

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

'Rejection'

by
A. J. Black

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

EXT. FIELD - DUSK

1

Our vision opens on a beautiful COUNTRY FIELD, wheat blowing in a warm, calm wind as the distant sunset frames against the picturesque surroundings.

Slowly, we PAN across the field until we are met by the sight of a GIRL, in the distance. Her long RED hair billows down the back of her white summer dress.

Framed against the light, she's looking at the paradise vista before her as we PAN IN toward her back. She picks something below her as we continue to pan, soon standing again as we start to PAN AROUND her.

Eventually, the view slowly turns to reveal the girl from the front - and we can see it's none other than CHARLOTTE.

A look of calm and serenity, the like of which we've not seen before, graces her face.

ANGLE ON:

What it was she picked earlier - a FLOWER, which she holds in her hands as we CLOSE on it, holding the view.

Which allows us to see a pair of strong HANDS which proceed to glide around her waist from behind, hands Charlotte herself clasps with hers - a romantic embrace.

CHARLOTTE (O.C)

What took you so long?

MALE VOICE (O.C)

(British; familiar)

Just a loose end that needed tying
up.

And we quickly PAN UP, upon hearing the voice, to see it belongs to CHRIS. He stands behind her, holding her tight.

Charlotte turns her head up at him, and Chris proceeds to passionately kiss her - a totally out of character move for the man we know.

The kiss is deep, and it lingers - the kind of intense kiss you give to someone you deeply love, or you're never going to see again.

Once the kiss finally ends, Chris just holds Charlotte once more and they take in the incredible view, our focus returning to Charlotte's serene face, at which point we CUT TO:

2 INT. ROOM - NIGHT

2

A stark contrast - the sight of a slight facially cut and bloodied Charlotte as she SCREAMS, almost a roar in fact, with unbridled rage.

WIDE SHOT to see her inside a plain, sealed room made out largely of concrete. She's sat on an old wooden chair, hands tightly secured behind it with wire.

Charlotte continues screaming and growling, expending all the energy in her lungs.

CHARLOTTE

You're gonna pay for this, damn
you! I'll rip each and every one of
you apart, you filthy...

She continues screaming as we PAN BACK away from her position on the chair, moving right through the metal door that leads into the room.

3 INT. SAFE HOUSE - NEXT

3

And we PAN BACK through into the team's newest safe house hideout, of which the interrogation room is joined to.

The first person who enters our vision as we pan through is TWIST - who sighs loudly while staring at the door before turning around.

TWIST

Is she going to shut up, already?
'Cos little Miss Temper Tantrum is
really starting to bug me.

We turn and find Twist is, of course, addressing the rest of the team who stand nearby - JULIE, SYREN, DANYAEL, DIEGO and NAOMI.

JULIE

I doubt the fact you're irritated
is likely to be enough to silence
her, Twist.

TWIST

Okay, Plan B.
(beat)
Sedatives.

DANYAEL

We don't want to knock her out, we
want her talking. Otherwise Chris
captured her for nothing.

(CONTINUED)

NAOMI

Danny's right. She's no use spark
out.

TWIST

(mocking; under her
breath)

"Danny's right"...

Naomi ignores the bitchiness.

DIEGO

Regardless, Twist is right about
one thing. We need to find some way
of communicating with Charlotte.

SYREN

What about just asking her to
cooperate?

TWIST

(scoffs)

Sure. Let's just create world peace
and make Paris Hilton the President
while we're at it!

JULIE

Twist!

TWIST

What?! I'm just sayin', that's
gonna do no good. Charlotte
needs...

The conversation continues in the background as we focus on
Chris - standing behind her away from the rest of the team -
impassively staring at the door beyond which the screaming
continues.

Finally, he stalks toward the door, intending to head inside.

TWIST (O.C) (cont'd)

Hold it right there, sheriff!

Chris stops with his hand on the door handle, turns toward
where Twist now stands - team behind her - staring at him.

TWIST (cont'd)

And what exactly are you up to?

CHRIS

(beat)

I'm going to make her talk.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS (cont'd)

Interrogate her until we know every last scrap of information on who the Trinity are, and what they're planning.

TWIST

Don't you think before you go all Silpowicz on her ass that you give us an explanation first?

CHRIS

About?

TWIST

(mock thinks)

Ooo. What about, uh, the total fricken' bombshell that you and the Dark Diva used to hop on the good foot back in the day?

A beat. It's a question the team all clearly want answered - especially Syren. Chris steals just a hint of a glance her way, before responding.

CHRIS

It's complicated.

(beat)

And right now, unimportant. What we need is information. And it's time we did all we can to get it.

On that, Chris twists the handle, opens the door handle, and steps inside.

INT. ROOM - NEXT

The screaming blue murder stops and Charlotte grows quiet, and still, as Chris steps through the door.

Twist follows, loitering a little behind - while the rest of the team are visible watching through the doorway.

Calmly, Chris stands and faces Charlotte - who almost adopts a calmness and sweetness we saw on her face in the field. Like a chameleon, she instantly masks her rage.

CHRIS

(calmly)

Where are the Trinity? What are they trying to accomplish?

A beat. Charlotte says nothing - and then just LAUGHS very loudly, almost a cackle in terms of hysterics.

TWIST

(angry)

You wanna share the joke, bitch?

(CONTINUED)

Chris looks at her a little, a look that suggests Twist calm her anger. She takes it, folds her arms - stares at Charlotte with hate as the laughter continues.

It eventually begins dying down, Chris just looking at her without emotion almost.

CHARLOTTE

(still chuckling)

You know what's going to happen, Chris, don't you? My sisters are going to find this place. They're going to release me. And then... we're going to slaughter you and the rest of your quaint little fighting force in the bargain.

(beat; smiles)

And you know what? We're gonna enjoy it.

A truly evil smile rests on Charlotte's face as she looks up at Chris.

Twist is furious, ready to beat seven shades out of her, but Chris doesn't share that expression. In fact, he looks sad.

CHRIS

(quietly)

What happened to you?

On that, he turns and walks out of the room. Twist waits a beat, giving Charlotte a glare, before she follows suit - slamming the door closed behind her.

We rest on Charlotte's face, as her evil smile ever so slightly falters, at which point we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

5

And we're on FEET, running like lightning in black brogues through the darkness, pounding along with spirit.

Said feet belong to Chris - decked out as ever in overcoat and fedora, with the large KATANA sword strapped to his chest ready for action. He runs with purpose, it appears in pursuit rather than being pursued himself.

He races down what we see to be a dark ALLEYWAY, scattered with garbage bins, litter cascading from them, and other offal. As he runs, we hear a strange, echoing SQUEALING sound before him.

The noise emerges from a strange, three-legged CREATURE that scampers away at speed through the alley - only seen in shadow, but in the simplest terms it's best described as a hybrid of a deformed foetus and an arachnid.

This is what Chris is pursuing, and we see him race past us after it.

6 EXT. ROADSIDE - NEXT

6

The alley leads out into an upcoming road and the streetlights briefly illuminate it's hideous form as it scampers across, darting down the adjoining continuing alley across the road,

Chris continues running, about to cross the road when:
PARRRRP!!

A loud horn honks and Chris just stops himself on the pavement, inches from being ran over - by a DOUBLE DECKER RED BUS which races by!

CHRIS
Bloody traffic!

Once it's gone, Chris darts across the road and down the next alley as we PAN UP from the roadside, giving us a skyline view above.

And we see in the distance the top of Big Ben and the London Eye poking out, instantly obvious where we are.

Legend: SEVEN YEARS EARLIER

7 EXT. ALLEY - NEXT 7

And we're back with the chase, the Creature still squealing as it leaps over several scattered garbage bins in the alley, Chris gaining pace as he leaps over them in pursuit.

8 EXT. ALLEY CLEARING - NEXT 8

We open up onto a spacious clearing within the alley as Chris races into it, observing several SKIPS, burned out CARS and garbage bins behind a string of abandoned council buildings.

Chris stops, looks around - the Creature has vanished.

Slowly, however - one by one - he starts to hear a chorus of the squealing from all around him and we SPIRAL around Chris as he draws his katana, turning a full 360 degrees as he does.

As he turns, not one, not two, not three, but a near DOZEN of the Creatures begin emerging from the abandoned buildings and garbage, squealing and surrounding Chris in an attack posture.

CHRIS

(sighs)

Oh, just great. A Korbbs nest.

Chris raises his sword ready for action, as the 'Korbbs' continue closing in.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Let's mop up this mess, shall we?

Off the sight of a Korbbs launching towards him with a squeal, we SMASH CUT TO:

9 INT. ALLEY - LATER 9

A slicing sound is accompanied by a dying SQUEAL within the darkness of the clearing, after which we see Chris emerge into the nearby alley - using a RAG to wipe his sword clean of green blood like it's an irritating dinner stain.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C)

(upper class, semi-gruff
lilt)

Having a spot of trouble with the natives, are we?

Chris watches as the voice emerges into the dim light - SOLOMON ARCHER (60's), portly, dressed like an aged-Indiana Jones if he was British.

(CONTINUED)

SOLOMON

You never could resist a little
spring cleaning.

CHRIS

(beat; eventually smiles)
Hello, Solomon.

A gruff laugh from Solomon as he and Chris - clearly old
friends - briefly embrace.

CHRIS (cont'd)

I was just coming to pay you a
visit.

SOLOMON

Well, now you've found me.
(smiles)
What d'you say we not let any more
Korbbs distract us from the grace
of each others company?

With a nod, Chris strides off down the alley as Solomon
drapes his arm around his friend, off the sight of which we
CUT TO:

The door to the interrogation room, beyond which no screaming
emerges anymore - it's all quiet.

Chris stands facing Twist, Danyaël, Julie, Diego, Syren and
Naomi as they gather nearby, some sitting, some standing.

CHRIS

I think it's time we all faced
facts. Despite our past, Charlotte
is never going to willingly share
information on the Trinity with me
or anyone else.

TWIST

She will after a little repeated
coercion from yours truly.
(looks around)
Where did I put Duggan?

DIEGO

We don't have the time for extended
interrogation, Twist.

TWIST

I ain't talkin' about
'interrogation,' padre. Where's the
fun in that?

CHRIS

No, Diego's right.

(beat)

Even despite the fact the Trinity are our primary concern and need taking out of action, we have to bear in mind they're also going to be looking for Charlotte.

DANYAEL

Which means we need the upper hand, and fast.

Chris nods in agreement.

SYREN

But how can we make her talk if she's silent?

CHRIS

Simple. We use her own tools against her.

(beat)

Magic.

11 INT. SAFE HOUSE - LATER

11

An old magical TOME slams down onto a table within the safe house, Chris leafing through it as the gathered others watch.

CHRIS

There was a spell I remember Sanctus telling me about a long time ago, when he was trying to coerce information. It's essentially a truth spell, that removes certain inhibitions from the brain that allow someone to withhold information.

TWIST

Oooh, like Sodium Pentathol.

(aside; to Syren)

Jack Bristow swears by it.

(remembers)

At least, he did...

(sniffs)

Rest in peace, SpyDaddy.

A beat. The others ignore her.

JULIE

It can't be a widely used spell if the rest of us aren't familiar with it.

DIEGO

That's because it's dark magic.

The others look at Diego with concern, before glancing back at Chris - his expression confirms it as he finds the right page in the tome and opens it.

On the page, we see a classic drawing of a dark aura resting over a figure, with old fashioned writing scrawled around.

CHRIS

This spell can only be summoned by a master of the dark arts. A mage or practitioner with a connection to whomever the spell is being used on, be it blood or shared history.

NAOMI

Guess that makes it a no-go, then.

Chris' look says otherwise, and Twist detects this.

TWIST

Or not.

(off Chris' expression)

What is it, chief?

CHRIS

There is someone with such a connection to Charlotte.

(beat)

But without resources, finding him will be difficult.

The others look away, not sure how to proceed if Chris doesn't.

JULIE

(beat; coughs)

And this would be where I come in...

CUT TO:

An apartment filled with bookcases, lines of blaring TV's, and the magically-assisted Google computer at which now sits its current occupant - MONKTON - who is powering it up.

Julie stands behind him with Chris, observing the surroundings with interest.

(CONTINUED)

MONKTON

(looks at Chris)

Don't remember you when Team Kingston visited me last. You must be the replacement for the old guy... Sancti?

JULIE

Sanctus.

Monkton nods as he sees Chris giving him a dark look - soon turning back to his computer.

JULIE (cont'd)

(turns to Chris)

Monkton's an old informant of mine, we go way back. He recently inherited, in a manner of speaking, this computer system that allowed us to trace the Quaero. The artefact that summoned you back from...

(beat; thinks)

... wherever the hell you were.

Chris nods, and watches as Julie turns back once Monkton starts activating the computer server.

MONKTON

Okay, we're up and a-running.

(flexes fingers)

Just give me a place to start for whatever it is you're looking for.

JULIE

Or, in this case, whoever.

She looks, as does Monkton, at Chris - a dark glint forming in his eye.

CHRIS

(beat)

Volder Laam.

Nodding, Monkton adds it into the search engine and clicks 'enter'.

MONKTON

(leans back)

This could take a while.

As he kicks back while the computer searches, Julie turns to Chris as he stares at the computer with intensity.

JULIE

Who's Volder Laam?

CHRIS

(beat)

Someone I should have killed a long
time ago.

Off Julie's look of curiosity and Chris' frown, we CUT TO:

13 INT. SOLOMON'S STUDY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

13

We hear the sound of Big Ben chiming away in the distance as
we open on a GRANDFATHER CLOCK, striking midnight.

Next to it, Solomon pours two glasses of brandy from a
crystal decanter, carrying them across what we see to be a
classically designed study, full of occult and magical
objects and bookcases.

He reaches Chris, who stares at an ancient bowl-like object
encased in glass, handing him the brandy.

SOLOMON

The Hwat-doy-Sukhet. One of my
finest pieces recovered from my
numerous expeditions in the Far
East.

(thinks)

Thailand, in... '76, if memory
serves me well.

CHRIS

You really do have quite the
collection, Solomon.

SOLOMON

(chuckles)

Several of which I wouldn't have if
it hadn't been for your help over
these years. We have had quite some
adventures haven't we, you and I?

Solomon sits in a fine leather chair, inviting Chris to do
the same opposite.

CHRIS

And I hope we'll have many more.

SOLOMON

Is that why you're here now?

(off Chris' look)

Every so often, Chris, word
channels through the grapevine that
I have procured or recovered
something new of interest. And
every time, you come to me wanting
to know if this might be the one...

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

(nods)
The cure.

SOLOMON

(sips his brandy)
I'm going to have to disappoint you
once more, old friend. My latest
find isn't a trophy that can be
placed behind glass. It's a very
rare thing.

(beat)
Are you familiar with Pygmalion?

CHRIS

George Bernard Shaw. Perhaps his
finest work.

SOLOMON

Sometimes fiction has a habit of
becoming fact.

(shouts outside study
door)
My dear, will you come down for a
moment? We have ourselves a guest.

A beat. Solomon smiles and watches a curious Chris - who
looks towards the door, and observes the shadow of a figure
emerging down the staircase outside the study.

The shadow finally gives way a vision that immediately
captures Chris, and we focus on his struck down face, before
we see what he observes: a more youthful Charlotte, standing
in the doorway, looking every bit as beautiful and charming
as we saw her in the field.

SOLOMON (cont'd)

Christopher Berkeley, this is
dearest Charlotte.

(smiles)
My own Eliza Doolittle.

CHARLOTTE

Hello... Christopher.

And it's off Chris as he stares at her, quite captivated, we
CUT TO:

The table at which Danyael and Naomi sit playing cards
between themselves, while Syren seats nearby 'watching'.

Diego leans against the steel door holding their prisoner, as
Twist paces.

TWIST

Damn it, what's taking 'em so long?
All they gotta do is Google this
guy and we're on our way.

Twist heads up to where Diego guards.

TWIST (cont'd)

C'mon, just let me at her for a
minute. I promise I'll crush only
her spirit.

DIEGO

Twist. No.

Twist sucks her teeth loudly, pouts, and flounces off leaving
Diego to guard.

The door then opens and Chris strides through, Julie trailing
behind him.

The team immediately focus on him as he approaches the table -
slapping down a grainy, printed image of an ageing MALE
looking over his shoulder, quite shifty.

CHRIS

This is our target: Volder Laam.

(beat)

British, aged roughly sixty going
on three hundred years. He's one of
the most powerful dark mages out
there, a practitioner of arcane
magic. He's also someone Charlotte
knows intimately.

TWIST

(looks at photo)

Ewww.

DANYAEL

Don't think he means that
intimately.

(looks at Chris)

Do you?

Chris looks at him deadpan, but doesn't respond.

SYREN

So where is Laam now?

JULIE

According to Monkton's computer,
Laam is being held inside a maximum
security prison facility.

CHRIS

Though not your average US
government one. This rather is ran
by the Devas Syndicate.

NAOMI

The Devas what?

DIEGO

(steps away from the door)
The Devas Syndicate are a private
consortium of occult gangsters who
provide bounty hunter services,
imprisoning occult figures for a
price.

(beat)

If Laam is in their care, obviously
someone wanted him locked up.

CHRIS

I don't know who, and nor do I
care. But we're certainly about to
ruin their day.

NAOMI

Meaning what?

CHRIS

Meaning we're going to extract Laam
before the Trinity can find us,
recover Charlotte and destroy any
chance we may have of learning what
they're planning.

DANYAEL

So we're talking a prison break?

TWIST

(off Chris' nod)
Oooh, goodie! I love that show!
Does this mean we can have tattoos?

CUT TO:

A dark chamber, inside of which we see the scorched Quaero
artefact resting on top of a secure pedestal, being observed
with a frown by JACQUELINE - frustrated at its current state.

The door opens and ISABELLE enters, approaching Jacqueline
with a look of some concern.

ISABELLE

Is it true?

(CONTINUED)

JACQUELINE

(beat; eyes still on the
artefact)

Is what true?

ISABELLE

That you're not deploying all of
our troops in the search for
Charlotte? I just heard frome one
of our men. You know, the ones not
out there getting our girl back.

JACQUELINE

Your source is correct.

(beat)

Though I would suggest you remind
them that if they start blabbing my
operational tactics again, I'll
skewer their head on a turnpike.

Beat. Isabelle folds her arms, confused.

Sensing this, Jacqueline sighs and turns to face her
secondary.

JACQUELINE (cont'd)

Charlotte is a child. A weak and
irresponsible little girl. Look
what she did to this...

(beckons to the artefact)

She failed the Quaero. It's because
of her that Christopher Berkeley
has rejoined his team. And now, she
fails to prevent her own capture by
him.

(shakes her head)

We'll be better off without her.

On that, Jacqueline turns back to study the artefact, but
Isabelle steps up beside her.

ISABELLE

I beg to differ.

(beat)

Do I need to remind you how
powerful she is? She's the only one
who can pull off the spells we're
gonna need!

Jacqueline frowns even more, not wanting to hear this.

ISABELLE (cont'd)

(steps closer)

If we don't recover Charlotte soon,
everything we're working towards
could fall apart.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

ISABELLE (cont'd)
(beat)
We need her.

A long beat. Jacqueline knows she's right, but her pride is struggling with the admission.

ISABELLE (cont'd)
C'mon, Jackie.

JACQUELINE
Don't call me that.

ISABELLE
Please.
(beat)
Let me find her.

JACQUELINE
(beat; sighs)
Fine. Deploy all of our resources
to the search.

ISABELLE
(smiles)
Thank you.

She begins walking off, leaving Jacqueline by the artefact considering her decision, and it's off Jacqueline's stern frown that we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

16

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

16

Our crew are now tooling up, and preparing for the work ahead. Chris addresses them all as they mill about near the table.

CHRIS

Okay, here's how things are going to work.

(beat)

The Devas Syndicate operate a casino within the city limits. It's well known they get not a little touchy about patrons trying to fiddle them, so...

JULIE

... if we get caught cheating, Devas will likely throw them in their own jail. At which point we can get right to Laam.

Chris nods at her catching on.

DANYAEL

(raises his hand quickly)

I'm in for this one. I was quite the card shark back in the day.

TWIST

Was that before or after you defended The Alamo alongside Davy Crockett?

DANYAEL

(protests)

I was!

NAOMI

(smiles)

Well, I don't doubt it for a second.

TWIST

(to Naomi)

Do you do the gullible thing by accident, or is it just so he'll take pity and kiss that mouth of yours?

JULIE

Twist!

(CONTINUED)

Like a silenced child, Twist folds her arms and looks away - especially peeved that Naomi refuses to rise to the bait.

CHRIS

(to Danyael)

I'll take your word for it.

(beat)

Danyael and I will infiltrate the casino. Twist, Naomi - you'll provide backup - the 'eye candy' so we can distract the croupiers and give us the chance to cheat our way to jail.

Both Twist and Naomi just mumble agreement a little, without looking at one another - neither particularly delighted at being partnered.

DIEGO

What about Charlotte?

CHRIS

I suggest you stay here with Julie and Syren, keep an eye on her.

JULIE

Plus, that's our own little Trinity in case our depleted enemy decides to show up early.

CHRIS

(smiles at Julie)

You must be reading my mind today.

An almost bashful smile from Julie at that remark.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Let's get to it. We'll need to be moving out within the hour.

The team snap to it - Diego returns to guard, conversing with Julie. While Danyael remains in between Twist and Naomi as they themselves convene.

As Chris goes to ready his equipment, Syren approaches him quietly and stands beside him.

SYREN

Chris, can I... can I ask you a question?

Chris looks up at her - and nods.

SYREN (cont'd)

(gingerly)

Charlotte? Did you love her?

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

In it's simplicity as a question, Chris is taken a little by surprise. He sees Syren earnestly waiting for an answer before him, but Chris doesn't know what to say. And off this moment, we CUT TO:

17 INT. SOLOMON'S STUDY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

17

It's late at night, and we find Chris hunched over the main study desk, lamplight illuminating his vision as he pores over certain ancient texts scattered around.

We see Charlotte appear by the door, almost gliding into view. She quietly begins to watch him.

A beat. He doesn't notice. Until, sensing he's being watched, Chris looks up sharply at the door with a frown.

CHARLOTTE

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you. You just look so... engrossed.

(slight yawn)

May I come in?

Seeing her, any hostility instantly drains from Chris as his face warms. He stands at the desk.

CHRIS

Of course. And I'm sorry.

(beat)

I guess I'm just used to far less pleasant people catching me off guard in the dead of night.

Charlotte enters and begins to approach the desk.

CHARLOTTE

I only came down for a glass of milk. Even Solomon's turned in now, it seems.

(fingers the texts)

What are you studying here?

CHRIS

These are my notes. Ancient texts I've had for years, on which I now scrawl hints, clues... any scrap of information I find on my grail.

CHARLOTTE

Which is?

Seeing Charlotte standing quite close to him now, it dawns on Chris she's disarmed him enough to almost talk openly. He pulls back.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
 (collecting up the texts)
 Nothing that can't wait until
 morning.

He tries to disarm Charlotte by smiling at her, but she clearly detects him holding things back.

CHRIS (cont'd)
 So... how did a girl from the
 American Midwest end up in the
 employ of an eccentric old
 adventurer in Westminster?

CHARLOTTE
 Northwest, actually. Born and
 raised in Oregon.
 (smiles)
 And Solomon? He rescued me from the
 mediocrity of life in that little
 town I grew up in while passing
 through, as he always does. Said he
 saw the potential within me to
 control the great forces of magic
 he is now teaching me to yield. For
 good.
 (shrugs)
 He offered me the chance to come to
 England. Start a new life. It was
 too good an offer to refuse.

CHRIS
 (nods)
 You could have far worse a mentor
 than Solomon. He's a good man.

CHARLOTTE
 He is.
 (beat)
 But, it's nice having a new face
 around this place. Keeps things
 interesting.
 (smiles)
 I hope you're not planning on
 heading off any time soon.

CHRIS
 (smiles)
 Oh, don't worry. I can think of
 more than one reason to stay around
 here.

Charlotte's smile widens, and there's a moment between she and Chris, a spark. It's off the sight of the two staring at one another that we CUT TO:

18

INT. DEVAS CASINO - NIGHT

18

A very wealthy, very grande and very packed casino - which we PAN THROUGH, passing finely dressed guests and patrons, gambling machines and crap tables crammed full, until we reach a large double door as it thrusts open.

Two men lead in a new crowd, dressed in black shoes and trousers - one a long black coat draping down - and we PAN UP to see these men are Chris and Danyael.

Both are decked out in crisp, tailored SUITS - though Chris adorns his with overcoat and fedora as ever. They look cooler than ever.

TWIST (V.O)

And look who just walked in? It's our very own Reservoir Dogs.

At which point we see Twist sitting at one of the BARS adjoining the casino tables, legs crossed as she wears a rather figure-hugging purple DRESS.

She touches her ear as she talks.

TWIST (cont'd)

So, which colour are you calling, guys? Mister Black, Blue, Brown, Pink or Green?

CHRIS

Twist. Didn't I tell you these earpiece communicators are for emergency use only?

TWIST

You did.

(beat)

Thanks to Julie and her contacts with this gear, I get to indulge my inner Sydney Bristow. I ain't passing up a chance like that!

NAOMI (V.O)

Well, don't worry. I don't plan on using them unless I have to.

And at that point we see Naomi sitting at the bar opposite Twist's on the other side, wearing a red dress - similarly figure-hugging - in almost an identical seating posture to Twist.

NAOMI (cont'd)

These things pinch at the ear. I'll be glad to be rid of them.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

Don't remember your opinion being asked for, honey. How about a little radio silence, huh?

NAOMI

(cheerfully)

How about you stick to the plan?

TWIST

Oooh, tough talk. What else they teach you at bitch camp?

The 'cross comm' talk continues as Chris and Danyael continue striding through, approaching a table.

DANYAEL

Will you two knock it off? We're on mission here.

A beat. Chris and Danyael politely nod at other patrons at the nearest crap table as they sit and join.

TWIST (V.O)

Spoilsports.

Ignoring her, both Chris and Danyael get settled and begin receiving their necessary chips from the nearby CROUPIER, ready to play some cards.

As they do, we CLOSE IN on Danyael's right wrist jacket sleeve, and off the sight of a hidden card tucked inside we FLASH CUT TO:

Around the table, we find Danyael standing across from Chris, Naomi and Twist - the latter of whom looks sceptical and bored.

DANYAEL

Okay, this is a little trick I picked up a while back when I used to play poker with the guys at UV Radio.

He picks up a CARD near a deck that has been laid out on the table.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

This is a card zapped with magical properties of misdirection. Got it as a present back then, and kept hold of it. Knew it'd come in handy one day.

NAOMI

What does it do?

DANYAEL

It reacts to combinations inside whatever deck it's placed. It's like a computer - it can deduct a potential match winning flush or other hand just by how the desk is stoked. And then it'll project the fake image of an Ace, or whatever is needed to win a match, from under everyone else's nose.

(beat)

So long as you've got hold of the card, that is.

NAOMI

Wow. That's pretty cool.

TWIST

Someone's easily impressed.

CHRIS

(ignores them)

Is it detectable?

DANYAEL

Not to the naked eye. But given the Devas will probably be running detection equipment for stuff just like this, we should be able to get noticed.

(thinks)

That's the bit down to chance.

CUT BACK TO:

At the table, Chris and Danyael continue playing cards around the other patrons.

Danyael glances at Chris, his eyes motioning to his sleeve - which Chris looks at, seeing the card dangling now partly tucked in Danyael's hand, waiting to be used.

CHRIS

(into comm)

Ladies, now would be a good time for that distraction.

TWIST (V.O)

It'll be a pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

As Twist downs her short and swirls off her stool, heading away, Naomi downs her own drink identically, but winces at the taste.

NAOMI

Lock 'n' load.

She turns and gets off the stool, pacing across the casino floor herself.

Passing through crowds milling around, Twist and Naomi begin making right for each other, on the same path.

Once they're close, we get a THWACK! As Twist unleashes an almighty fist that cracks Naomi hard on the nose, almost knocking her over!

TWIST

(loudly)

You BITCH! I knew it was you when I saw you over there raising your skirt to any guy that walks past!

NAOMI

(holds her nose a little)

Ah, just go back to the gutter you came from before you start polluting the atmosphere here!

TWIST

I think instead I'll teach you what happens when you just stroll in and steal my man!

Forcefully - a crowd now building around them - Twist grabs Naomi in a strong headlock, and begins trying to grapple her to the floor.

NAOMI

(amidst grappling;
quietly)

Didn't we agree that punch wouldn't connect, Twist?

TWIST

Let's call it 'Method.'

And they continue to fight and grapple with one another - turning it into a far more girly fight than either are capable of - screaming loudly at one another, attracting increasing attention.

Security begin racing to break them up, but they've distracted every table - including the Croupier and patrons at where Chris and Danyael sit.

Seeing this, Danyael glances at Chris and he ever so slightly nods - at which point Danyael slips the card from his sleeve, and quickly places it within the deck of cards before the distracted Croupier.

CHRIS

(coughs)

Excuse me? Aren't we supposed to be playing here?

CROUPIER

(realises; turns)

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

Quickly, the Croupier gets back to the game and starts shuffling the deck of cards - Chris and Danyael exchanging a victorious look.

In the background, burly SECURITY begin dragging out Twist and Naomi - who continue screaming and trying to attack one another - a sense it's not ALL acting on both of their parts as they disappear through a door.

At the table, Chris and Danyael grin slightly as the Croupier starts dolling out the stoked deck. As he does, we focus on a CCTV camera in the wall corner above the table.

CUT TO:

21 INT. CCTV ROOM - DEVAS CASINO - NEXT 21

We PAN OUT of a dozen CCTV screens showing a dozen b/w feeds coming from every single table within the casino.

On one of the screens in the lower right-hand corner, a SCANNER begins pinpointing the table holding our guys and ZOOMING IN on the cards being issued by the Croupier, soon focusing on the 6 of Diamonds - the magical card.

The screen begins beeping, the scanner highlighting the card and flashing red. As it does, a SECURITY GUARD appears near the screens, picks up a phone and dials.

SECURITY GUARD

(beat)

We got a situation. Table seven.

22 INT. DEVAS CASINO - NEXT 22

The table cheers in celebration as Chris pulls over his cards, revealing a winning combination.

CROUPIER

Royal flush. Gentleman wins.

(CONTINUED)

A stack of chips are pushed Chris' way and he smiles as Danyael extends a 'woot'.

DANYAEL

I could get used to this!

GUARD (O.C)

Excuse me, gentlemen.

Hearing the sound, Chris and Danyael both stop and look at each other slightly - a very burly GUARD stands behind them, with two backing him up.

GUARD (cont'd)

I'm going to have to ask you to come with us, please.

A beat. Chris and Danyael stand, but don't turn to face him.

CHRIS

Of course.

(beat)

But, uh... we'd like to make one thing clear first.

GUARD

What's that?

And after a brief look, Chris and Danyael both turn and unleash a dual SUCKERPUNCH on the face of the Guard - knocking him instantly on his back!

Danyael grins as the other two Security rush in, themselves joined by two more, and start aggressively hauling them out of the casino, off the sight of which we CUT TO:

The sound of a straining, female GROWL assaults our ears as we see Chris head down a staircase and enter a basement room of the property.

It's been converted into a large, open spaced training centre fitted with weapons, gym equipment and occult textbooks.

In the heart of the room, Chris sees Solomon standing before Charlotte as she strains, using all of her energy, to create a magical BARRIER - a nearly invisible wall of power, barely shimmering to the naked eye.

SOLOMON

Keep it going, Charlotte. That's it! Fight the fatigue. You have the power within!

Charlotte struggles - perspiring greatly, taking deep breaths. Solomon paces around her and the wall, arms behind his back.

SOLOMON (cont'd)

I've taught you how to contain the energy, and you've invoked it. Now you must sustain it, make it grow.

(beat)

The key is your mind. Believe the power is there, and it will manifest.

Groaning with effort, Charlotte begins channelling more energy into the hand now extended out, creating the barrier. It begins shimmering stronger, and stronger, taking larger form.

SOLOMON (cont'd)

There you go! There you go!

The barrier reaches a shimmering intensity - before a gasping Charlotte drops her hand, drained, and the wall instantly dissipates.

CHARLOTTE

(between breaths)

That's... as much as I... could do...

SOLOMON

And you've done well. I'm proud of you.

He then notices Chris leaning up the wall by the door, watching.

SOLOMON (cont'd)

Recover your energy, Charlotte, and continue practicing. You must keep this momentum going.

Charlotte nods and watches as Solomon begins approaching Chris - to whom she gives a little smile and wave - before starting over again.

CHRIS

You're training her well.

SOLOMON

Perhaps too well.

(beat)

She's improved tenfold over the last few weeks. Ever since you arrived, in fact.

CHRIS

Just coincidence, I'm sure.

SOLOMON

No. You're a positive influence
her. One would almost suspect she's
training to impress you.

Chris looks away, a little flattered at that comment. We
notice Solomon perspiring a fair bit, at this point.

CHRIS

I may have to disappoint her, then.

SOLOMON

(guesses)
You're moving on?

CHRIS

I only intended to be here a few
days. I've extended my stay long
enough.

SOLOMON

(wipes heavy sweat from
his brow)
Nonsense! You're welcome in my home
as long as you care to be.

CHRIS

(smiles)
I know. But the cure won't find
itself. I've never stayed in one
place too long.
(shakes his head)
It's just not who I am.

SOLOMON

I can't ask you to...

He stops mid-sentence, perspiring to a ridiculous amount now
and face red with heat. He looks a little light-headed.

SOLOMON (cont'd)

(thready breaths)
... recon... sid...

CHRIS

Solomon?!

And Solomon loses consciousness, unexpectedly collapsing.
Chris catches him before he hits the ground.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Solomon!
 (beat)
 Charlotte!

Across the room, mid-training, Charlotte turns and upon seeing Chris laying the limp Solomon out on the floor, she gasps and instantly runs over.

CHARLOTTE

What... what happened!?!?

Chris shakes his head, and off his confusion and concern we
 CUT TO:

24 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

24

The blinds that give way to a private hospital room inside which Solomon now lies asleep in a bed, linked up to a mesh of machinery sustaining him.

Across from the window, in an almost empty corridor, Charlotte sits and stares at the room - she looks pained with worry.

Chris soon appears nearby, handing her a fresh coffee.

CHRIS

Drink this. You'll feel better.

He perches himself next to Charlotte as she smiles weakly, taking the coffee in her hands.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(after a beat)
 You should try not to worry. The
 doctors will take good care of him.
 (nods)
 Solomon is fully human. Human
 medicine can cure whatever ailment
 has overcome him.

As she sips the coffee, Charlotte stops and reacts at 'fully human'. She looks at Chris with confusion.

CHARLOTTE

What do you mean, 'fully human'?
 (shakes her head)
 What else is there?

She's got him there, and Chris knows it. He looks away, realising his mistake.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

I mean... I understand and accept the existence of magic and the people who can use it, but... are you telling me there's more?

CHRIS

(sighs)

A lot more.

Beat. Chris then turns and faces the confused Charlotte - seemingly going for broke.

CHRIS (cont'd)

When you look at me, you see a man. But what lies underneath is... far worse. My true nature is my greatest strength, and my greatest weakness. And it is something I spend every day of my existence striving to rid myself of.

Charlotte still looks confused - so Chris opens his mouth, and slowly a pair of vampiric INCISORS begin making themselves known, the perfect weapons for a feeding attack.

Seeing this, Charlotte gasps in a mix of wonder and horror.

CHARLOTTE

You're a... a vampire?

CHRIS

(nods)

I was Turned a long time ago now. The life I had was ripped from me. And now I spend my days looking for a way to make myself more than... something in between man and monster. That's my grail, Charlotte.

(beat)

And now you know... now you know who I truly am.

He looks away, fully expecting her to baulk in horror at the admission.

However, to his surprise, Charlotte reaches out and grasps his hand with her fingertips.

CHARLOTTE

It's not what a person was, it's who they are, and what they want to become.

(beat)

(MORE)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
 And the Chris Berkeley I know is a
 good man.

Chris slowly looks at her, seeing Charlotte's beautiful
 smile, experiencing a reaction he very rarely ever has. He
 smiles at her emotionally, a whisker away from tears.

And we see him squeeze Charlotte's hand that touches his. Off
 that moment of tenderness, we CUT TO:

25 INT. DARK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

25

A very gloomy passageway, down which three burly Devas
 Security Guards - one of whom now bears a broken nose - are
 leading a captured Chris and Danyael down. Both have their
 hands secured behind their backs.

Eventually, they reach a large IRON DOOR. The punched Guard
 knocks on it in a pattern - and the door unlocks.

GUARD
 (holds the door handle)
 Say hello to your future, boys.

He pulls open the door and watches with a satisfied grin as
 both Chris and Danyael are pushed inside - after their hand
 restraints are removed.

26 INT. PRISON FACILITY

26

The iron door slams as Danyael turns toward it, hearing it
 lock behind them.

DANYAEL
 Guess we're gonna need that escape
 route, after all.

Not getting a response, Danyael turns and his mouth gapes a
 little as he sees what Chris is already staring at.

We PAN AROUND to show a huge, several storey underground
 prison facility before them, where demons of all shapes and
 sizes are incarcerated.

DANYAEL (cont'd)
 Whoa! Welcome to Alcatraz!

CHRIS
 Very clever. You've got to hand it
 to the Devas. Who would suspect
 their much-feared prison lies
 directly under their most valuable
 casino? Everything in one place.

DANYAEL
 If that's true, then shouldn't take
 us long to find our target.

(CONTINUED)

Chris nods, and begins scanning around the facility - until his eyes fix on a metallic STAIRWELL a few hundred yards away.

CHRIS
You're so right.
(points to the stairwell)
There.

Danyael looks and sees a figure making their way almost regally down the stairwell, wearing a hybrid of prison clothes and a long robe, face partly disguised by a thick grey beard and scraggy hair.

CHRIS (cont'd)
That's him. That's Volder Laam.

We see VOLDER LAAM step from the stairwell, flanked by two other cons, carefully making his way through the facility.

And off Chris' stony look of darkness upon clasping eyes on him, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

27 INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

27

The door opens and Julie makes her way inside - carrying several bags of supplies with her.

She finds Diego sitting at the table near the door, still on guard duty.

DIEGO

You have been gone some time.

JULIE

I know. Thought someone may have tailed me from the mall, so I doubled back. Four times.

(sighs)

I might just be getting too paranoid in my old age.

DIEGO

Well, before you enquire, we've had no inkling of Trinity activity or presence, but Twist and Naomi reported in.

JULIE

And?

DIEGO

Chris and Danyael were successful. Made it inside. The prison facility is beneath the casino it turns out.
(off Julie's look of surprise)

Our girls are surveilling the casino and readying equipment for the extraction.

JULIE

(nods)

Okay.

It's at that point something else dawns on her, as she looks around.

JULIE (cont'd)

So, where's Syren?

Diego takes a beat, before slowly pointing at the secure door he's guarding and as Julie realises she's in with the prisoner, we CUT TO:

28

INT. ROOM - NEXT

28

On a chair not far from the door, Syren sits directly across from Charlotte - still chained to her chair, now wearing a calm, collected but expressionless look on her face. She doesn't make eye contact.

A beat. Syren has her head tilted to one side. Listening.

SYREN

(finally)

He saved me. Chris.

(beat)

Before he entered my life, I was alone. I had no one. Nothing. I didn't even truly know who I was. Not even my name.

(slightly proud)

My name is Lyra. Lyra Morley. And I have Chris to thank for helping set me on the path to finding that out.

Charlotte doesn't betray a flicker, still not looking at Syren.

SYREN (cont'd)

Then, when we lost him... when I lost him, it felt as though I had lost part of myself. Despite the fact I knew he would come back to us, I feared that part of me would remain lost forever. Searching for the man I once knew. That man who saved me. That man I owe everything to.

(beat; sighs)

I didn't come in here, Charlotte, to find out about the Trinity, or whatever plans you have. What I want from you, all... I want from you, is one thing.

Beat. Syren hopes for some sign of response from Charlotte, but still gets nothing.

SYREN (cont'd)

To know if you ever felt the same way about Chris all those years ago, as I do right now.

(shakes her head)

Did you?

(beat)

Do you?

Still nothing. One might think Charlotte isn't even listening.

(CONTINUED)

A long beat. Syren waits - then sighs, she knows nothing is coming. She gets up and approaches the door - but stops and turns.

SYREN (cont'd)

You have a chance, here and now, to make your peace with Chris over whatever happened between you before. And regardless of what happens next... you should take it.

On that, Syren opens the door and departs.

As she slams the door tight closed behind her, Charlotte's eyes turn towards the door in the wake of her exit - she was listening, and off that flicker of interest as she considers the words, we CUT TO:

And we're in the middle of a sparring match - both Chris and Charlotte furiously coming at each other with WOODEN STICKS, unleashing a flurry of blows and combinations as they whirl around the room.

CHRIS

Keep your guard up!
(more fighting)
Turn into the strike. Don't hesitate!

The sparring continues - Chris confidently battling, while the less experienced Charlotte expends her energy.

CHARLOTTE

(between strikes)
I don't... see... the point... of all this!

After a tirade of blows, they break off and begin circling each other, waiting for the next flurry.

CHRIS

Magic is a great skill. But wielding it means very little without the power to fight without it.

Charlotte smiles, and comes at Chris with another series of blows, which he easily begins defending from.

CHARLOTTE

(between blows;
flirtatious)
So... am I improving... under your... tutelage?

Chris continues defending, but Charlotte is edging him up towards the wall.

CHRIS

Let's just say... I think we've only just scratched the surface of what we can do together.

Charlotte laughs a little as she manages to pin Chris - he obviously letting her get the advantage - up the wall.

Beat. Before Charlotte KISSES him, Chris fully into it too - it's brief, but passionate. And obviously not the first time it's happened.

Chris spins around and quickly pins Charlotte now to the wall - kissing her with equal passion.

She uses the opportunity to sweep his feet from under him, and Chris hits the deck. Laughing, Charlotte jumps on top of him. They continue kissing.

CHARLOTTE

(between kisses)

Let's get away from all of this. No outsiders. Just me and you.

(beat)

I've seen this cottage for rent. It's remote. Remote enough for us not to be disturbed.

Chris stops the kissing after hearing this, watching Charlotte's reaction to his reaction.

CHRIS

Oh, I'm tempted. But...

CHARLOTTE

(nods)

You're thinking of Solomon.

CHRIS

We can't just leave him. Not in his condition.

CHARLOTTE

The doctors said there have been encouraging signs lately. They may soon be able to bring him out of the induced coma.

(beat)

He wouldn't want us to stop living, Chris. He'd encourage the two of us.

Chris knows she's right, and sees Charlotte looking at him - almost pleading. A long beat - and then he nods.

CHRIS

Okay.

Charlotte smiles broadly and kisses him further, she and Chris locked together deep and passionate. Off the sight of them ensconsed, we CUT TO:

A hive of demonic scum and villainy, filled with swarthy creatures who intermittently break out into fighting one another, with no attempt made to police them by the Devas GUARDS who patrol.

We PAN ACROSS this vista until we rest on Chris and Danyael, well and truly keeping their heads down as they hover behind one of their stairwells - monitoring a CELL a few metres across from them.

DANYAEL

Don't know anyone can call that a cell. By the looks of it, it's more like a penthouse apartment.

(beat)

Just without the view.

We can see as they do, the cell door open giving way to an extremely spacious dwelling beyond - Laam passing our field of vision as he walks across by the door, obvious of being surveilled.

As he disappears, a burly CON with horns protruding from his head exits the room, head still bowed in deference.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

And that's the fifth con to leave empty handed in the last two hours after making a delivery to Laam. I'm not even counting the three Devas guards who've done the same.

CHRIS

It's the classic scenario of a prisoner running his jail from the inside. His skill with dark magic gives him power, which the others must fear.

DANYAEL

So he's like a supernatural Noel Coward in the 'Italian Job'?

(beat)

The original, good one, I mean.

Chris looks at him blankly.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

(shrugs)

Guess you never went to the movies in the '60's. Or ever, thinking about it.

(beat; moving on)

Anyway, what's our game plan?

CHRIS

From what I can tell, Laam has numerous invisible protective barrier spells protecting his cell from unwanted visitors. We'll need to counteract that dark magic before we can just walk in.

DANYAEL

How do we do that?

CHRIS

Leave me to worry about that.

(beat)

I just hope that Twist and Naomi are playing their end correctly.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CASINO - DAY 31

We FOCUS ON a quite rickety, ageing rented black VAN with tinted windows that is parked in the casino car park.

32 INT. VAN - NEXT 32

As Naomi sits operating a LAPTOP in the rear, Twist is zipping up two large bags as she holds a cell phone to her ear. Both are dressed in black jumpsuits - and nursing a few injuries from their fight in the form of surface cuts and bruises.

TWIST

Yeah, everything's cool. The equipment is ready. We're gonna set up once Mrs. Norton has an exact fix on Chris and Spook's position.

(beat)

Though I want it on record, Jules, that Twist is not happy at having to infiltrate through a sewer. Period.

(beat)

Sure, we'll let you know how it goes. Alright. Later.

(CONTINUED)

She cuts the call and finishes loading the bags near her, approaching Naomi and the laptop.

TWIST (cont'd)
Anything yet?

NAOMI
Still trying to cut through all this magical interference. This heat-sensing technology is way too cool for school.
(beat)
Where did Julie get all this?

TWIST
I don't ask. She don't tell.
(looks at laptop screen)
Are the comms still down? Would help if Chris could just tell us where they were.

NAOMI
(shakes her head)
Devas have put up numerous barriers across the bowels of the facility. We're never getting a message through. Best we can hope is to pinpoint a position.

TWIST
(nods)
Then step to it, sister. Father O'Time is tickin'.

As Twist moves off to another part of the van, Naomi continues working at the laptop as we CUT TO:

Sitting at the table in a moment of meditation, Diego opens his eyes as Julie approaches - pocketing her cell as she does.

JULIE
Just spoke with Twist. They're tracking Chris and Danny now. Hopefully we'll have Laam soon.

DIEGO
(nods)
Bueno.

As he goes back to meditation, Julie spots Syren sitting a little way to the side, in thought. She approaches, pulls up a chair next to her.

A beat. Syren says nothing, though has noticed she's there.

JULIE
(finally)
You want to talk about why you went
in to see her? Charlotte?

Syren says nothing.

JULIE (cont'd)
Was it about Chris?

SYREN
(beat)
I just wanted to know what Chris
can't bear to say, or admit. If
Charlotte cared for him in the way
I...
(looks at Julie)
... that we do.

A little embarrassed, Julie looks away for a moment - knows what Syren is getting at.

JULIE
So what did she say?

SYREN
(shakes her head)
She said nothing. But she didn't
have to.
(worried)
I think she still loves him.

JULIE
And you're afraid those feelings
may be reciprocated?

It's off Syren silence that Julie infers a 'yes' to that statement.

JULIE (cont'd)
Syren, if Charlotte ever did mean
anything to Chris, I am sure those
are feelings long since dead.

Off Syren's uncertain expression, we CUT TO:

The sight of Solomon, still lying in his hospital bed hooked up to machines, in his induced coma it seems.

Chris enters the room, carrying a thick BOOK under his arm.

CHRIS
Hello, old friend.

Closing the door, Chris heads over and sits next to Solomon's bed, looking at him. Beat.

CHRIS (cont'd)
I bought you a book for when you wake. Foucault's Occult Reference. Got a rare edition from one of those 'special' London bookshops only a few of us know about.
(smiles)
This is the kind of reading I know you live for.

Chris places the book on the bedside table, his smile fading as he regards Solomon.

CHRIS (cont'd)
I spoke to the doctors. They said that upturn you took has reversed, and they don't understand why. Nor do I, I mean you were always in such good shape, especially for your age. Better shape than me, at times.

He sighs, shakes his head. Beat.

CHRIS (cont'd)
(smiles)
There's something else I should probably tell you. Charlotte and I, we're... together. I never thought this would happen to me again. That I'd ever feel this way.
(nods)
I have you to thank that I met her, and I'll always be grateful.

He hopes for some flicker from Solomon, but there's of course nothing.

CHRIS (cont'd)
She's rented us a country cottage for the weekend. I wanted to let you know, I owe you that.
(beat)
But because we may not be here, doesn't mean you won't be in our thoughts.

Still nothing from Solomon. Chris looks dismayed. He stands.

CHRIS (cont'd)
I'll come and see you again soon,
old friend. We both will.

But it's as Chris goes to walk away from the bed, that suddenly Solomon's hand jerks up and clamps onto his wrist hard!

Surprised, Chris turns to see Solomon has somehow emerged from his coma. He's awake, albeit very weak, and gasping for air.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Solomon! My God!
(calls)
Nurse?! Nurse!!

He looks at his friend, who begins pulling Chris toward him.

SOLOMON
(between gasps)
I was... I was... poisoned...

CHRIS
(confused)
What?

SOLOMON
A toxin... dark... magic...
(gasps heavily)
Only one... person could... have
done... this... to me...

Immediately, Chris knows what he's suggesting.

CHRIS
(shakes his head)
No. No.

SOLOMON
Ch... Charlotte...

CHRIS
No! It makes no sense. Why would
Charlotte want to kill you?

SOLOMON
(struggling)
For... for Volder... Laam...

At that moment, Solomon collapses back on the bed as his machine BEEPS wildly - before FLATLINING completely.

A DOCTOR and two NURSES rush in with a crash cart, pushing the horrified Chris aside.

34 CONTINUED: (3)

34

He can do little except watch as the medical staff begin using the defibrillator on Solomon as he arrests.

Chris realises what's about to happen as the machine continues to flatline, at which point we CUT TO:

35 INT. SEWER SYSTEM - NIGHT

35

Splashing water as Naomi lands after jumping from a higher area, soon followed by Twist - who lands and immediately sighs loudly.

TWIST

And that's a perfectly good pair of Versace boots, ruined!

She pads on through a low-roofed, dingy, smelly and watery sewer passage adjoining underneath the casino.

We see Naomi is holding her laptop open as she walks, using the heat-seeking tech.

NAOMI

Serves you right for wearing something that nice to come down here. And anyway, I'm sure they were just knock-offs.

TWIST

Yeah, I saw your wardrobe and thought I'd try and be just like you!

Naomi stops and turns, shining her flashlight in Twist's face.

NAOMI

You know, I'm surprised so many people warm to you, Twist. I've known snowmen that thaw to people quicker.

TWIST

Not 'people,' toots. Just you.

NAOMI

Sad thing, jealousy.

TWIST

(scoffs)

Whatever.

(beat)

The only thing about you I'm jealous of right now is that you smell less like a rotting fish than I do.

(CONTINUED)

She sighs, smelling her clothing and gagging.

TWIST (cont'd)
Ugh! Are we there yet?

NAOMI
Almost. The most highly
concentrated section of magical
interference should be right...

She trails off, turning a corner, and approaching a section
of wall.

NAOMI (cont'd)
... here.

TWIST
(looks at the unremarkable
wall)
Here?

NAOMI
(nods)
Here.

Twist steps forward, examining the wall closer as Naomi
watches.

TWIST
(turns to her)
Then let's get this party started
with a bang.

As Naomi closes the laptop, Twist drops the bags she's been
carrying and they both unzip them - pulling out several
indiscriminate mechanical devices, as we CUT TO:

The old lag Laam is perched at a desk inside his spacious,
apartment-like dwelling - the lack of windows made up for by
the stacks of research tomes and scientific equipment, much
like his own private research lab.

Laam hears the sound of his steel door opening.

LAAM
(crisp British accent)
I thought I said no disturbances.

The door swings open, however, and Laam turns his head
quickly towards it - sensing something is amiss.

A beat, before Chris comes striding confidently inside,
tailed by Danyael behind him. Seeing this, Laam slowly begins
to stand.

DANYAEL

Sensing a disturbance in the Force,
Ben? Well, that'd be us.

Laam nods a little - appreciating his visitors as a curiosity
- as Chris steps forward toward him.

CHRIS

I suppose you're wondering how we
counteracted the protection barrier
spells around your cell.

LAAM

I'm a touch more intrigued at this
moment, sir... to know exactly who
you are.

CHRIS

I think you already know, Volder.

A beat. Slightly smirking, Laam studies the man before him.

LAAM

Christopher... Berkeley. Yes?
(off Chris' nod)
How curious. We all heard you were
dead. Lost in another dimension.

CHRIS

An exaggerated report.

Laam chuckles slightly, eyes wondering briefly to Danyael -
trying his best to look as effortlessly hard as his partner -
before back to Chris.

LAAM

You taking all the trouble to be
here, suggests you have issue with
me.

(beat)

Do tell.

CHRIS

Oh, I will. But first, you're
coming with us.

LAAM

(smiles)

I don't think so. This may be a
prison to those other proles out
there, but to me it's a kingdom.

(nods)

And every king, has his army.

He nods behind our guys, Danyael turning to see a burly CON and equally burly GUARD standing together - the strangest of unions - ready to protect their ruler.

Chris' eyes remain on Laam, however.

CHRIS

This isn't open for negotiation.

LAAM

(grins)

Somehow, I thought not.

And in a flash, Laam reaches out to his desk and opens a BOX - out of which flies a silky black MIST which instantly flies toward Chris, wrapping around his neck like a piece of rope, starting to choke him.

Danyael doesn't have time to help as the Con and Guard are both on him, and he's forced to defend.

He ducks a PUNCH from the Con, responding with a hard response into his ribs, as his right foot CRACKS the Guard in the chest.

While they battle, Laam stands with arm raised controlling the mist as it chokes Chris, he stumbling around the cell while trying to get purchase on the magic attacking him, knocking over books and equipment as he goes.

DANYAEL

(seeing Chris)

Chris!!

Angrily, he suffers a hard kick to the face from the Con, but responds with a SUCKERPUNCH that knocks him back - allowing Danyael to sidestep a PUNCH from the Guard, twist his arm and RAM his head into a table full of medical equipment, knocking him out.

As the Con rushes back in, Danyael grabs a shattered shard of test tube GLASS and throws it like a bullet toward him - the shard embedding hard in his chest, he falling dead instantly!

Danyael sees Chris now scrambling up against a wall, face red through choking as the mist continues to wrap, and angrily starts toward Laam.

Laam, however - hand still raised to control the mist - goes to open a second identical box, which Chris sees and tries warning Danyael about.

When suddenly: BOOOOM!!!

A huge explosion cascades concrete out of the rear cell wall, smoke billowing out as the effect knocks Laam to the floor and breaks his dark spell.

The mist vanishes and Chris is saved - coughing wildly as Danyael approaches, both soon hearing a voice through the smoke.

TWIST (O.C)

Can I get a 'Ka' and a 'Boom,'
anyone?

And as the smoke dissipates slightly, we see Twist and Naomi standing partially in the sewer behind the wall they've just blown out.

DANYAEL

Right on time!

NAOMI

C'mon, we gotta go!

Danyael is first out through the hole and as Chris regains himself from coughing, he approaches where a dazed Laam begins climbing towards his desk and reaches for his second magic box.

Approaching, Chris just spins him around and knocks him spark out with a single PUNCH.

He picks up the unconscious Laam, throws him over his shoulder, and exits via the smoking cell wall as a loud prison SIREN behind whirring, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

37 INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

37

And we're on Laam, and he sits slumped still unconsciousness on a chair - until suddenly WATER is thrown over his face, instantly jolting him into the living.

He looks up and sees Chris putting down the now empty glass, flanked by Danyael, Twist, Naomi and the rest of the team.

CHRIS

Skipping the usual pleasantries of small talk, Laam, I'm going to offer you a deal. A deal I suggest you take.

Laam, recovering as he adjusts to his surroundings, listens.

CHRIS (cont'd)

You know how to cast *Vasus Abada*, the ancient truth spell. We have a prisoner from whom we want to extract crucial information. Use the spell on this person...

(pauses)

... and I'll let you go free.

LAAM

(beat; thinks)

And who might this prisoner be?

CHRIS

The one protege who managed to eclipse even you.

LAAM

(amazed)

Charlotte? She's here?

CHRIS

Right on the other side of that door.

He nods toward the secured door, and Laam turns to observe it - his mind filled with possibilities.

LAAM

This is about Solomon, isn't it?

Laam turns back to Chris, who doesn't respond - but his face says it all. The rest of the team notice this.

(CONTINUED)

SYREN
 (to Julie)
 Who is Solomon?

JULIE
 I wish I knew.

Back with Chris, who stares at Laam with a dark look.

LAAM
 Even now, you still seek vengeance
 for his fate.
 (smiles)
 How quaint.

CHRIS
 (icy)
 Do we have a deal? Or not?

Laam pauses, considering his options.

LAAM
 Throw in Charlotte to keep, and we
 most certainly do.

TWIST
 (steps forward)
 Hold those horses, *baumgartner*,
 that ain't about to happen!

DIEGO
 (grabs her shoulder)
 Twist.

She reluctantly backs down behind Chris - who studies Laam as he smugly grins.

CHRIS
 (beat)
 Fine.

JULIE
 Chris, you can't seriously think
 about just handing-

DANYAEL
 (holds her back, quietly)
 Wait, Jules, don't you see? He's
 bluffing. It's his poker face.

Julie stops, trying to detect this herself, but she can't. Though she trusts Danyael, and he believes it, so backs down.

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

CHRIS
 (to Laam)
 She's in there. We need everything
 she knows on the Trinity.

Laam nods understanding and stands, approaching the door behind Chris, who stares at the mage whilst grabbing the handle ready to open.

As he turns the handle, we CUT TO:

38 EXT. FIELD - DUSK - FLASHBACK

38

The image from the opening moments of the Teaser. We see the red-haired girl from behind in the summer dress, who we now know to be Charlotte, looking out at the paradise sunset vista.

In our vision, a tall figure appears and we PAN AROUND to see that figure is of course, Chris.

He sees the woman before him, a look of true disappointment on his face, which begins to change to serenity as he walks across toward her - we staying on him this time.

Eventually, we see him slide his hands around her waist, which Charlotte holds with hers.

CHARLOTTE
 What took you so long?

CHRIS
 Just a loose end that needed tying
 up.

Charlotte turns her head up at him, and Chris proceeds to passionately KISS her.

The kiss is deep, and it lingers - the kind of intense kiss you give to someone you deeply love, or you're never going to see again.

Once the kiss finally ends, Chris just holds Charlotte once more and they take in the incredible view. Hold this for a moment.

CHRIS (cont'd)
 There's something I need to ask
 you...

CHARLOTTE
 What?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

(beat)

Why did Volder Laam... have you
poison Solomon?

The question seems to shock Charlotte - in what precise way, we're uncertain. She doesn't turn to him, however, and their embrace remains.

CHARLOTTE

I don't know what you-

CHRIS

(stern)

Don't.

(sighs)

Just don't... lie to me.

CHARLOTTE

(knowing she's cornered)

How did you find out?

CHRIS

Solomon told me...

(controlled anger)

... before I watched him die.

Charlotte looks away, appearing genuinely upset.

CHARLOTTE

It was a difficult decision, Chris,
you need to know that. I cared for
Solomon, he was a good man. Like
you.

CHRIS

Then why?

CHARLOTTE

Because Laam offered me everything
Solomon couldn't. All the power I
could ever imagine.

(beat)

All I had to do was kill Solomon,
his oldest enemy.

CHRIS

You were used. Just to do his dirty
work.

(shakes his head)

Laam will never give you what you
want.

CHARLOTTE

(nods)

Yes, he will.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
 And I can't let you stop that
 happening. I've come too far now. I
 need to see this through.

The betrayal is eating Chris up inside, and he says something
 as the tense moment holds with them both still in their calm
 embrace.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
 I hate that it's come to this. We
 were so good together.

CHRIS
 I know.
 (nods)
 That's why it could never last.

CHARLOTTE
 (nods)
 I guess that leaves only one thing
 left to do, doesn't it?

CHRIS
 I suppose so.

And off Charlotte reaching for a long KNIFE hilted in white
 stockings under her dress, and Chris' left hand slowly
 grabbing the hilt of the katana strapped to his back, a look
 of sadness and acceptance on his face, we CUT TO:

The large door is flung open by Chris as he turns the handle,
 allowing Laam to slowly enter where he finds Charlotte
 sitting calmly, still restrained.

LAAM
 (affectionate)
 Charlotte.

Charlotte slowly looks toward the door at hearing the voice,
 seeing Laam smiling quite creepily down at her - Chris
 standing behind watching.

CHARLOTTE
 Laam?

LAAM
 (nods)
 It's been far too long.

CHARLOTTE
 Not long enough.

LAAM

You don't mean that. You missed by teachings just as much as I missed your potential.

CHARLOTTE

I've outgrown you. I now belong to something far greater.

LAAM

Yes, the... Trinity.

Charlotte looks away as Laam steps closer toward her, all while Chris watches with a frown.

LAAM (cont'd)

I think it's time to see just what kind of power they have over you.

He stands before Charlotte - and before she can react, he reaches out and places a talon-like grip on her head, closing his eyes and beginning to whisper an ancient chant.

Realising what he's doing, Charlotte begins screaming and trying to get free - but Laam retains his grip.

CHARLOTTE

No! NO!!! Chris!!! CHRIS!!!

Chris continues watching, seeing Charlotte's discomfort as her entire body begins to glow a strange AURA as Laam continues his chant.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

Don't let him DO THIS!!!

Her pleas are ignored by Chris, who watches as the aura begins growing and Charlotte's cries start to die - she turning almost robotic, as if Laam has control of her mind.

Then... the glowing aura starts to grow darker in colour, heading towards black, and Chris frowns.

He instantly detects something is wrong, and Twist notices this as she stands behind near the door with the team.

TWIST

What is it?

CHRIS

This...

(shakes his head)

It's not the spell I told him to cast!

Angrily, Chris stalks over towards Laam, rips him away from Charlotte and breaks him out of his chant as he shoves him hard up the wall, grabbing him by his throat.

CHRIS (cont'd)
What have you DONE?!

Laam just laughs as Chris turns and sees the now silent Charlotte - framed by a disturbing black aura and darkness in the whites of her eyes, as if possessed, break free of the restraints on her hands with ease.

Looking imbued with a greater power, Charlotte stands - while Twist and the others hang back, not sure what to do.

LAAM
(to Charlotte)
I promised you great power. Now use it!
(beat)
Kill them all!!

Charlotte turns and quickly heads over towards Chris - who turns away from Laam, just as she grabs him by the chest and literally tosses him aside like a rag doll.

Chris SLAMS hard up against the nearest concrete wall, dazed by the hit.

Seeing it, Laam laughs proudly as she stares at Charlotte, who looks at him - before her hand reaches out, and grabs his throat much like Chris' did, only this is with far greater intensity.

Disturbed, Laam begins choking and Charlotte stares at him with wide eyes as her second hand joins the first in crushing his throat. The dark aura begins congealing around her hands as they choke.

The aura turns to fire which spreads onto Laam, who screams in agony as Charlotte burns into his flesh and in a BURST of fire and a wailing echo of agony, he incinerates quickly - a pile of ash simply left on the floor where he stood.

Everyone watches this in shock and after a silent beat, an exhausted and barely conscious Charlotte - now free of the aura - slumps back onto the chair she's previously been tied up on.

Beat.

TWIST
Okay. That was a 9.6 on the Freakometer.

While Naomi and Danyael observe the ash pile, Syren and Julie rush over towards Chris and begin helping him to his feet, as Diego removes a piece of rope and begins securing Charlotte's limp hands once again.

CHRIS
(as he stands)
I'm okay. I'm fine.

He approaches the front of Charlotte, where Twist is already standing and watching her. Charlotte looks up at Chris as he steps before her.

CHARLOTTE
(weak)
I'm ready... to talk to you now...

It's off a little surprise from Chris, that we CUT TO:

We're looking in on Chris, sat on a chair across from Charlotte opposite. Her arms are stretching round behind the chair, but her eyes are on him.

CHRIS
So, Charlotte. Here we are then.

CHARLOTTE
Yeah... looks that way.
(beat)
What do we do now?

CHRIS
(shakes his head)
I honestly don't know. Let's just keep talking and hope it figures itself out.

She nods, and manages a weak smile, which he returns.

Another beat. Chris sees Charlotte is still weakened from her ordeal, and the anger seems to be gone from her.

CHARLOTTE
I'm sorry, Chris.

CHRIS
For what?

CHARLOTTE
Everything.
(beat)
Solomon, Laam... for letting myself love you and believing it wasn't enough.

For the first time, Chris begins to see a glimpse of the woman he used to know.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
 And now I'm part of the Trinity. I have all that power I misguidedly thought I wanted, that I could control, at my fingertips.
 (nervous sigh)
 But the truth is, I'm afraid.

CHRIS
 Of the Trinity?

CHARLOTTE
 I'm afraid I'm out of my depth.
 (nods)
 Without me, the Trinity can't do what they're planning to do. But I... I don't think I can go through with it.

CHRIS
 (sits forward)
 You don't have to. You have a chance, Charlotte, here and now to do the right thing.
 (beat)
 What are the Trinity planning? What is it they want you to do?

Charlotte sighs, hesitating. Chris fixes her with a strong look.

CHARLOTTE
 (fearful; whispers)
 They'll kill me...

CHRIS
 They'll have to get through me first. I'll protect you.

A torn Charlotte looks away, Chris knowing he's on the verge of revelation here.

And as she goes to speak, the door BURSTS open. Diego enters.

DIEGO
Senor.

CHRIS
 What is it, Diego?

DIEGO
 They're here.

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

Chris frowns in concern, looks to Charlotte - who is beginning to look terrified.

He gives her a reassuring look and follows Diego out of the room.

41 INT. SAFE HOUSE - NEXT

41

Stepping out into the area beyond, Chris finds the others standing near the entrance, ready.

Julie reloads her GUN, Danyaël readies his fists while Naomi tries a copying stance, Syren stands back and begins building her energy.

And Diego joins them, drawing his sword, as we see Twist leading the group holding Duggan high. Chris steps next to her.

TWIST

Picked them up on that heat-sensor majiga. No massive army, just two of 'em on approach.

(grins)

Few enough to give Duggan a real good run-out!

Seeing his crew ready for battle, Chris slowly removes his katana and raises it.

The entrance doors then fly open - almost theatrically - and out of the darkness calmly step both Jacqueline and Isabelle, no forces behind them.

Our team tense up, weapons at the ready.

JACQUELINE

Wait! We've not come here for the inevitable rematch.

TWIST

Yeah, 'cos we're really gonna believe anything you two say!

ISABELLE

We've got you surrounded. Dozens of our best warriors. If you choose to fight, there's no escape.

NAOMI

(glances at laptop)
But what about-

JACQUELINE

They're cloaked. Invisible to everything and everyone.

(CONTINUED)

ISABELLE

That's how we roll.

DIEGO

Are you saying you don't want to fight?

A beat. Jacqueline and Isabelle share a slight look.

JACQUELINE

(nods)

That's right.

CHRIS

Then what are you doing here?

ISABELLE

We've come for Charlotte. Hand her over, and we'll allow you to leave. Unharmd and unopposed.

Beat. Our team don't know what to make of this, glance at each other.

CHRIS

(shakes his head)

Not going to happen. Your days of brainwashing her are done.

JACQUELINE

Do you really think she would ever join your motley little crew?

(laughs)

I never imagined you were stupid, Christopher.

TWIST

(raises Duggan)

That's it, your royal bitchness! Time to eat splinter!

CHRIS

(holds her back)

Wait! Twist, wait!

A beat. Twist looks at Chris, as he steps closer to Jacqueline.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(nods)

Okay.

NAOMI

What?!?

JULIE

He bluffing this time, Danny?

It's clear Danyael's answer would be a perfectly formed 'no'.

CHRIS

Syren, will you release Charlotte from her restraints? She's leaving us.

After a beat, Syren does as she's told and carefully heads back into the room.

TWIST

(to Chris)

You can't be serious, Chris! We give her up, all this has been for nothing!!

CHRIS

And if we don't, nothing may be all I have left!

(shakes his head)

I won't risk all your lives. Charlotte knows what she has to do.

CHARLOTTE (O.C)

(confident)

That's right, I do.

And we find Charlotte emerging from the interrogation room, holding her arm taugt around Syren's neck.

They all turn to see this, Chris especially disturbed and puzzled.

SYREN

(fearful)

Chris...

CHARLOTTE

You haven't changed, Chris. Still willing to believe you'd be enough for me.

CHRIS

Don't do this, Charlotte! You have a choice!

CHARLOTTE

Yes! I do! And I'll always make the same one.

(nods)

I'll choose power every time... over you.

Chris looks devastated at what he's seeing - while Jacqueline and Isabelle stand back, looking positively giddy.

CHRIS

Please... please, let her go.

The request stops Charlotte in her tracks, and she looks at Syren.

CHARLOTTE

(nods)

Okay... I'll let her go...

She pushes Syren away from her a little, before closing her eyes and raising her arm - beginning to create an invisible BARRIER that encapsulates Syren!

CHRIS

(rushes forward)

NO!!!

The barrier levitates Syren in the air, and begins crushing her. She begins to spasm in mid-air as she loses breath, Charlotte maintaining the power as she raises her arm - much like Laam used to do.

Chris tries to reach her, but the barrier blocks him. He, nor the team, can do anything but look up at Syren as she's tormented.

Eventually, like a mere toy, Charlotte drops her arm, the barrier dissipates and Syren drops to the floor like a stone. She's unconscious, and it doesn't look like she's breathing.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Syren!

Chris runs toward her, the team not far behind, as Charlotte steps over to Jacqueline and Isabelle - taking her place between them, the Trinity reunited.

Julie checks Syren's pulse, and sighs with relief.

CHARLOTTE

Now leave. All of you.

(beat)

And remember... if you value your lives... you'll stay out of our way!

The team all stand and look at the three women with hate, as Chris scoops up Syren and carries her in his arms.

He approaches where Charlotte and her sisters stand. He gives her a look of anger and sadness, before walking towards the exit door with dignity - and the team proceed to follow.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST
(incredulous)
We can't just walk away! We have to
fight!

CHRIS
(darkly)
Another day.
(beat)
She played me all along. I honestly
began to believe I could win her
over, make her join us. But she
betrayed me... a second time.

Twist can see the sheer rage and darkness in Chris' eyes.

CHRIS (cont'd)
There'll be another day, Twist.

Chris walks to the door, Syren in his arms, and pauses to
lock gazes with Charlotte. She returns an insolent smirk.

CHARLOTTE
Something to add?

CHRIS
You'll pay for this.

CHARLOTTE
Looking forward to it.
(waves)
Ta-ta.

Determined, Chris walks on, and it's off the sight of he
leading his team out of their safe house as the Trinity
watch, that we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW