

**SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN**

"To Hell..."

by  
Lee A. Chrimes

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

1 INT. GLOVER'S LIBRARY - NIGHT 1

SLAM! A door bursts open as CHRIS barges through, racing at full pelt down a long, long corridor of BOOKSHELVES.

Right behind him are DANYAEL and SYREN, all three of them still showing the marks of their recent battle with the Trinity.

They can't keep pace with Chris as he hurries on, taking turns and BOUNCING off bookcases rather than slowing.

DANYAEL

Chris, wait! Come on! Slow down!

SYREN

Chris!

He either doesn't hear or doesn't care - and speeds up, leaving them both behind.

He turns again and approaches a thick IRON DOOR, a rotating wheel linked to thick bolts locking it shut. Nobody's opening this in a hurry.

2 INT. GLOVER'S LIBRARY - STUDY - NEXT 2

BOOM! In a blaze of GREEN LIGHT, SMOKE and FLAMES, the entire door is BLASTED off its hinges, falling to the floor with a reverberating THUMP.

Chris vaults through the smoking hole before the door has even landed, on his feet and scanning for:

GLOVER

Who sits in a leather armchair, cup of tea in one hand and paperback novel in the other. Looking scared out of his mind, of course.

GLOVER

Wh - what in the -

(blinks)

Christopher?!?

Chris marches forward, HAULING Glover out of his seat with one hand.

CHRIS

No time to explain, Glover. I need you to listen and do exactly what I say.

(CONTINUED)

GLOVER

But -

CHRIS

Glover! Twist's life is at stake here!

GLOVER

The vampire girl? But isn't she -

DANYAEL (O.S.)

Alright...

Chris turns - Danyael and Syren have made it into the study, both gasping for breath.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

You need to tell us what the hell you're doing, right now.

Chris looks from Danyael to Glover and back, finally releasing his grip on the spindly man.

CHRIS

Danyael, Syren, meet Johan Glover. Occult librarian first class, after having inherited one of the most extensive collections of mystical texts in the known world from the late Charles Bannister.

Glover adjusts his glasses and smooths down his clothes. Offers Danyael his hand.

GLOVER

I, ah... I suppose I'm pleased to meet you.

Danyael hesitates, then shakes, looking to Chris.

DANYAEL

I repeat - what are we doing here?

CHRIS

If there's anybody who can help us get Twist back, it's this man.

He clamps a hand down on Glover's shoulder. He GULPS.

GLOVER

Back from where?

CHRIS

From Hell.

Glover's jaw drops as we CUT TO:

3 INT. GLOVER'S LIBRARY - LATER

3

In a large reading area in the centre of the circular library stand several tables and chairs.

BOOKS, MANUSCRIPTS, SCROLLS, PARCHMENTS and everything in between are spread across the tables, the team surrounding the wealth of arcana.

Chris emerges from one aisle, adding more books to the pile.

GLOVER

I'm still not quite sure I follow you...

CHRIS

I don't see what's so difficult to understand. My friend has been staked and sent back to Hell, so we need to rescue her.

GLOVER

Well, yes, but -

SYREN

Haven't you done this before?

GLOVER

No! Nobody has, ever! That's what I can't get my head around! Never mind barging in here, detonating one of my most expensive doors -

CHRIS

I'll pay for the damages.

GLOVER

There's also the small matter of this particular rescue mission being, oh, how do I say it... impossible!

CHRIS

I've done it once before.

GLOVER

(boggles)

You... you went to Hell... and came back? How?

Chris THUMPS one last book down.

CHRIS

I have absolutely no idea.

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL

Wait - what?!?

CHRIS

It was an accident. I was trying to cast a locator spell of my own devising, but I mis-cast something catastrophically badly, and the next thing I knew, pop. There was twist. Plucked from the very jaws of the underworld itself.

SYREN

So you think there's something here you can use to re-cast that spell?

CHRIS

That's the idea.

He flips through one book, quickly doing the same to three more. He looks up - and finds the others staring at him.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Don't just stand there gawking - help me!

DANYAEL

Chris...

SYREN

Where would we even start?

GLOVER

Not to mention the time it would take to fully -

CRASH! Chris POUNDS his fist against the table. The sound shuts them all up.

CHRIS

This isn't some half-baked theory I've dreamt up. I'm not looking for a backup plan, or even another option in case my original plan fails. This is my original plan.

He looks up, the others reacting to his stern expression.

CHRIS (cont'd)

I am going to find a way to get down to Hell, find Twist and come back, because I owe her my life. And so do the two of you, and hundreds of other people who wouldn't be drawing breath today if not for her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS (cont'd)

(beat)

And she's in Hell. She already escaped once. Do you really think they'll just let her slip away again? None of us have ever found out what she went through down there. Twist could be suffering the most unimaginable torments even as we speak - suffering the likes of which no human should ever have to suffer, and every second we waste standing around here, bickering about whether this is even feasible or not could be another subjective eternity she spends in that place! So we either get to work, or condemn her to a never-ending cycle of unimaginable pain!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HELL - WAITING ROOM

And here's TWIST. Sitting in what looks awfully like a doctor's waiting room - bland wallpaper, dog-eared magazines, even a tinny radio playing MUZAK.

Sharing the room with her are a pale, shivering young JUNKIE, a morbidly OBESE MAN, and a richly dressed WOMAN holding onto the blackened skeleton of a small dog.

Twist SIGHS, looking for all the world like someone waiting in line at Disneyland.

The door opens and a daemon steps inside, holding a clipboard. The room's occupants perk up, trying to catch his eye.

DAEMON

Mrs Van Adder?

The richly dressed woman stands, smirks at the others, and then follows the daemon out of the room. The door shuts with a decisive SLAM.

Twist looks up to a display on the wall: it reads 'Now Serving #47.'

She looks at a YELLOW TICKET in her hands. It's for #299.

Twist SIGHS once more.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. GLOVER'S LIBRARY - READING AREA - NIGHT 5

Chris stands at the edge of another reading area, this one cleared of tables.

In its centre is drawn a huge MAGIC CIRCLE, one of the most complex designs we've ever seen. CANDLES mark each of its twelve points.

Chris has his head down and hands clasped, concentrating. His breathing is slow and regular.

He finally looks up, stepping forward into the centre of the circle. Chris raises his palms out before him.

CHRIS

*Van de laag hierboven aan de  
hieronder diepten...*

FWOOSH! His hands are suddenly ENGULFED IN FLAMES, Chris' brow creasing as he fights to keep his focus.

CHRIS (cont'd)

*... ik streef naar de verloren  
opgesloten... ziel waar het niet  
behoort...*

The lines within and around the circle start to GLOW a deep, pulsating YELLOW. FLAMES lick at the corners.

It's taking more and more effort to speak each word, Chris starting to buckle under the incredible pressure.

The flames running up and down Chris' arms intensify - and through them, his own flesh starts to BLISTER.

CHRIS (cont'd)

*... open een gateway... zodat ik  
naar de wereld... onder me kan  
reizen...*

BOLTS OF ENERGY starts to snap up from the circle, leaving SCORCH MARKS on the wall.

Several strike Chris, and he wavers with each burst but manages to stay upright.

The skin on his hands is BLACK now, starting to crack under the intense heat.

CHRIS (cont'd)

*... en neem me... aan zij... die  
wordt... verloren!*

(CONTINUED)

BOOM! A sudden BLAST of energy knocks Chris off his feet and sends him FLYING backwards!

He CRASHES into the wall, leaving a sizeable dent before tumbling back to earth - still ABLAZE!

The power coursing through the circle disconnects in an instant, the light fading from the room.

Danyael and Glover race round a corner, spot the burning Chris and rush to his side.

DANYAEL

Chris! Chris, are you alright?

Tearing off his jacket and using it to stamp out the flames, Danyael manages to extinguish the fires.

Chris sits up, his whole body tensed tight with pain. BLOOD drips from an open wound on his head.

CHRIS

Get me... some water...

Glover nods, hurrying off, but Danyael stays.

Chris opens one eye, sees that Danyael is still there and lets out a GASP of pain. He hunches up, burning waves of pain flooding his body.

DANYAEL

Oh, so you think you're all tough now because you didn't let Glover see you do that?

Chris sits back up, drained, and carefully removes his hands from the safety of Danyael's jacket.

Danyael recoils - the skin on Chris' hands is covered with third degree BURNS, the skin blackened and cracked.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

(shakes head)

Chris, man... you need to take a minute here.

CHRIS

Not yet... I'm not done.

He tries to stand but his legs fail, and Chris STUMBLES back to the floor.

DANYAEL

Would you look at yourself? You've been doing this for hours!

CHRIS

Clearly, not long enough.

DANYAEL

(snaps)

What good is finding the spell to  
save Twist if you're dead?

CHRIS

And what good is any of this if I  
don't find the spell?

Danyael stands, throwing his hands up in anger.

DANYAEL

What the hell do you want me to say  
here? 'Yeah, Chris, keep turning  
yourself inside out with every new  
spell. Everything's fine and god  
damn dandy'?!?

CHRIS

I want you to say...

Chris carefully rises, keeping his burned hands closed.

CHRIS (cont'd)

... that you've found another spell  
I can try.

Danyael holds his gaze, but Chris isn't backing down. With a  
GRUNT, he turns and marches off.

Glover rounds another corner, a large jug of WATER in his  
hands.

GLOVER

I brought as much as I could -

He freezes. Sees Chris' hands.

GLOVER (cont'd)

My God! What have you done?

Chris walks up to him, hands outstretched.

CHRIS

Just hold that right there.

Glover starts to reply - and Chris DIPS his hands into the  
water!

Glover boggles as STEAM rises from Chris' scorched hands, the  
cold water cooling the burns - and shredding the skin  
beneath!

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3)

5

Chris lifts his hands up, and Glover looks ready to faint as Chris studies the barbeque he's made of himself.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
(beat)  
Thanks.

He PEELS AWAY a huge chunk of charcoal - revealing perfectly healthy, pale white skin beneath.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
Vampires heal fast, Glover. Even  
part-time ones like myself.

Glover now looks set to vomit as Chris continues to CRACK away hunks of black flesh.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
Are the others back in the main  
area?

Glover can only NOD, one hand over his mouth.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
Than I'll see you back there.

He strides off, leaving a stunned Glover behind.

6 INT. GLOVER'S LIBRARY - READING AREA - NEXT

6

Syren is asleep, head on her arms as she snoozes within the pages of one thick text.

Chris COUGHS, jolting her back to alertness. She SNORTS as she wakes up, bleary-eyed to see Danyael and Chris.

SYREN  
What... was I asleep?

DANYAEL  
(quirks eyebrow)  
You didn't hear the whole...

He mimes an explosion, with sound effect. Syren looks blank, so Danyael pats her hand and sits down.

DANYAEL (cont'd)  
Never mind.

Chris joins them, pulling up a chair and gently pushing Syren's bed-head hair back into place.

CHRIS  
Sorry.

She YAWNS, stretching out in the chair.

(CONTINUED)

SYREN

Have we gotten anywhere?

Chris looks down, shaking his head sadly.

CHRIS

Still nothing. Glover's running a search through the catalogues of the really old books in here, seeing if there's anything in the archives he can bring up.

DANYAEL

I thought this was the archive?

CHRIS

Not even close. There are three pan-dimensional sub-levels to this, but they can only be accessed magically. And we have to know what we're looking for in them.

DANYAEL

Ah. So... SNAFU, huh?

CHRIS

If that means 'going bloody nowhere fast,' then yes, SNAFU indeed.

Danyael grimaces, running his hands through his hair.

DANYAEL

Alright, let's go over what we do have.

He picks up one book, placing it before the trio.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

After recent... attempts at portal and summoning rituals, I tried a new search. Teleportation spells. Some of the most top-level stuff out there - I'm not even sure you have the magical stones to cast these things, Chris.

CHRIS

Syren can help.

SYREN

I can?

CHRIS

You can.

He places a hand on hers and she smiles. She covers his hand with her own - and frowns as she senses the last traces of burn marks there.

DANYAEL

And up next...

He drags two more thick books over - their covers look suspiciously like HUMAN SKIN.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

A Who's Who of big shots in the underworld. Names and biog of every major daemon known to exist in the lower levels of reality.

CHRIS

Good work.

DANYAEL

You know, it's weird - here was me thinking the concept of Hell was a purely religious thing, even back when I tried to ask Twist about it two years ago. She stonewalled me then, but I'm starting to see why. This is some heavy duty stuff we're up against here.

CHRIS

Perhaps. But we have to believe we can do this. Twist herself proves that it can be done.

GLOVER (O.S.)

I've ah, completed my initial search...

He enters the reading area, a long sheet of printed paper in one hand.

GLOVER (cont'd)

... and I may have found something that can help us.

CHRIS

(grins)

Excellent. Let's hear it.

GLOVER

Ah, well, you see... there is, however... one small problem...

Chris closes his eyes, bracing for the bad news as we CUT TO:

7

INT. HELL - WAITING ROOM

7

Twist is still sitting with the Junkie and the Obese Man. The MUZAK still plays, and Twist frowns as she listens to it.

TWIST  
(to Obese Man)  
Is that Iron Maiden?

He just GRUNTS, looking away. Twist pulls a face and settles back.

The Junkie COUGHS, leaning half across her to do so, and once he straightens she rounds on him:

TWIST (cont'd)  
(to Junkie)  
Look, dude, I know you're obviously stuck in some sort of permanent state of cold turkey, but... can you just try to not sweat on me?

JUNKIE  
S-sorry...

He shuffles away from her a little. Twist wrinkles her nose as she wipes some of his sweat from her mud-stained clothes.

There's a soft CHIME overhead, and Twist looks up to see the display number has changed.

The door opens, and the trio look up again. It's the same daemon, peering at his clipboard.

DAEMON  
Arnold Perry?

The Obese Man rises - eventually, waddling one thunderous step at a time over to the door.

TWIST  
Hey! Daemon guy!

The daemon pauses, turning to stare at her.

TWIST (cont'd)  
Any idea when the rest of us are gonna get seen to?

The daemon holds her gaze - then just SNICKERS, exiting along with the Obese Man.

Twist slumps back into her seat. She looks at the Junkie as he COUGHS again, rolls her eyes and shuffles a little further away as we CUT TO:

8

INT. GLOVER'S LIBRARY - STUDY - NIGHT

8

The team have reassembled inside the study - the iron door leans against the back wall.

CHRIS

I'm sorry - we need a what?

GLOVER

We need a daemon. Or, at the very least, its blood.

CHRIS

Which we're to get how, exactly? The only place you can even find daemons is in Hell, which is where we're trying to get to in the first place!

GLOVER

That's not strictly true.

DANYAEL

Huh?

GLOVER

Daemons escape from Hell all the time. Sometimes as spirits or other lost souls, others as things a lot more... solid.

CHRIS

So if we can track down one of these escaped daemons...

DANYAEL

... then we can juice up the spell we need to get Twist back!

CHRIS

One question. Where do we even begin looking to find one of these 'escaped daemons'?

GLOVER

Ah. That part, I'm afraid, will have to be up to you.

Chris muses this, head down.

DANYAEL

Chris, man - this could be our only shot.

SYREN

No.

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL

What? Why not?

CHRIS

Syren?

SYREN

No, Chris. I mean it. How much damage have you done to yourself already with all these spells you've been trying?

CHRIS

That's hardly the issue here.

SYREN

Isn't it? What happens if we go back into the real world, find one of these things, but it gets away? Innocent people could get hurt while we're trying to take it down! Is that what you want? Is that what Twist would want?

CHRIS

What Twist would want is for us to get her out of that place, any way we could!

SYREN

Not if it meant innocent lives were put in danger.

He starts to reply, but hesitates - she's absolutely right.

SYREN (cont'd)

(to Glover)

Is there any way we can get a daemon here instead?

GLOVER

(disbelief)

Lure it into the library? Are you insane? The damage it could do here alone would be... irreversible!

CHRIS

(light bulb)

Not if we make sure it can't leave...

GLOVER

I'm sorry?

CHRIS

Danyaël, hit the shelves again, but this time fine me anything you can on summoning daemons. We'll need a strong binding spell, too.

DANYAEL

Got it.

Glover splutters as Danyaël rushes past him.

GLOVER

Now wait just a minute! You're not seriously considering dredging some inhuman monstrosity up from the depths to end up right here in my library, are you?

Chris steps forward, right into his face:

CHRIS

I'm always serious about my work.

Chris looks past him to the desk, grabbing a piece of paper and a pen. He scribbles something down and presses it into Glover's hand.

CHRIS (cont'd)

I'm going to need that. I know you have it here, so make sure it's waiting for me by the time we're ready.

With that, he walks past, Syren following. Glover's mouth flaps as he struggles to process this, and we CUT TO:

Twist now waits alone. She paces up and down, glancing towards the shuttered windows at any faint sound.

She heads for one window and tries to prise the shutters apart, but can't get a look at anything - when the display CHIMES again.

She hops back into the middle of the room - and the door opens. It's the Clipboard daemon again, this time with two burly GUARDS - the same two who brought her in.

CLIPBOARD

Twist McFadden?

TWIST

It's about god damn time!

(beat)

Can I say that down here?

CLIPBOARD

Sorry to keep you waiting. Yours is, how can I put this... a special case.

TWIST

My mother always told me I was special.

(blinks)

No, wait...

CLIPBOARD

Put simply, you're not meant to be here.

TWIST

Damn straight, I'm not.

CLIPBOARD

You should've been shipped straight back to the Private Hell Chambers as soon as you arrived.

Twist GULPS. What little colour she has drains from her.

CLIPBOARD (cont'd)

However, thanks to some, shall we say, administrative issues...

Clipboard casts a meaningful look at the two Guards, who shift awkwardly.

CLIPBOARD (cont'd)

... we're able to offer you something.

TWIST

Is it a one-way ticket back home?

CLIPBOARD

Not quite.

He steps forward, handing her a SCROLL. She unfurls it, scanning down the contents.

CLIPBOARD (cont'd)

You get an appeal.

Twist's eyes bulge, and as she looks down the elegantly-written scroll, scarcely believing it, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10

INT. HELL - ADMISSIONS OFFICE

10

Twist hurries along after Clipboard, still trying to read the scroll.

They're moving through some kind of sprawling office suite, with desks partitioned off in some approximation of a cubicle farm - only in Hell.

Here, daemons sit behind the desks while smaller IMPS flutter around overhead, picking up and dropping off message tubes.

Sad-eyed lost souls wait on endlessly long pews and aisles, shuffling along one at a time as they're processed.

TWIST

Wait a second...

(looks up; louder)

I said wait!

Clipboard calls back over his shoulder, without stopping:

CLIPBOARD

We don't have time to wait! This appeal is a limited offer only, and once it expires, you -

He stops dead as Twist GRABS his arm.

TWIST

Okay - one, let's assume that I don't want to hear about what could happen to me, Ever again. Clear?

CLIPBOARD

Will you remove your hand if I say yes?

TWIST

I promise to at least consider it.

CLIPBOARD

Yes.

TWIST

Good.

True to her word, she lets him go.

TWIST (cont'd)

Two - am I gonna get any kind of time to work out what I'm supposed to actually do in this thing?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TWIST (cont'd)

Or is the plan to just throw me to the wolves in there and see how I deal?

CLIPBOARD

The 'plan,' such as it is, will be for you to stand before a Judge and answer for your sins.

TWIST

Oh.

(beat)

See, I've kind of got a lot of those, so I was hoping there might be something else...

CLIPBOARD

(huffs)

If you don't mind moving along, then I'll be able to tell you the rest once we're there!

TWIST

(pauses; nods)

Lead on.

The duo hurry back through the suite. Twist's gaze is drawn to the various unfortunates packing the place out - some sitting before desks, others heading in lines through unmarked doors.

Clipboard reaches one such door, rattles in a long code on the numeric keypad and UNLOCKS it. He holds the door open for Twist, and she warily steps into:

For all intents and purposes, a normal wood-panelled courtroom. With a few subtle differences.

The JUDGE is a monstrously tall creature all in black, a hood covering its features. Skeletal hands are clasped before it.

The JURY, meanwhile, are twelve GHOSTS, shimmering spectral figures who flicker as Twist gapes at them.

CLIPBOARD

(nudges her; whispers)

Don't stare at them. They don't like that.

She shuts her mouth, following Clipboard as he guides her into another long aisle seat.

She's about fifth in line, four more people with daemons of their own in the queue before her.

PROSECUTOR (O.S.)  
Ladies and gentleman, dearly  
departed of the jury...

Twist looks up - the PROSECUTOR has risen from his desk, one of two stood before the Judge's high plinth. He's a tall, stately figure, JET BLACK the same as his suit.

TWIST  
(whispers)  
Guy looks like he was carved out of  
coal or something!

CLIPBOARD  
(whispers back)  
That's because he was.

Twist blinks, peering at the Prosecutor again as he approaches the Jury.

PROSECUTOR  
Before you stands Edward Dean  
Buggins, a loathsome human being  
through and through. In his brief  
life on Earth, he was a felon for  
such crimes as theft, vandalism,  
assault and, finally, a single  
count of murder.

The target of the Prosecutor's attention, BUGGINS, is a nervous-looking teenager who clearly woke up on the wrong side of the tracks and decided to stay there.

PROSECUTOR (cont'd)  
After publicly displaying his  
recently-acquired firearm at a  
nightclub crammed with innocent  
civilians - if there is such a  
thing...

The Jury CHUCKLE at his wisecrack.

PROSECUTOR (cont'd)  
... he proceeded to demonstrate how  
good a shot he was by gathering a  
group of his friends in an  
alleyway, and shooting at a passing  
stray cat.

Twist's face creases in horror, and she throws a filthy look at Buggins.

PROSECUTOR (cont'd)

Had he been as good a shot as he claimed, then he would doubtless have been the toast of his 'posse.' As it was, his bullet clipped the skull of passing student Penny Lancaster, eighteen, who died instantly.

Buggins sinks his head into his hands. His own defence daemon rolls his eyes.

PROSECUTOR (cont'd)

It was whilst fleeing the scene of this heinous act that he was struck by a speeding police car, flung twenty feet down the road and deposited his soul into the sorry mess you see before you.

Buggins turns as the Jury squint malevolently at him - and Twist sees that one half of his face is CAVED IN, his cause of death on clear display!

JUDGE

(booms)

Spokesman for the Jury, have you made your decision?

One of the Jury rises.

JURY

We have, your honour.

JUDGE

What is your verdict?

JURY

Guilty.

Buggins lets out a SOB, and his daemon pats him sympathetically on the shoulder.

JUDGE

Edward Buggins... arise.

His chest heaving as he continues to weep sadly, Buggins slowly gets to his feet.

JUDGE (cont'd)

For the crimes you committed in your mortal life, the punishment in your afterlife is... Private Hell.

Buggins throws a look to his daemon, who shakes his head sadly. Buggins GULPS loudly.

JUDGE (cont'd)  
(to Guards)  
Take him away.

Two hulking GUARDS - seven feet tall, four feet wide and made almost entirely of granite - step forward to lead Buggins away.

The line shuffles along one place, and Twist frantically tugs at Clipboard's sleeve.

TWIST  
But... but... isn't he supposed to get someone to speak in his defence? Or even make a plea?

CLIPBOARD  
That's not how we do things down here.

TWIST  
Looks like a normal Judge Judy kinda room to me.

CLIPBOARD  
Your perception of this place is built around your own expectations. Everyone here will see this a little differently.

TWIST  
So, what, the stick of charcoal there reads out your rap sheet, and then that's it? Judge and Jury send you away?

CLIPBOARD  
Did you forget where you are again? If you're here at all, then you're clearly someone not pure enough for the higher place. That means no, you don't get any defence. That part stops being an option the second you emerge from that chute and into our Collections area.

TWIST  
But -

CLIPBOARD  
We've been doing this for a long time, Miss McFadden, and as a result we're considerably quicker on the turnaround than our counterparts on Earth.

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

Twist GROANS, resting her head against the back of the aisle in front.

CLIPBOARD (cont'd)  
Your case will be a little different - you'll be permitted to say a few words before the Jury make their decision.

TWIST  
(lifts head)  
I will?

Clipboard consults his notes, leafing through the pages.

CLIPBOARD  
You have a large number of karmically sound deed to your name, and that's something that will hold you in good stead.

TWIST  
That's good!  
(beat; suspicious)  
Right?

CLIPBOARD  
Well... it might help.

Twist sinks her head back down to the pew's headboard with a loud 'bok,' and we CUT TO:

12 INT. GLOVER'S LIBRARY - STUDY - NIGHT

12

Chris is drawing another magic circle, this time consulting over a dozen texts spread out around him.

Syren is the only other person in the room, and she glances over her shoulder to make sure they're alone.

SYREN  
You're really going ahead with this, aren't you?

CHRIS  
I don't exactly have much choice. And you have to admit that this is a far less risky option than going hunting for one of these beings ourself.

She shrugs, only half following the sentiment.

SYREN  
I just... maybe...

(CONTINUED)

He rises, walking over to her and placing his hands on her arms.

CHRIS

It'll be alright. Between you, me and Danyael we're more than a match for whatever appears inside that circle.

SYREN

And if we're not?

CHRIS

I try not to think about negatives too much. Spending a few years stuck in an alternate future will do that to you.

She manages a faint smile. He pulls her closer, and she wraps her arms around him.

SYREN

I just don't want to lose you the way Danyael lost Twist.

CHRIS

She isn't 'lost.' She's just not here yet.

SYREN

You know what I mean. Like how Twist lost Diego. Or you lost Julie.

Chris steps back, head down. Syren reaches for his face, cradling it in her hands.

SYREN (cont'd)

(soft)

Don't make me have to lose you too.

He takes her hands, placing them within his own.

CHRIS

I'm not going to leave you. Not ever again.

He KISSES her once on the forehead.

CHRIS (cont'd)

You're the one who brought me back, remember? Without you, I'd still be gone.

She nods, looking down - TEARS in her eyes.

SYREN

There's... something else.

CHRIS

What is it?

SYREN

It's my name.

CHRIS

I don't understand.

SYREN

I don't want it. I don't want to be 'Syren' any more. 'Syren' is the lost, lonely girl you found on that island. 'Syren' is the girl who doesn't know who she is or where she came from. 'Syren' is the girl who was grown in a vat.

CHRIS

Don't say things like that.

SYREN

But it's true! It's true, all of it. And that's why... that's why I want to be the person I remembered being, back when Sueno helped me look back.

(beat)

I want to be Lyra Morley again.

Chris studies the determination in her face - and with a grin, leans in to KISS her.

CHRIS

Pleased to meet you, Lyra.

And LYRA smiles back, returning with another KISS.

LYRA

And you, too.

(beat)

Now get back to work.

CHRIS

Yes, ma'am.

He heads back down to resume working on the magic circles - just as Danyael enters with another armload of books.

DANYAEL

Hey, uh, I found some more of these, hope they'll...

(MORE)

DANYAEL (cont'd)  
 (off Lyra's smile)  
 Did I miss something?

LYRA  
 No, not really.

She turns and heads out of the room. A bemused Danyael raises an eyebrow at Chris.

CHRIS  
 I'll explain later. Could you bring those books over?

Danyael starts to walk over, but Chris snaps:

CHRIS (cont'd)  
Carefully.

Danyael looks down - he was about to smudge a particularly delicate section of the circle with his boot.

DANYAEL  
 Sorry.

He heads over, depositing the books by Chris. He steps back to watch Chris work.

DANYAEL (cont'd)  
 You really think this'll work?

CHRIS  
 We've got enough layers of binding and entrapment on this thing to stop the Devil himself from getting out.

DANYAEL  
 (gulps)  
 That's not who we're calling, is it?

Chris shoots him a look. Danyael sighs, relieved.

DANYAEL (cont'd)  
 Oh, and, uh, Glover said he got that thing you wanted.

CHRIS  
 Good.

Chris returns to work, but a few moments later sits up, surveying the circle before him.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
 We're ready.  
 (to Danyael)  
 Fetch the others.

12 CONTINUED: (4)

12

Danyael nods, giving the circle a wide berth as he exits the room. Chris stares down at the circle, oozing a sense of foreboding as we CUT TO:

13 INT. HELL - COURTROOM

13

Twist is next in line now, watching as the size zero BLONDE waits to hear her verdict:

JURY

Guilty.

The Blonde lets out a WAIL of distress as the two Guards move in to take her away.

CLIPBOARD

(nudges Twist)

You're on.

Twist warily rises, taking a few steps forward.

PROSECUTOR

Ah, Miss McFadden.

TWIST

Guilty.

(quickly)

No, I mean, that's my name, I don't mean that I am guilty or -

PROSECUTOR

(over her)

A vampire, spectres of the jury, and one with a colourful history. Turned on Earth in 1999, she embarked on a wilful spree of mayhem for several years, before her own lover executed her - death by sunrise.

TWIST

I wouldn't say 'wilful,' more...

She hears a PSST and turns - Clipboard is shaking his head sternly. No talking.

TWIST (cont'd)

(coughs)

Sorry.

PROSECUTOR

After her second death, McFadden arrived here in Hell, and was duly processed and shipped off to her Private Hell without any need for trial or consideration.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

Yeah, why was that, exactly?  
 (off Prosecutor's look)  
 Never really got chance to ask last  
 time.

PROSECUTOR

As a vampire, Miss McFadden, you  
 are not subject to the same  
 privileges as a mortal soul.  
 (beat)  
 You're worth less to us, if that  
 makes more sense.

TWIST

(offended)  
 You don't say.

PROSECUTOR

She proceeded to escape from us  
 through a manner that remains  
 currently unidentified...

Twist shoots a comedy shrug at the Jury. They stare back,  
 impassive.

PROSECUTOR (cont'd)

... and after that, her time on  
 Earth was spent doing... good.

Twist folds her arms, as if that statement is all that needs  
 to be said.

The Prosecutor takes up a wad of paper from his desk,  
 flicking through sheets as he reads:

PROSECUTOR (cont'd)

She assisted in the defeat of the  
 crime lord Malkuth, then again in  
 the downfall of Jacques Manon, and  
 most recently she was instrumental  
 in thwarting the schemes of the  
 current incarnation of the Trinity,  
 an act for which she paid with her  
 life.

(beat)  
 Again.

TWIST

What can I say? I've been busy.

PROSECUTOR

However...

He flicks to another page, savouring the moment.

PROSECUTOR (cont'd)

In the pursuit of these goals, she has been responsible for more deaths, property damage, robbery, assault and arson, and her actions have almost cost countless souls their mortal lives. All in the name of 'saving the world.'

(to Twist)

What do you have to say for yourself?

Twist realises this is her moment, and she takes a moment to choose her next words carefully.

TWIST

I did it all for the nookie.

The Judge stiffens, insulted by her flippancy, so she quickly recovers:

TWIST (cont'd)

Sorry! Sorry. I'm sorry. I just... Y'know. Saw an opportunity and went for it. Won't happen again. Sorry.

(crickets)

I did it because it was the right thing to do. I did it because nobody else could or would step up and take those bastards down. And I did it because there'll always be a life that needs protecting, a world that needs saving and a debt that I have to repay to the universe. So... if that still doesn't count for anything, then I honestly don't know what the frick else I can do.

She looks round to Clipboard, who gives her the thumbs up - good speech. She smiles and turns back.

JUDGE

Spokesman of the Jury, have you made your decision, taking into account the evidence before you?

JURY

We have, your honour.

JUDGE

What is your verdict?

A long beat. The Jury spokesman turns to look at Twist, who offers a hopeful smile. Finally, the ghost looks back to the Judge.

(CONTINUED)

JURY

Guilty.

TWIST

(explodes)

What?!?

Twist reels as the Jury sits, and the Judge addresses her:

JUDGE

Twist McFadden.

Twist isn't even listening - her mind is spinning.

JUDGE (cont'd)

While the work you did in your second afterlife has helped ease the burden on your soul, the fact remains that you have a great deal to repay. And so, I have no alternative but to sentence you... to Private Hell.

TWIST

(wails)

No! No, please!

JUDGE

(nods to Guards)

Take her away.

TWIST

You can't! You can't do this! Not again! Please!

The Guards grab her, Twist struggling and squirming in their stony grip. TEARS run freely down her face.

TWIST (cont'd)

I did everything I could... I did the best I could! Please! It has to be enough! It has to be!

She's literally dragged, kicking and screaming, from the courtroom. Clipboard watches her go sadly.

She's hauled through an open door, her cries fading before the door finally SLAMS shut behind her, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

14

INT. GLOVER'S LIBRARY - STUDY - NIGHT

14

The team are assembled around the huge, intricate magic circle. CANDLES burn at all of its many points.

Chris looks to Danyael and Glover, both of whom are holding huge occult books open. Lyra waits near Chris, clenching her fists nervously.

CHRIS

Remember, everyone, this isn't going to be some common or garden creature we're dealing with here. This is going to be the physical manifestation of a real live daemon.

He starts to pace round the circle, double-checking every symbol, line and marking again.

CHRIS (cont'd)

It's going to be powerful, loud, ugly and very, very upset. It will try all manner of tricks to get us to break the circle and let it out. It may even try to bludgeon its way out through sheer brute force - of which it will have a considerable amount.

DANYAEL

Remind me - is this supposed to be making us feel better?  
(off Chris' glare)  
Sorry.

GLOVER

I have to echo your friend's sentiments, Christopher. I'm still not convinced that we've done enough to -

Chris holds up a hand to silence him.

CHRIS

Once I complete the incantation, the daemon will appear within the circle, and after that we'll have a short window to get what we need from it before I send it back.

LYRA

What do we need? Its blood?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS  
As a last resort.

DANYAEL  
Because that means going into the  
circle, doesn't it?

CHRIS  
(nods)  
My plan is to draw enough power  
from it into this.

He stoops and picks up a large glass URN, decked out with  
porcelain engravings.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
This vessel will contain the magics  
we need to open the portal to Hell.

He hands it to Lyra, who clutches it close. Chris takes a  
breath, rolling up his sleeves.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
(to Glover)  
You know what to do?

Glover holds up a ruby red CRYSTAL and nods.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
(nods)  
So let's begin.

Chris closes his eyes, composing himself.

When he reopens them, they've gone BLOOD RED - and Chris  
bares his FANGS, the sight making Glover start.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
*Vidyam cavidyam ea yas...*

The circle starts to LIGHT UP, the lines of power GLOWING and  
PULSING with energy.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
*... tad vedobhayan saha...*

Chris hands start to GLOW too, a cloudy haze of YELLOW ENERGY  
forming around them.

A low HUM rises into volume, getting louder with every  
second.

LYRA  
Chris?

CHRIS

*... avidyaya mrtum neiva...*

Chris clenches his fist, muscles tight with concentration as the magic around his hands starts to disperse downwards.

Coruscating threads of energy flow down to various points on the circle, which GLOWS ever brighter.

The room starts to SHAKE, and a sudden gust of WIND blows through, buffeting the pages in Danyaël and Glover's books.

DANYAEL

Woah!

CHRIS

*... yidyayamrtam asmite...*

The circle BLAZES once with light - and then turns a deep RED, bathing the room in scarlet.

LYRA

(scared)

Chris! This... this is getting too strong!

The SHAKING and HUM continue to intensify, with bookshelves against one wall CRACKING, depositing their contents to the floor.

GLOVER

Oh, no - the Bueller Memoirs!

DANYAEL

(yells)

Chris! It is now officially up to eleven! Let's do this!

CHRIS

*... indriyebhyah... pavum... mano!*

Chris finally snaps his hands away - and the circle is now PULSING with red energy.

A huge PENTAGRAM starts to form out of the lines on the floor - which promptly bursts into FLAMES!

CHRIS (cont'd)

This is it!

Lyra GASPS, backing up to the wall.

LYRA

Something's coming...

There's a tremendous sonic BOOM that knocks Danyael and Glover off their feet, the books skittering from them.

CHRIS  
Get those books!

Danyael scrabbles for his, scooping up Glover's and tossing it back over to him.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
(grimly)  
It's here.

A swirling, black VORTEX opens up in the centre of the circle, a whirlpool sucking straight down through the floor.

A thick, murky plume of BLACK SMOKE shoots up from the vortex, rising in a column towards the ceiling...

... and it hits an invisible BARRIER with a burst of light, the smoke quickly spreading out to fill the area above the circle.

Only it isn't smoke.

DANYAEL  
(squints)  
What the hell...

Thousands and thousands of FLIES, great black insects like nothing on Earth, swarming and BUZZING through the air.

Lyra, her hair swirling around her in the thick gusts blasting through the room, is breathing rapidly - she can sense the evil in the circle, and she is terrified.

DEEP VOICE  
Who daresssss....

Chris looks to Danyael and Glover and nods. They look to their books, quickly finding the right pages and starting to CHANT aloud.

DEEP VOICE (cont'd)  
(roars)  
Who daressS?!?

CHRIS  
Show yourself!

DEEP VOICE  
You do not command me, vampire!

CHRIS

Show yourself, or I'll make sure  
your trip back is a thousand times  
worse than your journey here!

The flies are racing round the bounds of the circle, held in place by an invisible dome of energy.

Chris looks to Lyra, who is reeling with the dark energy washing over her. He grabs her hand.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Stay with me, Lyra! Fight it!

LYRA

I'll... I'll try...

Chris returns his attention to the circle.

CHRIS

Show me what you are, daemon. Give  
me what I want, and this ends  
quicker for all of us.

The voice SNARLS, so loud that Chris has to clamp his hands over his ears.

The flies suddenly swarm back into the centre of the circle, once again forming a solid, flowing column.

With a THUNDERCLAP and a blinding FLASH of light, they start to pour into a shape - humanoid, but eight feet tall.

Chris watches, trying not to lose focus, as the mass of flies takes on the mockery of a human form, a leering visage looking down at him from what passes for the head.

DAEMON

Thisss is what you wisssh to sssee?

It speaks with a myriad of voices like a hundred razors scraping across metal - deep and scratchy all at once.

CHRIS

It'll do.

The daemon thrusts forward a black hand, POUNDING against the edge of the circle's protection.

DAEMON

Why have you trapped me?

It HAMMERS at the magical shield, which holds - for now.

CHRIS

You have something I want!

DAEMON

You order me to ssserve you?

CHRIS

I need safe passage down to Hell!

The daemon LAUGHS, a raspy sound befitting the bugs its throat is composed of.

DAEMON

There is no 'sssafes passsage' to where you sssek...

CHRIS

And that's where we differ.

Chris glances at Danyael and Glover, both keeping up the chanting.

CHRIS (cont'd)

All I'm asking for is a sliver of your power, enough for me to make the journey myself, and then I'll let you go. If not...

Chris raises his hands - and globes of RED ENERGY pop into the air around them.

CHRIS (cont'd)

... then I can make this a lot more unpleasant for you.

The spheres of magic float down towards the edge of the circle.

As each one lands, a ripple of FLAME shoots through the circle, making the daemon HOWL, its body rippling and splitting with each fresh attack.

DAEMON

Enough!

Chris lowers his hands, stopping the attack.

DAEMON (cont'd)

You mussst have lossst sssomething very preciousss to want to travel to the inferno, vampire...

CHRIS

That's none of your business.

The daemon CHUCKLES now, a booming sound that echoes around the study.

DAEMON

All sssin isss my bussnesss...

CHRIS

(roars)

Give me what I want!

He raises a hand again, and the daemon GROWLS in anger.

DAEMON

Alright! Alright...

Chris looks to Lyra, gently leading her towards him.

CHRIS

(off urn)

Here is the vessel. Make the transfer, and I will release you.

DAEMON

Very well...

It holds up one hand, the flies spiralling outwards until the arm forms one huge SPIKE, just brushing the edge of the circle.

Chris holds up one hand, palm almost touching the circle's wall. His other presses against the urn.

CHRIS

Let's do this.

The daemon sends a PULSE of the blackest of BLACK ENERGY along its outstretched arm.

It jumps through the circle, along Chris and into the urn. Chris REELS at the power flooding through him.

Lyra feels it too, the urn in her arms SHUDDERING to contain the energy pouring into it.

The power from the daemon keeps coming, flowing like oily black TAR along Chris' arms and into the urn.

The urn is soon full, flickering lights and sparks showing within the black goop inside.

But the daemon keeps the power coming.

Chris can't lower his arms, locked in place by the strength of the power, and the urn begins to OVERFLOW, the tar-like substance within spilling onto the floor.

It HISSES where it lands, burning like acid through the floorboards.

Within the circle, the daemon CACKLES wickedly, intensifying the energy pouring from it.

Danyaël realises something is wrong, seeing Chris' grimace and then looking to Lyra.

DANYAEL

Aw, crap... Chris! Hang on!

He drops his book and rushes over, leaving Glover chanting.

Danyaël tries to grab Chris' outstretched arm, but as soon as he touches it he's BLASTED back across the room!

He hits the wall with a hearty THWACK, sliding stunned to the floor.

Lyra's eyes roll back into her head, her breathing coming in ragged gulps as BLOOD starts to drip from her nose.

Chris sees this, trying to tear his arm away but finding the goop is THICKENING around him!

CHRIS

No... no! Lyra! Drop the urn! Drop it!

She can't hear him, the goop SIZZLING as it dribbles across her bare skin.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Lyra!  
(to daemon)  
Enough! I command you! Enough!

DAEMON

You command nothing, vampire!

It suddenly LUNGES FORWARD, its huge fist breaking the circle and GRABBING Chris by the arm!

There's a loud FIZZ as the circle's barrier goes down, the dome of light flickering once before vanishing for good.

DAEMON (cont'd)

And now... you are mine!

It YANKS him forward, pulling Chris bodily into the circle.

The connection broken, Lyra wilts to the floor, the urn and its contents spilling from her hands.

Chris fights with all he's got, but the daemon pulls him ever closer to the maelstrom at its feet - the vortex ready to suck him back down with it!

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS  
 (gritted teeth)  
 I gave you... a chance...

DAEMON  
 Thissss meanssss nothing! You  
 vampires, alwayssss sssso ssssure of  
 what you can do, of what you think  
 you can command...

Chris reaches into his coat with his other hand, grabbing something within.

CHRIS  
 I told you...

And with a flourish a RED KATANA is in his hand, SLICING down across the daemon's arm!

The daemon HOWLS as its arm is severed, the insects buzzing back to its body even as it flails around.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
 ... I'm not a vampire.

He LEAPS back out of the circle, yelling to Glover:

CHRIS (cont'd)  
 Now!!

Glover quickly SMASHES the crystal in his hand onto the floor.

DAEMON  
 (howls)  
 Nooo!!

The vortex rapidly grows to fill the entire circle, and though the daemon scrabbles and claws for grip, it's no use.

The daemon dissolves back into a flood of flies, in disarray as the powerful whirlpool below pulls it back down.

DAEMON (cont'd)  
 Thissss cannot... I will not go  
 back! I will not go back...

Its voice trails off as the last of the flies are pulled down into the vortex.

Another CRACK of thunder - and the vortex is gone.

SMOKE rises from the ruined circle, parts of it smeared and obliterated, while others have been BURNED AWAY.

Chris drops to Lyra's side, cradling her as he lifts her back up again.

CHRIS  
Lyra? Lyra, can you hear me?

She slowly opens her eyes, pale and weak.

LYRA  
I'm... I'm sorry...

CHRIS  
What? What for?

LYRA  
I... dropped it...

Chris looks - the urn lies on its side next to her. All of the GOOP within has burned through the floor. It's gone.

Chris lowers his head, cursing inwardly before looking back to Lyra.

CHRIS  
That... it doesn't matter. We'll have to find another way. Maybe there's something we missed, some other thing we can -

DANYAEL (O.S.)  
Uh... Chris?

Chris turns - and realises he can hear a loud BUZZING sound.

DANYAEL (cont'd)  
Will this help?

Danyael, BLOOD streaming from a cut on his head, has his boot clamped down on one of the huge FLIES, which flutters weakly.

Chris starts to grin, and we DISSOLVE TO:

Most of the circle has been swept away now - some parts of it have been ETCHED into the floorboards through the intense heat involved.

They vanish from view as Glover drags a large RUG over them, trying his best to cover the marks.

GLOVER  
(tuts)  
I'm going to need more rugs in here...

He looks round to find Chris poised above the black fly, which is pinned down through its crushed wings.

He holds the red katana, which Danyael is admiring.

DANYAEL

That what you asked Glover to find?

CHRIS

(nods)

It's a daemonslayer's sword from the tenth century. Glover keeps a selection of relics and artefacts here along with the books. I remembered that he had it and thought it might come in useful.

LYRA

Can we hurry up and do this, please? The smell of this thing... it's just bad.

Chris nods, standing ready over the feebly BUZZING fly.

CHRIS

(to Danyael)

Ready?

Danyael nods, waiting with a small JAR in his hand.

Chris holds the katana above the fly - and then SLITS it from head to thorax.

A thick YELLOW FLUID bubbles out of it, and with a grimace Danyael catches it all within the jar.

LYRA

(sniffs; wrinkles nose)

I take it back. That smells bad.

DANYAEL

Just be glad you don't have to see any of this...

The jar full, Danyael steps back, COUGHING in disgust.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Please say that was enough.

CHRIS

(grins; takes jar)

It's perfect. Good work.

He walks past him, over to the site of the circle.

CHRIS (cont'd)

I'm sorry, Johan, but I'm afraid I have to spoil your floors one last time.

GLOVER

(resigned)

I can't very well complain, can I?

Chris pats him on the shoulder, dragging the rug away and kneeling down.

Dipping a finger into the jar, he draws another, smaller PENTACLE on the floor in the daemon's blood.

He steps back, watching as a shimmer of RED LIGHT passes over the pentacle, soldering it to the floorboards.

Chris turns to the others as SMOKE starts to rise from the pentacle, along with CRACKLES of energy.

DANYAEL

Good luck, man. Just bring her back safe, alright?

LYRA

And be careful. Please.

He looks to Danyael and Lyra, but finds there's nothing he can say at this moment.

There's a muted BOOM, and Chris turns to find the pentacle has COLLAPSED into the floor - and in its place is a long, dark TUNNEL, descending into nothing but more darkness.

Chris tightens his grip on the katana, stepping to the edge of the portal.

He closes his eyes - and steps out over it, letting himself DROP swiftly from view.

A second later, the portal CLOSES with a gout of FLAMES - and moments later, the markings FADE AWAY as if they'd never even existed.

The others walk to the spot where the portal opened, Danyael hugging Lyra for comfort, as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

16 INT. HELL - HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT 16

A row of cells, their bars warped, rusted and corroded - but still no way for anything to get out.

The corridor looks like it's made out of crusty red rock, shimmering waves of heat rising from the floor.

A pair of BOOTS come into view, pacing slowly down the long corridor.

Bodies and faces try to press through the bars as we pass - ARMS reach out and feeble voices cry for attention.

The boots ignore them all, heading for the final cell in the block - from which come the sounds of quiet SOBBING.

17 INT. HELL - HOLDING CELLS - CELL - NEXT 17

Looking out from inside the cell, the dark shadow of the PRISON GUARD comes into view.

The sobbing continues even as the Guard RATTLES his keys in the lock, GRUNTING as he manages to force the uneven bars back.

GUARD

Alright, six-seven-five-nine, let's go.

Twist sits up from the bed - if you can call a slab of rock a 'bed' - and wipes her eyes.

TWIST

What?

GUARD

I said 'let's go.'

Twist has no fight left in her as the Guard steps inside, laying a thick, SCALY hand on one arm and pulling her up.

18 INT. HELL - HOLDING CELLS - NEXT 18

Twist keeps her head down, ignoring the JEERS and cries of the other inmates as she's led away.

Two more Guards are waiting at the triple-gated entrance to the corridor, SLIDING them back as the duo approach.

The Guard nods to them as he and twist pass through, the duo continuing alone down the walkway beyond.

19

INT. HELL - CORRIDOR - NEXT

19

Twist stays with the Guard as they head along another long corridor, again carved out of red rock.

GUARD

I heard about your appeal.

TWIST

(looks up)

Huh?

GUARD

Word gets around. A case like yours, well... don't get many of those down here.

Twist lowers her head again. She's too drained to even reply.

GUARD (cont'd)

Yeah, I think you got a bad deal. Lots of people worse than you going the same place you are. But still... rules is rules.

Twist isn't listening - she's looking around. Her eyes flick to the large CUTLASS on the Guard's belt.

GUARD (cont'd)

We had this one guy, a while back... can't remember his name, but I'm pretty sure he was the guy who kept bits of his victims in the fridge. He's where you're headed, and I don't think for a second -

Twist suddenly GRABS the cutlass, pulling it from the Guard's belt and holding it against his throat!

TWIST

Alright, baumgartner, listen up. You're exactly a half second away from me seeing what colour blood daemons have unless you do exactly what I say. Capish?

GUARD

(sighs)

This won't make any difference.

TWIST

How's about you let me be the judge of that?

GUARD

Where are you planning on going?

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

That's where you come in.

GUARD

I'm just a guard. I take people places, that's it. I don't have the key to some magic elevator to take you back home.

TWIST

No... but you can take me to someone who does.

The Guard shakes his head, but Twist CUTS the blade into his neck, just a fraction. It's enough to get the Guard moving again.

Twist checks behind her - they're all alone, but there are no visible exits from the route they're on.

TWIST (cont'd)

Okay, first question. How do we get back to the surface?

GUARD

I told you -

TWIST

The city. How do we get back up there?

The Guard pauses, then reaches slowly for his belt.

TWIST (cont'd)

Hey!

GUARD

Relax...

He brings up an AMULET, holding it out.

GUARD (cont'd)

... I needed this.

Twist SNATCHES the amulet away, and the Guard points towards the wall.

GUARD (cont'd)

Makes a doorway anywhere you need it. Just hold it to the rock and repeat these words - *jnanani manasa*.

TWIST

(beat)  
You do it.

The Guard sighs again as Twist shoves him up to the wall. As instructed, the Guard presses the amulet against the rock.

GUARD

*Jnanani manasa.*

There's a RUMBLE, a jagged CRACK starting to snake up the wall, and Twist pulls herself and the Guard back.

As she watches, a DOORWAY forms out of the solid rock itself, complete with archway, engravings - and a handle.

A final CRUNCH signals the end of the magic, and Twist reaches a tentative hand out to the handle.

It TURNS - and opens out onto the street - right back out into the City itself!

Twist grins, her concentration dropping for an instant - and the Guard quickly SPINS out of her grip!

He goes for a PUNCH and she ducks, his fist GOUGING a hole in the wall.

TWIST

Hey! What happened to 'not making any difference'?

GUARD

It's up there with 'I don't get paid if you escape.'

He SWINGS again, but it's a slow blow she easily dodges. Twist PIROUETTES round to get close enough.

WHAM! She DRIVES the cutlass up into his chest, starting at the belly and aiming upwards.

TWIST

Then I hope they do health insurance down here...

The Guard CHOKES, staggering backwards, and Twist is gone - out the doorway and into the night.

SHOUTS of anger follow her as she pushes through anyone in her way, quickly vanishing into the crowds.

The Guard painstakingly DRAGS the cutlass back out of his chest, letting out a low GROWL of anger before heading off in pursuit.

Chris lies prone, suspended in mid-air in a space of pure, inky blackness.

He stirs, coming round, his fingers finding the red katana and bringing it close.

Chris sits up, looking all around but finding no sign of anything resembling Hell.

CHRIS

Bugger...

He stands, looking down past his feet - and sees a pinprick of LIGHT.

He looks up - more little points of LIGHT are starting to appear, quickly spreading across the gloom.

Suddenly, a bright beam of LIGHT shines from beneath him, causing Chris to shrink away at its brilliance.

The points of light around him start to change - becoming a deep RED in colour.

The beam of light also darkens, becoming a shifting, red and yellow blend of swirling colours.

And that's when whatever was holding him up is gone - and Chris FALLS into the beam of light!

He SHOUTS as he falls, hair and clothes whipping up around him as he plummets at impossible speed into whatever awaits.

FLAMES start to spark all around him, starting with the dots of light but then snapping at the edges of the beam of light.

There's a sudden ROAR as the entire light beam turns to FLAMES, and Chris shields himself from the intense heat.

FACES can be seen within the flames, hundreds of grotesque, tormented visages that HOWL and SNARL at him as he whips past them, still falling at incredible speed.

Managing to look down, he sees that the flames spiral down for what looks like miles - until a BLACK HOLE starts to open beneath him!

Chris can't control his descent, only watch and wait as he races towards the opening - looking more and more like a MOUTH ready to devour him!

He pulls his arms and legs in close, trying to minimise whatever might happen when he hits the mouth...

... and he's through, the opening CLAMPING shut behind him with another burst of FLAMES!

21 EXT. HELL - CITY - NIGHT

21

And with another YELL, Chris plummets down from the sky to find himself falling towards Hell itself - from about a mile above the city!

He gapes for a beat at the sight - a huge valley crammed with misshapen, distorted buildings, surrounded by a craggy mountain range and dominated by a tall stone TOWER rising from its centre.

There's no sun, but the whole scene is bathed in a deep red light, gouts of FLAME shooting from various sections of the city like smokestacks on a factory.

What gets his attention next is the first building he's falling towards - a mockery of a CHURCH, whose STEEPLE is about five seconds away from spearing him in two!

Chris brings his hands round, conjuring up a haze of BLUE LIGHT which starts to flow around him.

Acting like a magical parachute, the energies slow his descent by a crucial few moments.

The church steeple is coming up fast, but with the extra time Chris can get his katana ready and his boots up.

He rockets into the steeple, narrowly avoiding the spire by twisting his body round it.

CRUNCH! He RAMS his katana into the side of the steeple, using it and his boots to slow his descent further.

TILES scatter and fly all around him as he carves his way down the side of the building, SMOKE rising from the friction.

He hits the body of the church, more solid rock that BOUNCES him away, and Chris spirals back into dead space, hands clawing for purchase.

22 EXT. HELL - CITY - ALLEYWAY - NEXT

22

Tracking Chris from his position up in the red sky, he plummets towards a narrow gap between two buildings...

... and SLAMS into the roof of one, SKITTERING down it until he skips right over the edge!

He SMASHES from one wall to another, CRASHING against a window here and CLANGING against a gnarled fire escape there.

And with a last SHOUT he hits the ground HARD, landing face-first in a pool of filthy water, sending a SPLASH of the stuff up all around.

(CONTINUED)

He remains there, stunned by the fall, the murky water lapping at his still form.

With a GASP, he jerks back, SPLASHING feebly through the water as he claws his way onto dry land.

Rolling onto his back, he GROANS in pain - his left arm and both legs are twisted at awkward angles.

Reaching over with his right, he takes hold of his broken forearm - and SNAPS it back into place!

Chris ROARS in pain, rolling onto his side and waiting for the agony to subside a little.

He drags himself along a little further, making room to reach down and do the same for each leg - a bone-crunching SNAP for each one going back into place.

Exhausted, he slumps and lands flat on his back, head swimming and consciousness fading.

CHRIS' POV:

Just for a second, he sees what looks like Twist racing past one entrance of the alleyway...

ON SCENE

... and then he BLACKS OUT, head falling to one side.

Twist rushes into frame, pressing herself flat against a wall as she checks to see if she was followed.

The streets are packed with people milling around, and others are hanging out of the windows and openings in the buildings higher up.

Walkways, paths and balconies intercross the street on a variety of levels, making a veritable spaghetti junction of human traffic.

Twist's eyes dart around as she scans the scene around her, taking in the warped, unnatural building designs, the cacophony of noise made by the huge crowds of people milling around, and the faces of some of the citizens walking around and over her:

TWIST'S POV:

Some look normal, if a little rugged and mean, but then she starts to pick out tall, horned people, people with fangs, obviously inhuman skin colourings and patterns, claws, wings, tails - in short, daemons. Lots of them.

23 CONTINUED:

23

ON SCENE:

Twist closes her eyes and takes a breath, knowing she needs to act natural to keep herself hidden.

She steps slowly out into the sea of souls, falling into step and moving along like she knows exactly where she's going.

PULL BACK past the buildings, as a few IMPS fly past, spiralling up into the air and taking in another landscape view of downtown Hell - Los Angeles meets Mars. On fire.

PUSH IN and head towards the alley where Chris ended up, passing a crowd of DAEMON THUGS as they kick some poor human into several pieces, and into:

24 EXT. HELL - CITY - ALLEYWAY - NEXT

24

Chris blinks, waking up and pushing back to the surface through the fog of unconsciousness.

He clutches a hand to his forehead and sits up, his vision still blurry from the shell shock of an impact he took.

Which is when several of the Daemon Thugs appear in front of us, standing between him and the alley exit.

THUG #1

What's this? Another stray?

He clomps forward - a bizarre cross between a rhino and a bulldog on a bad day - and stands over Chris.

THUG #1 (cont'd)

What'cha doin' down our alley?

CHRIS

Get out of my way.

Chris shakily rises to his feet, the display of unsteadiness amusing the thug.

THUG #1

(to others)

Hey! Any of you still in the mood for some action?

Several CHEERS greet him, the rest of the Thugs jogging over to join him.

CHRIS

I won't tell you again...

Chris tries to focus on them, but he's still woozy.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)  
... leave me alone.

THUG #2  
Or what?

A KNEE flies up into Chris' stomach, knocking him to the floor again.

THUG #3  
You'll be really, really upset?

The Thugs SNICKER, a bestial, grunting sound.

CHRIS  
No...

SNIKT! The nearest Thug abruptly stops laughing.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
... but I have a feeling you will  
be.

And with a wet SQUITCH, the Thug's legs SLIDE AWAY from beneath him!

His comrades jump back, BARKING in anger as Chris slowly rises to his feet - and raises the katana towards them.

Down here, the runes etched into the blade are GLOWING, streaks of energy coursing up and down Chris' arm.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
So who's next to find out how upset  
I can get?

The Thugs don't need telling twice. As one, they turn and run, falling over each other in their haste.

Chris starts on his way, grimacing with each step, leaving the alley and onto:

Now it's Chris' turn to gape at the maelstrom of activity around him.

He quickly tucks the katana out of sight inside his jacket, leaning against a wall for support.

PULL BACK to find a tall, pale man is mimicing his pose a few feet along the wall. He lights a CIGAR, exhaling a puff of blue smoke.

STRANGER  
You look lost.

Chris shoots the man a look, then gets moving again.

STRANGER (cont'd)  
You need any help?

CHRIS  
No, thank you.

STRANGER  
(shrugs)  
Just saying... most people who fall  
out of the sky and land here could  
use a little nudge in the right  
direction.

Chris stops, turning to face the man as he steps away from  
the wall and heads over.

STRANGER (cont'd)  
I also happened to notice how you  
dealt with Hoof and his gang just  
then. New guy in town waving a  
sword like that around could  
attract plenty of the wrong  
attention - if he wasn't careful.

CHRIS  
Alright... what do you want?

STRANGER  
Start by telling me what you want,  
and we'll work from there.

CHRIS  
How do I know I can trust you?

STRANGER  
Because I'm the first person who's  
looked like someone you can trust  
since you got here.

Chris hesitates, and the man extends a hand in greeting.

STRANGER (cont'd)  
Call me Stranger.

CHRIS  
That's your name?

STRANGER  
No, but it's what you can call me.

Chris looks him up and down - then relents and shakes.

CHRIS  
I'm Chris.

STRANGER

So why're you here, Chris?

CHRIS

I'm looking for a friend. She's trapped down here and I plan on bringing her back.

STRANGER

(smiles)

And I'm glad to say you're not the first person I've heard say that - and I helped the last person who asked me that as well.

He lays a comradely arm over Chris' shoulders.

STRANGER (cont'd)

C'mon, Chris. Let me take you to someone who can help.

Chris keeps himself tensed up, ready for the attack, but it never comes as he and the Stranger head off.

Meanwhile, in another part of the city, Twist spots two Daemon Guards on the far side of the busy street and ducks out of sight.

Peeking back round, she sees they're stopping people and holding up a scroll - which seems to have her face on it!

She takes another route, mingling with the crowd again as she passes a rowdy BAR, which is in the midst of a healthy BAR BRAWL.

She chuckles to herself as she looks in on the mayhem inside - this isn't her first time down here, after all.

She spots two more Guards appear round a corner up ahead, and she spins round to head the other way:

And walks straight into the Guard she escaped from!

WHAM! He lays her down with a heavy PUNCH, leaving twist sprawled on the ground.

GUARD

(snarling)

You think it's that easy to get away? Get up, maggot!

The Guard grabs a fistful of her HAIR, hauling Twist to her feet as she CRIES OUT in pain.

GUARD (cont'd)

Shut up!

POW! He socks her in the stomach, reaching down for something at his belt.

GUARD (cont'd)

Just for that little burst of freedom, we're skipping the slow and easy way into this. You get the express ticket.

He holds up another AMULET, quickly looping it round Twist's neck, and before she can fight back:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HELL - WARD 4-D - NEXT

Twist appears in a featureless white room. She quickly tears the amulet from her neck, looking around.

And then she sees a large VIEWING WINDOW, and the two figures on the other side, and realises exactly where she is.

TWIST

No...

She runs up to the window, eyes wide with fear, as the two DAEMONS outside look in. One's tall, one wears glasses, both of them in white lab coats.

She POUNDS her fists against the window, but it doesn't even make a sound.

TWIST (cont'd)

No... no! No! Let me out of here!  
Let me out! I can't... I can't do  
this again! Please! Help me! Help -

The lights above her start to GO OUT, one row at a time. A frantic Twist doubles her pleading:

TWIST (cont'd)

(babbling)

Don't! Don't do this... you can't  
do this to me... I can't...

And as the room finally plunges into DARKNESS, Twist lets out a piercing, desperate SCREAM:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW