

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

'Name of the Game'

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. OUTSIDE TOWER BLOCK - NIGHT 1

A CRASH of thunder! It lights up our view.

We PAN ACROSS a debris-covered road as a heavy shower of rain falls from the gloomy, stormy skies above.

TITLE OVER: NEW YORK CITY

Our vision approaches a body lying on the street, face down. A tall male figure, with SWORD discarded on the ground nearby.

As we close in, the figure suddenly rolls over onto his back with a gasp, and we realise who we're looking at:

CIEGUE SICARIO

Two piercing wounds are visible on his throat, and through the very centre of his chest. Blood covers him - but these wounds no longer bleed.

Ciegue gasps, through his blindness taking in his surroundings, sensing those responsible are now long gone. The rain cascades down upon him, erasing some of the blood.

His hand reaches up, and Ciegue gently touches his throat wound, as we hear:

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Ahora es tiempo. Estás listo para la verdad.

<It is time now. You are ready for the truth.>

FLASH CUT TO:

2 INT. STUDY - NIGHT 2

Ciegue, barely a teenager of around 13 years old, dressed smartly but standing quite rigidly - almost afraid.

He can see.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Eres y has sido siempre... diferente.

<You are and always have been... different.>

The voice is deep, but smooth like silk. A man's voice.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

It emanates from a Figure we see in oblique fashion, standing before Ciegue. Addressing him.

MALE VOICE (O.C.) (cont'd)
Eres más que cuáles eres.
 <You are more than what you are.>

FLASH CUT TO:

3 INT. WOODEN SHACK - NIGHT

3

An owl hoots as we PAN ACROSS a barren shack illuminated by a low lamplight on the table by the window.

We rest on the adult Ciegue, sitting in a chair by a small fire in the hearth. He's now stripped to the waist, his gaping chest wound even more evident.

CLOSE ON his face.

He sits silent, eyes closed, meditating. He whispers an Italian chant, almost too quietly to hear.

PAN DOWN to his throat wound, as we see the congealed blood beginning to repeal.

And we continue moving past it down to the chest wound. The blood has already gone, and the wound is miraculously repairing itself.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Perteneces a una gran herencia...
 <You belong to a great legacy...>

FLASH CUT TO:

4 INT. STUDY - NIGHT

4

The younger Ciegue, staring up at the shadowy Man standing before him.

Framed behind him is a quite beautiful and grande study, but we don't see it completely.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Una herencia que debes luchar para proteger.
 <A legacy you must fight to protect.>

Ciegue looks almost enraptured by the man's words, more so than frightened.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

MALE VOICE (O.C.) (cont'd)
Y lucharte.
 <And fight you will.>

FLASH CUT TO:

5 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

5

A fully recovered, adult Ciegue. He stalks through the night streets, like a graceful predator.

We glimpse his long SWORD edging out from the hilt on his back as he walks, with purpose.

Ciegue eventually comes to a halt, stopping dead.

He reaches into his right pocket and removes a pair of DARK GLASSES, which he raises up and places over his blind eyes.

We CLOSE ON Ciegue's face, the reflection of what appears to be a battle in his glasses, as we start to hear the sound of fighting in the near distance.

It's almost as if he's tuning into a frequency.

We see what he senses - a construction site, the climactic events of 'Trinity' - our heroes taking on the ladies of the Trinity.

Though he can't see, Ciegue continues to watch, a look of interest on his face.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Porque luchar... es vivir.
 <Because to fight... is to live.>

FLASH CUT TO:

6 INT. STUDY - NIGHT

6

Young Ciegue stares up at the shadowed Figure, still almost in reverence.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Para luchar... está dentro de tu sangre.
 <To fight... is within your blood.>

He says it like a statement of fact. Ciegue just remains rigid.

MALE VOICE (O.C.) (cont'd)
Ahora, preguntarme lo que?
 <Now, ask me what you will?>

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

A beat. Ciegue looks to his left, as if to someone next to him, then back at the Man.

YOUNG CIEGUE
Cuáles son nosotros?
 <What are we?>

The shadowed Man kneels before Ciegue, pauses for a moment, then:

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Eres mis hijos.
 <You are my sons.>

FLASH CUT TO:

7 EXT. DISUSED QUARRY - NIGHT

7

Those words echo as the adult Ciegue checks the hilt of his sword as he stands facing the old quarry in the middle of an abandoned industrial park.

He fixes his dark glasses, making sure they're on secure. And then he strides, confidently, right toward the door of the factory.

CUT TO:

8 INT. TRINITY BASE - NIGHT

8

FLAMES pour from the hands of CHARLOTTE, engulfing the warriors before her!

They SCREAM as they're consumed by the fires, bodies stumbling blindly into one another until within moments there's just a heap of smouldering FLESH where the warriors once stood.

NAOMI looks out at the survivors.

NAOMI
 Now... I hope this leaves you all
 in no doubt as to how seriously I
 take this crusade.

The warriors BANG their fists against their chests - an action of respect and honour. They're with her.

NAOMI (cont'd)
 So unless there are any final
 challenges, we can get on with -

SLAM! The doors at the far end of the base fly open, and Ciegue strides inside. Long dark hair and long jacket flowing.

(CONTINUED)

CIEGUE
 (Spanish accent)
I have a challenge.

The warriors all spring into action, forming a wall between their leaders and the new arrival, who strolls casually forward.

CIEGUE (cont'd)
 I challenge the Crown for leadership of the Trinity. A fight to the death. Right here, right now.

NAOMI
 And who the hell are you?

A broad grin escapes Ciegue's lips.

CIEGUE
 Someone who knows your organisation very, very well.

Ciegue's grin stays in place as he slowly starts to draw the sword from his hilt.

Naomi looks startled at the move, not a little afraid.

CIEGUE (cont'd)
 Defend yourself.

He draws the rest of the sword from it's hilt and edges closer toward Naomi.

She backs away, looks to both Charlotte and Isabelle, perched opposite sides of her.

NAOMI
 What is this? Who the hell is this guy?

ISABELLE
 Do as he says, Naomi.

NAOMI
 What? I -

ISABELLE
 Defend yourself!

And without hesitation, Isabelle grabs the sword of one of the warriors and throws it over toward Naomi.

It's caught by Naomi just in time for her to defend from a slice Ciegue launches at her with a trademark grin, sword clashing upon sword.

A beat. Ciegue chuckles a little as Naomi pushes him away.

She backs away quickly, defending as Ciegue thrusts at her with SLICES and CHARGES of his sword, unable to mount an attack of her own.

Naomi almost loses her footing, but ducks under a slice from Ciegue, moving behind him and getting off her own attack slice, but he dodges it.

Turning, Ciegue charges at her once again, a flurry of moves pounding down on Naomi, who - while a decent fighter - is no match for his ability.

She finally does trip, falling backwards onto the ground, allowing Ciegue to kick her sword out of her hand, stand over her and raise his blade.

As he plunges it toward Naomi for the killing blow:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

9

INT. TRINITY BASE - NIGHT

9

CLANG!

ISABELLE (O.S.)

Stop!

The sword is blocked by Isabelle's long personal blade, inches from cutting into the heavily breathing Naomi beneath them.

Metal clashes on metal as Ciegue and Isabelle lock eyes in almost as tense a combination.

CIEGUE

Remove your weapon.

ISABELLE

(firm)

I can't do that.

CIEGUE

Stand aside, girl. You can't challenge this!

ISABELLE

Actually, that's where you're wrong.

Ciegue looks sharply at her, a curious frown on his brow.

ISABELLE (cont'd)

I am the Sword, commander of the Trinity warrior forces. And by that code, I can face any challenge to our leader in their place.

It's a loophole Ciegue can't refute, and he glances between the firm Isabelle and floored Naomi - her breath caught as she waits for resolution.

A further beat as Ciegue thinks, then:

CIEGUE

Very well.

And in a flash, he flings up his SWORD and repels Isabelle's in the bargain, both spiralling away.

Naomi quickly, relieved, moves back across the floor and begins getting to her feet.

(CONTINUED)

NAOMI

Izzy?

Isabelle doesn't take her eyes off Ciegue.

ISABELLE

I've got this.

Ciegue stays upright, sword lowered, looking more like somebody choosing a sandwich than someone about to fight for his life.

CIEGUE

I've fought many of your kind,
little girl. And I've slaughtered
them all.

ISABELLE

'Slaughtered' is such an old school
kind of word. See, whenever I've
taken out some cocky wiseass like
yourself, I've used words like
'owned.'

Ciegue grins - and then LAUNCHES forward, sword up high and SLICING down towards Isabelle in an instant!

She raises her own in time to block his, ducking back and spiralling round to CHOP at his midriff.

Ciegue LEANS back at an almost-impossible angle to dodge it, then KICKS her in the chest with his raised foot.

Isabelle stumbles backwards, and Ciegue is on her in a heartbeat, their blades CLASHING and SPARKING as they dance around one another.

Naomi watches, not knowing whether she should step in or not, as the assembled Trinity warriors form a human barrier around the two combatants.

Ciegue HACKS to the left and then spins on one foot to chop at Isabelle's side, and she's too slow to avoid taking a CUT that makes her cry out.

Ciegue grins, stepping back to insolently FLICK her blood from his blade, but the incensed Isabelle just charges back at him with a YELL of rage.

Ciegue defends, forced back one step at a time as she rains down blows on him, seeming to be waiting for his chance to strike.

He sees an opening and LUNGES forward, but Isabelle is faster - she HOPS up into the air, avoiding his blade by a fraction.

(CONTINUED)

She touches down on his sword blade and KICKS OFF again, spiralling backward and planting both feet firmly under Ciegue's jaw as she spins.

He staggers backwards, and she TACKLES him to the ground, the two SKIDDING across the dusty floor and scattering several of the watching warriors.

Abandoning her sword, the furious Isabelle starts PUNCHING Ciegue, sending spatters of BLOOD left and right with each heavy blow that connects.

Ciegue gets his knees up to SHOVE her off, but in the few seconds it takes him to get woozily to his feet, Isabelle's sword is back in her hand.

She HACKS across his gut, and Ciegue stumbles back, one hand going to his belly as BLOOD oozes from between his fingers.

Isabelle raises her sword, panting with exertion, waiting to see if that hit was enough to drop him.

CIEGUE

(smiles)

I see... the Trinity... is in good hands...

And with that, Ciegue hits the deck. Isabelle raises her sword, ready to dispatch him, when:

NAOMI

STOP!

It's as if time freezes as Isabelle halts her attack, looking in surprise at Naomi.

Naomi steps forward, towards where Isabelle stands over Ciegue with her sword - which Naomi lowers in placing her hand on Isabelle's.

Isabelle looks at her incredulously, as if she's mad.

NAOMI (cont'd)

(to Ciegue)

What is your name?

CIEGUE

(after a beat)

Ciegue... Ciegue Sicario.

NAOMI

Sicario?

She moves away a little, pondering the name, as Isabelle, Charlotte and the warriors all wait for her next move.

Ciegue remains floored, but unafraid in the face of potential death.

NAOMI (cont'd)
 I'll have mercy and spare your
 life, Ciegue.
 (beat)
 As long as you do something for me.

Naomi steps close to where Ciegue lies once again, Isabelle wondering what she's going to say next.

NAOMI (cont'd)
 (leans into Ciegue)
 I want you to kill your brother.
 (beat)
 I want you to kill Diego.

As Ciegue looks up at her, surprise disguised by his sunglasses, we quickly...

FLASH CUT TO:

10 INT. STUDY - NIGHT

10

The moment where little Ciegue stands before the Man, his father, in the study.

He looks left - and this time our view PANS across, we seeing who he looks at standing next to him.

It's his brother, unmistakably, a barely teenage DIEGO.

FLASH CUT TO:

11 EXT. DESERTED RAILWAY STATION - DUSK

11

CLOSE on DIEGO, the weariness behind his eyes showing just how much the man before us has been through compared to the teenager we just saw.

He's standing on a platform outside a run down and disused old railway station. It's almost sunset.

PULL BACK to find him watching the rest of the team - CHRIS, TWIST and, to one side, SYREN - all in the middle of a heated discussion.

CHRIS
 It's out of the question.

TWIST
 Why?

CHRIS
 Because I said so, that's why.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

Is this just because it wasn't your idea?

CHRIS

Of course not!

TWIST

So what's the problem?

SYREN

Guys, maybe we should just -

CHRIS

Be quiet!

TWIST

Be quiet!

Beat. And then Chris and Twist go at it again. Syren almost has her hands over her ears, the anger on display clearly upsetting her.

DIEGO

(over Chris and Twist)
Syren is right.

They stop and turn to him.

DIEGO (cont'd)

We are getting nowhere by just arguing.

That gets Chris' hackles up. He stomps towards Diego.

CHRIS

And what would you have us do instead? More arguments over our next move, or perhaps you're finally going to tell us about your history with the Trinity?

TWIST

(darkly)
Leave him alone.

CHRIS

Twist, stay out of this.

TWIST

The hell I won't!

DIEGO

(calm)
Do not question my loyalty, Chris.

Chris and Diego lock eyes. Diego is impassive, but he's not going to back down no matter how angry Chris gets.

(CONTINUED)

DIEGO (cont'd)
 I understand your frustration, but
 I swore to you that I have told you
 all you need to know, and that oath
 still stands.

CHRIS
 This isn't about what I need to
 know. It's about what I want to
 know.

Another tense beat, broken by:

DANYAEL (O.S.)
 Hey, guys.

They turn as DANYAEL strolls up onto the platform, oblivious
 to the frost in the atmosphere - for a moment, anyway.

DANYAEL (cont'd)
 (frowns)
 Uh... what's going on?

CHRIS
 Nothing. What have you got for us?

DANYAEL
 (blinks)
 Well, my buddy Seth confirms the
 sighting that brought us here, so
 looks like the trail's still hot. I
 think the Trinity have got some
 kind of base here, and we're pretty
 close to finding it.

DIEGO
 Good. Then I will go.

He steps briskly past Chris. Chris starts to call him back,
 but a sharp look from Twist silences him.

As Diego passes, Syren follows the sound of his boots, then
 with a glance towards Chris turns and follows Diego.

Another beat as Danyael looks from the seething Chris to the
 stony-faced Twist and back.

DANYAEL
 So... what did I miss?

Twist SIGHS heavily as we CUT TO:

It's a little later, and Diego paces down the long, quiet
 street as Syren stays by his side.

DIEGO

You did not need to come with me.

SYREN

Yes, I did.

He quirks an eyebrow, a gesture she seems to pick up on.

SYREN (cont'd)

I know you could handle this alone,
I just needed to clear my head.
Chris is... he's just surrounded by
sadness right now. It's too thick
to even get close to him.

DIEGO

He is like most leaders of men.
Troubled. We have all suffered a
terrible loss, and I think Chris is
concealing just how much he is in
pain.

SYREN

Not to me.

Diego looks across, waiting for her to continue.

SYREN (cont'd)

When Chris gets like this, he...

She SHIVERS, rubbing her arms.

SYREN (cont'd)

He loses control. Like when he was
fighting Manon, thinking that we
were all dead. He doesn't care what
happens to him when his mind gets
into that state, and...

DIEGO

You fear for his safety.

She nods, looking away.

SYREN

I can't lose him. Not again. I
couldn't live without him.

DIEGO

It often feels that way when a
loved one dies.

Syren blushes at the 'l' word, but luckily for her Diego
doesn't notice.

DIEGO (cont'd)
 However, I find that the pain,
 however great, can always be
 overcome.

SYREN
 Would you feel that way if anything
 happened to Twist?

Diego is silent. Syren offers a smile.

SYREN (cont'd)
 Why don't you ever talk about her?
 How you feel about her? Or... or
 just anything about yourself?
 (no response)
 I mean, the others have plenty of
 questions about both of our pasts,
 but the difference is that you know
 the answers to yours.

DIEGO
 They wouldn't understand.

SYREN
 (rolls eyes)
 That's a very male excuse.

DIEGO
 They wouldn't be able to understand
 who I was... and who I am now. They
 would hurt... and they would hate.
 It is better that they do not know.

Syren bites her lip, unsure how far to push this.

SYREN
 This is about the Trinity, isn't
 it? Your involvement with them?

She lays a tender hand on his arm.

SYREN (cont'd)
 Diego, you know you can tell me
 anything. In confidence.

He lowers his head, then looks across at her. There's such
 trust in her features that he looks like he's about to spill,
 when:

A SCREAM rings out up ahead. Diego and Syren freeze - and
 then they're off, racing round a corner into:

13 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NEXT

13

Diego skids to a halt - a BURNING BUILDING lies up ahead, some rickety old apartment block, several sooty residents clustered outside.

The SCREAMS are coming from a woman up at a fifth-storey window, waving frantically for help.

SYREN

What is it? What's happening?

DIEGO

Trouble.

They head towards the growing crowd, BURNING TIMBERS falling from the building as they approach.

DIEGO (cont'd)

This could be the Trinity's work. They may be trying to lure us into an ambush.

SYREN

We have to help that woman!

DIEGO

And we will. Syren, call the others. I'll do what I can.

He starts to rush off, ignoring:

SYREN

Diego, wait! Diego!

But he's gone, shoving through the crowd and racing up the front steps, into the building.

GASPS and shouts from the amazed crowd follow him inside, and Syren looks suitably distressed as she fumbles for her cell phone.

VOICE (O.S.)

Need a hand with that?

Syren turns - and WHACK! She's PUNCHED right in the kisser, falling back as Isabelle scoops her up in her arms.

She glances around, but nobody's paying them any attention as she starts to drag the unconscious Syren away, and we CUT TO:

14 INT. BURNING BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NEXT

14

One hand over his mouth, Diego BARGES his way into a hallway filled with SMOKE and FLAMES.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

The staircase up ahead is littered with burning rubble, and Diego has to HOP from stair to stair to make his way safely to the top:

15 INT. BURNING BUILDING - THIRD FLOOR - NEXT

15

Already streaked with soot and COUGHING against the thick black smoke, Diego looks around for the next staircase, before he hears another CRY for help.

He looks round, trying to pinpoint the source, KICKING open the nearest doors as he searches.

16 INT. BURNING BUILDING - ROOM - NEXT

16

Diego bursts into another room, this time hearing a CRY from much closer. He looks across and sees a YOUNG MOTHER cradling her TODDLER, both huddled in the far corner.

DIEGO

Hold on! I'm coming to help you!

He starts forward but has to duck back sharply as there's a CRASH, and a large chunk of the floor FALLS AWAY!

The woman SCREAMS in fear, but Diego takes a step back and JUMPS across the gap, quickly scooping up both civilians on the other side.

DIEGO (cont'd)

Hang on tight!

YOUNG MOTHER

(disbelief)

What? You're not going to -

And he JUMPS right back across the gap! The mother WAILS, but quickly realises they're safe again.

DIEGO

Head back downstairs as fast as you can!

The mother nods, dragging her child away as Diego exits:

17 INT. BURNING BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NEXT

17

Struggling past the wreckage strewn across the next staircase, Diego has to jump up and grab the handrail, pulling himself up and over into:

18 INT. BURNING BUILDING - FIFTH FLOOR - NEXT

18

Finally on the fifth storey, he sees an open doorway and hears the CRIES of the woman inside.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

He rushes forward, the decaying floor beneath him CREAKING as he puts his weight on it and dives into:

19 INT. BURNING BUILDING - ROOM - NEXT

19

And there she is, over by the window, the WOMAN he originally came to rescue. She's wilting, about to pass out from smoke inhalation.

Diego VAULTS over the bed and catches her before she hits the floor, hoisting her up over one shoulder.

20 INT. BURNING BUILDING - FIFTH FLOOR - NEXT

20

He exits the room just as the staircase COLLAPSES, sending burning fragments into the air as the whole thing falls in on itself.

Eyes streaming from the heat, Diego looks round and spots a window leading to a FIRE ESCAPE, hurrying over to it.

He tries to pry the window open, but the frame BURNS his hands. Muttering a curse in Spanish, he KICKS at the frame to try and force it open.

21 INT. BURNING BUILDING - WITHIN THE WALLS - NEXT

21

Unknown to Diego, the FLAMES are now all around the GAS PIPES inside the walls, which looks about ready to pop any second!

22 INT. BURNING BUILDING - FIFTH FLOOR - NEXT

22

The window's still closed, despite Diego's best efforts. Stepping back, he grits his teeth and gets ready to deliver another almighty kick.

He raises his foot - and the wall EXPLODES behind him as the superheated pipes finally go nuclear!

23 EXT. BURNING BUILDING - FIRE ESCAPE - NEXT

23

Diego and the woman are BLASTED out through the window in a shower of glass, a huge FIREBALL chasing them out!

Diego manages to cover the woman's body with his own, the fireball sucking itself back inside just in time.

Quickly recovering, Diego hauls the woman back onto his shoulders and rattles down the fire escape as fast as he can.

24 EXT. BURNING BUILDING - STREET - NEXT

24

SLIDING down the ladder to finally hit the ground, Diego carefully lays the woman down before SLUMPING to the ground, his body heaving as he COUGHS violently.

(CONTINUED)

He stays in a huddle, sucking in deep gasps of clean air for a few moments. And that's when he hears:

SHINK! Somebody is dragging a SWORD along the ground towards him, metal grinding against tarmac.

Diego's eyes widen as he looks up, following the sword blade to its malevolently grinning owner - Ciegue.

Diego's jaw hangs - this can't be possible! Ciegue's grin widens, savouring Diego's shock.

Behind them, slumped across the bonnet of a car, lies Syren, just starting to come round.

CIEGUE
(mock salute)
Buenos noches.
(beat)
Brother.

Syren frowns - did she just hear that right?

DIEGO
(shakes head)
No... it can't be...

CIEGUE
Come now, *mis hermano*. You always
knew this day would come.

Ciegue raises his sword at last, levelling the point at Diego's throat.

CIEGUE (cont'd)
The day I would return from the
grave... to kill you.

Diego's expression hardens, resolve starting to flare behind his eyes, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

25

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

25

CRACK! Two wooden TRAINING SWORDS clash together. PULL BACK to take in two figures engaged in a mock duel. They're in the middle of an ornate villa garden in glorious sunshine.

TITLE OVER: VALENCIA, SPAIN

PULL BACK a little more, and the features of our two combatants are revealed - it's Diego and Ciegue, both in their late teens.

They're well dressed despite the fact that they're sparring, and the lush, overflowing plants and flowers draped across the garden hint at some serious money in this estate.

With sweat dripping from their brows as they dance back and forth, the two boys are perfectly matched. For every one of Diego's strikes, Ciegue is ready with a block, and each chop or slice Ciegue throws is pushed back by Diego.

CIEGUE

(subtitled Spanish)

<You seem to be growing tired, brother.>

DIEGO

(subtitled Spanish)

<I was about to say the same of you!>

More sparring. Ciegue rushes forward, a series of driving, sweeping attacks that have Diego hopping back to stay on his feet.

DIEGO (cont'd)

<You're not even trying today.>

CIEGUE

<What makes you so sure?>

A beat - and then Ciegue launches into another flurry of blows, putting Diego off-balance and stumbling back.

Ciegue goes for a STAB to his brother's chest, but Diego manages to WEAVE around it, knocking Ciegue's sword up and out of his hand - and straight into his own!

Diego grins as he circles Ciegue - and then tosses the sword back to him. Ciegue catches it, rolling his eyes as the two begin circling once again.

(CONTINUED)

CIEGUE (cont'd)
 <Why do you never press your
 advantage?>

DIEGO
 <Because there is no sport in
 beating an unarmed man.>
 (beat; smirks)
 <Even if it is you.>

They start their attacks again, but things have eased off - they're fighting on auto-pilot now, a lazy sequence of thrusts and parries that are straight out of a textbook.

DIEGO (cont'd)
 <Have you thought about my pact?>

CIEGUE
 <A little. It's a morbid thing to
 consider. Even for you.>

DIEGO
 <I want it to mean something,
 Ciegue.>

CIEGUE
 <Wanting me to promise that if you
 die, it will be by my hand and no-
 one else's?>
 (beat)
 <That's a lot to ask of anyone.>

DIEGO
 <Which is why I ask it of you.>

They stop, swords lowered. Diego raises his sword to his face, and Ciegue does the same. Slowly, reverently, they lower them until the blades are touching.

DIEGO (cont'd)
 <Swear it.>

CIEGUE
 <Will you do the same?>

Diego nods. Ciegue pauses, SIGHS, and then nods.

CIEGUE (cont'd)
 <I swear.>

Diego SMILES, forcing a MATCH CUT TO:

Diego slowly rises to his feet, staring his brother down across the smoky alleyway.

CIEGUE

Do you remember the promise we once made each other?

DIEGO

I remember.

CIEGUE

Then you know I will not let you fight without your weapon.

Ciegue obligingly steps back, allowing Diego to draw his sword from the scabbard across his back.

Diego's eyes flick over to Syren, who STIRS. She's still woozy but she's fully conscious now.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

Your little *chica* is fine. It's you I wanted, not her.

Lowering his sword to the floor and starting to circle Diego, Ciegue lets the blade SCRAPE across the asphalt.

DIEGO

You're dead.

CIEGUE

(shrugs)

An exaggeration. Your *amigos* did a good job, however.

Ciegue makes a show of rubbing his neck. There's no scar.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

Your *novia* Twist started the job, then left it to that old fool Sanctus to finish.

(grins)

How is he, by the way?

DIEGO

(shakes head)

Do not even speak his name.

CIEGUE

(teasing)

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus.

Diego fumes, which just makes Ciegue laugh even more.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

I'm almost disappointed at how easy it was to lure you out.

(MORE)

CIEGUE (cont'd)

A simple fire, a few innocent bystanders in peril, and like the good little boy scout you are, you went racing in to save the day. Just like you always did.

DIEGO

Why here? Now? Who's paying you to do this?

CIEGUE

What, you don't think I'd want you dead in my own time?

DIEGO

You don't even wake up unless there's money involved. Who is it?
(narrows eyes)
The Trinity?

CIEGUE

I'm protecting the legacy you abandoned.

DIEGO

(scoffs)
The 'legacy'? The same one you turned your back on in the pursuit of easy money?

That stops Ciegue in his tracks. All the joking is gone.

CIEGUE

Prepare to die, brother. By my hand, just as you made me swear all those years ago.

Diego raises his own sword. Shock has turned into resolve.

DIEGO

I was about to say the same to you.

They hold for a long moment. WIND blows across the scene, but neither one moves.

And then it's on.

Ciegue is first in, his sword blade lancing left and right, but Diego is ready for him. Their blades CLASH together and light up the alley with SPARKS.

Pushing Ciegue back, Diego follows up with some moves of his own, ducking and weaving under Ciegue's sweeping strikes to SLICE down, narrowly missing Ciegue's outstretched arm.

Ciegue plants a BOOT into Diego's chest, getting the room to JUMP UP and CHOP down, forcing Diego to ROLL forward.

(CONTINUED)

Leaping to their feet, the duo don't pause to quip before they race together again, swords CRASHING together as they match their strength. They're out for blood.

Teeth gritted, Diego pushes with all his might, but it's a stalemate - Ciegue is just as strong.

Diego deftly DUCKS to the side, using Ciegue's momentum to TRIP him, but as Diego leaps into the air and SPEARS his sword blade down, Ciegue is one move ahead and SLASHES his blade down Diego's arm.

Diego hits the ground awkwardly and has to scramble to his feet, giving Ciegue chance to grin.

CIEGUE

You're getting slow. And predictable.

DIEGO

And you're getting more melodramatic.

CIEGUE

I'd prefer to call myself 'theatrical.'

He raises his sword again - come and get me. Diego narrows his eyes and LEAPS forward again.

Ciegue rushes forward, his sword dragging along the ground in a shower of SPARKS before it flicks up, deflecting Diego's blade in mid-air.

Diego tries to spin round and catch Ciegue as he races past, but he SLIPS as he lands.

Ciegue uses the extra second to head for Syren, who is just groggily getting up off the car bonnet.

DIEGO

(eyes wide)
Syren!

She looks up, hearing Ciegue's footsteps rushing towards her, but she's got no time to move as he bears down on her...

POW! Diego TACKLES Ciegue out of his run, their swords flying across the street as they begin to BRAWL.

It's vicious stuff, BLOOD spattering with each punch as they batter seven shades of heck out of each other.

CIEGUE

You fight hard to protect someone who you say isn't your lover!

(CONTINUED)

DIEGO

That's because I'm better than you!

CIEGUE

At what? Getting beaten?

SMACK! Ciegue makes his point with a powerful right cross that knocks stars into Diego's head.

Ciegue SHOVES his stunned brother to the floor and gets back up, reclaiming his sword as he approaches Syren again.

She backs up, her senses still too fuzzy to let her focus on the advancing Ciegue.

SYREN

Diego? Where are you?

CIEGUE

He can't hear you now, *chica*. And soon...

(raises sword)

... you won't hear anything at all.

DIEGO (O.S.)

No!!

Diego DIVES into frame and pushes Syren out of the way - just as Ciegue SLICES down towards her!

His sword RAKES across Diego's chest, and he GRUNTS as a spray of BLOOD bursts across the floor.

Syren feels rather than hears the blow, but she knows it's Diego who's gone down.

SYREN

(horrified)

Diego!

She rushes to his side, trying to pull him back to safety as Diego COUGHS weakly, his shirt wet with blood.

Ciegue stands back, calmly sheathing his sword as he looks down on his stricken brother.

CIEGUE

(subtitled Spanish)

<We both know you'll heal, brother.
It's part of our legacy.>

Diego is in too much pain to respond, but it's clear he doesn't share Ciegue's sentiment.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

<There's an old quarry a few miles south of here. Meet me there when you've recovered, and you can finally complete your precious pact to die by my hand and my hand alone.>

And with that, Ciegue turns and strides away, disappearing into the smoke wafting across from the still-blazing building.

Diego can't move to stop him, grimacing against the searing pain in his chest as we CUT TO:

INT. DESERTED RAILWAY STATION - NIGHT

Back within the waiting area of the train station, as Twist patches up the pale Diego's wounds, peeling away his blood-soaked shirt.

Syren dozes on a bench in the background, with Danyael gently stroking her hair. Chris, meanwhile, is busy yelling at Diego.

CHRIS

What were you thinking?!?

DIEGO

(weakly)

I was... just doing... what we came here for...

CHRIS

Leading yourself and Syren into an ambush?

DIEGO

I'm sorry... I didn't protect her...

TWIST

Ssh. That's not what this is about.
(to Chris; pointed)
Is it?

CHRIS

You could have both been killed!

TWIST

For the love of Britney! Wouldya go easy on him? He almost got cut in half saving Syren from that maniac!

Chris looks away. He's clearly pissed at how this turned out, but knows Twist is right.

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL

And anyway, it's not like we had any more luck checking out our leads, is it?

CHRIS

We can't afford to be reckless with ourselves. Not now. Not with this much at stake.

DIEGO

I... know that...

CHRIS

We know what happens if the Trinity win. All this... all of this, this city, this world... gone. All gone.

TWIST

Yeah, thanks for the pep talk, chief. Maybe once Diego here's finished bleeding to death, we can try putting all that to music?

Chris rubs his eyes - this isn't going well.

CHRIS

Alright. Tell us more about this... person who attacked you.

DIEGO

Not much... to tell. One of the Trinity's warriors. Nobody important.

DANYAEL

So how come he did such a number on you?

(off looks)

You know, if you don't mind me asking.

DIEGO

He caught me... by surprise. Went for Syren... while I was distracted.

CHRIS

And she almost paid the price for it.

TWIST

Hey!

Frustrated, Chris turns and marches outside, needing some air. Scowling, twist turns her attention back to Diego as she tenderly pads his heavily-bandaged chest.

DIEGO

Twist...

He reaches up and takes her hand.

DIEGO (cont'd)

Thank you.

TWIST

No problem. You're better with a little colour in your cheeks.

She smiles, letting Diego close his eyes to rest.

TWIST (cont'd)

You're sure you can't tell us anything else about they guy who jumped you? Something to help us track them down?

She waits - but he's dozed off. Twist looks across to Danyael, who shrugs - Syren's out cold as well. Twist looks back down on Diego, and as we PUSH IN on his sleeping face, we FLASH CUT TO:

Back at the same mansion where Diego and Ciegue were battling, focusing on a WINDOW looking in on a lavish dining room filled with people.

A drainpipe running past the window CREAKS and RATTLES as somebody climbs into view from below - it's Diego, a little younger than last time.

He perches himself alongside the window and peers in for a better look, keeping out of sight.

A tall, dashing man with a hint of family resemblance raises a glass in a toast that's shared by the rest of the room.

Diego starts as he hears a noise - and the Young Ciegue clambers up into frame on the other side of the window.

DIEGO

(hisses)

<What are you doing here?>

CIEGUE

<What are you doing here?>

DIEGO

<I was here first!>

CIEGUE

<And neither of us are meant to be up here, so that means you have to answer the question!>

DIEGO

(beat)

<Shut up!>

They both peer back into the room, listening to the tall man address the room.

CIEGUE

(strains to hear)

<What's Papa saying?>

Diego shoots him a look, then tries to catch the conversation through the thick glass.

TALL MAN

(muffled; through glass)

<To their leaders, the sacred three... the crown, the sword and the shield.>

His words are repeated by the other guests as Diego sees three figures rising from their seats, as though accepting the toast. Two men and one woman, all dressed in reds and blacks.

The logo of the TRINITY is worked into their clothes in some way - a design on a shirt pocket, a pattern on a skirt.

Diego is concentrating as Ciegue struggles to get a better look - and he SLIPS!

He lets out a YELP as he almost falls, forcing Diego to lunge forward and GRAB him.

Ciegue's legs kick out into thin air as he boggles down at the drop to the courtyard below, before Diego manages to HAUL him back to safety.

The boys pant with exertion at the near miss, but as Ciegue turns back to the window he GULPS at what he sees. He reaches across to tap Diego on the shoulder.

The window is filled with people, staring incredulously at the two boys.

DIEGO

(beat)

<Climb down!>

(CONTINUED)

The boys make it about two feet back down the pipes until the window above their heads flies open, and the tall man leans out to see them.

TALL MAN

<Stop!>

They look up, Ciegue almost cowering with fear as the man's stern gaze sweeps across them. This is FULVIO SICARIO, their father, and he looks pissed.

Focus on Diego, trying to hold his father's gaze as Ciegue's trembling form RATTLES the pipe he's holding, and we CUT TO:

Chris is out on the platform, pacing, as Twist exits the waiting room to join him.

TWIST

(off his pacing)

Busy making a groove for yourself?

CHRIS

I'm thinking.

TWIST

You're sulking.

CHRIS

I imagine if I was sulking, I'd be pouting a lot more.

TWIST

Yeah, well... you're mean.

CHRIS

Diego needs to start giving us some answers. Whatever he isn't telling us could hold the key to stopping all of this.

TWIST

And he's obviously got a good reason to not tell us.

CHRIS

Stop protecting him.

TWIST

Why would he keep something back if it could help us? That's not who he is, and you know that.

CHRIS

We all have things we'd rather forget, Twist, but there's this little concept called 'the greater good' that we have to consider.

TWIST

I get it, alright? You don't want to lose anyone else. Well, newsflash, baumgartner - neither do we!

Chris starts to respond when Danyael leans out of the waiting room.

DANYAEL

Uh, guys? Where's Diego?

CHRIS

(frowns)

He's in there with you. Isn't he?

DANYAEL

(shakes head)

He said he was stepping out for some air... he didn't come past this way?

TWIST

(groans)

Oh, man...

DANYAEL

Maybe Syren saw him.

He ducks back into:

Danyael heads for Syren, but Chris gets there first, a hand on Danyael's arm to stop him.

Danyael hangs back as Chris sits down beside Syren, carefully touching her face as he wakes her.

Twist raises an eyebrow at this little moment as Syren comes round, her hand finding Chris' still against her cheek.

CHRIS

Syren? Diego's gone. We were hoping you heard something.

SYREN

No... I'm sorry.

Chris pulls a face, but Syren isn't done:

SYREN (cont'd)
 But I think I know where he's
 going.

The others gather back round.

SYREN (cont'd)
 The man he was fighting, I heard
 him say something in Spanish. I
 only know a little, but I heard the
 words for 'miles' and 'south.'

DANYAEL
 Setting up a meeting, maybe?

CHRIS
 (thoughtful)
 Spanish?

TWIST
 What is it with these warrior types
 and their secret rendezvous?

CHRIS
 What else? Did you get a name?

SYREN
 He said... Ciegue. It was Ciegue.

Chris looks back round to Twist and Danyael. Uh oh.

SYREN (cont'd)
 There's something else. I heard him
 call Diego...
 (beat)
 I heard him call Diego 'brother.'

Twist looks stunned, and off this revelation we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

31 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 31

Diego, still not fully healed and wearing his blood-caked shirt, walks down a dark street like a man on a mission.

PRE-OVERLAP:

FULVIO (O.S.)

<I am very disappointed in you both.>

32 INT. SICARIO VILLA - STUDY - NIGHT 32

Diego and Ciegue stand by a roaring fire as Fulvio paces inside his cosy private study. The boys have their heads lowered like naughty schoolchildren.

FULVIO

<I gave you both explicit instructions not to disturb my meeting.>

DIEGO

<Father, I - >

FULVIO

<Silence!>

Diego drops his head, scolded. Fulvio glares at them both, then SIGHS, softening a touch.

FULVIO (cont'd)

<And yet... I always knew one day your unstoppable curiosity would be my undoing.>

The boys exchange a quick, puzzled glance. Fulvio strides over to his desk, picking out a thick, leather-bound book from the shelves next to his chair.

FULVIO (cont'd)

<I wanted to conceal the truth about our family until I was sure you were both mature enough to be responsible for it... but your actions tonight have forced my hand.>

He walks back over, leafing through the heavy tome.

(CONTINUED)

CIEGUE

(cautious)

<Papa... those people tonight, who were they?>

DIEGO

(sharp)

<Ciegue! Be quiet!>

FULVIO

(raises a hand)

<It's alright, Diego.>

(beat)

<Our family... for many generations now, our family have been loyal servants and warriors to a group known only as the Trinity.>

He turns the book round and shows the boys an illustration - it's a stylised version of the Trinity's logo.

FULVIO (cont'd)

<Since the dawn of civilisation, they have sought to bring order to the world. Sometimes through war and chaos, sometimes through peace and justice.>

The boys look a little lost, but their father continues:

FULVIO (cont'd)

<You are and always have been... different. You are more than what you are. You belong to a great legacy, a legacy you must fight to protect. And fight you will. Because to fight... is to live. To fight... is within your blood.>

(beat)

<Now, ask me what you will?>

A beat as the boys swap glances - what to ask first?

CIEGUE

<What are we?>

FULVIO

(smiles)

<You are my sons. And you are so much more than mere human flesh and blood.>

DIEGO

<I... I don't understand.>

Fulvio nods, flicking through the book again to show the boys another set of pages.

This time, it shows a monstrous, DEMONIC creature opening the veins in its arms, and a human alongside it doing the same, their blood mixing together in a pool below them.

FULVIO

<The blood of the demon runs in our veins, beats in our hearts and pounds in our ears.>

CIEGUE

(eyes wide)

<D... demon?>

Fulvio lays a hand on his shoulder.

FULVIO

<Do not be afraid, son. Our humanity is what makes us loyal and trusted by the Trinity.>

He closes the book, walking back to his desk.

FULVIO (cont'd)

<One day... one day, you shall have the chance to earn a place of leadership within the Trinity's ranks, as I once did.>

DIEGO

<To lead... to lead the Trinity?>

Fulvio's smile fades for just a moment, as the weight of this truth bears heavy on his shoulders.

When he turns back, the smile has returned as he opens his arms, inviting his sons forward.

FULVIO

<Come.>

Slowly, the boys walk towards him, letting him embrace them both warmly.

FULVIO (cont'd)

<There is much for which we must prepare.>

The boys look suitably overwhelmed as we return to:

Diego walks on, troubled by these memories but fixed on his path to the confrontation ahead.

34

INT. DESERTED RAILWAY STATION - NIGHT

34

Back at base camp, and Danyael is on the phone, scribbling in a notepad as he speaks:

DANYAEL
 (into phone)
 Yeah... yeah... got it. And you're
 sure? Fantastic. Thanks, Kath.

He hangs up, scanning down his notes.

CHRIS
 Well?

DANYAEL
 Kathryn lived in Spain for about
 twenty years. If she can't
 translate this, nobody can.

He hands the notebook to Chris, as Twist peers over his shoulder.

CHRIS
 You're sure about what you heard?

SYREN
 As sure as I can be.

CHRIS
 Then Diego's gone to settle this.

TWIST (O.S.)
 Finishing what we started.

Chris turns - Twist is suiting up, slipping her baseball bat into her bag.

CHRIS
 What are you doing?

TWIST
 Oh, I figured I'd go knock a few
 cans into the river.
 (off their looks)
 I'm going to help Diego.

CHRIS
 No, we're going to help Diego.

TWIST
 Uh, no offence, but I can track him
 quicker alone.

CHRIS
 Since when?

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

Since you taught me how.

Beat. She's got a point.

TWIST (cont'd)

Look, if old Spanish No-Eyes is really working with the Trinity, then Diego needs all the help he can get.

DANYAEL

Which is kind of why we should all go.

TWIST

(huffs)

Am I speaking in Flemish here? Let me go do this!

(beat)

Don't let me have to wait while someone I care about gets hurt - or worse.

Danyael looks to Chris, who folds his arms.

CHRIS

Go.

Twist nods, then quickly scoots for the door, where Syren stops her.

SYREN

Twist, there's something you need to know.

TWIST

Believe me, it can wait.

SYREN

Diego, he... he cares for you. More than he's ever been able to tell you.

Twist hesitates, lowering her head.

SYREN (cont'd)

Whatever he's about to do, he's doing it for you. Please try to understand whatever he's going through.

TWIST

That's... touching.

(beat)

In a cheesy kind of way.

And she's off. Danyaël scratches his head.

DANYAEL

O-kay...

CHRIS

Don't worry, we're going to follow her. She'll just fight better if she doesn't think she has any backup.

DANYAEL

Oh. That's... actually pretty smart.

Chris reaches for his coat as we CUT TO:

Diego walks up to the lip of the quarry, gazing across the dips and valleys of the desert of gravel before him.

DIEGO

(to himself)

Alright, Ciegue... here I am.

He waits, senses on edge as he listens for any sound. A light RAINFALL patters across the quarry.

The CRUNCH of boots on gravel behind him rings out like a gunshot across the silent quarry.

His hand tightens on the hilt of his sword, his body tensing as he prepares to pounce.

The footsteps draw closer... and in one smooth motion he draws his sword and SLICES round!

TWIST

Woah!

She just gets her bat up in time to BLOCK his sword, the blade missing her neck by a fraction!

TWIST (cont'd)

Son of a - what the frack are you doing?!?

She SHOVES him petulantly. Diego blinks, surprised.

DIEGO

I... I didn't know you were -

TWIST

Coming to help?

Diego lowers his sword, frowning. Not happy.

DIEGO
You shouldn't be here.

TWIST
Like hell I shouldn't!
(off his look)
Syren heard you and your bro'
talking, and we got a friend of
Spook's to translate for us. We
know what's going on.

Diego abruptly turns and starts to walk away. Twist blinks,
then jogs to catch him up.

TWIST (cont'd)
Hey! Hold up!

DIEGO
I don't need help from anyone. Not
this time.

TWIST
Oh, what, you're gonna be the big
bad loner because you're about to
fight Blind goddamn Fury out there?
Well guess what! I fought him too!

Diego turns, and Twist plants her hands on her hips.

TWIST (cont'd)
Betcha forgot about that, did you?
So that makes me uniquely qualified
to a) give a crap and b) help you
beat this schmuck.

Diego SIGHS, knowing he won't win this argument easily.

TWIST (cont'd)
So why keep quiet about Ciegue
being your brother? I mean, I can
think of a few reasons, but
still...

DIEGO
It was no-one's concern by my own.

TWIST
So does that make me 'no-one'?

DIEGO
You may as well be.

TWIST

(raises eyebrow)
And what in the name of almighty
heck is that supposed to mean?

DIEGO

It means I know you don't...
(stops himself)
It is the kind of secret I would
only trust to somebody I knew I...
(sighs; tries again)
I know that deep down, the place in
your heart where I want to be is
still empty.

Twist is struck by the poetry of his confession.

DIEGO (cont'd)

I know you'll never truly love me,
even if you want to. Even after
what you told me at the monastery
the night Julie died.

TWIST

(stuck)
I wasn't - that wasn't - we never
said - hey! Don't make this all
about me!

She PRODS him in the chest, getting angrier by the moment.

TWIST (cont'd)

How dare you act like you know how
I feel! You don't know what I've
been through! You don't understand
why I do things the way I do!

DIEGO

And I never will.

His calm response cuts her dead.

DIEGO (cont'd)

I'm second best, Twist, and I
always will be. And even if... even
if you admit how you feel about
him, when it comes to you and me,
I'll always be alone.

TWIST

(beat)
Admit how I feel about who?

Diego throws her a look, but before she can respond, they
hear someone CLAPPING - slow, mocking.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

Diego slowly turns round as Ciegue approaches them, wiping a pretend tear from his eye. Diego narrows his eyes - this means war. CUT TO:

36 INT. TEMPLE - DAY

36

We're thrown straight into the middle of an almighty BATTLE, as the black-clad Diego and Ciegue cut their way through a cluster of TRIBAL WARRIORS.

They're the same age as in their sparring flashback, but their clothes now bear the blood-red mark of the Trinity.

Their opponents are only half-clothed, their bare skin thick with tattoos, spears and jagged swords in their hands as they stream towards the two assassins.

Diego ducks under one warrior, FLIPPING him onto his back as he cuts a wide swing to hold off two more.

Ciegue, meanwhile, FLIPS through the air to avoid a spear thrown at him, landing on the shoulders of one warrior.

A STAB down into the man's neck takes him out, and Ciegue pushes off him to DROP KICK two more foes, the grin on his face showing how much he's relishing this.

Diego, however, is fighting more defensively, disarming two opponents by TWISTING their swords out of their hands, striking to stun, not to kill.

CIEGUE

<Diego! Look out!>

Diego turns to see a SPEAR bearing down on him - but Ciegue SLICES it in two, the halves of the spear dropping harmlessly from the air.

Diego tries to shout his thanks, but sees his brother is busy cutting down the spear's previous owner, an ugly SPRAY of blood staining the temple wall.

The duo are close to finishing the last of the warriors, with Diego closing in and using some well-placed CHOPS and STRIKES to send his opponents down.

Ciegue has the bloodlust firmly in his gut, charging forward with a YELL and nearly hacking the last warrior clean in two!

Diego grimaces as the warrior's almost-severed body flops wetly to the ground, then he looks up at Ciegue.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

(panting with exertion)

<See? Nothing but savages. No match for us.>

(CONTINUED)

Diego frowns as he crouches, respectfully closing the glazed eyes of the fallen tribesmen nearby.

DIEGO

<They were warriors, just the same as us, no matter who they fought for. They deserved to die with honour.>

CIEGUE

<They deserved to die squealing like animals after what they did to our brothers!>

DIEGO

(stands)

<You are my only brother. Our comrades in the Trinity are just that - comrades.>

Ciegue rolls his eyes, approaching an alcove set into the wall as Diego sheathes his sword.

Within the alcove is a GOLDEN IDOL, the treasure that the tribesmen were fighting to protect. Ciegue carefully lifts it out and admires it.

CIEGUE

<This is why we let ourselves kill these primitives, brother. The spoils of our labour.>

He turns to Diego, who doesn't look impressed.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

<Think of the power we can achieve!>

DIEGO

<I would rather say a prayer for the souls of the men we butchered to come this far.>

CIEGUE

<Mercy is a gift for the worthy, and a privilege denied all others.>

(off tribesmen)

<These men threatened our legacy, and for that they paid with their lives.>

Ciegue waits for Diego to join him in his speech, but with a last disdainful look Diego turns away. Ciegue's look blackens as he stares at Diego's retreating back, and we CUT TO:

37 EXT. DISUSED QUARRY - NIGHT

37

Ciegue stands before Twist and Diego, ever-present grin firmly in place as he cocks his head to one side. The rain is falling more heavily now, with a CRACK of thunder.

CIEGUE

Is that you, Twist?

TWIST

None other.

CIEGUE

It's been too long.

TWIST

It's been exactly one second too damn short as far as I'm concerned.

(smirks)

And anyway, didn't I kill you once already?

CIEGUE

It would take far more than the efforts of you and our dear Sanctus to finish me off.

(to Diego)

Wouldn't it, brother?

Twist raises an eyebrow and glances at Diego, who just stares coldly back at Ciegue. Twist picks up that something's being left unsaid here, but she has no idea what.

A beat, before Ciegue suddenly takes one step forward. Diego's hand streaks to his sword, but Ciegue just LAUGHS.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

No, no, Diego. Not yet.

(beat)

How about a little wager?

DIEGO

I don't bet. I never have.

CIEGUE

This time, I think you should give it a try.

TWIST

Give us your best shot.

DIEGO

(hisses)

Twist!

Ciegue grins, holding his hands out to his sides.

(CONTINUED)

CIEGUE

If you can best me in a straight fight, then I'll let you both go.

DIEGO

And if I lose?

CIEGUE

Then you die.

(levels sword at Twist)

And so does she.

TWIST

Blah blah, woof woof. I've eaten pasta that had more spine than you, old McShadey, so how's about -

One look from Diego shuts her up - Ciegue could easily carry out his threat, and Diego knows it.

TWIST (cont'd)

Alright, suit your damn selves.

Twist starts to take Duggan from her bag, but is stopped by:

CIEGUE

No. Just Diego.

TWIST

Say what? You can't -

DIEGO

(snaps)

Twist, stand aside!

Twist blinks, surprised at Diego's outburst, but as he advances on Ciegue she sees that he means it.

Ciegue SCRAPES his sword back along the ground as he strides forward to meet his brother once more.

DIEGO

This ends. Tonight.

CIEGUE

One way or another... yes. It will.

Twist watches helplessly as the two assassins prepare to finish this once and for all, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

38

INT. CHURCH - DAY

38

Inside the main hall of a plain Spanish church as the doors are thrown open, the teenage Diego leaning against them with his head bowed.

As rays of evening sunlight stretch across the hall, following him on his trek down the aisle, PULL BACK to see the only other soul present, an OLD WOMAN sitting on a pew.

Diego stops before a hanging Christ on the cross mural near the stained glass window, a kaleidoscope of dazzling colour falling across him.

He glances round and perches on the edge of the closest pew, dropping his head as he clasps his hands together and begins to pray.

DIEGO

(soft)

<Our Father, who art in Heaven,
hallowed be they name...>

He trails off, as though too ashamed to even finish the Lord's Prayer. He looks back up to the effigy before him.

DIEGO (cont'd)

<Forgive me, father. I can no longer call myself a man with the burden of such guilt upon my shoulders.>

He pauses, as if waiting for an answer.

DIEGO (cont'd)

<The blood of many lives stains my hands and my heart, some deserving of their fate... and some not.>

(beat)

<I tell myself that I am working to protect my family's legacy, that doing the bidding of the Trinity is just, and my soul is free from any impurity as long as I have my honour, but... but I can no longer go on deceiving myself with this lie.>

He takes a moment, running a hand through his hair.

DIEGO (cont'd)

<I want to find some way to be absolved of my sins, O Lord.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DIEGO (cont'd)
 I can never bring back the lives I
 have ended, but there must be a way
 I can atone for my sins, even - >

CIEGUE (O.S.)
 <Your Lord cannot help you now.>

Diego whips round - and there's Ciegue. He shoots a dark look at the Old Woman, who quickly crosses herself and hurries away, clutching her shawl round her shoulders.

Ciegue casually sits down on the next pew to Diego as the woman's footsteps echo round the empty church. Ciegue sighs lazily as he props his feet up on another pew.

CIEGUE (cont'd)
 <When did you become so weak?>

DIEGO
 <When did you lose your way?>

CIEGUE
 <The very same night you lost
 yours.>

DIEGO
 (looks away)
 <I... I can't do this any more,
 Ciegue. The killing. The lies. The
 dishonour.>

CIEGUE
 <And that is exactly what I told
 our father.>

Diego snaps back round. Ciegue smirks insolently as he rises, and Diego notices Ciegue has his SWORD with him.

CIEGUE (cont'd)
 <He had become concerned that your
 lack of faith in the Trinity would
 be your undoing, but I convinced
 him to let me try and speak to you,
 to give you a chance to return to
 your true path.>

Diego rises angrily, getting in Ciegue's face.

DIEGO
 <What 'true path' would you have me
 walk?>

Ciegue lays his hands on Diego's shoulders.

CIEGUE
 <The one by my side, brother. It's
 not too late.>

Diego turns away, looking back up to the effigy.

DIEGO
<It was too late for me long ago.>

CIEGUE
(bows head)
<So be it.>

ON DIEGO as he stares up at the Christ - and Ciegue slowly
DRAWS HIS SWORD, the blade falling into frame.

CIEGUE (cont'd)
<This is the life you would choose?
Piety? Shame? Abstinence? An
existence built around guilt?>

DIEGO
<It is.>

He turns, not at all surprised to see Ciegue raise his sword.

CIEGUE
<I hoped it would never come to
this, my brother.>

DIEGO
<One day, we both knew it would.>

Ciegue nods, remembering their pact.

CIEGUE
<Promise me one thing.>
(beat)
<Do not make it easy for me.>

Ciegue rushes in, and from nowhere a SWORD slides into
Diego's hand, meeting Ciegue's with a CRASH as we SMASH TO:

39 EXT. DISUSED QUARRY - NIGHT

39

And CRASH! The brothers are back in the same pose, swords
pressed together as they set their jaws in determination.
THUNDER blasts overhead as LIGHTNING flashes through the
heavy rain.

Ciegue breaks first, FLIPPING backwards as Diego rushes
forward, attacking Ciegue as he hits the ground again only to
be SHOVED back, and as Ciegue CHOPS to follow through, we:

INTERCUT WITH:

40 INT. CHURCH - DAY

40

The brothers fight once more, Diego hopping up onto the back
of a pew, balancing perfectly as he duels with Ciegue.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

Ciegue tries to SLICE at Diego's ankles, forcing him to SOMERSAULT forward and arch back to block Ciegue's next strike.

41 EXT. DISUSED QUARRY - NIGHT

41

Ciegue turns and races back towards a small cluster of site buildings, Diego right on his tail and Twist racing after them both.

Ciegue turns and KICKS a spray of DUST up into Diego's face, distracting him as he HACKS down across Diego's chest.

Diego jinks back, missing the blade by a fraction, and as he SLICES back Ciegue nimbly BACKFLIPS up into the air.

Twist watches, mouth open, as Ciegue sails impossibly backwards and up onto the roof of a nearby shack.

TWIST

How in the name of...

Diego bounces from surface to surface in pursuit, meeting his grinning brother up on the roof in another storm of blows.

42 INT. CHURCH - DAY

42

As Diego is pushed back towards the altar, he dives to one side as Ciegue SLICES down, his sword cutting the altar itself in two!

Their sparring continues unabated as a PRIEST emerges from a side door, gasping at the duel before him.

PRIEST

<Stop! Stop, both of you! This is a house of God!>

Diego is distracted, and Ciegue gets a good PUNCH across his jaw, knocking him back.

CIEGUE

(to priest)

<Sorry, *padre*. God's away on business just now.>

Diego TACKLES Ciegue to the ground with a YELL.

43 EXT. DISUSED QUARRY - NIGHT

43

Leaping from rooftop to rooftop as Twist watches below, the duo are starting to land the odd strike on each other now - Diego takes a ragged cut along his arm, and Ciegue bleeds from a gash down his leg.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

CIEGUE

I'm impressed! I never thought
you'd make it so difficult for me!

Diego is too enraged for a comeback, but Ciegue starts
playing a standoff, knocking away all of Diego's attacks.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

But, as always, you leave your one
weakness exposed.

DIEGO

Which is?

Ciegue's eyes flick to Twist.

44 INT. CHURCH - DAY

44

With the Priest still yelling at them both to stop, Ciegue
KNEES Diego in the gut and SHOVES him to the floor.

PRIEST

<Please, both of you! Stop this, I
beg of you!>

CIEGUE

<And I say again...>

Diego's eyes bulge as Ciegue begins to draw a DAGGER from his
jacket pocket...

CIEGUE (cont'd)

<... nobody here is listening!>

DIEGO

<Noo!>

Diego SPRINGS up to get between Ciegue and the Priest, just
as Ciegue HURLS the dagger!

45 EXT. DISUSED QUARRY - NIGHT

45

Landing an almighty BOOT to Diego's chin, Ciegue has all the
time he needs to draw a STAKE and turn to aim at Twist!

Twist boggles, suddenly realising she's the target, but Diego
recovers and surges forward:

And as a colossal BOOM of thunder rings out, Ciegue smoothly
turns and SLAMS his sword into Diego's chest!

TWIST

(howls)

Noo!!

Diego GASPS as Ciegue puts his weight on the sword.

46 INT. CHURCH - DAY

46

And in the past, Diego CRASHES to the floor, Ciegue's DAGGER embedded in his chest.

The Priest stumbles backwards and makes good his escape as Ciegue stands over the spluttering Diego. BLOOD pools on Diego's shirt.

Ciegue crouches over him, then SIGHS, reaching over and YANKING the dagger loose.

Diego COUGHS, blood trickling from his lips... and then falls still.

47 EXT. DISUSED QUARRY - NIGHT

47

As Ciegue pulls his sword free from Diego's chest, Diego's limp body buckles at the knees and FALLS from the roof.

Twist rushes over as Diego lands in a crumpled heap on the muddy ground, TEARS streaming down her cheeks.

TWIST

No... no... Diego! Diego, get up!

She turns him over, trying not to cry out in horror at the ugly wound over Diego's heart. Her hands are soon wet with his blood as she desperately tries to stop the bleeding.

TWIST (cont'd)

Diego, come on... don't do this... please...

She shakes him, but Diego is lifeless and still. Twist lets out a frantic SOB as she cradles him.

CIEGUE (O.S.)

It's what he wanted.

Twist stops, slowly looking up at Ciegue, her eyes burning with hatred.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

He asked me to be the one who killed him one day.

Twist slowly rises, her body shaking with fury.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

What, you don't believe me?

She raises one hand, pointing straight at him.

TWIST

You. Down here. Now.

(CONTINUED)

Ciegue grins, holding out his hands as if to say 'who, me?'

CIEGUE

As you wish.

He LEAPS down from the roof, sword high, as twist races to scoop up Duggan from the ground.

THUNK! Ciegue lands and Twist freezes. And then, torturously slowly, the top half of her bat FALLS AWAY, cut cleanly in two. Twist watches it fall.

TWIST

Ah.

She starts to back up, keeping the remaining half of Duggan held high as the smirking Ciegue circles her.

CIEGUE

I seem to recall you being far cockier the last time we fought. What was it you said? Something about it being hard to make snappy comebacks when...

He trails off. Twist blinks, not sure why he stopped. Her eyes glance down to where Diego's body lies.

Or rather, where it was. There's a pool of blood, but no Diego. Twist hesitates, totally dumbstruck.

TWIST

Uh...

She looks back to Ciegue - who suddenly WHIRLS round and slices up with his sword, meeting DIEGO'S SWORD halfway with a massive CLANG!

A flash of LIGHTNING shows Diego's blood-streaked, manic features as he snarls with fury at Ciegue.

DIEGO

This is not over until I say it is over!

Diego launches into Ciegue, but now the gloves are off. They're perfectly matched in every way, but Diego has an extra weapon on his side - rage.

Every crashing blow he lands on Ciegue forces him back a step, and Ciegue simply can't block every chop, hack, slice and slash coming his way.

CUT after CUT opens up across his body as Diego hits the mark again and again, Ciegue SLIPPING in the mud as he struggles to keep his balance.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

He finally SKIDS and stumbles back, sword hand raised as Diego rears back for another strike:

And Ciegue SCREAMS as Diego's sword HACKS down!

Twist's hand goes to her mouth in shock.

CIEGUE'S SEVERED HAND drops into frame, fingers still locked around the sword's hilt.

Diego stands over Ciegue, chest heaving, as Ciegue grips the bloody stump of his wrist, thrashing in agony.

DIEGO (cont'd)

I may have my weaknesses... but you
will never stop me, brother. No
matter what you try.

Ciegue throws his head back and HOWLS as more THUNDER crashes across the sky, and Diego turns on his heel and races away.

TWIST

Shouldn't we - hey!

Twist is grabbed and YANKED away as Diego makes good his escape, leaving the cries of Ciegue echoing around the quarry as we push in on Diego's fixed, fierce expression and CUT TO:

48 INT. CHURCH - DAY

48

Ciegue walks slowly towards us, leaving the body of his brother behind him. He's silhouetted against the sunlight streaming in from behind the shattered altar.

Until that sunlight is broken as Diego RISES UP, and Ciegue slows to a stop. He turns.

Diego is a little unsteady on his feet, staring in mute shock at his chest as his torn skin literally starts to knit itself back together!

Diego looks up to his brother, his blood still fresh on his hands, confusion and fear washing over his face.

DIEGO

<What... why aren't I... what am
I?>

Ciegue just starts to grin. Diego SHUDDERS with rage and screams out:

DIEGO (cont'd)

<What Am I??>

Ciegue starts to walk slowly back towards him, leaving Diego swaying to and fro, utterly lost.

(CONTINUED)

CIEGUE

<You are your father's son. The legacy of our family bloodline flows through you, Diego, and it will not let you leave this world so easily.>

DIEGO

<No... this can't be...>

Ciegue stands before him, laying a hand on Diego's shoulder.

CIEGUE

<Haven't you always felt different? Stronger? Better?>

Unseen by Diego, a DAGGER slides into Ciegue's free hand.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

<And don't you feel complete at last, knowing what you truly are?>

Diego raises his head, a pleading look in his eyes.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

<Let me finish your journey, brother.>

And his hand WHIPS ROUND, ready to stab Diego once again!

Diego is faster, and his hand SNAPS round Ciegue's wrist.

And pushes the dagger back INTO CIEGUE'S EYE!

Ciegue ROARS with pain! Diego wrenches his hand and the dagger free - and STABS Ciegue's other eye!

Ciegue stumbles backwards, splaying out on the floor as he presses his hands to his sockets, BLOOD oozing out through his fingers as he YOWLS in agony.

Diego just stumbles away, nothing in his world making any sense any more.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

<Diego! Diego! I'll kill you! I'll kill you for this! Do you hear me?>

Diego can't hear him as he staggers towards the church doors, silhouetted against the sunlight just as Ciegue was.

CIEGUE (cont'd)

<I'll find you! I'll find you and I'll kill you! I'll kill you!>

Diego finally leaves the church as we DISSOLVE TO:

49

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

49

Free of the quarry, Diego and Twist clatter down a darkened street awash with rain, Twist checking over her shoulder.

TWIST

What if he's following us?
Shouldn't we go back there and
finish him off? What if -

And Diego SWOONS, his strength leaving him as he drops to one knee. Twist goes to his side.

TWIST (cont'd)

Okay, okay. Point taken.

She slings one arm over her shoulders and hauls him back to his feet.

DIEGO

We have... to keep moving...

TWIST

Yeah, we're trying! You ain't
exactly light and what the frick
just happened back there?!?

DIEGO

Trinity... close by...

TWIST

Screw them, what about you?

Diego turns to her, at the edge of his stamina.

TWIST (cont'd)

Diego... you died. I just watched
you bleed out and die right in
front of me, and you just... you
came back. I want to know how.

He looks away. He wouldn't even know where to start.

TWIST (cont'd)

Are you... human?

Diego tries a bitter laugh, but it just devolves into a fit of harsh COUGHS.

DIEGO

More or less.

TWIST

So answer me! What are you?

Diego's head droops wearily, and we CUT TO:

50 INT. TRINITY BASE - NIGHT

50

Naomi speaks with Charlotte and Isabelle, watching several warriors hard at work loading up several vans with CRATES of equipment.

The citadel doors fly open with a BANG, and Ciegue stumbles inside accompanied by a FLASH of lightning.

The Trinity turn, taking in his ragged appearance - soaked to the bone, his wrist is wrapped in bloody bandages.

They watch as he pushes himself towards them, every step sending pain through his body until he stands before them.

And drops to one knee.

Isabelle quirks an eyebrow, looking at Naomi, as Ciegue bows his head.

CIEGUE
I have failed you.

NAOMI
You mean -

CIEGUE
Diego lives.

Ciegue reaches for his sword, holding it out hilt-first to Naomi.

CIEGUE (cont'd)
Do what you must. By the code.

Naomi hesitates, then reaches down and picks up his sword. Isabelle and Charlotte watch expectantly as she turns the ornately-crafted sword round in her hands...

... and then she holds it back out, offering it to Ciegue.

NAOMI
Rise.

Ciegue looks up, surprised, and Naomi grins.

NAOMI (cont'd)
You've proven your loyalty to us,
no matter how tonight ended up
playing out.

CIEGUE
I... I don't understand...

NAOMI
I never thought you'd kill him.

(CONTINUED)

Ciegue slowly gets to his feet, cautiously taking his sword back.

NAOMI (cont'd)

That's not what tonight was about.
I just needed to know you'd do
anything and everything to be one
of us, even if it meant going into
a fight you couldn't be sure you'd
win.

A beat. Ciegue looks down at his bloodied wrist.

CIEGUE

You could have just asked.

Isabelle and Charlotte share a slight look of uncertainty at Naomi's decision.

NAOMI

I have a new task for you now.

She steps up close, his gaze lifting to meet hers as the edges of her lips curl into a sinister smirk.

NAOMI (cont'd)

I want Danyael.

Ciegue blinks, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW