIC device made up of three triangles linked together, compact and lightweight. He splits it into three, handing one to Chris, one to Julie.

(CONTINUED)

SANCTUS (cont'd)

We'll need to separate to prime this. Once all three are primed, the reaction will commence. We'll have around five minutes to leave before this place goes sky-high.

I'll take the left.
(smiles grimly)

God speed.

With that, Sanctus darts off to the left around one of the crates, leaving Chris and Julie alone. It's an awkward moment between them.

CHRIS

Which way do you-

JULIE

I'll take the right.

Saying no more, still clearly angry with him, Julie heads off to the right and a disappointed Chris begins to retreat the way he came.

None realise that a Skorpione cult member has been watching discreetly from an alcove near the crates. As they go, he removes a mobile phone and dials, and we cut to:

The singing is over and jazz music now fills the dining area, coupled with much noise from the various villains who are now enjoying the attention of numerous Goth whores.

One of the Trad GUARDS hastily walks through from the back while finishing up a call in his mobile, heading for Wolsley who enjoys female attention at a table.

TRAD GUARD

Mr. Wolsley, we have a situation.

Wolsley looks up at the guard, half curious, half irritated at the disruption, as we cut to:

A view of the conversation from outside, looking through one of the side windows. Wolsley listens to the Trad's report, then urgently gets up.

He waves two more nearby Trads to join him as Wolsley heads through the club whilst giving orders to his men as they head for the exit.

Stepping outside, Wolsley approaches a black MERCEDES as a CHAUFFEUR opens the rear door for him. He gets inside, the three Trads getting in a CAR behind.

As both cars begin driving off at speed away from the club, we see who's perspective we've been watching them from - a covert Diego and Danyael.

DANYAEL

That was Wolsley. I wonder where he's off to in such a hurry?

(beat; thinks)

Hey, you don't think the guys have been discovered, do you?

DIEGO

Whether they have or not, it isn't our concern. Right now, we have to focus on getting inside this club.

DANYAEL

So, I take it, given the massive security presence, walking straight in and kicking some butt ain't on the agenda?

DIEGO

Stealth is required here, Danyael. Then, once we are in the belly of the beast, we will rip it open from within.

DANYAEL

That's a... great image, thanks.

(beat)

So, how do we get inside?

Diego looks his side and points - straight at the nearby wharf.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

(puzzled)

We go for a swim?

As Diego smiles, he suddenly hears the sound of an approaching Guard and grabs Danyael, pulling him off toward the wharf.

An armed Trad GUARD is patrolling the area, walking straight past where our guys were crouched near some bushes, seeing nothing.

As he walks out of view, we see ripples on the water at the nearby wharf, ripples created by where two men have dived in, as we cut to:

28

INT. WOLSLEY'S STOREHOUSE - NIGHT

28

A Skorpione cult member races past our view, running past several aisles in responds to numerous SHOUTS coming from nearby.

Once he's gone, Julie appears around a corner in the distance where she hid and makes her way down the aisle, putting her back to the wall and craning around.

She looks over and hears more SHOUTING, but soon looks disturbed to see the source - half a dozen Skorpione GUARDS surrounding a captured Chris and Sanctus!

JULIE

(mutters)

God damn it, Chris!

Shepherded into the centre of the storehouse surrounded by the crates being shipped out, near the entrance, Chris and Sanctus stand close to one another. The GUARDS talk amongst themselves as they hold their weapons trained on both men.

CHRIS

(quietly)

Tell me you set your device.

SANCTUS

(nods; quietly)

I did. It's up to Julie now.

CHRIS

She'll do it.

SANCTUS

You have faith in her, too?

Chris looks at Sanctus pointedly - but Sanctus doesn't look at him.

Over by where she watches, Julie looks around worriedly. She knows she has to do something, but isn't exactly sure what. She looks at a large panel in front of where she is hiding and shrugs.

JULIE

Well, I guess this is as good a place as any.

Removing the triangular explosive piece from her pocket, Julie begins attaching it to the panel before her, while ensuring she isn't discovered.

As they remain captive in the centre of the storehouse, Chris and Sanctus both notice as the Mercedes pulls up outside and Wolsley emerges.

(CONTINUED)

He heads through the open main door into where the Skorpione cult members stand in a circle surrounding the captives, who Wolsley smugly faces down.

WOLSLEY

Well, well, well. What do we have here?

CHRIS

Two men who are going to kill you unless you tell them what you've done to their girls.

WOLSLEY

(chuckles)

Your princesses are quite safe locked away in my ivory tower, don't you worry.

SANCTUS

You mean, Manon's ivory tower. What possessed you to give the Rosary, your pride and joy, away to a man you for so long despised as much as we do?

WOLSLEY

Let's just say I had something of an... awakening. A gift that made me realise my true loyalties. What you two should realise right now is that coming here was a mistake.

(shakes his head)

Do you really think you can stop what is about to come?

CHRIS

Maybe not. But, believe me, if we go down... we go down fighting.

WOLSLEY

(scoffs)

We'll see about th-

He is cut off as a large CLANG is heard in the distance.

We see that Julie has knocked over a nearby CROWBAR resting on a crate as she fixes the explosive.

JULIE

God DAMN it!

She sees three Skorpione GUARDS have noticed her and are running straight toward her, so Julie works her fastest in setting the explosive.

(CONTINUED)

As the guards reach her, Julie slams it and the device hums briefly, glows, then seems to morph itself to match the panel it's placed on.

JULIE (cont'd)

Got it!

She is dragged out of her hiding place and into the centre of the storehouse, before Chris, Sanctus and a very displeased Wolsley.

WOLSLEY

Oh, dear. Another helpless woman.

(looks at Chris)

You really need to work on protecting your girls, Christopher! Not heeding Manon's warning has just cost you this one.

(to guards)

Kill her!

One of the Guards raises a gun to a fearful Julie's head.

Before he can fire, however, Chris quickly draws his katana from his back, and in one move SLICES off the Guard's head!

He spins on his foot and SLASHES his blade across Wolsley's chest, and with a GULP Wolsley drops to the floor.

As he falls back, Chris holds his sword up and turns to the rest of the guards.

CHRIS

Right, then.

(beat)

Who's next?

The guards exchange looks, suddenly less confident, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

29

INT. SYREN'S DRESSING ROOM - THE ROSARY - NIGHT

29

Staring into the mirror, Syren is preparing for her next stage performance, while trying to forget what happened earlier.

There's a KNOCK at the door, and Syren rises, heads over and answers it. Standing there is Manon - a briefcase in his hand.

SYREN

Who is it?

MANON

Your greatest fan, *ma cherie*.

(beat)

May I come in?

SYREN

I have to prepare for my next performance.

MANON

I will take up no more of your time than is necessary, I promise you.

After a moment, Syren steps aside and allows Manon to enter. He closes the door behind him.

SYREN

What is it you want?

MANON

I want to apologise. For Vivian's behaviour toward you earlier. It was outrageous.

SYREN

She told you what happened?

MANON

I 'eard about it, yes. You must understand, she is a very loyal woman. She does what she does to protect me. Protect my future. She can't 'elp it if occasionally she gets carried away.

(beat)

But if she 'urt you, I am so deeply sorry.

Syren nods a little as Manon comes closer to her, glides the back of his hand over her cheek.

(CONTINUED)

MANON (cont'd)

Such a beautiful creature as you
should be treasured. And treasure
you, I shall.

(beat)

To prove it, I 'ave a gift for you.

SYREN

I don't want your gifts.

MANON

But this one will change your life.

(smiles)

Just like it changed mine.

Syren looks suspicious as Manon unlocks and opens the briefcase after placing it on a table, taking out a canister similar to one we've seen before.

It contains another white PARASITE, but Syren doesn't realise as Manon looks at her and smiles, as we cut to:

INT. WOLSLEY'S STOREHOUSE - NIGHT

The thick of the action! Chris is swiping away with his katana at Wolsley's Trad guards, who avoid and slice at him with their own daggers.

Nearby, Sanctus is displaying his fighting skills as he taken on the Skorpione cult members, ably assisted by Julie as much as she can.

SANCTUS

Julie, did you set the third
triangle?

JULIE

Yeah, just about. It wasn't for the
want of these freaks trying!

SANCTUS

Then we have less than five minutes
to get out of here before this
place blows! We have to-

As he fights, Sanctus' attention is drawn to the corpse of Wolsley - whose sliced chest wound is now glowing WHITE.

Julie is oblivious, as is Chris, but as Sanctus blocks a punch and KICKS a Skorpione guard into nearby boxes, he gets clear and watches Wolsley.

The white glow seems to cover his body - and starts healing the chest wound instantaneously! Sanctus boggles as the ruptured skin starts to knit itself back together.

SANCTUS (cont'd)

It can't be!

He watches aghast as Wolsley opens his eyes, gets to his feet, looks at him, LAUGHS and then makes for the exit.

Before Sanctus can pursue, however, he's dragged back into battle with more cult members.

Nearby, Julie PUNCHES out a cult member and turns to see Chris get ambushed from behind by the last Trad, Chris having finished the other two off.

He loses his katana as he hits the ground, the sword going flying. Julie rushes toward it as the Trad kneels over the downed Chris and raises his dagger.

The second he goes to stab, Julie PIERCES the katana through his back and out his front. The Trad staggers forward, turning round - giving Julie time to draw a STAKE and SLAM it into the vampire's chest. The Trad slumps to the floor.

Chris jumps up and quickly removes the katana, looking at Julie and conveying a silent thanks, mixed with a sorry. She smiles a little.

SANCTUS (O.S.) (cont'd)

Are you two clear?

Both Chris and Julie turn round at the sight of Sanctus throwing the last cult member over his shoulder, knocking him out with a PUNCH.

CHRIS

We're clear.

SANCTUS

Then, for heaven's sake, run!!

Chris and Julie exchange a quick glance and both join Sanctus in running for the exit, as a wave of fresh Skorpione cult members pursue them.

As they flee, the Triumvirate countdown concludes and each triangular piece shines out a different coloured bolt of energy, which impact at the heart of the storehouse.

BOOM!

The storehouse EXPLODES in an enormous fiery blast, raining down flame and pieces of destroyed building on Chris, Julie and Sanctus, who've been flung to the floor.

31 CONTINUED:

31

All three sit and watch the place burn and Chris and Sanctus exchange a look - and for the first time in a long time, a smile, as we cut to:

32 INT. CATACOMB CELL - NIGHT

32

The surface of the water leading to the huge wharf begins to ripple a few metres away from the edge, until the head of a soaked Diego pokes slowly through.

He begins checking out the line of sight as Danyael pokes his head out a lot faster and louder, obviously not as used to this 'stealth' stuff as his partner.

DANYAEL

(whispering)

Is this it? Are we here?

DIEGO

I think so.

(motions ahead)

Look.

Danyael looks ahead to where Diego specifies and we see what's directly in front of them - the cell adjoining the water where an unresponsive Twist still lies chained. Nearby, Creek and the other two Trads sit around playing cards at a table.

Seeing them, Diego and Danyael exchange a very pissed-off look as we cut to:

33 INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - NIGHT

33

The large double doors open as the victorious Chris, Julie and Sanctus return from the mission.

JULIE

Well, I don't know about you guys,
but that wasn't a bad evenings work
for me!

SANCTUS

Our work is only half finished,
Julie.

(beat)

I'm going to check on Diego and
Danyael.

Sanctus nods and heads off down one of the library aisles as Chris and Julie start setting their equipment down.

JULIE

Am I the only one who thinks we
should take a moment and have pride
in our first real victory?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Sanctus is just being realistic. I can't say as I blame him.

(nods)

But we did damage Manon's arsenal. That is something to take pride in.

A beat as Julie nods, and both seem like they want to say something.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Look, Julie, I-

JULIE

No, let... let me.

(beat; shakes her head)

It was wrong of me to judge you, Chris, for the choices you made. You've kept me and the rest of this team alive long enough to be rewarded with a little faith.

(shrugs)

I'm sorry.

CHRIS

(nods; thin smile)

So am I.

She reaches out her hand and after a moment, Chris takes it. They hold them tightly for a second, only releasing as Sanctus urgently returns.

SANCTUS

We have a problem. They're gone.

JULIE

'Gone'? Diego and Danyael? Gone where?

Julie watches Chris and Sanctus exchange a knowing look, and she realises with a GROAN.

JULIE (cont'd)

To rescue the girls...

SANCTUS

All of their supplies and equipment are gone. It can mean only one thing.

(beat)

They've gone to the Rosary.

CHRIS

Then let's do the right thing.

(beat)

And back them up.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

Sanctus nods and Julie smiles pleased, seeing Chris' determination, as we cut to:

34 INT. CATACOMB CELL - NIGHT

34

The card game is played by Creek and the two Trads under his command, but he sees one of them is distracted, looking away from the table.

CREEK

What is it? Texas Holdem' a chore for you now?

TRAD #1

I'd much rather play with her.

Creek turns and sees he's looking at Twist - and he smiles a creepy smile.

CREEK

Well, admittedly, we've got no orders from upstairs that she is off limits for some... fun.

He looks at the two Trads and they all begin to laugh as Creek throws down his cards and gets up, his two goons doing the same.

They follow Creek as he walks over to Twist, who's barely conscious, bruised and exhausted as she remains chained up against the wall.

In a more perverse parallel of Manon's treatment of Syren, Creek lifts up Twist's face and begins stroking her hair and cheek.

CREEK (cont'd)

I reckon we've waited long enough for her rescue party to arrive.

DIEGO (O.S.)

Wrong.

Creek and his Trads suddenly spin round from where they have the dazed Twist pinned against the wall - to see a dripping wet Diego and Danyael standing behind them.

DIEGO (cont'd)

It just got here.

And on that, Diego lands a hard SMACK on the face of Creek, who hits the back wall as the two other Trads GROWL and come for them.

They draw daggers, like Wolsley's guards, and begin swiping at Diego, who deflects their attacks with his sword.

(CONTINUED)

Avoiding the battle, Danyael runs over to Twist and begins trying to untie her rope bindings. She slowly begins to recognise him.

TWIST

(weak)

Sp... Spook?

DANYAEL

(nods)

It's me, Twist. Danyael. I'm here.
We're gonna get you out of this.

TWIST

Sy... Syr...

She finds it hard to get her words out and as Danyael keeps untying her binds, he watches and sees Diego continue taking on both Trads around the cell.

He eventually manages to SLICE off the hands of one of the Trads swiping the dagger at him, before gutting him through the chest and twisting to neatly CHOP the vampire's head away.

Retracting his sword, Diego swipes it at the final oncoming Trad, now a one on one contest.

While continuing his work, Danyael fails to notice Creek regaining consciousness at his feet behind him, slowly drawing out his own dagger.

As Diego slices the chest of the second Trad and kicks him into the water as he falls to his knees, he looks and sees Creek getting to his feet.

DIEGO

Danyael! Behind you!

Danyael looks up and sees Diego THROW his sword like a javelin toward him, which proceeds to IMPALE Creek before has the chance to stab Danyael in the back with his dagger.

Diego runs over and begins finishing untying Twist's binds, as Danyael looks behind him and sees Creek, impaled and struggling against the wall, was inches away from killing him.

DANYAEL

Hey, thanks, man.

Not needing thanking, Diego finishes untying Twist's bonds and catches her as she limply falls, holding her in his arms to Danyael's clear envy.

DIEGO

Twist? Twist, can you hear me? It's Diego.

Twist opens her eyes fully and looks up at him.

TWIST

(still weak)
Zorro... glad you caught me...

DIEGO

(smiles)
We're getting you out of here.

TWIST

No... we can't...

DANYAEL

Twist, we can't stay here. More guards will come for u-

TWIST

(through gritted teeth)
I'm not... leaving... without Syren!

Seeing she means business, Diego and Danyael exchange a concerned look, as we cut to:

Sitting casually in the main desk chair, Manon is listening to a returned Wolsley's explanation of events. He's calm, but Vivian next to him is pacing angrily.

WOLSLEY

Thankfully, due to your gift, I was able to recover and escape before the explosion. But when I returned a little later, there was nothing left. The stockpile was destroyed. Please forgive me.

VIVIAN

How could you let this happen, you idiot!?

She marches around the desk and gets right up in Wolsley's face.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Your screw-up could have just FUBAR'd our entire operation, and you come here asking us to just 'forgive' you? What are we, Christians?

(MORE)

VIVIAN (cont'd)
 (turns to Manon)
 I say we just waste this creep now.

MANON
 Not so 'asty, Vivian. My old friend
 still 'as his uses, while under
 such divine influence.
 (beat; off Vivian's
 frustration)
 Besides, we 'ave a more important
 distraction.

VIVIAN
 (guesses)
 Chris.

Manon nods and stands, moving toward the window.

MANON
 In fact, I would put a great deal
 of *francs* on 'im being on 'is way
 'ere right now.
 (looks out the window;
 chuckles)
 I do so love it when I am right.

Vivian walks around and sees what he sees - out the window,
 Chris, Julie and Sanctus are heading up the path, straight
 for the club.

VIVIAN
 I'll take care of this. I need to
 blow off a little steam.

An angry look on her face, Vivian takes off, leaving Manon
 smiling at the sight of our oncoming heroes, as we cut to:

The club is rapidly approached by Chris, Sanctus and Julie,
 who looks very apprehensive.

JULIE
 So, tell me we've got a plan...

CHRIS
 (nods)
 We've got a plan.

JULIE
 Which is?

CHRIS
 It's simple. We go in and kill
 anyone who gets in our way.

JULIE

Right.

(beat)

As plans go, that sure is simple.

As the trio stride toward the door, several armed Trads pour out of it, and our trio stop. Trads subsequently appear from both sides and behind - they're surrounded. Chris, Julie and Sanctus look around for options.

JULIE (cont'd)

So... what now?

VIVIAN (O.S.)

That's the question, isn't it?

Chris darkens as Vivian walks out the entrance, through her Trads, and gets right up close to him.

CHRIS

Vivian.

VIVIAN

Hey, Chris. How you doing?

CHRIS

Where are Twist and Syren?

VIVIAN

Your girls are cool. Manon takes good care of his women.

(smiles)

He's also careful about the ones he trusts. You really should be too.

If you were, I might not have access to your parts of the healing device.

Julie looks instantly guilty as Sanctus looks puzzled and Chris frowns with suspicion.

CHRIS

What the hell are you talking about?

VIVIAN

Why don't you ask, uh...

(points to Julie; smirks)

Her.

Chris turns and looks at Julie, confused. He instantly sees her look away, and knows she's hiding something.

CHRIS

What does-

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN

(interrupts)

Oh, wait, I forgot! You won't have chance to ask her, because in about thirty seconds, you're all gonna be dead at last, and I can get back to more important stuff.

She motions for her Trads to attack and they do, pulling out daggers and closing in on our trio.

Chris draws his katana and begins slicing away all around him, Sanctus begins unloading punches and kicks, while Julie pulls her gun and starts FIRING.

As the multitude of Trads swamp our guys, Vivian smiles with glee for a moment before retreating into the club with a flourish, and we cut to:

37 INT. STAIRWELL - THE ROSARY - NEXT

37

A pair of Trads patrolling a corridor next to the stairwell leading from the catacombs are STAKED out of nowhere by Diego as he reaches the top of the stairs.

He checks the surrounding area before moving on further up the stairwell to the next level, Danyael trailing behind helping the weak Twist to walk, stepping over the Trad's bodies.

DANYAEL

Twist, we really should leave. If Syren even is still alive, we don't know where she could be.

TWIST

Yes, we do... she'll be singing on the stage... she has... nowhere else to go...

Danyael still clearly looks unsure but continues helping Twist up the stairwell, as we cut to:

38 INT. DINING AREA - NEXT

38

Four Trads are gathered around Vivian over by the bar of the club as she relays instructions, but then suddenly:

CRASH! The window EXPLODES inward with glass as a dead Trad from outside is thrown through, seconds before the entrance is kicked through by Chris.

Vivian and the Trads turn to see Chris stalk in trailing his blood-soaked sword, with Sanctus and Julie, the front covered with almost two dozen dead Trads.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Vivian... give me my girls.

VIVIAN

(shakes her head)

Not that easy, champ.

She waves her four Trads toward our trio and as they race in, another battle beginning, Vivian walks behind the bar and begins pouring a drink.

We stay on her as she pours, hearing the sound of sword-swipes, gunfire and punching in the background, before it all goes quiet.

Vivian downs her drink as we see the four Trads fall dead around our guys, and Chris reach the bar and quickly get the tip of his katana at Vivian's throat.

CHRIS

(beat; calm)

I won't ask again.

Not looking the least bit scared, Vivian turns along with the others as they hear the sound of a door towards the back being kicked through.

Suddenly, across the dining area, Diego comes into view with Danyael and Twist behind him.

JULIE

Twist!!

Chris looks visibly relieved to see her alive, but then regroups and presses the tip further into Vivian's neck.

CHRIS

Syren?

With a smile forming, Vivian points towards the stage and in sync, Chris, Sanctus, Julie, Diego, Danyael and Twist all look toward it.

They see Syren is standing there, having appeared out of nowhere, staring forward robotically.

Forgetting his sword at Vivian's throat, a relieved Chris instinctively steps forward toward the stage.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Syren!

He stops, though, as Syren looks at him but with cold, dead eyes. He knows something isn't right.

SYREN
(calm; flat)
Leave.

CHRIS
Syren? Are you alright?

Confused, Chris goes to reach her on the stage.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Syren, we're here to-

SYREN
(screams)
LEAVE!!!

The sound is a mix between a shout and a wail, a piercing noise that remains as Syren keeps the 'E' going as a powerful, wailing note.

Instantly, Chris and the rest of the team are hit by an intense pain in their minds, as is Vivian, but this time she appears to be enjoying it!

The pain begins overcoming everyone, even affecting the hearing-impaired Danyael, so Sanctus takes action and begins shepherding everyone to the door.

Chris, though, remains a metre or so away from Syren. He sees the pain and confliction on her face as the wail continues. Sanctus arrives and grabs him.

SANCTUS
Chris! We have to go!

CHRIS
No! We can't just... leave her!

SANCTUS
We have to! Come on!

Eventually, Chris gives in and allows Sanctus to drag him away, both following the others as Diego pushes them through the exit.

Chris never takes his eyes off Syren as he and Sanctus make their break through the door.

Once they're gone, the wailing slowly dies down and stops. Tears of pain now stain Syren's face, and off her look of torment, we.:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

39

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - NIGHT

39

Some time later, the team have regrouped to their library sanctuary. A concerned Danyael watches as Julie takes a close look at Twist's cuts and bruises.

That is in the background - we focus on Chris and Diego, who watch as Sanctus opens an ancient BOOK and throws it on the table before them. As Sanctus talks, Chris occasionally gives a surreptitious, suspicious look at Julie. She guiltily avoids his gaze.

SANCTUS

This is it. What I suspect may be behind the sudden depletion of our allies.

The picture is an ancient illustration of the white parasite.

DIEGO

What is it, *senor*?

SANCTUS

You're looking at a skreeb. It's a parasitic creature, an offshoot life form from the Skorpione. It has the ability to heal human tissue and to manipulate suggestion in the hippocampus. In laymen's terms-

CHRIS

Mind-control.

SANCTUS

(nods)

Precisely.

(beat)

I believe Manon has infected both Syren and Wolsley with such a parasite. It would explain how Wolsley managed to regenerate, as well as Syren's actions earlier when we attempted to rescue her. Manon is bending them to his will.

DIEGO

So, how to we stop him? How do we get this skreeb out of Syren?

SANCTUS

Truthfully... I don't know if we can.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST (O.S.)
We'll find a way.

Chris, Diego and Sanctus turn at the voice.

TWIST (cont'd)
Right after I get Syren back.

CHRIS
You're not going anywhere.

JULIE
I'd have to agree. Given the extent of your injuries, Twist, you need to rest and recuperate before you even think of-

TWIST
Screw 'resting'! Toots has been body snatched by the bad guys and you want me to rest?!? Ain't gonna happen!
(starts getting up)
I'm going back over to the nightspot and getting my rescue on!

CHRIS
No, you're not!

Twist looks at him defiantly - but Chris holds his stern face. Frustrated, Twist proceeds to storm off across the library. Instinctively, Danyael goes to go after her, but Chris pulls him back.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Let me.

They all watch as Chris heads the way Twist went.

Towards the back of the library, Twist is now getting all of her equipment ready, but finds it hard to move with all her aching muscles. She sees Chris approach from behind, but doesn't acknowledge him.

CHRIS
Why are you doing this, Twist? Why would you want to go racing back into a place you almost got yourself killed in?
(shakes his head)
I didn't even think you liked Syren.

TWIST

At first, I didn't.

(sighs)

Which is why I feel so guilty.

Twist stops what she's doing and turns to face Chris.

TWIST (cont'd)

On the mission to recruit Wolsley, Syren did everything she could to help. She did exactly what I told her, what you told her. No questions. She doesn't even really understand what's going on, but she believed in us and what we were trying to achieve. And how did I repay her? By acting like a first class bitch. Even when Syren came to visit me in that cell, at first I railed against her. Why?

(shakes her head)

Because I was afraid. I didn't know her. You didn't know her. And yet I was supposed to just accept her as one of the team on faith? But these last few nights made me realise I... I misjudged her. You always trusted her, and... and I should have trusted you.

Chris' stern veneer is now gone and he is sympathetic, and even a little touched.

TWIST (cont'd)

You asked me to look after her, and it was my bad not to see when Manon turned Wolsley that got us caught, and that led to Syren being infected by that thing. It's my responsibility to finish the job. To get her out.

(beat)

And I have to do it alone.

A beat as Chris assimilates the information, seeing a rare vein of seriousness in Twist. Eventually, he nods.

With a slight smile and a look of pride, Chris turns and heads away. Twist looks relieved she managed to convince him and goes back to packing her stuff.

Little do either of them know Sanctus has been watching discreetly nearby, and is now observing Twist with interest, as we cut to:

41 INT. WOLSLEY'S OFFICE - THE ROSARY - NIGHT

41

Looking out of the office window, Manon is observing half a dozen large TRUCKS and BOATS on the wharf being used to store his remaining equipment. Wolsley stands behind, as ever, head bowed subserviently.

MANON

Are we ready for departure, Marcus?
I want to be out of this city by
sunrise.

WOLSLEY

We'll be ready.

MANON

Bon.

Both are then distracted as a very amused Vivian enters the office.

VIVIAN

You are not going to believe who
just walked in downstairs!

Manon looks curious, as we cut to:

42 INT. DINING AREA - NEXT

42

A dozen armed and sneering Trads are surrounding a lone Twist, who stands in the middle of the club, with no strength or ability right now to fight them.

She stands firm, unafraid, as an amused Manon leads Vivian and Wolsley down from the office.

MANON

My dear *Madame* McFadden, what a
pleasant surprise! We did not
expect to see you so soon.
(chuckles)
To what do we owe this 'onour?

TWIST

You know why I'm here.
(boldly)
I've come for Syren.

Instantly, the bad guys laugh at the comment, as do numerous Trads, but Twist remains serious.

MANON

Interesting.
(shakes her head)
What makes you think I would just
'and 'er over to you?

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

I didn't expect you to. That's why
I propose a deal.

MANON

A... deal?

TWIST

(nods)
That's right. And it goes like
this.

(beat)

I convince Syren to walk out of
here with me, then we both get to
leave, unharmed. I fail - you get
both of us. A twofer. How's that
grab ya?

Manon once again chuckles, but Vivian isn't that amused.

VIVIAN

If you really think we're gonna go
for an idea like that, then you
must be as stupid as you are-

MANON

Wait.

Vivian didn't expect to be cut off, and looks at Manon with
frustration. He's now regarding Twist with curiosity.

MANON (cont'd)

(smiles)
Why not?

VIVIAN

Jacques, you can't seriously-

MANON

My mind is made up.
(moves close to Twist)
I 'ope you are looking forward to
seeing my endgame unfold, my
petite, from a front row seat.

Twist looks at him with defiance as Manon grins and walks
toward the stage.

MANON (cont'd)

Come on out, Syren. It's time to
begin.

A moment later, the robotic Syren walks through the stage
curtain and stands where she was before. Manon walks up,
strokes her face seductively and gets his mouth to her ear.

(CONTINUED)

MANON (cont'd)
 (whispers)
 Sing for me.

With that, Manon steps off the stage and the Trads all part to allow Twist access to it. She slowly begins walking past them.

Twist reaches the front of the stage, close to where Syren stands and looks at her.

TWIST
 Syren? Syren, it's me, Twist.
 (beat; no recognition)
 We don't have to do this. You can come with me now. We'll just walk right out of here, together.
 (again; nothing)
 Syren?

Suddenly, Syren begins to release an operatic NOTE, which sustains to perfection and slowly begins growing in intensity.

All the villains watch as the note begins to affect bottles and glasses in the surroundings. They begin shaking, more and more violently, along with the furniture around them.

SMASH! Glasses begin breaking, and bottles. Glass erupts across the club, on every table and on the bar top. A number of Trads duck to avoid it.

Twist watches as, while the note increases, tables and chairs begin shaking with growing volume. With glass flying everywhere, it's a frightening sight.

TWIST (cont'd)
 Syren! Stop this! Stop this now!!

In response to that, Syren turns, lays a hand on one of the shaking CHAIRS, and it suddenly launches up and flies with speed toward Twist!

She sees it and ducks, the chair hitting two Trads behind her, flooring them. Vivian is disturbed, but Manon awed at the sight. It's pissed Twist off, though - she starts to look angry.

TWIST (cont'd)
 Alright, what is up with that? I'm trying to help you, can't you figure that out?

Again, Syren grabs a chair and it goes flying toward Twist. Again, she ducks and the chair SMASHES into bottles behind the bar.

TWIST (cont'd)

Okay! Alright! If that's the way
you want to play this, fine!

(rolls up her sleeves)

But don't say I didn't warn you,
toots!

Twist heads straight toward Syren to rough her up, but Syren turns toward her as the note continues, and Twist is launched off her feet.

WHOOSH! She goes flying, pushed back the length of the dining area, before SLAMMING up the far wall painfully. It's more agony for the already bruised Twist.

As she tries getting up, Syren steps off the stage and slowly begins walking across the dining area. She's no longer singing it, but the note continues smashing bottles as she goes, plus overturning chairs and tables.

Manon, Vivian and Wolsley continue to watch with amazement as Syren closes in on Twist, bracing the pain to get to her feet.

Syren opens her mouth and SINGS again - the note is now spectacularly loud and Syren is expending a lot of energy. Large cabinets begin toppling over, one almost impacting Manon, and the windows begin EXPLODING inward with glass!

Finally, the calamity wreaking havoc on the club behind her, Syren faces Twist square on.

TWIST (cont'd)

I bet Chris would love to see what
you've turned into, huh? What
you've become.

Suddenly, at the mention of Chris, the note stops and the calamity finishes. A sense of strange calm begins to cover the near-destroyed club.

Manon and Vivian regard each other, wondering what's going on, as Syren looks at Twist - who knows she's hit a nerve.

TWIST (cont'd)

Trust me when I tell you, he'd be
ashamed to see you like this! To
see how weak you really are!

(taunting)

I'd bet he'd wish he'd have left
you on that island to rot until the
end of days!

Instantly, Syren begins to let out the high-pitched WAIL. All the Trads, along with Manon, Vivian and Wolsley, begin grabbing their heads in pain.

(CONTINUED)

Twist does too but looks and sees the turmoil going on Syren as she clearly tries to fight the parasite. And so Twist takes her opportunity.

Bracing the head pain, she removes a GREY BALL from her pocket, that she holds compressed in both hands. Twist whispers some kind of chant and THROWS the ball in the air, before she succumbs to Syren's wail and hits the deck in agony.

The ball glows magically while levitating in the air, before it turns and SMASHES into Syren's chest. It becomes a wave of ENERGY that passes over her, a grey wave that gathers at the back of her neck.

The skreeb parasite WRITHES under the skin before a white light shines and retracts from Syren's neck, trapped in the grey mass that leaves Syren and forms once again into a ball. After a moment of glowing, it blinks out of existence, taking the parasite with it.

The wailing instantly stops and a barely conscious, pale and drained Syren hits the floor. Twist gets to her feet as Manon, Vivian, Wolsley and the Trads do the same. She picks up Syren, who begins looking around her, confused.

SYREN

Twist?

TWIST

Hey. Good set of lungs you've got there.

SYREN

What?... what happened?

TWIST

Too little time for that story right now. Let's go.

Twist puts her arm around Syren and begins carrying her toward the door. She doesn't once look at Manon or any of the villains.

Annoyed, Vivian goes to intercept them, but Manon pulls her back.

MANON

Allow them to leave.
(beat; off Vivian's glare)
I am a man of my word.

Vivian grits her teeth and watches as Twist and Syren slowly walk out of the door - to freedom.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN
You should've let me kill them!

MANON
Why not let them 'ave this one
little victory?
(beat)
After all... there's nothing they
can do to stop us now.

Reluctantly, Vivian agrees, seeing Manon's look of confidence as he watches the girls depart, and we cut to:

A tense silence has fallen between Chris, Sanctus, Diego, Julie and Danyael. As they see the first flicker of sun appear above them, their wait for news.

And then, slowly, the doors begin to open. Chris stands, as do the others, and watch as Twist walks in carrying Syren, both very weak.

JULIE
She did it!

CHRIS
(grins)
Of course she did.

Twist stops as she sees everyone looking at her, and rolls her eyes

TWIST
Oh, come on, did you ever once
seriously doubt me?

They all look relieved and smile as Julie rushes over to the barely-conscious Syren and with Diego's help, carries her off to be examined. Danyael rushes over and hugs Twist tightly.

DANYAEL
Thank God you're alright!

TWIST
While you're talking to God, get
him to remind you of the bruises
all over my body the next time you
go for a bear hug!

DANYAEL
(realises)
Oh, uh... sorry.

He stops hugging her as Chris approaches and looks at Twist with pride.

CHRIS

I take it Manon didn't just hand you Syren on a platter, and you're in no state to fight.

(beat)

How did you get her out of there?

TWIST

Well, let's just say... I had a little help.

She looks behind Chris knowingly, straight at a listening Sanctus. He nods and moves away as Chris looks back at him, curious.

In a corner of the library, rested on a set of pillows and soft books, Syren has lost consciousness and resting, being tended to by Julie. She looks a little apprehensive as Chris appears behind her.

CHRIS

How's she doing?

JULIE

That parasite took a lot out of her before it was destroyed, but as long as she rests and recovers, she'll be back to full strength in no time.

Julie watches as Chris kneels down and places a hand tenderly on Syren's forehead. A silence fills the air, an awkwardness Julie can't stand.

JULIE (cont'd)

Look, Chris, about what Vivian said, I need to explain-

CHRIS

No, you don't.

(beat)

I spoke to Danyael. He was with you while I was with Syren, so I suspected he might know what's going on. Reluctantly, he told me everything.

JULIE

(tears in her eyes)

Chris, I am so sorry! I was only doing what I thought you wanted! If I'd known about Vivian and Parker, I'd never have told him where to find the-

CHRIS

(interrupts)

You don't have the first understanding of what I want, Julie.

(beat)

But what I don't want are apologies. Not from you.

Coldly, Chris proceeds to get up, give her a stern glare, and walk away. Julie is left tearful at the exchange.

In another corner, Sanctus has his head in more of the ancient books as Chris heads over to him.

CHRIS (cont'd)

I was thinking about what happened earlier tonight, and I think I've worked it out. You gave Twist a spell to extract the parasite from Syren magically, didn't you?

SANCTUS

(nods)

Yes, I did.

CHRIS

And you felt the need to do this behind my back? Why didn't you run this master plan of yours past me?

SANCTUS

Because you never would have agreed to the idea of Twist using such powerful, ancient magic on Syren. You would have thought it too risky for both of them.

CHRIS

You're probably right. That still doesn't mean it was the correct course of action.

SANCTUS

I made the decision you couldn't, because I realise something you refuse to see.

(beat)

Twist has the power to stand on her own. She's no longer the child you saved from damnation. Tonight, she proved that.

TWIST (O.S.)

Are you guys talking about me again?

Chris hesitates, but Sanctus greets Twist and Danyael with a smile as they appear from behind them.

DANYAEL

What is it with you thinking every hushed conversation these guys have is about you?

TWIST

Could be that I'm eternally fascinating. I wouldn't blame them for having me as the number one topic of conversation.

(beat; excited)

Unless... they were talking about the next stage of 'Operation: Kick Manon's Ass.' You know, when I went to the Rosary, I saw a lot of evidence Manon was shutting up shop and hitting the road. I reckon he's moving out.

SANCTUS

(nods)

I'm inclined to agree. When we were in Wolsley's storehouse, I saw they were planning to ship Revell's equipment. The intended location was on the crates.

DANYAEL

Where was it?

SANCTUS

Boston.

He, Twist and Danyael all look at Chris as he nods at the news.

CHRIS

Then, I think, ladies and gentlemen, the time has come.

(beat)

We'll go to Boston. And finish this... once and for all.

Twist smiles, as does Danyael, and Sanctus nods. It's off Chris' look of sheer, hardened determination, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW