

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

'We All Bleed Red'

by
A. J. Black

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. BAR - NIGHT

1

We open on the sight of SYREN, close up on her face.

She's standing on a small stage, and she's singing as ever - belting her heart out. The tune is an old Patsy Cline favourite.

SYREN

(sings)

*Crazy... I'm crazy for feelin' so
lonely... I'm crazy... crazy for
feelin' so blue...*

And slowly, we PAN OUT from where Syren clutches her mic, lost in the melody - and it becomes increasingly clear we're in a bar.

However, it's not a quiet, cultured establishment befitting the song - it's a loud, rowdy watering hole full of REDNECKS, and Syren looks very out of place.

SYREN (cont'd)

(sings)

*I knew... you'd love me as long as
you wanted... then someday... you'd
leave me for somebody new...*

Seemingly oblivious at being drowned out by the patrons taking little notice of her, Syren continues singing, as we cut to:

The bar top, as two large PITCHERS full of beer are plonked down on the surface by the burly BARTENDER, who waits for payment.

And we see TWIST squeezing and bustling her way through the rednecks crowding the bar, attempting to reach the drinks she ordered.

TWIST

(loudly)

Comin' through!

(bumps into someone;
turns)

Watch it, Tex, prim'n'proper here!

Finally, Twist reaches the bar, chucks down a few dollar notes, grabs the pitchers, and begins practically charging her way out of the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

Getting free, we track with Twist, seeing Syren in the background, as she carries the pitchers through numerous tables full of more rednecks - the place is choc full.

And eventually, Twist reaches a corner table and herself plonks the pitchers down.

TWIST (cont'd)

(sighs)

At last! This place is busier than
a *Lost* convention!

Those at the table however - DIEGO, DANYAEL and JULIE, of course - take little notice of Twist, instead staring behind her.

TWIST (cont'd)

What? You guys just had a run in
with David Copperfield, or
somethin'?

Julie points towards the stage, and Twist turns - rolling her eyes a little as she looks at Syren, realising what's got them captivated.

TWIST (cont'd)

Wow, if it ain't Toots singing! Now
there's a first.

(beat)

And yes, that was sarcasm.

DIEGO

Her voice is truly beautiful. No
matter how many times we hear her.

TWIST

(looks at him sharply)

Did we forget that you're my bitch
now, Zorro?

Diego smiles and Twist twinkles - a mutual look that Danyael doesn't miss, and he looks away.

JULIE

I think the fact that Syren gives
the performance of her life even in
a hole like this proves singing is
her emotional outlet for everything
that's happened.

DANYAEL

(nods)

Kinda like the only thing she truly
knows how to do.

JULIE

(nods in agreement)
Or truly understands.

TWIST

Well, hey, I hate to break-up
Psychoanalysts-R-Us here, but...
(beckons to the pitchers)
These beauties ain't gonna drink
themselves.

Twist sits, knocking Diego to budge up, as she begins pouring the beer into everyone's tumblers.

And we're back on Syren, as she warbles:

SYREN

*I'm crazy for tryin' and crazy for
cryin'; and I'm crazy for lovin'
you...*

Just as she begins reaching the climax of the song, at one of the tables before her, a REDNECK begins shouting angrily at one of the other guys sitting with him.

Doesn't take long for both Redneck #1 and REDNECK #2 to be on their feet, shouting and almost blocking the music out entirely, pushing and shoving each other.

Syren is oblivious - continues singing to the music as THWACK! Redneck #1 goes flying across the table, smacked by Redneck #2!

And then, the whole table are on their feet and arguing, pushing, shoving - and like an aggressive cancer, starts spreading from table to table.

It doesn't take our guys in their corner to notice this - all stand quickly.

TWIST

Guys, you seeing this? Bar brawl!

DIEGO

(nods)
Si. Dos hombres, una mujer.

TWIST

Say what?!

DIEGO

(looks at her)
Two men, one woman.
(beat; Twist shakes her
head)
Trouble.

TWIST

(sighs)

Whatever! Let's just go play
sheriff and restore order before
Toots gets caught up in the
crossfire.

JULIE

Could already be too late for that.

Julie points towards where Syren continues singing, as the brawling inches closer and closer towards the stage, and her position.

Quickly, Twist leading the way, the four rush into battle.

SYREN

(eyes closed, fully into
it)

*Crazy... for thinkin' that my love
could hold you... I'm crazy for
tryin, and crazy for cryin'; and
I'm crazy... for lovin'... you...*

And SMASH!

Syren's eyes open and she gasps at the end of her song, as a bottle CRASHES into the wall next to her, glass splintering everywhere.

And though she can't see anything, Syren can hear the loud commotion - she looks anxious and perplexed.

She doesn't see Twist SUCKERPUNCH one of the Rednecks nearby, his body launching up onto the table, and CRASHING right through the wood.

She doesn't see Diego KICK one of the Rednecks powerfully in the stomach, before launching him with all his might so he goes flying across the bar.

Or Danyael trade PUNCHES with a third Redneck, before ducking as Julie grabs a broken table leg and SMACKS the guy round the face with it, spinning back as he hits the ground.

It's complete chaos across the bar, people fighting, bottles and glasses flying everywhere.

After ducking the swipe of a Redneck holding an empty bottle, Twist TWISTS his free arm with a crack, and SLAMS him hard up against a nearby wall.

Turning, she sees Syren standing on the stage, unsure what to do.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST
 (shouts)
 Syren!

The call is heard by Syren - who looks around a little frantically.

SYREN
 (calls)
 Twist? Twist, is that you?

Neither she nor Twist sees the Redneck the latter just slammed up the wall regroup, grab his bottle and prepare to throw it.

As he launches it, Danyael notices as he grapples with another Redneck.

DANYAEL
 (shouts)
 Twist! Lookout!

Turning quickly, Twist sees the bottle and hits the deck as it flies on past her.

SYREN
 What's going o-

CRACK!

The bottle impacts Syren's head with a hard SMASH, instantly knocking her to the ground.

TWIST
 Syren!!!

Getting up, Twist rushes toward the stage and as the Redneck behind begins to pursue with a sneer, he's grabbed by Diego - who impacts him hard with a HEADBUTT, knocking him out!

Twist gets to the stage and sees Syren lying unconscious, sporting a nasty head wound from the glass.

TWIST (cont'd)
 C'mon, lady, let's get you outta Dodge!

Grabbing her, Twist lifts Syren up and begins making for the door, whistling loudly for her team to take notice.

Amidst fighting, Diego, Danyael and Julie notice - and Julie instantly rushes over to the girls.

DANYAEL
 (with a Redneck in a headlock)
 (MORE)

CONTINUED: (5)

DANYAEL (cont'd)
What, we leaving so soon? I was
just starting to have...
(slams Redneck's head off
a table)
... fun!

Diego grabs his arm and both he and Danyael run over towards
the door, as Twist and Julie carry out the wounded Syren,
blood pouring from her head.

They exit, and off the sight of the bar brawl still in full
swing, we...

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2

INT. VAN - NIGHT

2

We open on the sight of a deep CUT, now in the process of being stitched up, the vestiges of dried red blood still around it.

Pull back and we see the cut is the one on Syren's forehead - she lies unconscious still, now in the back of the team's VAN - being attended by Julie, stitching her wound.

JULIE

You're starting to make a habit out of getting these...

The back door of the van opens with a jolt, distracting Julie a little - she soon sees both Twist, and Danyael next to her, peering in.

TWIST

How's our little victim doing?

DANYAEL

Yeah, is she okay? I mean, there won't be any permanent damage, will there?

DIEGO

Relax, my friends.

We now see Diego sitting in the driver's seat, reading a newspaper.

DIEGO (cont'd)

She is strong. She will recover.

JULIE

(nods)

Diego's right. She shouldn't be out much longer, and once I've stitched up her wound she'll be right in no time.

DANYAEL

(examines cut)

I don't know. That cut sure looks deep.

TWIST

The first cut is the deepest.

(off Julie and Danyael's look)

C'mon, gotta love Cat Stevens.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

(beat)

It looks worse than it is, trust
me. Syren will be fine.

Danyael smiles a little, relieved. Twist, though, looks
unimpressed.

TWIST

I still don't see why she just
didn't hit the deck once she heard
the smashing, crashing and
punching.

(beat)

I thought blind people were
supposed to hear well.

Before anyone can reply, we get sudden movement.

Syren jolts awake, and bolts up startled, almost setting free
the stitches applied to her wound. She gasps.

JULIE

(calming her)

Easy, easy!

SYREN

(gasping)

What's- where am- what happ-

JULIE

Sssh, Syren. Syren, it's Julie.
Just relax. Just take it easy.

SYREN

(looking around)

Where... where am I?...

TWIST

Back in the van. So if you're after
a drink, you're outta luck.

SYREN

Twist? Is... that you?

TWIST

It's me, Toots.

(beat)

Now do as your doctor tells you,
and kick back.

Increasingly calmed, Syren lies back down as Julie helps her,
starting again to apply her stitches.

SYREN

What... happened to me?

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL

What d'you remember?

SYREN

I remember... singing...

Twist looks at Danyael and raises her eyebrows as if to say: go figure.

SYREN (cont'd)

(thinks)

Then shouting... and fighting...
and then nothing...

JULIE

That tends to be the order of the
day when you come out the wrong end
of a good old-fashioned bar brawl.

SYREN

(confused)

A... what?

Julie glances at the others sympathetically, realising Syren has no context for what happened to her.

TWIST

Bar brawls tend to be a direct
consequence of that combustible
combination. Men and pitchers of
super-strength alcohol.

(beat)

Kinda like good'n'evil. Oil and
water. Paris Hilton and Nicole
Richie.

(waits; sighs)

They don't mix...

Giving up a little, Twist heads off and leaves Syren looking more puzzled than ever as Julie continues patching her up.

A pretty soulless cafe forming part of a truck stop, quite dead at this time of night. A bored WAITRESS cleans tables in the background.

By the window, Twist and Danyael both sit facing each other - Danyael having finished eating, but Twist is tucking into a plate of hot food.

TWIST

(mouth full)

What is it about alcohol wanting to
make you eat at strange times of
the day? Ain't that weird to you?

DANYAEL

I never really thought about it.

TWIST

Maybe you should spend more time
pondering the mysteries of life
like me, young padawan.

A beat, as Twist continues consuming her burger and fries quite ravenously.

DANYAEL

You know, I've been thinking a
little about Syren.

TWIST

(smirks)

Oh yeah, which part of her?

DANYAEL

(ignores the comment)

Aren't you concerned that she
didn't seem to have any
understanding of what happened in
the bar? It was like the concept of
a bar fight was just... alien to
her.

Before Twist can swallow her food and really respond, both she and Danyael observe Syren - awake and with a bandage over her cut - enter and approach.

SYREN

Hi, guys. Are you eating?

DANYAEL

We were. Now I'm just observing the
eating habits of the female of the
species.

(buckles up)

Sit down. How are you feeling?

Syren takes the seat next to Danyael with a little smile.

SYREN

Better. Thank you. But also
troubled.

DANYAEL

Troubled?

SYREN

(nods)

I want to understand the meaning of
what happened in the bar.

(MORE)

SYREN (cont'd)

Because right now... I feel like I just don't know.

TWIST

(swallows her food)

You were just in the wrong place at the wrong time, toots, it's no biggie.

(takes a swig of Coke)

Just next time: when you hear glasses smashing, make the floor your new home for a while.

DANYAEL

I don't think that's what she means, Twist.

(looks at Syren)

You want a rough guide on how to survive in the modern world, especially the parts of it we tend to encounter.

SYREN

(nods)

Yes. Yes, that's it. That's what I want. What I need.

TWIST

(unenthused)

Yeah, think I'll pass on this one.

DANYAEL

(raises a hand)

I'll do it. And I know exactly where to start!

Getting up, Danyael prepares to make for the exit, beckoning Syren to follow.

Twist, while chomping on a big bite of her burger, looks surprised.

TWIST

What? You're going now?!

DANYAEL

(nods)

It's only just after ten. And a city like Chicago never sleeps. That's what Syren is about to find out!

And with that, Danyael makes for the door as Syren glances back briefly at Twist with an excited look on her face - before following.

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

Twist shakes her head a little - before tucking back into her burger, as we CUT TO:

4 EXT. STREET. CHICAGO - NIGHT

4

Bright lights, big city. A flash of images show the richness of life within a hi-tech, bustling modern American city.

-- A mass of people, locals and tourists, walking along.

-- Hot-dog vendors and newspaper kiosks on street corners.

-- Masses of traffic with irate CABBIES beeping their horns.

-- Late night shopping, with department stores pumping out different kinds of music from inside.

And we soon cut to the sight of both Danyaël and Syren walking down one of the cluttered city streets, taking in the atmosphere.

Syren is like a child, soaking everything she can sense and hear up with wonderment.

DANYAEL

Chicago, Syren. The 'Windy City.'
One of the biggest places in
America, and certainly one of the
busiest.

SYREN

The people here are so...
(shakes her head)
I never knew life could go so fast.

DANYAEL

That's what twenty-first century
life is. Fast-paced. Uncertain.
Vicarious.

(beat)

And yes, I know words like
'vicarious.'

(beat)

The modern human being, and even
vampire, living in this era wants a
new experience every day. It's what
makes that life worth living,
enjoying to the maximum.

SYREN

What kind of things do they do
every day? Humans? What experiences
do they have?

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL

(thinks)

Well, I guess that depends on whatever it is they love. What they connect to.

(beat)

What do you love, Syren, most of all?

SYREN

(without hesitation)

Sing. I love to sing.

DANYAEL

Then music is your connection. I understand that all too well. I used to be a DJ. Music was what I did, it was part of me. Always will be.

(beat)

People crave new music, new sounds. It's something most humans love. But there are many different kinds.

SYREN

Like what?

Danyael stops at that question - and smiles as he sees something up ahead.

DANYAEL

Like this.

Taking her hand, Danyael leads Syren into a theatre-like BUILDING off the sidewalk.

And we then pan up to show a BILLBOARD advertising what's inside - a gig by a band called 'The Vibe' - playing tonight.

A typical rock gig, the band in question churning out the sounds from the stage, whilst up to a thousand rockers dance and mosh all around.

Towards the back, we find Syren - she stands oddly still amongst everyone else who is moving in some way, and she's studying the place and the people.

Syren is picking up the vibe (no pun intended) of the atmosphere, and is clearly enjoying the experience increasingly.

Next to her, we find Danyael strumming and imaginary guitar as he rocks along. As if sensing this, Syren turns to him and Danyael smiles - before strumming on.

5 CONTINUED:

5

Turning back to the crowds, Syren begins bopping a little to the sounds, trying to get into it.

6 EXT. STREET JAZZ CAFE - NIGHT

6

The sight of a smart jazz band made up of numerous old and young timers, standing and sitting outside a cafe, surrounded by an array of instruments.

The sounds of Miles Davis' 'Autumn Leaves' wafts over the picturesque area, heard by the numerous tables full of cultured DINERS - and indeed Syren.

She sits soaking up the music as Danyael snakes through the tables bearing two coffees, and sits at the table next to Syren.

DANYAEL

So, what d'you think? A little different from that last band, huh?

SYREN

They play the instruments with ease. The sound flows so naturally.

(beat)

I never understood it from this perspective before.

DANYAEL

(smiles; sips his coffee)

Now you know how we guys feel when you play the piano!

(beat)

One word: awe. You'll come across it again.

Syren nods a little and continues listening, as she sips her coffee.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

You see, there are different kinds of music. Different rhythms, different styles. And they connect with the soul in different ways. Some are mellow, relaxing.

(smiles a little)

And some really aren't!

SYREN

(interested)

Like what?

Danyael grins, before we cut to:

7

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

7

The complete parallel. An underground dance club, almost pitch black.

Flashing ambient lighting illuminates the array of young men and women dancing almost robotically to the pumping house/trance music churning loudly from the speaker systems.

In fact, Danyael and Syren are largely the only two in the club who actually aren't dancing - it's clearly not the former's thing, and the latter doesn't know where to start.

Though Syren is bopping a little like in the rock gig, but it looks really out of place here.

DANYAEL

(shouts into her ear)

Music also connects to different ages. Where we were last was geared to an older generation. This? This is for the young.

Syren moves forward a little - seemingly studying a guy and girl dancing nearby close to each other, flirting with their body language.

Danyael notices she's sensing this and approaches.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

(shouts)

Melody can also appeal to the senses of attraction. Places like this can create a mood that fuels lust.

SYREN

And love? Can it fuel love?

DANYAEL

(looks around)

I seriously doubt it!

(beat)

C'mon, let's get out of here. This kind of music does not please my inner goth. Or, indeed, my outer one.

Taking her arm, Danyael begins leading Syren towards the exit, as she looks back once more at the attracted guy and girl.

8

EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

8

A street in a less opulent part of the city, heading into the bus station where quite a few revellers heading home are now gathered and waiting.

Danyael and Syren make their way towards it, but she stops as they begin to approach a very odd source of music heard.

And we see Syren has become interested by a pair of BUSKERS - one with a very tattered banjo, the other an old accordion - from which an odd mix that strangely seems to fuse emerges.

Syren watches the impoverished men as they play, and Danyael soon notices and joins her.

SYREN

These men. Why do they play here,
on the street?

DANYAEL

Not everyone in life, Syren, are
successful or do things because
they want to. People like this...
it's because they have to.

SYREN

So they don't play for love, but
for survival?

DANYAEL

It may very well be both.
(beat)
They more than likely adore music
as much as we do, but... to survive
is more important.

Syren nods, as Danyael ponders this himself.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

I guess, out of everything I've
shown you tonight... that's the
best lesson I can really give.

As Syren considers this, Danyael pulls out some change and throws it into the pot near the Buskers - who both tip their hats in appreciation.

Danyael walks off toward the bus station and after considering the Buskers once more, Syren follows as we CUT TO:

9

INT. HYPERMARKET - NIGHT

9

Tinny, god awful musak strings out over the stereo system throughout a sprawling hypermarket full of all kinds of goods.

We find Julie pushing a large trolley as she, Twist and Diego trawls the aisles for supplies - their trolley full of both food and other essentials.

JULIE

What time is it?

DIEGO

(checks his watch)

Nearly 2am.

JULIE

Danyaël should be back soon. Wonder how he got on with Syren?

TWIST

Ah, I'm sure their quasi-date stroke lesson was about as fun as getting an arrow in the sternum.

(beat; examines an item)

You know, Spook going all Jedi Master while Toots bounces round in cloud-cuckoo land as usual.

JULIE

Twist, c'mon, Danny's just trying to help.

TWIST

Best way to help her is to stop wasting time coddling her, and spend more time toughening her up so she's less of a liability.

JULIE

(a little stern)

That's unfair.

(beat)

Syren shouldn't be referred to like that, not after how she's helped us in the past.

DIEGO

(nods)

Agreed. The only way Syren will fit in if we make her feel as normal as possible. One of us.

TWIST

She ain't one of us though, is she?

(CONTINUED)

They all stop, considering these words.

TWIST (cont'd)

Case either of you forgot, she was found on a desert island in the middle of a lake, an island she claimed to have created by herself! Hell, she doesn't even know anything about herself, let alone the rest of the world, and that puts us permanently in the dark. Which oddly, being a vampire, I don't actually like.

Neither Julie or Diego can really combat this - she's right, in a way.

TWIST (cont'd)

(thinks)

But if you guys think it's in the best interests of Team Us to help her, I guess I'll play along with Project: Stop Syren Being A Nerd.

(ominously)

And once I'm through with her, she really will feel like one of the team.

On that, Twist stalks on down the aisle, leaving Diego and Julie to exchange a look of slight anxiety.

The electronic doors open and Diego emerges first with a trolley stacked full of supplies, Twist and Julie trailing behind him - carrying bags themselves.

As they approach the van, they see both Danyael and Syren standing by it waiting for them - both in animated, humorous conversation.

The incoming trio can see Syren in particular is buzzing.

DANYAEL

(seeing them)

Hey guys. Been shopping? Cool.

JULIE

(smiles)

Looks like someone had a fun night.

SYREN

It was wonderful, Julie, wonderful! Danyael has shown me some incredible things.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SYREN (cont'd)
 (beat; smiles)
 Like, we went and saw this-

TWIST
 (cuts her off)
 Save the waxing lyrical, Mariah. We
 got work to do.
 (blinks)
 Did you just say 'like'? As in
 'like, totally'?

DANAYEL
 (chuckles)
 She's been picking a few things up,
 I think.

TWIST
 Right. That's it.

Twist thrusts her bags upon Danyael - he having no choice but
 to take them - and begins dragging Syren away.

SYREN
 Where are we going?

TWIST
 You'll see.
 (grins)
 It's time for Phase Two.

Off that, as the others watch, Twist continues dragging Syren
 away with a mischevious grin on her face, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 INT. ROOM - NIGHT

11

Open on Syren's face - and pulling back, we soon realise she's looking into a mirror, her face an expressionless blank canvas as she stands before it.

Behind her, Twist stands and it's like something out of a makeover show - she studying the charge before her, from look to clothing.

TWIST

Ohhhh-kay. Hmmm. Lotta work to be done here, I fear.

SYREN

What exactly are we doing here, Twist?

TWIST

Well, protege, we're here because if you are so keen on experiencing new things, you have to start with a new look. Out goes the willowy island girl chic. In comes more... elegance.

As Twist grabs Syren, we see a curtain nearby open and a young SHOP ASSISTANT enters.

SHOP ASSISTANT

Everything okay here?

TWIST

(smiles sweetly)
Everything except the interruption.

Slightly admonished, the Shop Assistant skulks off and away.

And we cut to a top down view, it clear the room is actually a changing room inside a quite expensive Chicago department store, one of a row of several.

Inside their room, Twist lines Syren up before a selection of beautiful and elegant DRESSES all hung up near several nearby mirrors.

TWIST (cont'd)

May I present... your wardrobe!

(beat)

Yeah, I know you can't see them.
Just trust me on this, they all kick ass.

(CONTINUED)

Syren, a little uncertain of everything, is guided forward a few steps by Twist until she approaches the first dress and picks it up - turning to see Twist nod encouragement.

TWIST (cont'd)
Now... strip!

SYREN
What?

TWIST
(sighs)
Go back into the changing room and try the dress on. And please don't say I have to help you with that.

SYREN
(smiles)
I think I can manage.

As Syren disappears behind a curtain to get changed, Twist rolls her eyes as she turns around.

TWIST
(to herself)
Working with the blind can be so trying.

It doesn't take for Syren to emerge wearing the figure-hugging, dark blue dress - and Twist turns once she emerges.

The dress certainly suits Syren, but she stands unsure of what she has to do.

SYREN
Do I look... okay

TWIST
(smiles; nods)
Sure.
(beat)
But we can do better.

Twist grabs a second dress, pushes it into Syren's arms and then nudges her back into the changing room.

MONTAGE:

A) Syren emerges from the curtain now dressed in a red number, Twist standing nearby, watching. She shakes her head, and Syren heads back behind the curtain.

B) Syren emerges dressed in a orange number.

C) And then a yellow number.

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

D) Followed by a green one.

E) And then a dress with black and white lines, which Twist, now lounging with her feet up on a chair sees.

She looks horrified, and hearing her sharp intake of breath, Syren hastily heads back behind the curtain.

F) Finally, Syren emerges and Twist quickly stands up, looking impressed - and we see Syren now decked out in a great burgundy number.

TWIST (cont'd)

Perfecto!

Syren smiles, glad they've found one they agree on at last, and we cut to:

12 INT. SALON - NIGHT

12

Once again, we focus on Syren's face as she stares into a mirror - but this time she's sitting down, and her hair is up behind her.

We see she's sitting along a row in a busy hairdressing salon, and behind her stands an attractive female HAIRDRESSER, taking instructions from a nearby Twist.

TWIST

Okay, so what we're looking for is elegance and seductiveness. But not too much, we don't want her coming out all slutty. Just want the innocence gone, you know? Classy, not hooker. Kapish?

The Hairdresser looks toward Syren for input - but Syren is just looking a little blankly into the mirror, listening to the sounds around her.

It's clear it's coming across as though Syren has never been to have her hair cut before.

TWIST (cont'd)

(rolls her eyes; to
Hairdresser)

She's on-board, trust me.

And on that, Twist grabs a glossy magazine and pulls up a seat in the waiting area.

The Hairdresser raises an eyebrow and gets to work on the blank Syren as ordered, at which point we CUT TO:

13

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

13

Our girls emerge onto the busy Chicago street outside the salon, and Twist turns and stands before Syren, examining her.

And we pan up on Syren - she's wearing the gorgeous dress that is perfect for her figure, and once we get to the face we see the transformation.

Her hair is now up more, and curlier. Plus, she's wearing demure, attractive but not OTT makeup. In short - she looks stunning.

TWIST

Damn, girl! Now you almost look as hot as me!

(grins)

In short, you're ready.

SYREN

Ready for what?

Mischievously, Twist smiles and from her pocket pulls out a very cheap CELL PHONE, handing it to Syren.

TWIST

One of my old old OLD phones. Noah had one of these babies when he built the Ark.

(beat)

Anyway, this is just in case we get split up. It's set to silent and vibrate, but before you get too excited... that's just because if you're in a tricky-situation, you don't want a sudden 'tum-tum-tiddly-tum-tum-tum-tum' blowing the cover.

(nods)

C'mon!

Twist begins to grab Syren, moving her along.

SYREN

(anxious)

So, where are we going?

TWIST

We're gonna face us some demons!

As Twist leads them off, Syren looks more anxious than ever, as we CUT TO:

14 INT. VAN - NIGHT

14

The small rear of the team's van is crowded now as Julie, Danyael and Diego all sit crowded around a video-phone set up and active.

On the other end, visible through the screen, is our old friend SANCTUS.

SANCTUS

(filtered; on screen)

... which led me to the fourth order just outside of Azerbaijan, but I'm afraid they had little or no information. It was a dead end.

JULIE

So there's nothing? No leads at all? No trace?

SANCTUS

I'm afraid not. Every lead into Chris' whereabouts have gone nowhere thus far.

(sighs)

It's just been dead end after dead end.

DIEGO

Do you have any other potential avenues to explore?

SANCTUS

(nods)

There may be one or two out there worthy of further investigation, yes, but...

JULIE

(finishing his thought)

... but you're not optimistic they'll turn up anything.

A beat, as Sanctus nods slightly - a sad admission.

DANYAEL

Well, that's the kind of negativity I know I wasn't expecting from you, Sanctus.

SANCTUS

Not negativity, Danyael. Realism.

Danyael looks ready to say more, but Julie touches his arm, stopping him in his tracks.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

You'll check in soon, right?

SANCTUS

(nods)

Of course. I'm not giving up yet.

Just...

(beat)

... just don't raise your hopes too high. Unless I find some new channels soon...

He doesn't need to finish the sentence.

DIEGO

Buena suerte, mi amigo.

SANCTUS

(slight smile)

Same to you all.

And with that, the video call feed blinks off, leaving Julie, Diego and Danyael in momentary silence.

DANYAEL

Am I the only one thinking that sounded like a man rapidly giving up hope?

Diego can't answer that and looks away, while it's off Julie's look of sadness, we CUT TO:

We're outside the same Chicago bar from the Teaser, which looks just as rough on the outside as it does on the inside.

Twist approaches the front with Syren in tow - but she gets a sense of where they are and stops.

SYREN

We're there, aren't we? The bar where I was...

Instinctively, Syren's hand goes to the bandage on her head.

SYREN (cont'd)

(frowns)

Why have you brought me back here, Twist?

TWIST

I thought you wanted to understand how to survive in the world?

15 CONTINUED:

15

SYREN

I do, but...

TWIST

(touches Syren's arm)

Then trust me.

A beat, as Syren calms her anxieties and follows Twist as she stalks off toward the door.

16 INT. BAR - NIGHT

16

The place is full to bursting of pretty much the same Redneck patrons as before - quite a few sporting bandages and bruises themselves.

The bar has been cleaned up, though, which Twist and Syren both see as they enter - not really noticed by the Rednecks all engaged in each other.

TWIST

Stay here.

Doing as ordered, Syren nervously stays by the door as Twist snakes her way through the tables, and reaches the bar - pushing through to reach the counter.

The same Bartender from before approaches her.

TWIST (cont'd)

What's up, Sam? I'll have a Bud.

With a stony expression, the Bartender pulls a bottle of Budweiser from the fridge and hands it to Twist - who throws a few dollars on the counter.

Unscrewing the top with her hand, Twist raises the bottle towards Syren in the distance - before proceeding to down it in one go!

It takes about thirty seconds, but Twist sinks the beer like a pro, BELCHING in an almost lady-like fashion once the last of it goes down.

TWIST (cont'd)

Hmmm. Tasty.

And still holding the bottle in her hand, Twist makes her way over to the Redneck table nearest the stage which holds the guys who started the previous fight.

The lead Redneck, a man named GAINNEY, sees Twist approaching and grins a little - he sports a black eye from the smack Diego supplied him before.

(CONTINUED)

GAINEY

(to his table)

Hey there, lookie who it ain't. One of the gurlies from last night.

All the Rednecks turn around with smug expressions as Twist confidently makes her way over, approaching Gainey as he stands up.

GAINEY (cont'd)

So... to what do we owe the honour of a return visit from the leader of the pack who handed us our collective asses?

TWIST

I just wanted to get confirmation on something.

(beat)

See her, by the door? The knockout girl in the dress?

Gainey looks curious, as Twist points towards Syren.

GAINEY

Oh yeah, the singer. She was pretty good. Did a mean Patsy Cline.

TWIST

I just wanted to know if it was definitely you who gave her that injury on her dainty little head.

GAINEY

(smug smile; holds hands up)

You got me. Girlie was in the wrong place, wrong time. But if you're here lookin' for some revenge, I suggest you take your pretty little ass and-

TWIST

(finishes)

-leave?

(chuckles)

Ain't gonna happen, *baumgartner!*

And with that, Twist swings the Bud bottle like a club, and SMASHES it hard into Gainey's face - and he flies back in pain onto the table!

Quickly, the other four Rednecks stand up angrily and smash their bottles off the table, swinging towards Twist as she jumps onto a nearby table.

(CONTINUED)

Twist avoids the attempts to slice her with the bottles, and begins kicking any Rednecks who get too close - the entire bar in a loud uproar at the fighting.

Heavily bloodied from his wound but conscious, Gainey gets off the table and with an angry sneer looks towards the bemused Syren.

GAINEY
Get her friend!!

Two of the Rednecks gunning for Twist break off, and begin heading for Syren.

SYREN
(shouts)
Twist?! Twist, what's happening?!

Syren senses the oncoming enemy and backs up towards the nearby wall, not the door like she should have done - she's afraid.

SYREN (cont'd)
They're coming for me!!

TWIST
(shouts back)
Then defend yourself! Fight back!!

Twist sees the two Rednecks cornering Syren and keeps watch as best she can as she jumps off the table with a kick that sends one of her attackers flying.

She begins grappling with the last Redneck, while still maintaining a Syren-watch.

And Syren backs up fully to the wall, nowhere else to go, as the two gleeful Rednecks approach ready to mash her up.

TWIST (cont'd)
(loudly)
Fight them, Syren! Fight them!!!

On pure instinct, Syren KICKS the closest Redneck hard in the privates, and he is winded painfully.

The second Redneck laughs a little at her gall, before unleashing a hard PUNCH to Syren's stomach, and she doubles up in pain.

The first, winded Redneck approaches and angrily grabs Syren by the hair, yanking her up to face him.

REDNECK #1
I'm gonna do you some serious
damage, honey!

But before he can, with a rage boiling up in her, Syren KNEES him again in stomach, further winding him and he loosens his grip.

As he doubles over, Syren with a shout KICKS him hard with her shoes in the face, and the Redneck hits the deck unconscious and sprawled out.

The second Redneck comes as Syren, and she goes to punch him - but he blocks it and PUNCHES her hard in the face, knocking her against the wall.

Blood drips from Syren's nose, but she ducks as the Redneck goes to hit her again, and instead responds with a freak uppercut, smacking him in the face.

He goes flying back, allowing Syren to grab a glass and smash it over his head - which finally does knock him out.

As patrons watch, Syren gets her breath - her elegant veneer from before pretty much gone - and watches Twist expertly slam down her last attacker.

The two girls exchange looks, Syren making her way over to her friend, before Twist hears a loud cough coming from Gainey.

GAINEY

We ain't done, sweet cheeks!

As Twist seems ready to bring it on, a loud CLICK is heard and she and Syren look toward the bar - where the Bartender now holds a sawn-off SHOTGUN!

TWIST

Uh-oh...

BARTENDER

(locks 'n' loads)

I ain't havin' you damn girls mess up my bar again!

TWIST

(to Syren)

Time to go!!

Grabbing Syren by the hand, Twist runs as all patrons, including Gainey, duck when the Bartender begins firing shots at the girls.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

The shotgun bullets echo behind Twist and Syren as they jump onto a table and proceed to leap through the nearest window, glass shattering outward as they dramatically exit the bar!

17 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

17

Still shaking glass off their clothing, Twist and Syren run into a nearby darkened alleyway behind the bar they've just escaped from.

TWIST

Woot!! What an exit! Bruce Willis would be proud.

Syren stands and says nothing as she gets her breath back.

TWIST (cont'd)

And save a few inevitable cuts and bruises, the dynamic duo emerge relatively unscathed. Score one, Team Us!

Twist laughs, but then sees Syren is sporting a heavy frown.

TWIST (cont'd)

Be happy, Toots! You just survived your first official bar brawl!

(nods)

I knew there was a spine of steel underneath that Little Miss Innocent exterior.

SYREN

(upset)

Why did you do this to me?

(shakes her head)

Why did you buy me this dress? Make me look pretty? And then bring me here, start a fight, make me go through this whole thing again?

(confused)

I thought you were my friend.

TWIST

Spare me the violins, it ain't cutting any ice.

(beat)

You needed that fight.

SYREN

Needed it? Why would I need to fight?

Twist gets right up close to Syren, determined to make her point.

TWIST

Because rage is good, Syren.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TWIST (cont'd)

You always try and stay placid,
stay neutral. You won't fight
because you're afraid of unleashing
that anger you feel at the world,
at not knowing who you are, where
you came from, at what happened to-

She stops - herself struggling to mention Chris' name.

TWIST (cont'd)

But anger is inside us all. The key
is learning how to channel it into
strength when the going gets tough.
That's the key to surviving...
especially in the dark world we
inhabit every day.

(beat)

Can you understand what I'm telling
you?

A beat, as Syren thinks - and eventually she nods.

SYREN

Yes... I understand...

Twist nods, satisfied she's done her job.

TWIST

C'mon, we better get outta here in
case Wyatt Earp and his buddies
fancy a second round!

On that, Twist runs and Syren follows - but we can see fear
is still within her, the fear she can't confess to her
friend.

And once we see the girls disappear out of the alley around a
corner, we pan back across the alley and towards an emergency
exit door to the bar.

A door which crashes open, Gainey and four other Redneck
goons spilling out - and they all look mightily pissed off as
they scour the alley.

GAINEY

Scour every street. I want them
bitches found!

Two Rednecks run off either way down the alley on their
mission, leaving Gainey by the door.

He lifts his finger up to the blood that spilled from his own
head-wound after being smacked by the bottle, and dabs some
on his hand.

17 CONTINUED: (2)

Gainey tastes it, and closes his eyes - before the blood has a reaction and he opens his mouth with a gasp, revealing fangs - he's a VAMPIRE!

Off the sight of Gainey's true form, we...

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18

INT. MOTEL ROOM - TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

18

And we open, as ever, on Syren. Aside from her bandaged head wound, she's now sporting a little cut just below her nose from the impact.

We slowly pull out and see her curled hair is now a little ruffled, as is the dress - and as she stares in front of a large mirror, Syren presses her bruised stomach and winces a little.

It becomes clear we're in a pretty dingy, overnight motel room within the truck stop, and as we see Syren stare at herself, we hear a heated discussion in the background.

TWIST (O.S.)

I don't see what the big deal is. I just gave her another lesson, the kind you guys weren't prepared to give.

(beat)

She got a free dress out of it!

JULIE (O.S.)

The dress is beside the point! You went and intentionally put Syren through an ordeal she didn't deserve to go through. That she may not have been ready to go through!

DANYAEL (O.S.)

I agree. It was a little much, Twist. How did you think getting Syren's ass kicked could help?

TWIST (O.S.)

Because it's what she needs. She'll never be able to survive doing what we do if she can't even stand up to a bunch of stupid hicks!

(beat)

What about you, Diego? You gonna side with the Syren Defense Force, too?

We finally cut away from Syren and onto Diego, as he stands next to where Twist, Julie and Danyael are engaged in the heated discussion.

DIEGO

(quietly)

I will side with no-one.

(CONTINUED)

And with that, Diego moves off - removing himself from the field of conflict.

TWIST

(after a beat)

I stand by what I did. Taking Syren to that bar helped her far more than just talking to her about risk and danger and anger ever could.

SYREN (O.C.)

She's right.

Everyone stops and looks at Syren in surprise at hearing this, including Twist herself.

SYREN (cont'd)

(facing them all)

At first, I too was angry with Twist for what she did. But I think she is right. That anger is a necessary evil that must be applied if one is to survive.

(beat)

Another lesson I needed to learn.

Syren then approaches Julie personally, as the rest of them reflect on her words.

SYREN (cont'd)

I've learned about how to live from Danyael, how to fight from Twist... from you Julie, I need to learn how to love.

The request instantly makes Julie feel uncomfortable.

JULIE

You, uh... what?

SYREN

Danyael has taught me how to love music. Twist... I think Twist was trying to teach me to love making myself look my best. But I don't know what love really is.

JULIE

I'm not... sure I'm the right person to...

SYREN

Please, Julie...

(almost pleading)

Show me how to understand love.

(CONTINUED)

Julie can see the real need in Syren for this, and can't bring herself to say no.

JULIE
(slight smile)
Okay.

With that, Julie looks at the others before leading a grateful Syren away to do just that.

Once they leave, a beat of silence lingers.

TWIST
(over-buoyant)
So! Did I miss anything while the Diva and I were unleashing the whoop-ass?

DIEGO
Sanctus made contact.

TWIST
And?

DANYAEL
(shakes his head)
Nothing. No leads on Chris.

Twist considers this for a moment.

TWIST
(shrugs)
Didn't think there would be.

She begins heading for the door, but Danyael looks surprised at her reaction.

DANYAEL
Don't you even care?!

Twist gives him a sharp look for a moment, before opening the door and stomping out.

As she goes, Danyael looks at Diego, who shrugs himself a little - a shared lack of female understanding.

TWIST (O.C.)
(calling)
Diego!!!

Hastily, not wanting to incur the wrath, Diego nods a little to Danyael and exits, closing the door behind him.

As Danyael is left alone to think about everything, we CUT TO:

19 INT. VAN - NIGHT

19

We're driving in the Chicago suburbs, and it's all quiet within the van.

Julie drives, while Syren sits in the passenger seat. There's a sense these two are rarely alone together, and Julie doesn't really know how to converse with her.

A long beat, of Julie driving focused, and Syren looking out of the window.

SYREN
(finally)
Do you think about him?

The question isn't one Julie expects, and she looks a little puzzled.

JULIE
Think about who?

SYREN
Chris.

Another long beat, as Julie sighs at the question, finding it hard to answer - but it's clear in her face the answer is an absolute 'yes'.

Before she can respond, though, Julie notices something up ahead.

JULIE
We're here.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. DRIVEWAY. HOUSE - NIGHT

20

Pulling off the street, the van parks on a fairly large driveway leading up to a modestly-sized three bedroom detached house.

Julie emerges from the van and approaches the house and looks up at it, memories stirring. Syren follows, approaching next to her.

SYREN
What is this place, Julie?

JULIE
(beat)
This used to be my home.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

With that, Julie heads for the door, pulling out a set of keys, as Syren observes the place before her - a very soulless looking residence.

21 INT. FOYER - HOUSE - NIGHT

21

The house is entirely dark, it's cold and it's dusty. The contents inside are half-packed away - it's obvious no one has been in here for quite some time.

Julie closes the door behind Syren as she enters last, looking around and getting a sense of the place. She SHIVERS, rubbing her arms.

SYREN

This is a lonely place. I can feel it.

JULIE

(nods)

It is now.

(beat)

Even though I still own it, I haven't been back much at all since I joined the team. Haven't had the time. Or the will.

SYREN

Why did you bring me here?

Julie glances at her, considering the answer herself.

JULIE

C'mon. It's upstairs.

With that, Julie extends her hand and Syren takes it, being led up the gloomy staircase slowly.

22 INT. ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

22

A practically pitch-black room upstairs, illuminated only by moonlight. Outside, we hear footsteps approach and the door soon opens.

Syren steps inside first, and Julie follows - she pausing momentarily before switching on the tall lamp light in the corner.

And the light illuminates the room we've so far not seen - it's a half-finished NURSERY, replete with wallpaper of cute animals that covers half the room and a barren cot in the corner.

JULIE

Well, this is it. This is what I wanted to show you.

(CONTINUED)

Syren steps into the room, running a hand along the wallpaper, soaking up the vibes in the air.

SYREN

This room... it means a lot to you, doesn't it?

JULIE

It did. This nursery was my future at one point. It was all about what was to come.

SYREN

You were pregnant?

A beat, as Julie looks around the room, controlling her emotions.

JULIE

Yes. I was.
(thinks)
With my husband Brendan.

SYREN

I never knew you were married.

JULIE

It's not really something I ever talk about. Not considering the way it ended.

SYREN

He left you?

JULIE

In a manner of speaking.
(beat)
He died.

Syren turns in her direction, sympathetic.

SYREN

I'm sorr-

JULIE

(cuts her off)
No! Don't be sorry. Because I'm not.

(beat)

Brendan was the best and worst thing that ever happened to me. I loved that man. And I hated him, for causing the accident that made me lose my baby.

Even more sympathy pours from Syren, as Julie continues pouring out her feelings.

JULIE (cont'd)

You wanted to know why I brought you here? You wanted me to help you understand love? Well... love is pain. Love hurts you as much as it makes you feel alive like nothing else.

(beat; stifling tears)

And if you hold on to that love, if you hold on... to those feelings that I know you have for Chris... you will feel that pain every single day for the rest of your life.

(shakes her head)

Because we're never going to see him again. Like my baby, he is gone. And he's never coming back.

A beat, as Julie tries not to cry at the thought of this, compounded with being here in this room.

SYREN

Are you in pain too, Julie? Do you feel the same way I do?

(beat)

You can't let him go either, can you?

Julie looks away and doesn't answer, but Syren knows the silence means 'yes.'

Sensing her friend needs some alone time, Syren begins heading out of the room into the darkness of the landing.

Still fighting her hardest against the tears, Julie looks around the nursery and we pan around to the front of her...

... as behind her, there's a brief GLOW of ethereal blue light - something is hanging in the air just behind Julie!

Sensing a presence, Julie turns around quickly - but the manifestation is gone.

Though the moment leaves Julie quite unsettled, as we CUT TO:

Negotiating the staircase down to the darkened foyer, Julie composes herself after that trip down memory lane, ready for the trip home.

She is a little concerned, however, to find no sign of Syren by the door as expected.

JULIE

Syren?

Reaching the ground floor, Julie looks into the nearby lounge upon getting no response.

JULIE (cont'd)

(calls)

Syren? Where are you?

Now she starts getting worried - a blind girl alone in a dark house.

Pulling out her cell phone, Julie begins accessing it as she opens the front door, making her way outside - not looking as she walks.

Which means as the door opens, she doesn't immediately notice Gainey waiting on the other side!

GAINEY

Lovely evenin'.

And before Julie can react, Gainey unleashes a hard PUNCH square on Julie's face - knocking her out cold.

The phone clatters away as Julie hits the deck and Gainey chuckles smugly, and we see him retreat towards his van now parked in the driveway.

As he goes, we see three of his Rednecks dragging a bound and gagged Syren from around the rear of the house - her struggling doing no good.

Gainey enjoys the sight of Syren being bundled into the back of the van, and he jumps into the front as it powers up and begins reversing away.

At which point we pan across to the sight of Julie - still spark out, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

24

INT. GAINEY'S LAIR - NIGHT

24

Open on Syren once again - only this time, she's not in a salon, or shopping centre, or club or anywhere else. She's bound and gagged, tied to a chair inside some dingy hideout, her head bowed.

She lets out a soft GROAN as she comes round, lifting her head and moving it side to side, trying to pick something up from her surroundings.

She hears VOICES and strains to listen closer, managing to pick out a conversation:

REDNECK #1 (O.S.)

You really reckon she'll come back?

GAINEY (O.S.)

You see the way the other one stuck up for her in that fight? Sure she'll come back.

REDNECK #2 (O.S.)

The hell's a vampire doing hanging round with some pretty young thing like that, anyway?

GAINEY (O.S.)

Why do you think?

A beat - then a series of low, dirty CHUCKLES from the rest of the gang.

REDNECK #2 (O.S.)

Oh, I get it...

GAINEY (O.S.)

Keep an eye on the streets. Come find me the second that blonde piece shows her face within a mile of here. Soon as she makes it to her friend... we get to finish what we started.

Syren looks suitably distressed, trying to stay calm but not doing all that good a job as we cut to:

25

INT. MOTEL ROOM - TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

25

Julie is pacing up and down, an icepack pressed to the bruise forming on her jaw as Danyael, Twist and Diego look on.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

I can't believe I let that happen!
I just took my eyes off her for a
second, and, and...

(to Twist)

This is all your fault!

TWIST

My fault?

JULIE

If you hadn't gone back and started
that damn grudge match with those
hicks, none of this would've
happened!

DANYAEL

Why isn't anybody addressing the
main issue here?

The girls whip to face him, angrily snapping:

TWIST

What?

JULIE

What?

Danyael blinks, then carefully replies:

DANYAEL (cont'd)

How are we going to get Syren back?

DIEGO

Danyael is right. We can argue over
whose fault this may or may not
have been later.

JULIE

It's Twist's fault. We've
established that already.

TWIST

Hey!

She starts to snap back - but her phone RINGS. She quickly
digs it out and checks the caller ID.

TWIST (cont'd)

It's Syren!

(into phone)

Syren? Where the hell are you? Are
you alright? What happened to those-

She stops as Gainey's low, wheezy CHUCKLE can be heard. Twist
narrows her eyes, looking to the others.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST (cont'd)
 (into phone)
 Where is she?

GAINEY
 (filtered; through phone)
 She's safe and sound. Won't be fer
 much longer, however, so I suggest
 you get your tight little tush over
 here right now so we can organise
 some kind of trade.

TWIST
 'Trade'? What, you want to swap
 bubblegum cards now?

GAINEY
 (laughs)
 Cute. Almost as cute as your friend
 - not that she's gonna stay that
 way fer long when my boys and I are
 done though with her.

TWIST
 (seethes)
 Now you listen to me, you boozed
 up, inbred hunk of sh-

GAINEY
 Hey! You gonna hear me out so's you
 know where to find me, or bitch
 down the line at me all day?

Twist turns to Julie, who shoots her a stern look - don't
 play games with these guys.

TWIST
 I'm listening.

GAINEY
 Good. Head on over to the old mill
 up on McAlmont...

We start a DISSOLVE as Gainey continues:

Gainey's directions roll on as we see the outside of his
 lair, a ramshackle old steel mill on the outskirts of town.

GAINEY
 ... can't miss it, it's the only
 damn thing standin' fer a few
 miles. We'll be waitin' fer ya.

Gainey finishes as we cut inside to:

27

INT. GAINNEY'S LAIR - NEXT

27

Gainey clicks the phone off, tossing it to one of his goons as he makes his way back over to Syren.

GAINNEY

You awake yet, precious?

Syren's been keeping her head down, but as Gainey GRABS a handful of her hair and YANKS back hard, she can't help letting out a muffled YELP of pain.

GAINNEY (cont'd)

Good. Glad to see it. Didn't want you missing any of this, after all the trouble we've gone to.

Syren tries to speak, but the gag deadens her words.

GAINNEY (cont'd)

What's that, honey?

He pulls the gag away from her mouth, and to his surprise Syren launches into:

SYREN

My friends will come for me.
They'll make sure you don't get away with any of this. They spend their days killing things like you.

Gainey laughs at her defiance, shaking his head as he strolls back over to his posse.

The rest of the Rednecks are lounging around on some old scavenged armchairs, casting glances back towards the captive Syren.

REDNECK #1

So... what's the plan?

GAINNEY

Plan's the same as it was before.
Wait for the blonde one to show up,
then kill 'em both.

REDNECK #2

So why don't we kill that one now?

GAINNEY

Where's the fun in that?

REDNECK #1

Well, speakin' of 'fun'...

Gainey raises an eyebrow as #1 leans in closer.

(CONTINUED)

REDNECK #1 (cont'd)
Me and the boys, we've been
thinkin.'

GAINEY
Dangerous occupation.

REDNECK #1
If we're gonna kill this one
anyhow, why don't we have a little,
you know... 'fun' with her first?

Syren can't help but listen in, trying not to show her
obvious distress at what she's hearing.

GAINEY
What kind of fun did you have in
mind?

#1 grins, showing off his set of nicotine-stained FANGS, then
gets up and strolls back over to Syren.

REDNECK #1
How about it, honey? You wanna
provide me and the boys with a
little entertainment before your
friend arrives?

GAINEY
(warning)
We need her alive. Can't use her as
bait if she's dead!

REDNECK #1
I know that!
(turns back to Syren)
I'm gonna keep her alive, all
right.

He leers down at her, licking his lips, but Syren just tilts
her head towards him:

SYREN
If you hurt me, my friends will
make sure you die first.

The gang burst out LAUGHING.

REDNECK #1
Is that right? And what would they
say if I did...

He suddenly LUNGES down towards her, sinking his fangs into
her neck! Syren lets out a SHRIEK as the gang continue to
laugh raucously!

#1 takes a deep GULP of Syren's blood, holding her down firmly as she struggles to tear herself away from him - but his eyes suddenly pop open as he drinks.

He pulls away, leaving Syren with two bloody BITE MARKS and blood trailing down her pale neck.

Gainey's laughs die down as #1 staggers backwards, clutching at his throat.

GAINEY

What's wrong? What is it?

#1 turns to face them - and the gang react when they see his eyes are GLOWING!

REDNECK #2

The hell...?

GAINEY

(roars at Syren)

What did you do to him?

She's too dazed to answer, and as #1 staggers another step closer to his gang, they all scatter, not wanting to come into any contact with him.

The rest of his skin starts to GLOW, his whole body starting to give off SMOKE, as he claws frantically at his throat, trying to scream but not making a sound!

GAINEY (cont'd)

What did you do? What did you do?

Syren looks up, hearing #1's distress but not knowing what's going on as Gainey marches over to her...

... and with a final, agonized GASP, Redneck #1 EXPLODES in a shower of FLAMES and BLOOD!

The rest of the gang reel back in horror as they're SPATTERED with the remains of their comrade, gobs of fire spreading across the floor and furniture.

Gainey looks in utter shock from the SCORCH MARK left behind to Syren, who looks just as confused as to what the heck just happened as we cut to:

In a cloud of dust, the black van speeds up the trail leading to the mill, SKIDDING to a halt just outside the rusted front gates.

The team jump out and race inside, weapons as the ready as we return to:

Gainey marches over to Syren and PUNCHES her hard across the jaw, as the others behind him hastily stamp out the small fires that Redneck #1's combustion created.

Gainey grabs her by the throat, making Syren GASP for air as he roars into her face:

GAINEY

What'd you do to my boy, you little
bitch?!?

SYREN

I don't... I don't...

GAINEY

I'll give you 'I don't know'...

Gainey's eyes mist over, turning a deep, baleful RED as he HISSES, a long set of FANGS stretching from his jaws!

He rears back, ready to finish her off - and the door BLASTS in two as Twist barges through it!

She hits the deck and skids along the floor, carried by her momentum, but recovers just as Danyael, Diego and Julie tear through after her.

TWIST

Syren!

Gainey whips round, and Twist is straight into action, landing a BOOT into Gainey's face and knocking him away from her.

The others get stuck into the rest of the gang as Twist hurriedly starts to untie Syren.

Diego waits as one Redneck charges him, ducking and FLIPPING the vamp over his shoulder, twisting on one foot and drawing a STAKE before SLAMMING it into the vamp's chest!

That one's gone before he hits the ground, landing just beside Danyael as he trades punches with the next opponent. He's clearly a better fighter now than we've seen for a while, getting the Redneck in an armlock and HEADBUTTING him with some force.

Julie's gun BLAZES as she sends several rounds into the gut of the nearest vamp, who ROARS in pain as he burns from the inside out, DISINTEGRATING into ASH in moments!

Syren is finally free, and Twist helps her up and out of the chair - before Gainey TACKLES them both to the floor!

(CONTINUED)

Twist spins away, straight into the grip of Redneck #2, who pins her to the floor as Gainey GRABS Syren by the hair, pulling back sharply!

She cries out in pain as Gainey pulls a KNIFE, getting ready to cut her throat!

GAINEY

Let's see you sing your way outta
this one, you little-

SNIKT! Gainey freezes - then his arm FALLS AWAY at the elbow!

He drops back like a stone as Diego FLICKS the blood from his sword, taking Syren's hand and helping her back up.

Twist is still struggling with her opponent, but a swift KNEE to the groin and a tidy judo FLIP sends him hurtling away from her.

She FLIPS to her feet, and as Danyaël tosses her bat over to her, she neatly grabs it, swings and SMASHES it into the vamp all in one fluid movement.

He crashes to the ground, and Twist wastes no time in KICKING a nearby chair, yanking a stake-sized hunk of wood from it and STAKING the vamp to the floor.

He shudders and finally falls still, leaving just one behind - Gainey.

With Diego supporting the woozy Syren, the team close in on Gainey as he flops around on the floor, in shock from the loss of his arm.

GAINEY (cont'd)

My... my... you cut... you cut
off... my...

JULIE

Danyaël, you wanna finish him?

TWIST

Why bother? He's 'armless now.

A beat. She SNORTS with laughter and walks away, leaving this to the others.

Danyaël passes a handy stake to Syren as Diego steps away from her, and Gainey watches her with wide, terrified eyes as she tilts her head down towards him.

GAINEY

(whimpering)

Please... please... I didn't...
don't...

(CONTINUED)

Syren turns the stake round in her hands, staring off towards nothing, before finally shaking her head and turning away from the pathetic form of Gainey.

SYREN

I can't.

Danyaël and Diego exchange a look.

DANYAEL

'Can't' what? Stake him? He's a vampire, Syren. That's what we do.

DIEGO

He tried to kill you.

SYREN

I know he did, but... no. I can't.
I just...

She holds the stake out, offering it to the boys.

SYREN (cont'd)

One of you two should finish him.

Danyaël shrugs and reaches for the stake, but Diego takes it instead, stepping up to Syren with a smile.

DIEGO

Congratulations.

SYREN

What for?

DIEGO

You have already learnt the lesson about life I was planning to teach you.

He gently takes her by the shoulders and turns her back to face Gainey.

DIEGO (cont'd)

The quality of mercy.

Syren tilts her head as he continues:

DIEGO (cont'd)

It is what separates us from them. The ability to feel pity, even for our worst enemies. To know that death is not always the answer, and that retribution and vengeance are not always the best motivations for any warrior.

SYREN

I... I think I understand.

DIEGO

(nods)

Good.

She turns away, starting to walk back towards the others...

... and with a sudden movement, Diego steps forward and RAMS the stake down into Gainey's chest!

Syren spins round, her shocked expression matching Gainey's as the last of his life force slips away, and he falls still at last.

Syren's face is one of confusion as Diego strides towards her, his features impassive.

DIEGO (cont'd)

Mercy must be saved for those who are worthy of it. Never forget that.

He walks past her, and Syren stares down towards Gainey as Julie approaches her, putting an arm round her and guiding her away. We DISSOLVE TO:

Another town, another hotel room, this time with Julie as she opens the door and steps inside, laying a small travel case down on the bed.

She looks round as though expecting someone else to be in there - there are two beds, after all - and then notices that the patio doors leading onto the small balcony are open.

Julie steps out, past the fluttering curtains, and sees Syren standing at the edge of the balcony, looking out across the city below.

Their room's up on a high floor, the noises of the city around them drifting up to Syren, who stands with her eyes closed, soaking it all in.

JULIE

Enjoying the view?

SYREN

I can't-

JULIE

I know. It was a joke.

Julie joins her, the two standing in silence for a beat.

SYREN

Julie? May I ask you something personal?

JULIE

I guess so. Just us girls here.

SYREN

Do you think we'll ever see Chris again?

Julie exhales slowly, staring out into the night.

SYREN (cont'd)

Julie?

JULIE

I heard you, I just...
(lowers head)
I don't know.

SYREN

I think we will. We just need to help him find his way home.

JULIE

Well... I'm glad that you can be so optimistic.

SYREN

Twist tells me I'm like that a lot.

JULIE

(manages a smile)
Don't ever change. You're about the only one of us who does think like that.

Julie lapses back into silence - and after a moment, wipes a stray TEAR from her cheek.

JULIE (cont'd)

Excuse me, I just have to, er...
I'll see you in the morning.

SYREN

Okay. I'm going to stay here a while. Listen to the city speak.

Julie's already heading back inside:

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INT. HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

32

Julie sits down on her bed, wiping her eyes dry and silently berating herself for getting so damn emotional again.

She reaches over and switches off the lamp, sliding under the covers and not bothering to get undressed.

Her eyes are still wet with tears, glistening in the dark for a moment before she closes them.

And after a beat, just for a moment we see a soft blue GLOW hovering in the air above her, an indistinct shape that swirls for a few beats - and then fades away again.

Julie turns over in her bed, fluffing her pillows and trying to get to sleep, and we finally:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW