

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

"Wake Up"

by
Lee A. Chrimes

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY 1

It may be the middle of the day, but you'd never know to look outside.

Through the windows, a tremendous THUNDERSTORM rages on, battering the landscape with howling wind and rain. The clouds have an eerie green tint to them, bathing the surrounding area in sickly light.

The ward itself is dark and silent. Patients lie in their beds, sleeping peacefully, but there's no sign of any staff.

A FLASHLIGHT shines across the scene as a pair of shadowy figures make their way down the ward, the beam flashing across the sleeping patients....

... until it comes to rest on a NURSE, sprawled on the floor. The beam pans up to find more doctors and nurses, young and old, lain across the floor all over the ward.

CHRIS crouches into frame, checking the nurse's pulse and turning her over. She's picked up a bruise from her fall, but otherwise seems to be just sound asleep.

Chris looks up, his flashlight finding DIEGO as he checks other nurses but gets the same results.

The only sounds are from the storm outside - and then FOOTSTEPS as someone approaches. Chris turns.

His beam highlights TWIST, who looks pretty dejected as she shakes her head.

CHRIS

Nothing?

TWIST

Everyone's the same. Every ward.

Chris stands, nodding to Diego.

CHRIS

There's nothing more we can do here.

He leads the way back towards the exit, and we CUT TO:

2 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY 2

The raging storm batters the trio as they hurry down the front steps and across the car park.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

More PEOPLE lie awkwardly on the ground as they pass, more still are asleep at the wheels of their cars - some of which have CRASHED into others and nearby buildings.

ALARM BELLS from various sources ring out through the deafening wind, but not a single human voice can be heard.

PULL BACK as the team reach their battered van, clambering inside to escape the rain, our view rising into the air.

From up here, the scale of this contagion is clear - we're in the middle of what should be a busy part of town, but there's not a sign of life anywhere.

Cars, ambulances and other vehicles are strewn across the road, and bodies lie indiscriminately around them.

3 INT. VAN - NEXT

3

Chris, Diego and Twist shake their coats dry as Diego manages to force the rusty sliding door back into place.

SYREN looks round from the driver's seat, noticeably pale and weary.

SYREN

Did you find anyone?

TWIST

Plenty of people, yeah. Just nobody actually awake.

Syren sighs, resting her head against the chair.

CHRIS

How are you feeling?

SYREN

Sick. My head's pounding and I can barely move. I feel like I'm deep underwater, pressure crushing me on every side.

TWIST

Could be worse.
(off Chris' glare)
What? It could!
(beat)
Probably.

Chris rummages through a bag on the van's floor, taking out a crumpled map and spreading it out across the inside wall.

The map is covered with dozens of red crosses, circles and lines. Chris takes out a red marker and adds a fresh cross.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

That's five locations in a row
already quarantined because of
this.

DIEGO

And no sign of anyone unaffected.

TWIST

Except us.

CHRIS

We're okay on account of not being
a hundred per cent human.

He throws a meaningful glance at Diego.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Any of us.

TWIST

So by that logic, there's got to be
some vamp crews hiding out
somewhere in all this, right?

CHRIS

So you'd think, only without
Danyael we're going to have a hard
time contacting any of them.

Chris looks round. Twist's demeanour has become much more
sullen at the mention of Danyael's name.

CHRIS (cont'd)

We're going to find him.

She nods, trying to stay positive, as Chris clambers back
into the driver's seat and starts the engine.

SYREN

Where to next?

CHRIS

Seattle's our next stop, it's one
of the few cities currently
untouched by the storm.

TWIST

And it's Naomi's home town.

A beat. Chris looks round at Twist, both of them having the
same thought.

TWIST (cont'd)

You don't think...

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

CHRIS
It's our best lead yet.

Chris CRUNCHES the resisting gear stick into first, and we cut outside to:

4 EXT. STREET - NEXT

4

Wipers on against the torrents of rain, the van starts on its way, weaving carefully around the scattered cars and bodies covering the street.

PAN UP to take in the stormy skies overhead as another CRACK of thunder rings out, and MATCH CUT TO:

5 INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

5

The same stormy skies as we PULL BACK to find DANYAEL staring out from inside an office suite at the clouds.

A flash of LIGHTNING makes him flinch, and he turns away from the window to head for the door.

6 INT. WAREHOUSE - UPPER LEVEL - NEXT

6

Danyael steps out onto a walkway running round the interior of a sparse, abandoned warehouse. A pulsing RED GLOW lights the place up every few beats.

He moves to the edge and looks out across the floor below - dozens of TRINITY WARRIORS mill back and forth, some moving crates of supplies while others attend to what look like oversized BARRELS, which are the source of the light.

Everything is being loaded up into the backs of waiting trucks, the entire Trinity operation on the move again.

NAOMI (O.S.)
It's really something, isn't it?

He turns as NAOMI walks towards him. Danyael's knuckles tighten around the edge of the walkway railing.

DANYAEL
Sure is. Not every day I get a front seat for the end of the world. Not from the other side, anyway.

NAOMI
(rolls eyes)
Why do you have to keep calling us that?

DANYAEL
I call 'em like I see 'em.

(CONTINUED)

She moves in a little closer.

NAOMI

That's actually what I wanted to see you about.

(beat)

I want to show you something.

DANYAEL

(turns away)

I've seen enough.

NAOMI

Trust me, this will -

DANYAEL

(snaps)

Don't you get it? I don't care! You can show me anything, tell me anything, but it won't make any difference! I'll never see things the way you do! Ever!

Danyael looks away in disgust. Naomi bows her head.

NAOMI

That's what I thought you'd say.

And she suddenly CLAMPS something against Danyael's neck! He YELLS in pain, stumbling to the floor and WRITHING in pain.

DANYAEL

Get it off... get it off me!

NAOMI

I'm sorry, Danny, but this is the only way I can make you see!

Danyael's struggles die down as his strength ebbs away.

DANYAEL

What... you... what have you...

He wilts, his head hitting the floor. Naomi winces and goes to his side, rolling him over a little. A strange GOLDEN AMULET is latched onto his neck.

Naomi reaches into her pocket - and brings out a second AMULET! She stares at it, steeling herself to use it on her own neck, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

7 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 7

The team are speeding down an empty highway in their latest vehicle, another tatty old van that looks a few miles from the scrapyard.

The storm hasn't reached this far, but the dark skies indicate it's only a few hours away.

8 INT. VAN - DAY 8

Chris grimaces as the van's engine starts RATTLING, their speed dropping despite his foot firmly on the gas.

TWIST

What is it? Why are we stopping?

CHRIS

I'm afraid...

And the van comes to a stop with a very final SPLUTTER from the engine.

CHRIS (cont'd)

... this is the end of the line.

TWIST

Damn it!

She KICKS the side of the van - and the sliding side door promptly FALLS from its hinges!

Twist puts her head in her hands as Diego tries to haul the door back into the van.

SYREN

I know I'm normally the last person to suggest this, but... why don't we just steal something faster?

TWIST

(off Chris)

Because he won't let us.

CHRIS

We can't risk the exposure, Twist, you know that. You remember what happened last time we got involved with the police?

TWIST

Yeah, yeah, almost got barbecued, blah blah, woof woof.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

TWIST (cont'd)

(beat)

But she's right. We need better wheels.

CHRIS

What would you suggest?

Twist looks out across the rest of the freeway - it's deathly quiet. With the storm clouds in the distance, nobody dares venture outside.

And that's when her gaze falls on the front yard of an articulated truck dealership, just off the next exit.

Twist GRINS, and from that we DISSOLVE TO:

9 INT. WHITE SPACE - DAY

9

Danyael lies on the floor inside a totally white space. Our view is fuzzy, almost soft focus.

As he stirs and starts to get up, MOTION BLURS trail after his every movement.

He GROANS and puts a hand to his neck - but there's nothing there.

NAOMI (O.S.)

Don't worry, it won't hurt.

His head snaps up - and there's Naomi, standing over him with a smile. She extends her hand.

NAOMI (cont'd)

Come on.

Danyael frowns, cautiously reaching for her hand so she can pull him up. He looks round at the infinite whiteness.

DANYAEL

So...

NAOMI

We're in a dreamscape. Or, at least, we will be, once I decide where we're going to start.

DANYAEL

And...

NAOMI

Our bodies are still right where we left them. Nothing's going to happen to them or us while we're in here.

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL
 (still lost)
 What's going on?

She steps closer.

NAOMI
 You're going to see what's going on
 in my head.
 (beat)
 Literally.

She reaches out her hand again.

NAOMI (cont'd)
 Take my hand and hold on tight.

DANYAEL
 And if I don't?

NAOMI
 Then we stay here.

DANYAEL
 Until when?

She shrugs. Danyael looks around again, then realises he's got no choice here. With a defeated sigh, he slowly takes her by the hand...

WHITE OUT:

And they're standing on the sidewalk by a quiet road junction, somewhere outside a fairly standard suburb. Thick trees line the roadside, and a light layer of rain is falling.

Danyael whirls round, disorientated, but Naomi just waits patiently for him to come back to her.

DANYAEL
 What - where are we?

NAOMI
 Home. My home. It's August, nineteen-seventy-one. I'm six years old, and my parents, my baby sister Ashley and I are about to head out to Green Lake to take my dad's yacht out for a few hours.

Danyael blinks, turning as he hears a CAR approaching. He looks across to see a beige FORD PINTO approaching the junction.

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL

Wait... you have a sister?

NAOMI

(beat)

I remember I was looking forward to the day, because for the first time my dad was actually going to let me steer. He said I was 'big enough at last.'

Danyael hears another car, this one a silver CHEVROLET approaching the junction far too quickly.

He looks back to Naomi, who stares forlornly at the approaching Pinto as she continues.

NAOMI (cont'd)

I also remember that I was in the middle of showing my dad a finger painting I'd done of the four of us, and he wasn't watching the road ahead...

Danyael turns, seeing the inevitable as the Pinto and Chevrolet head for the same piece of road.

He starts to yell a warning, but it's too late - the Chevrolet sees the other car as it trundles into its path, SLAMMING on the brakes.

SMOKE pours from the car's wheels, but it's going too fast to stop in time.

WHAM! The Chevvy almost cuts the Pinto in half, TEARING through the bodywork as it hits the driver's side first.

Danyael ducks back on reflex as the Pinto ROLLS, pushed onto its side by the still-skidding Chevvy, but Naomi watches the scene with a sense of sad realism. She knows how this ends.

Danyael races over to the burning wreck of the Pinto, hearing CRIES for help from inside.

DANYAEL

Hang on! I'm coming!

He reaches for the door - but his hand PASSES THROUGH it. Danyael blinks, tries again - same result.

NAOMI

We're just here to watch.

He turns to her in disbelief, but Naomi's sombre expression confirms what she's saying.

Danyael looks back as the Chevvy's passenger, a woozy young BLONDE, dashes from her seat and tries to get into the Pinto.

BLONDE

Hello? Hello! Hey, hang on!
Alright! Just... just hang on!

The Blonde passes the driver's seat - and gapes at the sight of the dead MAN behind the wheel.

Danyael can only stand and watch as Naomi comes to join him, the duo watching the Blonde's frantic efforts to haul the hysterical WOMAN and her DAUGHTERS out of the car.

The youngest girl is only two or three, but the six year old has pale skin and long, dark hair - it's a younger Naomi, recognisable even at this age.

Danyael looks to Naomi, and reacts when he sees a TEAR rolling down her cheek.

NAOMI

My dad, he... they said he was almost cut in half by the impact. The driver of the other car went to prison for what he did, but my mom... she never recovered.

Naomi starts to walk away, and Danyael tears himself away from the scene to follow her.

DANYAEL

Why are you showing me this?

NAOMI

You wanted to know why I went over to the Trinity. I'm showing you.

DANYAEL

But this? This... Naomi, why didn't you ever tell me about this?

NAOMI

I didn't want to.

He GRABS her arm, spinning her to face him.

DANYAEL

We were together for four years! I told you everything about me! Everything! Why would you keep something like this from me?

NAOMI

Because I didn't want your pity.

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

That shuts him up. Naomi looks back to the car crash, thick BLACK SMOKE now pouring from both vehicles.

NAOMI (cont'd)

I wanted you to know me for who I
was at that moment in time, not who
I used to be.

She starts to walk away, leaving Danyael as his head spins.

NAOMI (cont'd)

We've got more to see yet.

Danyael hesitates, trying to gather his thoughts before he starts to follow her, and we CUT TO:

11 EXT. SEATTLE - CITY STREET - DAY

11

We're looking across the street as a huge TIRE rolls into view, the HISS of air brakes following as the front half of a tractor-trailer comes to a stop - minus the trailer.

Light RAIN is starting to fall - the vanguard of the storm, that's now less than an hour away.

Up in the cabin, Twist is grinning from ear to ear as the team survey the deserted street before them.

CHRIS

Alright, looks like people are
listening to their TV sets and
staying indoors. That should make
it easier for us to -

HONK! HONK! The others jump out of their skin as Twist sounds the rig's deafening AIR HORN.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Twist!

TWIST

What? If anyone's asleep, that
oughtta wake 'em!

Chris fights back a retort as he shoves the door open and clambers out of the cabin.

Twist pouts, but Diego gives her a WINK as he follows, and her smirk returns.

Down on the street, Diego helps Syren climb down as Twist hops to the floor, the rig easily the largest thing out on the road.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST (cont'd)

See? I told you nobody'd care if we took one.

Chris shoots her a look, but she continues:

TWIST (cont'd)

Look around, Chris. Nobody home. They've heard about the storm, and they're staying indoors.

The team start to walk down the street, but it seems Twist is right - every shop, cafe, business and building is locked up, dark and shuttered.

SYREN

There are people here, but... they're scared. Very scared.

TWIST

Serves 'em right for watching the news.

DIEGO

Is there anything we can do?

The team stop, Chris surveying the buildings around them.

CHRIS

I don't know. This is the first time we've beaten the storm to anywhere, so we need to see if there's anything we can do to divert its course, or -

VOICE (O.S.)

(filtered; through megaphone)

Attention! Get off the streets and into your homes immediately!

The team spin round - and bright HEADLIGHTS fall onto them, dazzling them. Chris shields his eyes as we hear the RUMBLE of a large engine approaching.

Chris lowers his arm and sees two large TRUCKS rolling towards them, with a dozen men in HAZMAT SUITS keeping pace alongside it.

TWIST

Guess we're not the first ones here after all...

The team wait as the trucks move closer, and we CUT TO:

12 INT. VYRA HOUSEHOLD - DAY 12

Naomi opens the front door to show Danyael into a modest, working class home. PHOTOS hang proudly on the walls as Naomi leads him through into:

13 INT. VYRA HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - NEXT 13

The small front room has a TV, couch, dining table at the back and is smothered in garish 70's decor.

NAOMI

Welcome to my home.

DANYAEL

You lived here?

(wrinkles nose)

What did you do, decorate with your eyes closed?

Naomi just grins, looking to the staircase as a slightly older YOUNG NAOMI rattles down the steps, followed by her sister ASHLEY. Naomi's about eight now, Ashley only four, both girls still full of youthful exuberance as Naomi races over to the TV and flicks it on.

NAOMI'S MOM (O.S.)

(weary)

Naomi, honey, turn it down.

Naomi sheepishly turns the volume on the boxy old set right down, before settling down to watch her show, Ashley settling down next to her.

Danyael steps round to take a look - it's an episode of 'Josie And The Pussycats.' Danyael glances back at Naomi.

NAOMI

Born to be a musician, I guess.

NAOMI'S MOM enters from the back, hair tied back and a cigarette dangling from her lips. She could easily be glamorous with her porcelain skin and raven hair, but now she just looks washed out and tired.

She flops into a chair, and Danyael spots the bottle of VODKA in her hand. She swigs straight from the neck.

YOUNG NAOMI

Mommy... you shouldn't drink like that when Grandma's coming over.

NAOMI'S MOM

(slurred)

Listen, you listen to me. Listen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NAOMI'S MOM (cont'd)
 My mother never did a damn thing
 for this family until your father
 died, so I don't have to do
 anything to keep her happy now!

Young Naomi turns away, stung, and Danyael notices Naomi's hands clenching into fists.

Young Naomi keeps her focus on the TV, something her sister is having no trouble doing, but her mother rubs her temples, getting more irritated by the second.

NAOMI'S MOM (cont'd)
 I told you to turn that down.

YOUNG NAOMI
 But mom, I can't even hear -

NAOMI'S MOM
 I said turn it down!

She HURLS her bottle at the TV, and Young Naomi ducks back with a YELP as the bottle SMASHES into the screen! Ashley leaps to her feet and RUNS back upstairs.

NAOMI'S MOM (cont'd)
 (groans)
Now look what you made me do!

Naomi's mother rises and clumps back off into the kitchen - not realising that some shards of GLASS from the TV have cut Young Naomi's legs!

The youngster WHIMPERS as she tries to pull one piece out, knowing she can't expect any help from her mother.

Danyael takes a step back, joining Naomi as they watch the grim domestic scene before them.

NAOMI
 My mom never pulled it together
 after daddy died. She just drank.
 All day, every day. She used to
 say...
 (bitter laugh)
 She used to say the only way she
 could stand to look at me was if
 she was too drunk to yell at me for
 taking him away.

Danyael is suitably appalled. He never knew any of this.

NAOMI (cont'd)
 Don't look so surprised. I told you
 my parents were dead when we met.
 (MORE)

NAOMI (cont'd)

You must've known something was up by the fact I never spoke about them. Or Ashley.

DANYAEL

Yeah, but... she blamed you for the accident?

NAOMI

(nods)

Said I took his eyes off the road. Said he might've avoided the car if he'd been paying attention. One time, she... she even said that it'd have been better if that Chevrolet had hit the back of the car instead.

(off his look)

Pintos had fuel tanks in the back. Blew up a lot. Sometimes, I honestly think she'd have preferred us to have all gone up in smoke.

She steps away, heading for the front door and leaving Danyael to watch. Young Naomi bites her lip, trying to be brave as she draws out the last piece of glass.

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

Danyael?

He looks up. She's beckoning him from the door.

NAOMI (cont'd)

More to see yet.

Danyael heads for the door, pausing to look back at the morose figure of the tearful Young Naomi as we CUT TO:

Chris and the others watch as more men in hazmat suits pass up and down the street, waving GEIGER COUNTERS over everything and hastily erecting BARRICADES and lines of YELLOW TAPE to seal areas and streets off.

Taking shelter under the awning of a restaurant, the team watch as a few of the hazmats, bulky helmets off, discuss what to do with them.

One of them, a slightly overweight nerd with authority above his station stomps over, glaring at the foursome as he flashes an ID BADGE.

AGENT INMAN

Agent Inman, Center for Disease Control.

(beat; stern)

(MORE)

AGENT INMAN (cont'd)

I don't know how you people snuck in past our quarantine, but you're all in big trouble.

CHRIS

Bigger than a city of almost six hundred thousand people all falling asleep for no reason?

Inman's eyes narrow as he stares Chris down.

AGENT INMAN

What do you know about that?

CHRIS

Enough to know that a few rolls of yellow tape won't stop it.

AGENT INMAN

And I suppose your being here is just a happy coincidence?

TWIST

Do we look like terrorists?

Inman looks them up and down, very purposefully.

DIEGO

What she's trying to say is that we're not involved, but we are trying to help.

TWIST

Yup. That's what I meant.

INMAN

You can 'help' by staying the hell out of our way! We're dealing with a full blown Level Five contagion here. No visible symptoms, no obvious method of transferral, and nothing even hinting at a cure.

(beat)

And now, out of the blue... here you are. Four people who roll into town while everyone else is observing secure quarantine curfews, who just happen to know all about the contagion.

Inman crosses his arms, fixing his stare on Chris.

INMAN (cont'd)

So maybe you should start talking.

Chris hesitates, then opens his mouth to reply - when Syren lays a hand on his arm to stop him.

CHRIS

Syren?

SYREN

Ssh!

Frowning, she takes a few steps forward. Inman looks as bemused as the others.

INMAN

What's with her?

CHRIS

I don't know...

He follows her, joining Syren as she stares into the sky, the rain starting to fall a little heavier now.

CHRIS (cont'd)

What is it? Can you sense something?

SYREN

In the sky...

Chris looks up - BLACK CLOUDS roll across the darkening skies, as before.

But these clouds are moving much faster than normal. And changing direction.

CHRIS

(squints)

What on Earth...

A strange BUZZING sound can be heard, rapidly increasing in volume as the clouds draw near. Syren tenses up, as though searching her memory for the sound...

... and then she finds it. Her eyes bulge in unbridled terror.

SYREN

(screams)

Run!!

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

15

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

15

Chris is still watching the incoming clouds as Syren tries to drag him away, Inman marching over with a few of his colleagues.

INMAN

Alright, that's enough! I don't know what you guys are trying to pull here, but we can't...

He trails off, looking to the skies.

SYREN

Chris, please! We have to get inside! We can't stay out here!

INMAN

What the hell...?

The CLOUDS are drawing closer, the BUZZING rising in intensity every second - until Chris realises what's coming.

BUGS. Thousands, maybe millions of them; over-sized, jet black mosquitos, each one the size of a dog!

Chris takes about half a second to process the threat, getting to the best course of action - running.

TWIST

What's going on?

CHRIS

Get inside! Everybody!

Waving his arms to alert the CDC personnel to the swarm, Chris tears back towards the closet solid-looking building.

Inman isn't far behind, with the rest of the team breaking and running as the horde of insects closes in.

TWIST

What the ever-lovin' Britney Spears are those things?

SYREN

Just go! Go! Fast as you can!

Behind them, the first wave of the swarm SWOOPS down to the street, descending on a team of CDC agents and engulfing them in a wave of black bodies and buzzing wings.

(CONTINUED)

Their SCREAMS ring out down the deserted street as the bugs tear through their suits and attack them.

Twist, looking back, grimaces as she puts her head down and doubles her speed.

Diego reaches the door of a large building where Chris waits, and on his signal they KICK the thick doors open.

DIEGO

Get inside!

Syren and Twist race through, with Inman and a handful of CDC agents close behind.

CHRIS

Come on!

Inman has no choice but to obey, even as more of his men are picked off by further clusters of bugs.

Once Inman and his men burst through the door, Chris holds the doors closed as Diego and Twist HEAVE a heavy desk across the door frame.

There's a SMASH as one of the windows shatters - and despite the planks across the frame, several of the bugs start pushing their way inside!

DIEGO

(points)

There!

He's at the window in a heartbeat, SLICING the bugs in two as Twist joins him, BASHING another with a SPLAT.

CHRIS

We can't stay here.

SYREN

They'll get in, no matter where we try and hide.

INMAN

The hell is she talking about? What are those creatures?

Twist hears another noise - and sees more of the bugs literally CLAWING their way through the walls!

TWIST

Chris! Hate to use a cliché, but they're coming outta the god damned walls!

Chris looks round - more HOLES are appearing as the bugs tunnel their way inside.

CHRIS

Alright, everybody stand back.

Diego and Twist back away from the window - more bugs are already squirming through the gaps.

INMAN

My God...

Inman's heart sinks as he realises there's no way out - bugs are almost inside in all directions!

Chris closes his eyes, calm even as Syren clings to him in fear. He places his hands together and lowers his head...

... and a shimmering field of BLUE ENERGY rises up, starting about a foot away from the walls and circling the team.

Inman gapes, but his surprise is short-lived as first one, then two more windows BURST OPEN under the weight of the bugs outside, waves of the insects streaming inside!

DIEGO

Here they come...

The first bugs hit the forcefield - and bounce right off it!

TWIST

Yes! Score one for team Twist, you rotten bastards!

The bugs can't get through, despite covering every available inch of space in the room.

SYREN

Chris...

He lifts his head, laying a comforting hand on Syren's arm.

CHRIS

It'll hold.

He turns to Inman, who along with his men looks suitably dazed by what's going on.

CHRIS (cont'd)

There'll be time for me to explain later. Right now, we need to work out some kind of plan of attack.

INMAN

We... what?

CHRIS

Those creatures have obviously been attracted by the storm, and after seeing what they did to your men outside, the chances of survival for anyone asleep in this city are falling by the moment.

Inman exhales, trying to process these impossible conditions.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Now... what's CDC policy concerning insect swarms?

Inman blinks, but then a bizarre SCREECHING sound begins to reverberate round the room.

The team cover their ears as the screech quickly builds to a painful intensity.

TWIST

Where's that coming from?

SYREN

(darkly)

It's them.

Sure enough, the SCREECH is being made by the insects, their wings beating at an incredible speed to amplify the sound of their legs rubbing against their chitinous bodies.

The cacophony rings out for a few more moments, before the insects start to pull back.

The team watch as the bugs stream back out through the entrances they dug for themselves, emptying the room.

INMAN

Now what?

DIEGO

I believe they are searching for an easier meal.

CHRIS

Which means we don't have long until they come back...

One of Inman's men suddenly WILTS, slumping dead away to the floor with a heavy THUD!

CHRIS (cont'd)

... or any time at all.

Inman goes to his colleague and rolls him over - he's ASLEEP. He angrily looks up to Chris as we CUT TO:

17 INT. VYRA HOUSEHOLD - DAY

17

Danyaël steps into the front room. He double takes as he realises he's in the same house, but the details have changed now - along with the decor.

NAOMI

It's a few years later. In case you were wondering.

Naomi joins him, and Danyaël's eyes fall on her mother, slumped on the sofa with an empty bottle next to her.

NAOMI (cont'd)

I'm about to come home from school and find her.

Danyaël turns as the front door opens, and sure enough there's the fourteen-year old TEEN NAOMI, her Goth rock stylings showing through her neat school uniform.

TEEN NAOMI

Mom? Ash? I'm back.

She enters the living room proper, rolling her eyes when she sees her mother's sprawled form.

TEEN NAOMI (cont'd)

Ah, damn it. Mom, come on. Don't let people see you like this.

She tries to lift her mother up, but she's dead weight. Undeterred, Teen Naomi tries again, but as her mother flops back down she starts to twig something is wrong.

TEEN NAOMI (cont'd)

Mom?

She goes round to her, patting her mom on the cheek and giving her a few shakes.

TEEN NAOMI (cont'd)

Mom, come on! Wake up! Mom!
(firmer)
Mom!

ASHLEY (O.S.)

She won't wake up...

Teen Naomi turns - her little sister ASHLEY, now nine, sits huddled out of view behind the armchair. She hugs her knees.

TEEN NAOMI

Ash, what's wrong with mom?

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

(shakes head)

Didn't come to fetch me, had to walk home. Thought she was asleep.

Growing more frantic, Teen Naomi starts SHAKING her mother more violently.

TEEN NAOMI

Mom, come on! Don't do this! Wake up! Wake up!

Danyaël steps back, rubbing his chin as he processes what he's seeing.

DANYAEL

I... I never knew.

NAOMI

Like I said. Didn't want anyone's pity.

(sighs)

My mom just... gave up. She didn't want to be here any more. I just hope she's happier wherever she is now.

(hangs head)

If I'd gotten home from school a little earlier instead of hanging out with my friends, maybe she'd have -

DANYAEL

Don't.

He turns on her, sympathy turning to anger.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Don't use this as an excuse.

NAOMI

I'm not! I -

DANYAEL

You murdered one of my friends. And that's my fault. I'm the one who let you get close enough to us to do it. If you think showing me all this is gonna make me forgive you, then you've got -

NAOMI

Julie wanted to die too.

Danyaël stops. Can't quite believe what he's just heard.

DANYAEL

How can you even say that?

NAOMI

Danny, it was... she'd given up. I recognised the look in her eyes. She was just waiting for somebody to finish what her mind had already started.

Incensed, Danyael lashes out and SLAPS her, but she calmly turns back to face him.

NAOMI (cont'd)

Did that help?

He knots his fist, frustration rising.

DANYAEL

Get me out of here.

NAOMI

Danny -

DANYAEL

Get me out of here now!

He GRABS her by the shoulders, and we WHITE OUT to:

18 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

18

Chris and Diego are first to exit the building, swords drawn as they cautiously venture out into the street.

The others follow, Inman's jaw hanging at the sight laid out before him.

The entirety of his CDC team are DEAD, bodies sprawled across the floor and almost picked clean to the bone, tattered remnants of their yellow hazmat suits fluttering in the wind.

INMAN

(disbelief)

This... this can't be happening, we weren't in there more than a few minutes!

SYREN

That's what they do.

She walks past him, her expression sullen as she navigates back over to Chris.

SYREN (cont'd)

We don't have much time.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
I'm aware of that.

There's a RUMBLE of thunder from overhead - the storm's here.

CHRIS (cont'd)
(to Inman)
I'd recommend you and your men seal
your suits again, Agent Inman.

INMAN
But what about you?

CHRIS
We don't need them.

Inman isn't about to argue - he and his team are quick to pull the bulky headpieces of the suits up and seal them.

The others assemble around Chris, Diego skewering a dead BUG from the ground. Twist wrinkles her nose.

TWIST
No, you can't keep it.

DIEGO
(off bug)
Does anybody recognise this?

CHRIS
Syren?

SYREN
What?

CHRIS
You seemed to know what these things were a while before anyone else, and I get the distinct impression you've encountered them before now. Care to fill us in?

Syren exhales, rubbing her arms against the cold.

SYREN
I... I don't know what they're called, they're something... I remember them.

DIEGO
From when?

SYREN
From when Sueno was trying to help me with my memories.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

SYREN (cont'd)

I was in a lab, trying to free some animals marked for research, and...

(shivers)

One of them attacked me.

TWIST

(beat)

That's it? Nothing else? Like, say, how to stop a few million of them?

SYREN

(shakes head)

It's just flashes. Fragments. But I know that they're bad. They're parasites, mutated by magic centuries ago. They're attracted to magic.

CHRIS

So the only reason we haven't heard of them before...

DIEGO

... is because there's been nothing like this to bring so many of them together.

SYREN

There's something else.

She turns and points, off into the distance.

SYREN (cont'd)

An energy source, something strong. I felt it when we arrived, but it's getting stronger all the time.

TWIST

Reckon it's linked to the storm?

CHRIS

It's worth a look. Syren, go with Twist and Diego. I'll stay here with Agent Inman, see if we can't learn a little more about how the storms causing this sickness.

Syren nods and heads off, Twist and Diego following. Chris approaches Agent Inman, safe inside his hazmat suit.

INMAN

I don't understand... why aren't you being affected? All the reports we have indicate victims go under less than five minutes after first exposure!

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

(grins)

Let's just say I'm not like the other boys.

(beat)

Agent Inman, we have a unique opportunity here to learn more about this storm and its effects, information that could potentially save millions more lives. Can I count on your support?

Inman looks from side to side, then SIGHS.

INMAN

Doesn't look like I have much of a choice, does it?

Chris grins again, cocking his head towards the CDC Command Vehicle - a huge truck and trailer - as we CUT TO:

INT. WHITE SPACE - DAY

Danyael and Naomi face each other, back in the featureless white expanse.

DANYAEL

No more games. No more flashbacks. Just get me out of here.

NAOMI

I can't.

DANYAEL

Can't, or won't?

NAOMI

Alright, then - I won't.

DANYAEL

Damn it, Naomi!

He tries to walk away from her, but there's nowhere he can go. She pleads with him:

NAOMI

You haven't seen everything I want you to yet! There's more you have to understand!

DANYAEL

I can't see how! How can anything you have to show me justify what you've done! What you're going to do? You're one of the bad guys now!

NAOMI

I'm not!

DANYAEL

You've killed people already, and you're gonna kill a whole hell of a lot more if I don't stop you.

NAOMI

No... no, Danny, I don't want to kill anyone else.

DANYAEL

(shakes head)

I can't believe that.

NAOMI

I want to help them. That's what all this is about. But you have to know why.

She takes a breath, TEARS in her eyes.

NAOMI (cont'd)

My mom... I think about her every day. I keep going back to that day I found her, with Ash just sitting and watching her, too scared to do anything... I think about us being taken into foster care together, about everybody saying they'd take care of us now, but how none of them could do anything to help either one of us!

(beat; blurts out)

That's why she ran away!

Danyael exhales. More sad stories.

NAOMI (cont'd)

Screw this. I'm just gonna have to show you.

She advances, grabbing his hand before he can react, and we WHITE OUT back to:

With a HISS of hydraulics, Inman leads Chris and the other CDC agents back into their control centre - a high-tech laboratory on wheels, lined with monitors, equipment and facilities.

Inman turns and waits as the heavy door slides back into place, sealing the trailer with another HISS.

INMAN
 (to his men)
 Alright, air's clean.

He removes his suit's headpiece, joining Chris as he stares at a map on the wall.

It's like his own, back inside their van, only more up market, with red LED's flashing over affected cities.

INMAN (cont'd)
 So now you see what we're up against here.

CHRIS
 I've already got a fairly good idea.

INMAN
 CDC offices in Alaska, Cincinnati, Colorado, Maryland, West Virginia, Pittsburgh, North Carolina - even Puerto Rico - all say the same thing.

CHRIS
 It's spreading, and you have no way to control it.

INMAN
 Over half the country's on a full-scale bio-terrorism alert already. Now we have these bugs as well?

Chris looks over a bank of monitors; each one shows a different part of the city - and each one shows thousands more of the BUGS covering every surface.

CHRIS
 Then I think we'd better get cracking on a solution.

PUSH IN on the monitors, showing the scale of what the team are up against, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

21

Danyaël walks down a long, dark street, moonlight flooding down from above as he passes through clouds of steam from vents below.

NAOMI (O.S.)

Danny, wait!

She hurries into frame to catch up with him, but he keeps his head down.

NAOMI (cont'd)

This is stupid! What are you going to do? Just keep walking?

DANYAEL

Until I find a way out of here, yeah.

NAOMI

We're gonna miss it.

DANYAEL

So?

NAOMI

This one, you'll want to see.

He stops. She catches up to him, moving to face him.

NAOMI (cont'd)

Come on. One more, and then if you want to go... we'll go. I promise.

DANYAEL

(scoffs)

And yet, I don't trust you.

She reaches out and takes one of his hands.

NAOMI

We went through a lot together... didn't we?

DANYAEL

(beat; quiet)

Yeah.

NAOMI

And I know I've out you through a lot more since then...

(CONTINUED)

He SNATCHES his hand back.

NAOMI (cont'd)
Would it help if I said I was
sorry?

DANYAEL
For which part?

NAOMI
Julie.

DANYAEL
(beat)
No.

TEEN NAOMI (O.S.)
Ashley? Ashley!

Danyael looks up, and Naomi watches his reaction.

DANYAEL
Is that...

NAOMI
Me? Yeah.
(beat; extends hand)
Let me show you.

Danyael hesitates, but reluctantly lets her lead him on.

Back with Twist, Syren and Diego, they head down another street full of dark, silent buildings as heavy rain washes across them.

TWIST
(cursing)
For the love of Justin! Can't any
of these apocalypses not frizz my
hair to hooey?

DIEGO
Perhaps you should wear a hat next
time.

She turns to glare at him, but sees he's grinning. Twist can't help but grin back, until Syren calls out:

SYREN
Up here.

She points to a FIRE ESCAPE, lit by a flash of LIGHTNING, and Twist reaches up to hook and pull the ladder down with Duggan.

TWIST
Ladies first.

Syren blinks, and Twist rolls her eyes.

TWIST (cont'd)
I meant you, Diego.

He takes one of Syren's arms and loops it over his shoulders.

DIEGO
Just hold on to me, *chica*.

She dutifully hangs on tight as he starts to climb, and with Twist starting to follow we CUT TO:

Naomi and Danyael turn a corner to see Teen Naomi, a little older and wrapped in a thick coat, walking down the street.

TEEN NAOMI
(calls out)
Ashley! Ashley!

Various BUMS and other members of the city's nightlife eye her up as she walks past, but she tries not to notice.

DANYAEL
What's going on?

NAOMI
This is about a week after Ashley ran away from our care home. She'd just turned thirteen. Soon as she went missing, I hit the streets to try and find her. She was all I had left.

Teen Naomi comes to a stop as two shady looking guys walk past her, and she keeps her head down.

NAOMI (cont'd)
I was out here every night looking for her, from the second I got in until just before I had to go to college.

A POLICE CRUISER rolls to a halt alongside Teen Naomi, and she watches as two COPS step out from it.

NAOMI (cont'd)
But I never found her.

Danyael frowns, not following as we WHITE OUT to:

24

INT. CITY MORGUE - NIGHT

24

A BODY lies, covered by a sheet, on a cold steel tray inside the morgue. Teen Naomi stands, trembling, flanked by one of the Cops and facing the MORGUE DIRECTOR.

DIRECTOR

Are you ready?

Biting her lip, Naomi nods, and the Director draws the sheet back.

It's ASHLEY, pale and bruised, looking like she took a beating before she died.

Teen Naomi lets out a SOB of anguish and buries her face in the Cop's shoulder, who SIGHS as he lays an arm round her.

PULL BACK to find Danyael and Naomi watching, Danyael with his hands on his head.

NAOMI

Everyone knew I was out there, and nobody could ever stop me, so when she was found the police knew where to find me.

DANYAEL

What happened?

NAOMI

Some junkie looking for his next fix attacked her. Beat her to death down an alley for the six dollars and seventy-three cents in her pocket.

Danyael steps back, struggling with his emotions as he watches the younger Naomi WAIL pitifully. Naomi herself is a little tearful once more, her voice cracking as she speaks:

NAOMI (cont'd)

I... I mean, that was it. Nobody left. Just me.

(beat)

That was the night I knew I had to find a way to cure the world of... of its disease.

Danyael looks to her, not knowing how to react.

NAOMI (cont'd)

Mankind... all it's ever done on this Earth is pollute, kill, destroy and then move on.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NAOMI (cont'd)

Once we're done chewing this planet up, then we'll find a way to get to another one and start all over again. Even war can't slow us down - hell, we enjoy it too much.

She turns to Danyael, heartfelt as she continues:

NAOMI (cont'd)

But what if you found a way to change all that? What if you saw something that could help you fix everything that was rotten and evil about this world? Some way to make everything better? Something that'd make humanity...

(beat; smiles)

... wake up?

DANYAEL

I'd... I'd say why cause more pain to do that?

NAOMI

Danny... I didn't have a choice.

DANYAEL

There's always a choice.

She shakes her head sadly. Naomi takes him by the hand again, and this time he doesn't flinch away.

NAOMI

I'd have thought you'd understand. You know me better than anybody.

Danyael looks down...

... and when he looks up, the scene around them has changed once again.

Now, they're in a student's room at university, somewhere in the mid 1980s by the posters on the wall - and a young Danyael is flat on the ground, VOMIT trailing from his mouth as a frantic Naomi tries to restart his heart!

TEEN NAOMI

Come on, Danny! Come on! Don't you do this to me!

Danyael gapes at the scene - the used NEEDLE near his younger self's outstretched hand tells the story. Naomi steps back to let him watch this shared memory.

TEEN NAOMI (cont'd)
 (crying)
 Danny! Danny, please!

Tears streaming, she quickly wipes the vomit and tries to give him CPR, but it's no good. He's long gone.

Frantic, she looks around but can't see a phone. She's all out of options.

Sucking in a breath, Teen Naomi closes her eyes - and opens them to reveal BLOOD RED. She opens her mouth - and there are the FANGS.

She quickly pulls back her sleeve and BITES into her wrist, holding it over Danyael's mouth and watching as blood DRIPS painfully slowly.

Danyael is stunned as he watches - this is a lifetime ago to him. He JUMPS as Naomi rejoins him.

NAOMI
 There's a reason I saved you that night, Danny. You'd given up, just like everybody always does... but I hadn't given up on you.

Teen Naomi mumbles a prayer under her breath that this will work - and Teen Danyael suddenly COUGHS, rolling onto his side and RETCHING loudly.

NAOMI (cont'd)
 I'll never give up on you.

Naomi turns Danyael's head to face her.

NAOMI (cont'd)
 I love you.

She starts to lean in, slowly, carefully, and Danyael can't help himself leaning to meet her. As their lips touch, we:

WHITE OUT:

Danyael wakes with a START, his hand going to his neck - but the amulet is gone.

He looks down to see it's fallen from his neck and turned BLACK, and so has Naomi's. She's lying next to him, stirring and coming round.

As her eyes flutter open, they fall on Danyael and she SMILES - but he just sits up, not looking happy.

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL
Moment of weakness.

With that, he rises, and Naomi's smile drops.

Danyael makes his way to the edge of the walkway, looking out across the activity below to see something new - the STATUE the Trinity went to such lengths to steal!

It's mounted on a platform in the centre of the room, wisps of dark ENERGY trail up from its surface. It's ready to be safely loaded into a waiting trailer.

NAOMI
That's the final piece of the puzzle.

Her eyes on the scene, Naomi joins him at the railing.

NAOMI (cont'd)
We managed to send enough power through that to get the storm started, and now all we need is one last push at just the right location to set it free.

DANAYEL
Set what free?

NAOMI
It's called Viracocha. Ancient storm God.

DANYAEL
You've got an actual God inside that thing?

NAOMI
Well, near enough. All legends have to start somewhere.

Danyael watches as more Warriors start rolling the heavy statue up the trailer's loading ramp.

NAOMI (cont'd)
Viracocha's going to be the final phase of all this. Once it's released, then we can start fixing things at last.

DANYAEL
(shakes head)
You're insane.

NAOMI
I'm a realist.

DANYAEL

You're seriously telling me you're gonna set some kind of old school weather God free so it can help you change the world? How?!?

NAOMI

By changing what's wrong! By making sure that all that stuff I just showed you, all that pain, all that misery - none of that ever happens to anybody, ever again!

(off statue)

This spirit... its power isn't like anything you've ever seen! It can change reality, reshape, even remake the world like it was a kid playing with its toys!

Naomi's impassioned pleas fall on deaf ears - Danyael just can't wrap his head round this.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

Naomi?

She turns - there's CHARLOTTE, wearing what look like ceremonial robes. The Trinity symbol is prominent.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

It's time.

NAOMI

Is the conduit still secure?

CHARLOTTE

(nods)

Another hour and we're at full dispersal.

NAOMI

And our new location?

CHARLOTTE

Secured. Just waiting for us to show up.

Naomi nods, turning back to Danyael.

NAOMI

Danny, this is your last chance. You can't stop this now. But you can be on the right side.

DANYAEL

I already am.

(CONTINUED)

He takes a defiant step back. Naomi SIGHS and hangs her head, and when she looks back up there are tears in her eyes.

NAOMI

I'm sorry...

She turns to walk away - and Charlotte BLASTS Danyael with a bolt of energy!

He's hurled backwards, SMASHING into the wall and hitting the deck in a shower of bricks, out cold.

Naomi's sad gaze lingers on him for a few moments until she tears herself away, following Charlotte as we CUT TO:

Inman leafs through reams of paper spewing from a printer, while one of the other agents examine a set of computer monitors and Chris works on dissecting a dead bug.

INMAN

(huffs)

This is getting us nowhere!

CHRIS

Just keep looking! There has to be something we've overlooked, some element in the air we can identify as the root of the sickness.

AGENT #1

Uh... he's got a point, sir.

Inman's glare shuts the junior Agent up, and Chris leans back from his work, rubbing his tired eyes.

CHRIS

(mutters)

Julie, where are you when I need you...

INMAN

Huh?

CHRIS

Never mind.

(off bug)

I think I've got a better idea how these things function, and with a little preparation I might be able to conjure something up to drive them off.

INMAN

'Conjure'? As in...

CHRIS

Magic, yes.

INMAN

(exhales)

Okay, fine, whatever. Today is officially the craziest day of my life already.

The van suddenly SHAKES a little, its lights flickering.

INMAN (cont'd)

What was that?

Agent #1 heads for the monitors, paling at what he sees.

AGENT #1

Uh... you'd better take a look at this, sir.

Inman and Chris join him - and see from an external camera that bugs have blanketed the outside of the command vehicle!

CHRIS

If they decide to find a way in here...

INMAN

(tetchy)

I'm aware of what will happen, thanks.

(to Agent)

There's a basement car park about a mile away. We should be able to get down there and seal the place off.

AGENT #1

Yes, sir.

He gets up and heads for the driver's cabin, while Inman turns to Chris.

INMAN

You seriously reckon you can come up with something to get rid of the bugs?

CHRIS

I said I might be able to.

The van's engine starts, and the vehicle SHAKES a little more as the bugs outside wake up again.

INMAN

Then I suggest you get on it.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

Inman heads for the cabin as Chris starts clearing himself some space to work with, and we CUT TO:

28 EXT. CITY - ROOFTOP - DAY

28

It's as black as night when Twist, Diego and Syren reach the rooftop, with the storm firmly settled over the city.

TWIST

All I'm saying is, there's got to be a more efficient way we can take these things down year in, year out. You know?

SYREN

I wouldn't know. This is only my second potential end of the world.

DIEGO

Syren?
(off her attention)
Is that what you're sensing?

They look across the roof - and there it is. Some kind of large GENERATOR, a bizarre mix of the mystical and the technical, sending PULSES of energy up into the sky.

SYREN

That's it.

TWIST

Well, duh. Any idea what it is?

DIEGO

I'm not sure - but look.

They watch as another PULSE emits from the device's antenna, spiralling up into the stormy sky.

DIEGO (cont'd)

It's connected to the storm somehow. That means -

TWIST

(interrupts)
That means Hulk Smash!

The team start to advance, but Diego suddenly stops, grabbing Twist's arm.

TWIST (cont'd)

Wha -

He shakes his head, eyes returning to the rooftop.

(CONTINUED)

DIEGO
Something's here.

He slowly draws his sword, but Twist can't see anything across the long, cluttered rooftop besides air vents, fuse boxes and other objects.

TWIST
Would you turn the Spider-Sense down a notch for once? It's bad enough that those bugs could come back at any moment, without...

She trails off. She sees MOVEMENT within the many shadows stretching across the roof's surface.

Before their eyes, almost two dozen TRINITY WARRIORS almost melt out of the shadows to stand before them, swords ready.

DIEGO
We should have guessed it would be guarded.

TWIST
(wearily)
Man, I hope this whole people-trying-to-kill-me thing doesn't become a weekly routine.

Syren hears a noise behind her and spins round - and there are more Warriors circling the group!

SYREN
We're trapped!

TWIST
No, no, no...
(smirks)
... they are.

And as she raises her bat, tightening her grip, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

29

EXT. CITY - ROOFTOP - DAY

29

The team go back to back as the Warriors circle them, Diego's eyes flicking from target to target.

TWIST

Okay, I'll take the one on the left. You can have the other twenty-three.

DIEGO

(ignores her)

Go for the device. I'll handle the guards.

SYREN

What about me?

DIEGO

Watch my back.

The first few warriors charge forward, and with a SHOUT Diego charges to meet them, his sword CLASHING with theirs.

Twist breaks and runs, BARGING one Warrior aside as she races for the device.

Another Warrior LEAPS in after her, but a quick BLAST from Syren blows the Warrior to one side - and straight over the edge!

TWIST

Thanks!

She turns - and CRASHES into a pair of Warriors, having to roll to avoid getting SKEWERED to the floor.

Diego is surrounded by around seven Warriors, slicing and attacking in every direction to fend them all off.

Syren backs up quickly as another Warrior assaults her, her senses telling her to dodge left and right to avoid him.

She backs into a tall air vent stack and DUCKS, narrowly missing a blade aimed at her throat!

She rises again just as the Warrior throws a PUNCH at her - but she CATCHES his hand, inches from her face!

The Warrior flinches, trying to pull out of her grip - but Syren just GRINS.

(CONTINUED)

Diego looks up, and with wide eyes DUCKS as the unfortunate Warrior is HURLED over his head, sailing off the roof!

Twist, meanwhile, RAMS her elbow into one Warrior's gut, lifting him off his feet and charging into another, using the first as a battering ram!

With both Warriors down, she gets a clean shot at the device, but as she raises her bat she takes a KICK from another assassin, dropping her bat and falling away.

She looks up as she hits the deck, but a terrifying sight awaits her:

Wave after wave of the bugs, rising from their positions on the buildings below, their wings beating out a thunderous BUZZ as they fill the skies!

TWIST (cont'd)

Bugs... why did it have to be bugs?

She quickly scrambles to her feet, yelling out:

TWIST (cont'd)

Diego! Syren! Incoming!

She RUNS for it as a horde of bugs descend on the roof, catching several slower Warriors behind her!

The Warriors HOWL as the bugs tear into them, but the swarm doesn't slow down, pouring across the rooftop and covering everything in its path!

Diego CUTS DOWN another Warrior, turning to see the tidal wave of insects closing in.

DIEGO

Madre dios...

He breaks and GRABS Syren, pulling her to one side as the bugs fly past, engulfing more Warriors. Syren clamps her hands over her ears as the doomed assassins SHRIEK.

Twist runs straight for the device, the bugs starting to surround her as they catch her up.

DIEGO (cont'd)

Twist! What are you doing?

TWIST

Just get the princess outta here!
I've got this!

Diego watches in amazement as Twist LEAPS for the device, TACKLING it - and sending both the machine and herself sailing over the edge!

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

DIEGO

Twist!!

He tries to follow, but Syren pulls him back, one hand trying to push open a fire door leading to a staircase.

SYREN

Whatever she's done, she'll be alright! We have to go!

Diego turns and KICKS the door open, and together with Syren he clatters down the stairs.

Another wave of the bugs swarms past, filling the screen as we CUT TO:

30 EXT. CITY STREETS - NEXT

30

The CDC Command Vehicle roars down one of the main streets, SMASHING its way through stationary vehicles as more waves of BUGS stream after it.

It takes a corner too sharp, the back wheels SLIDING out as it struggles to make the turn, but it BOUNCES off another car and manages to right itself.

31 INT. CDC COMMAND CENTRE - NEXT

31

Inman, Chris and the remaining personnel hang on for dear life as they're thrown around the trailer.

INMAN

Damn it, Watts! This escape will be a failure if we all die in the attempt!

AGENT #1

Sorry, sir, but I'm not exactly trained for this kind of thing!

Chris clambers through to the front, taking the wheel from the Agent's shaking hands.

CHRIS

Move! Move!

He shoulders his way into the seat, his more skilled hands steering the bulky vehicle to safety.

32 EXT. CITY STREETS - NEXT

32

The trailer SKIDS round another corner, the gaping entrance to the underground car park up ahead.

The truck BOUNCES down the road, increasing its speed as it travels down the ramp, yet more floods of bugs on its tail.

33 INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - NEXT 33

The heavy truck SMASHES through a barricade and SCREECHES to a halt, coming to rest up against one wall.

34 INT. CDC COMMAND CENTRE - NEXT 34

Chris jumps up from behind the wheel and heads for the rear of the trailer.

INMAN

Where are you going?

CHRIS

Stay in here, no matter what!

INMAN

What? Wait! You can't -

Chris quickly pulls an air-sealed door into place, depressurising and opening the outer door.

As Inman protests, Chris opens the main door and jumps outside, quickly SLAMMING the door behind him.

35 INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - NEXT 35

BUGS are already starting to fill the air, but Chris wastes no time in racing for the entrance ramp, pausing only to SLICE several bugs from the air.

Reaching the ramp, he SLAMS his fist down against an emergency shutter release, and as a roll of heavy steel winds down to cover the entrance, he backs up towards the trailer.

The air is thick with bugs, but as the shutters CLUNK into place, the car park is sealed from any more getting inside.

Ignoring the morass of buzzing bodies whirling around him, Chris hunches down and concentrates...

... and then raises and SPIKES his katana into the ground, creating a wave of BLUE ENERGY that ripples out into the air.

Every bug that touches the wave drops to the ground, and within seconds the area falls silent as every last insect lies dead.

Chris falls to one knee, exhausted by the effort, and after a few moments the trailer's door opens as Inman piles out, back in his hazmat suit.

He reaches Chris, carefully sidestepping the insect carcasses covering the floor.

(CONTINUED)

INMAN

That... that was probably the most reckless thing I've ever seen.

CHRIS

(breathless)

It worked, didn't it?

INMAN

(beat; offers hand)

Come on.

Chris accepts the hand and pulls himself up, as we CUT TO:

Down at the bottom of the building where Twist and the others were fighting the Trinity...

... and with a YELL, Twist plummets into view, still entangled in the device as she SMASHES at full speed into a parked car!

Glass SPRAYS into the air, the car's ALARM ringing out as pieces of the shattered device fall to the ground.

There's a bright PULSE of light as the device breaks for good, the released energy setting off every other car alarm in the vicinity.

A brightly-glowing HAZE of smoky energy starts to drift upwards from the crash, flowing into the air.

HOLD on the scene for a few moments, until with a GROAN the badly cut and bruised Twist slowly rolls off the car's crumpled roof and onto the asphalt.

She COUGHS, clearly having done some damage to herself, but her eyes fall on the wrecked fragments of the device.

TWIST

(weakly)

Yay...

She looks up, her eyes catching the haze of smoky light - and then a fresh wave of bugs, diving towards her!

TWIST (cont'd)

Oh, come on!

She braces for impact - but as the bugs hit the energy, they veer away sharply, repelled by whatever it is.

37 EXT. CITY - ROOFTOP - NEXT 37

Sure enough, further up the same thing is happening, the cloud of energy spreading and dissipating but staying just as bright.

The high speed winds just serve to send the mist around even quicker, and every flash of LIGHTNING sends it pushing out even faster.

Everywhere it encounters the insects, it drives them away, forcing the thick swarm up into the air until it starts to leave, snaking like a school of fish into the skies.

38 INT. CDC COMMAND CENTRE - NEXT 38

Agent #1 is back at the monitors, calling out:

AGENT #1

Sir?

Inman and Chris join him, and the grinning Agent shows them the screens.

AGENT #1 (cont'd)

They're leaving!

Chris allows himself a grin, breathing a sigh of relief as we CUT TO:

39 EXT. CITY STREET - NEXT 39

Twist is painstakingly picking stray bits of glass out of herself as Diego and Syren come splashing over. The insects may be gone, but the weather is still just as torrential.

DIEGO

Twist! Are you -

TWIST

Measuring my pain threshold? Yeah, just slightly.

She drops another blood-stained shard of glass to the floor. Diego looks relieved, if a little cross.

DIEGO

That was not one of your more well-thought out plans.

TWIST

You think? By my standards, I'd have said it was about average.

Syren surprises her by giving her a grateful hug.

(CONTINUED)

SYREN

I'm glad you're alright.

TWIST

And I'm glad you don't hug me more often.

She extends her hands.

TWIST (cont'd)

Now can you help me up? I think my legs are kind of broken.

Diego dutifully reaches down and scoops her up, Twist wrapping her arms round his neck as he carries her. He realises she's smiling at him, and quirks an eyebrow.

DIEGO

Que?

TWIST

You know, it's at times like these I remember what a gentleman you are.

DIEGO

(teases)

And it's at times like these I remember how you should cut down on all that junk food.

She playfully PUNCHES him on the arm, and as the trio head on, we CUT TO:

As the steel shutters start to roll back up, Chris is revealed, ready with his katana just in case.

Behind him, the CDC van waits, its engine running, and as Chris waves it out into the street it rolls outside.

Chris notices Diego and the others approaching, heading up to meet them as the CDC trailer comes to a stop.

CHRIS

(off Twist)

What happened?

DIEGO

She took a swan dive off a building to destroy some kind of energy conduit.

CHRIS

That was... rather foolish.

TWIST

Well, gee, that's some sound advice if I've ever heard it. Why, that advice ranks right up there with 'Do Not Set The House On Fire,' 'Do Not Murder People,' 'Do Not Eat Live Electric Eels,' and 'Do Not Taunt The Lions By Repeatedly Thrusting Your Genitals In Their General Direction While Shouting 'Come See The Real Eye Of The Tiger, Bitches!'' Thank you. Without your words of wisdom, we'd all be doomed.

Twist takes a breath. Chris exhales patiently.

CHRIS

Did you get that from a website?

TWIST

(sheepish)

Yes...

CHRIS

Alright, let's go. What's left of the CDC have called in some reinforcements, so we should keep moving.

The team start moving again, when Inman calls out:

INMAN

Hey, hold up.

Chris nods for the others to continue as he heads over to meet Agent Inman.

INMAN (cont'd)

You're leaving? What if those creatures return?

CHRIS

Hopefully, they won't. Either way, you'll be ready for them. The specimen in your trailer should give you ample opportunity to come up with some kind of repellent.

Chris starts to leave, but Inman stops him.

INMAN

Don't you want to stay and help? I mean... you've done so much already.

CHRIS

I'm afraid there's more we can do elsewhere now. You won't be able to wake any of the people here up, and I think we both know that.

He nods towards his team, waiting by the van.

CHRIS (cont'd)

But with a little luck, we might be able to stop all of this.

Inman pauses, weighing this up, and then nods.

INMAN

I'm not going to pretend like I understand...

CHRIS

And nor would I expect you to.

INMAN

... but I just wanted to say thanks. You saved our necks today, and you may have given us the break we needed against this thing.

Chris casts a sombre look down the street, taking in the bodies of the less fortunate CDC members.

CHRIS

Then don't waste this chance.
(beat)
Good luck, Agent Inman.

He turns and walks away, leaving Inman to watch him go and then return to the command vehicle, and as Chris strides towards us through the rain we DISSOLVE TO:

Danyaël's head jerks up - he's been tied to a chair in the middle of the now empty warehouse floor.

DANYAEL

Hey! Hello? Naomi?
(beat)
Anyone?

He tries to move but can't, so settles for bouncing the chair round, one step at a time.

He doesn't see a small NOTE on his lap flutter to the ground as he starts moving.

He realises the warehouse is deserted, with tire trails marking the exits of the various trucks.

He then hears a faint BEEPING, and continues shuffling round until he's faced with:

EXPLOSIVES, fixed to every support strut all across the floor. The whole place is wired to explode!

Danyael's eyes bulge as this sinks in, and as he frantically starts struggling to free himself, his eyes fall on the note.

It reads: 'Danyael. I'm sorry. I had to set an example, and I couldn't justify keeping you with us any longer. I just hope you can forgive me. Naomi.'

Danyael's head snaps back up, and he lets out a CRY of anger, trying once again to break free of his bonds.

He's still stuck fast, and as the BEEPING coming from the various sets of explosives becomes more shrill and urgent, he realises he's out of time.

BOOM! The first package explodes, FLAMES shooting up to the ceiling. And then BOOM! Another. And another.

The warehouse floor turns into a firestorm, with Danyael trapped in the middle and letting out another desperate CRY as the entire warehouse starts to COLLAPSE in on itself!

As RUBBLE and hunks of the warehouse start to cave in, Danyael is obscured from view as the SMOKE and FLAMES rise, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW