

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

"... And Back"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. GLOVER'S LIBRARY - STUDY - NIGHT

1

LYRA is pacing back and forth, agitated, as DANYAEL sits nearby and flicks through the next in a large pile of occult books.

DANYAEL

You know, wearing a rut into the floor won't get him back here any quicker.

LYRA

I know, I know, just...

DANYAEL

You're worried. I get that. Again, pacing won't help.

LYRA

(snaps)

What am I supposed to do, Danyael?

He blinks, surprised by her tone. So, it seems, is she.

LYRA (cont'd)

I... I'm sorry, I didn't mean -

DANYAEL

No, no, it's cool. You do whatever you have to do.

(off books)

I'm making sure I'm all caught up in case he needs anything up here.

She returns to her pacing, but now Danyael senses something else. He closes his book and turns to her.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Syren -

LYRA

Lyra. Please.

DANYAEL

Lyra. Right. Sorry.

(beat)

Is there... something... I should know about? Between you and Chris?

She freezes, a sudden look of guilt washing over her.

LYRA

What? N-no, no. There's nothing.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

DANYAEL

Just that, y'know, you normally get nervous when one of us is in trouble, but this... I dunno, I'm just picking up a vibe, is all.

LYRA

There's no vibe, Danyael. I'm just worried. That's all.

DANYAEL

Well... okay, then.

He returns to his books, but keeps one eye on her as Lyra resumes her pacing, and we CUT TO:

2 INT. BAR CHORD - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

2

CHRIS is lying on a battered old sofa, the muted tones of JAZZ floating up through the floorboards.

He stirs, blinking a few times as he comes round. He sits up on the sofa, dislodging the jacket lying over him.

He takes stock - he's in a small, lounge-like room that's currently empty except for him. BOOKCASES line one wall, CD RACKS the other.

There's a small TV, an old GUITAR, a foldaway WARDROBE and a TABLE AND CHAIRS nearby, a card game in progress on top.

Chris tries to STRETCH but finds his body still hurts in plenty of places, WINCING as he tucks his limbs away.

The door starts to open, and Chris tenses up, eyes flicking round to locate his katana.

He sees his FEDORA and DUSTER JACKET hanging on a hook on the door - but it's too far to reach before the door opens.

In walks a young, pale woman with long, black hair and rounded, attractive features. She's wearing a shimmering, long-sleeved black dress, and carrying a MUG.

WOMAN

Ah. You're up.

She slinks towards him like Morticia Addams' younger sister, offering the mug out to Chris.

He peers inside - it's full of BLOOD. He glances up at the woman, raising an eyebrow.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN (cont'd)

Trust me, we have plenty of this to go around down here. Didn't even have to kill anyone for it.

Hesitantly, Chris takes the mug and has a sip.

WOMAN (cont'd)

I'm Booth, by the way. Welcome to my club.

Chris takes a deep GULP, putting the mug down beside him and slowly rising to meet BOOTH. She's about a foot shorter.

CHRIS

Chris Berkeley.

BOOTH

(nods)

I know. Stranger told me.

CHRIS

You call him that too?

BOOTH

His real name's harder to pronounce. All consonants.

She sashays across the room, turning on a small stereo and selecting some CDs from the racks.

CHRIS

How long have I been asleep?

BOOTH

A few hours. Your body heals up pretty fast, considering you're not all vampire.

CHRIS

Perk of the job.

She hits 'Play,' and dark, jazz-meets-electro music floats across the room.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Speaking of the Stranger, where is he? he said he'd help me find my friend.

BOOTH

Oh, he'll be back, don't worry. We've helped people like you before.

She pulls up a chair opposite him, lazily crossing her legs and looking him up and down. Chris shifts.

BOOTH (cont'd)
So what's your story?

CHRIS
Excuse me?

BOOTH
You were halfway back to unconsciousness when Stranger brought you in here. Didn't get chance to say 'hello.'

CHRIS
You seem to already have me worked out. I'm part vampire, and I'm down here looking for a friend of mine. She's... let's just say she doesn't belong here.

BOOTH
(chuckles)
Heard that one before.

CHRIS
(narrows eyes)
She doesn't. And I need to find her before...

He trails off - and at that moment, STRANGER walks back in. His tall, lean frame makes him duck through the doorway.

STRANGER
Ah, Chris! Back with us? Good.

He shuts the door and heads over, flipping a chair round and straddling it before Chris, who also sits back down.

CHRIS
Any news?

STRANGER
Plenty. Seems we had an escape not long before you dropped in - some lucky soul broke her way out of the detention centre and into the city.

CHRIS
(sits up)
Was it Twist? Is she still -

STRANGER
(raises hand)
Easy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STRANGER (cont'd)
Unfortunately, they caught her
quick and slapped her right back
into Ward 4-D not long after.

Booth grimaces, and Chris looks alarmed.

CHRIS
Ward 4-D? Is that... bad?

BOOTH
That's the Private Hell ward.
Individually tailored torments.
What did she do that was so bad she
ended up there?

CHRIS
That's not important. How do we get
there?

STRANGER
Well, knowing where she is and
getting in to find her are two very
different things, but... well,
lucky for you, I know a guy.

CHRIS
Then what are we waiting for?

He rises, shrugging off the pain.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Let's get moving.

Stranger GRINS, standing and gesturing towards the door.
Chris marches towards it, and Stranger shoots Booth a look.

She SIGHS, nods, and then follows, and Stranger brings up the
rear as the trio exit, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3

EXT. HELL CITY - STREET - NIGHT

3

PUSH THROUGH the teeming hordes of the city before picking up Chris, Booth and Stranger making their way down the street.

On all sides, the city is buzzing with activity - arguments, fights, FLAMES burning almost at random - and misshapen, bizarre VEHICLES of all sizes cruise up and down the road.

The walkways and gangplanks criss-crossing overhead are just as busy - seems like everyone is in a hurry to get somewhere else down here.

The trio stop at a corner, the road splitting off five ways. In the background, the STONE TOWER rises into the red sky.

CHRIS

So where do we need to start?

STRANGER

Bars.

CHRIS

I trust that's for information, and not for booze...

STRANGER

The two go hand in hand.

Chris throws an alarmed look to Booth, who rolls her eyes.

BOOTH

Stranger, c'mon. We know where this girl's being held, so let's just get moving.

STRANGER

Ain't that simple, Booth. We need a way in, or our young friend here won't be able to do anything but watch.

BOOTH

So, what? You're just going to waltz up and ask some guard for a key to one of the most heavily-guarded zones of the whole city?

STRANGER

Pretty much, yeah.

He starts forward, heading towards a noisy BAR on the other side of the road. Chris and Booth follow as we CUT TO:

4

INT. HELL CITY - FIRE & BRIMSTONE BAR - NEXT

4

Chris stands at a table with Booth, surveying the chaotic scene all around.

The background atmosphere and noise is something like Hieronymous Bosch meets Mos Eisley - daemons, imps, goblins, zombies, monsters, humans, animals and ghosts milling around like it was any other rowdy, popular watering hole.

From the bar, Stranger pushes his way over to the table, before putting down a shot glass in front of each of them.

A tiny wisp of FLAME dances around on top of Chris' drink for a few seconds, then jumps up and onto the table, pauses for a moment then scampers away.

Stranger watches it go with disappointment, downing his own identical drink before his flame gets away.

STRANGER

Chris, stay with it! You let the good bit get away!

CHRIS

I'm sorry - what?

BOOTH

Stranger, we don't have time for this...

STRANGER

Of course we do! This is all part of the negotiations.

CHRIS

Because...

Stranger peers over his shoulder towards a large DAEMON standing by the bar. He's built like the ones Twist escaped from - red, bulky and mean.

STRANGER

See that guy right there?

Chris and Booth crane round to look.

STRANGER (cont'd)

(hisses)

Don't gawk at him like a coupla tourists!

They quickly duck back.

(CONTINUED)

STRANGER (cont'd)

He's one of the lower level guards of Ward 4D. Says he can get us some entry passes if we do him a favour.

CHRIS

Which is?

STRANGER

(beat; quickly)

Kill Hoof and his gang.

Stranger quickly DOWNS Chris' drink, reaching for Booth's before Chris CLAMPS a hand on his arm.

CHRIS

I'm sorry, but it sounded awfully like you want us to go and hunt down a gang of thugs and kill them.

STRANGER

(nods)

'S right. They've been bothering him for years, you see. Trying to break in on his watch, causing trouble... he just wants them taken care of.

Chris GROANS, rubbing his temples, as Booth leans forward.

BOOTH

I could just ask him for the access cards...

STRANGER

(shakes head)

Your magic touch won't work on this one, darlin.'

Chris looks around at the bar - the characters filling it, the minor bar brawls kicking off, the drinks of pure fire, the TV showing wrestlers hacking each other with sharp weapons, and the tiny winged imps taking drinks to people's tables, and turns back to the Stranger with a raised eyebrow.

CHRIS

(resigned)

Alright. So where do we find this 'Hoof' character?

STRANGER

Well, you landed right in the middle of his patch earlier, so let's return to the scene of the crime!

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

Chris steps away from the table, Stranger pausing to knock back Booth's shot before he follows - seconds before a large demon is hurled into their table, BREAKING it in half!

5 EXT. HELL CITY - ALLEYWAY - NEXT

5

The trio turn into a narrow, crooked alley, the overhanging rooves of the two buildings either side forming a natural archway above them.

Chris looks up - there's the CHURCH he made his descent down, the damage caused by his arrival still visible.

CHRIS

This is the place. So how do we find Hoof?

STRANGER

If we just stick around, he'll find us. He's got a nose for trespassers, see.

BOOTH

Encouraging...

STRANGER

Hey, Chris, you, uh... you got that fancy sword handy?

Chris draws the RED KATANA from within his duster. The RUNES etched into its blade still GLOW faintly.

BOOTH

(wide eyes)

Is that...

STRANGER

Thought I recognised it. That's Kusanagi's sword.

CHRIS

The daemonlayer? You know him?

STRANGER

'Know' him? Chris... he's down here!

CHRIS

But... hang on, how -

STRANGER

Let's just say that sword has a price to pay for whoever uses it, and you... well, I hope you're ready to pay it.

(CONTINUED)

Chris looks down at the sword, suddenly a little wary of it, when he hears:

HOOF (O.S.)
The heaven is all this?

He looks up - it's the DAEMON THUGS he encountered on his arrival, with their leader, HOOF, striding forward.

With a head stuck halfway between a bulldog and a rhino, he's a few heads taller than Chris and twice as stocky.

HOOF (cont'd)
You back for another session,
little human?

Chris coolly steps forward, and Stranger puts himself before Booth.

CHRIS
As I recall, you were the ones who
ran away last time...

Hoof SNORTS, a cue for his four comrades to join him.

HOOF
Nice. Smart. About as smart as you
comin' back, that is.

CHRIS
Let me rephrase that...

He strikes an offensive pose, WHIRLING the katana through the air above him. It BURNS brightly as it spins.

CHRIS (cont'd)
... let's finish what we started.

With a bestial GRUNT, Hoof motions for his Thugs to rush Chris, the foursome spreading out to charge him from two sides.

Chris stays in pose, waiting until the first two snarling Thugs are in range:

SWISH! One rapid SLICE sends a Thug's ARM flying from his body, while a second, lower CHOP opens up the other's belly!

The Thugs stagger back, HOWLING in pain, while the next two rush Chris head-on.

He HOPS up to avoid a low KICK from #3, twisting in the air to land a KICK to the side of its head.

SPLASHING down in a puddle, Chris DUCKS and WEAVES as #4 throws several heavy PUNCHES his way.

Chris SLAMS both palms into #4's chest, sending him hurtling backwards, before he spins his katana round and STABS back.

The blade RUNS THROUGH #3, looming up behind him to grab him, and Chris quickly turns and KICKS the Thug in the face.

Grabbing the katana handle and SHOVING #3 back, Chris sends the goon sliding to the floor before he turns to face Hoof.

Hoof looks pretty perturbed, having just seen his four boys cut down in a matter of moments.

CHRIS (cont'd)

You look a little troubled, Hoof. I don't suppose you'd like to ask for a time out?

Hoof reddens, letting out a ROAR of anger before putting his head down and CHARGING Chris!

Chris tries to DODGE to the side, but Hoof is lighter on his feet than Chris expected - and his heavy, rhino-like HORN hits Chris in the chest!

The wind is knocked out of Chris and Hoof keeps CHARGING, running him straight into the alley wall with a CRUNCH!

Hoof hops back, letting Chris crumple to the floor before he raises a foot for a STAMP.

Chris manages to GRAB his foot, but Hoof's much stronger than he is, and Chris can't shove the foot away.

Hoof manages to plant his huge foot square on Chris' chest, pinning him to the floor.

Further back, Booth starts, trying to join the fight, but Stranger holds her back.

BOOTH

What are you - we have to help him!

STRANGER

No! We can't.

(turns to her)

I got my orders.

Booth frowns, not understanding.

Back to the fight, and Chris grimaces as Hoof presses down, putting his considerable weight down on Chris' chest.

HOOF

You may have taken out my boys, but I'm th boss round here, human!
Nobody takes me on and walks away!

CHRIS
Good job, then...

With a HEAVE, Chris grabs Hoof's boot and slowly starts to PUSH it up, off his torso.

CHRIS (cont'd)
... I'm not human!

He TWISTS and PUSHES, unbalancing Hoof who falls to the side with a THUD.

Chris drags himself up, woozy from the pain, realising he's lost his katana in the melee.

He rushes for it but Hoof intercepts, RAMMING him at full speed again and sending Chris FLYING back down the alley!

Chris hits the floor and SKIDS painfully along, recovering to see Hoof grab the katana.

HOOF
Neat sword.

Hoof gives it a few experimental SWIPES, turning to Chris and LEERING.

HOOF (cont'd)
Reckon it'll cut you up just as good?

Chris struggles to his feet as Hoof advances, the heavy-set daemon STOMPING over and launching into several CHOPS.

Chris has to dodge sharply to avoid the katana, which CLANGS off the ground with every missed strike.

Hoof KICKS Chris in the shin, staggering him long enough for Hoof to raise the katana with both hands over his head...

... but as he brings it down, Chris gets a hand up and conjures a shimmering WALL OF ENERGY to hold it off.

Hoof strains, pushing down with all his might as Chris struggles to keep the field up.

Hoof is winning, Chris' wall starting to fade as the katana blade cuts slowly through it...

... and Chris has to DIVE to one side to avoid the blade as it SLAMS into the ground, a mere fraction away!

Chris is up quicker, and a swift ONE-TWO stuns Hoof for a beat, allowing Chris to GRAB the katana and WRENCH it away.

Hoof GROWLS, DUCKING Chris' next swing and driving his bowed head up and into Chris' gut!

Chris is knocked back, clutching his chest in pain as Hoof SNORTS, stamping his feet on the ground like a bull preparing to charge!

Chris looks around, trying to find something to help - but he's backing towards one wall. Nowhere to go.

Hoof BURSTS forward, feet POUNDING as he races towards Chris at full pelt, horn aiming straight for Chris' heart!

Chris waits until he's almost on him - and then LEAPS up, STEPPING off Hoof's horn and SOMERSAULTING through the air!

Hoof can't slow down and RAMS into the alley wall, rebounding in a shower of DUST.

He staggers round - and Chris is ready with the katana.

CHRIS

Too slow.

SKNIT! He SLICES across Hoof's neck, and the burly daemon's hands fly to his throat.

BLACK BLOOD oozes from his fingers, Hoof letting out a horrible CHOKING sound as he staggers around.

He falls to his knees, still COUGHING and CHOKING, and Chris stands over him, blade ready.

CHRIS (cont'd)

For what it's worth, this isn't anything personal.

And he DRIVES the blade down through Hoof's skull. The hulking thug JERKS for a few seconds, then goes still.

CHRIS (cont'd)

I just have something more important than you to take care of.

He YANKS his katana free, and Hoof's dead body pitches forward, landing face-first with a reverberating SLAM.

Chris turns to Booth and Stranger, Booth breaking ranks and running up to him.

BOOTH

Are you alright?

CHRIS

I'm fine.

5 CONTINUED: (5)

5

He WINCES, and Booth tugs at his shirt even as Chris tries to gently push her away:

Chris has dark BRUISES up and down his torso, and what look like CRACKED RIBS sticking out at awkward angles.

BOOTH

Like heaven you're 'fine'! Come on,
we need to get you back to the
club.

As Booth shoulders him, Stranger walks up to Hoof's body, kicking it over onto its back.

BOOTH (cont'd)

Come on! We did what we came here
for, didn't we?

STRANGER

Not quite.

He reaches down, takes Hoof's ivory horn in both hands and TWISTS - the hunk of sharpened bone coming loose.

Stranger PULLS the horn straight from Hoof's head, tucking it under his arm as he joins the other two.

STRANGER (cont'd)

Okay, now we're done.
(off Booth's look)
This is what the guy wanted as
proof we'd taken care of Hoof.

Stranger takes Chris' other arm, helping the weary warrior back out of the alleyway as we CUT TO:

6 INT. DETENTION CENTRE - WARD 4-D - NIGHT

6

DARKNESS. And from somewhere within, a faint SOBBING.

A LIGHT comes on, a single beam in the gloom, illuminating a huddled shape curled up on the plain, white floor.

TWIST.

She slowly opens one eye, peering around her and seeing that she's surrounded by darkness.

She sits up, hugging her knees and rocking back and forth, wiping the tears from her eyes.

She SHIVERS, burying her face in her hands - she's going through some severe trauma by the looks of her.

Gradually, the emotions subside, and she hesitantly releases her knees, curling her legs beneath her.

(CONTINUED)

She looks up, squinting against the light, then round at the blackness.

And a sudden WHIRR sounds around the room, causing Twist to tense up in fear once again!

TWIST

No...

More LIGHTS start to come on, CLICKING on one at a time like stadium floodlights.

TWIST (cont'd)

No!

Twist stands, eyes wide and fists clenching. She's terrified.

TWIST (cont'd)

Please... no!

As more LIGHTS come on, the landscape around her starts to take shape - a SUBURBAN STREET at night.

TWIST (cont'd)

Don't do this to me! I haven't... I did enough! Please! I did enough!

The scene continues to build up - a long, quiet road, plenty of trees and modest dwellings.

A group of MOTORBIKES stand outside one house, whose front door is open.

A woman SCREAMS from somewhere within, and twist clamps her hands over her ears.

TWIST (cont'd)

I did everything I could! Why wasn't it enough?

She squeezes her eyes shut, but Twist knows the scene isn't going away.

The SCREAM rings out again, and Twist opens her eyes to look towards the house.

TEARS roll freely down her cheeks. She knows what she has to do.

She takes a few steps forward, then breaks into a run and SPRINTS forward, disappearing into the house as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

7

EXT. HELL CITY - DETENTION CENTRE - NIGHT

7

Chris, Stranger and Booth stand before a huge, black building rising up from the morass of sprawling architecture.

Obsidian windows, annexes and towers splitting off in all directions, and absolutely no clear way in or out.

STRANGER

Well... time to see if Zagel's a daemon of his word.

He brandishes the ACCESS CARD, offering it to Chris.

CHRIS

Are you sure this will work?

STRANGER

(beat)

Define 'work.'

CHRIS

(sighs)

Never mind.

He walks forward - the base of the centre is surrounded by a featureless black wall twenty feet high.

CHUTES, like the ones running from scaffolding on building sites, reach down from a distant point in the sky, disappearing behind the wall.

Muffled SHOUTS and SCREAMS sound from within the chutes, which SHAKE as bodies pass down them.

Ahead of Chris is a large set of GATES, the only thing set into the wall for a good distance in either direction.

Chris walks up to the gates and finds a small LOCK waiting for him. There's a slot for the access card, but also a KEYPAD, an empty iron GAUNTLET, and even a huge DOOR KNOCKER and BELL on the gate itself.

He looks back to Stranger - who helpfully just gives him a thumbs up.

Chris turns back to the door and slips the card into the slot. Waits. Nothing happens.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(turns)

Should I be -

(CONTINUED)

VOICE
(booms)
Name and number.

The loud, echoing voice startles Chris, and he looks up to see the head of a GARGOYLE peering down at him from the crest of the gate.

CHRIS
Chris Berkeley, er... two-five-seventy-nine.

VOICE
Hold.

Nothing happens for another moment, and Stranger and Booth both join Chris.

BOOTH
Shouldn't this be, you know... opening?

STRANGER
It will, it will. Just give it a sec.

Chris tenses, hand closing round the handle of his katana - but Stranger shoots him a warning look.

STRANGER (cont'd)
Don't.

CHRIS
This isn't working.

STRANGER
Still, better stay cautious than start waving a daemonslayer's sword around, you never know what -

A loud CREAK sounds from the gate, and the trio step back.

BOOTH
That's good... right?

More CREAKS as the lattice gate starts to rise into the wall, displaying the interior of the complex beyond.

The black centre has numerous entrances on various levels, copying the same patchwork layout as every other building.

Chris glances to either side, then takes a step forward:

WHAM! He walks straight into an INVISIBLE WALL which SHIMMERS as he bounces off it.

CHRIS

What the -

Two loud THUDS sound from beyond the entrance, and Booth clutches Chris' arm, eyes wide.

BOOTH

We have to go.

CHRIS

What? But the gate's open, I just need to -

BOOTH

No, I mean we have to go. Now!

She tries to tug him away, but Chris resists, turning back towards the gate:

And two huge SHADOWS step into view, easily eight feet tall and almost as wide.

Chris glances at Stranger, who is also backing up in obvious fear.

STRANGER

Ah... crap.

More THUDS as the hulking creatures step forward, gradually emerging from the shadow:

GARGOYLES. Winged, stone humanoids encased in silver armour, dragon-like heads frozen in a vicious snarl. They're both carrying stone SWORDS the size of boulders!

BOOTH

Chris, come on!

She manages to drag him back a step, but Chris intends to stay and fight, shrugging out of her grip.

BOOTH (cont'd)

Don't! Chris, you can't beat them!

Chris stands firm, defiant as the Gargoyles STOMP slowly towards him.

The first raises its sword high above its head, but Chris is ready to DIVE to one side.

The sword hurtles down, CRASHING into the floor as Chris leaps to one side.

He conjures a globe of ENERGY in one hand, snapping the green light at the second Gargoyle.

(CONTINUED)

It hits dead in the thing's face - and vanishes with a loud PFFT. No good.

Chris hesitates - and the second creature swings its sword round in a low arc, forcing him to LEAP into the air!

The first lunges a massive, clawed FIST round and SWATS Chris out of the air, sending him to the floor with a CRASH!

Chris vaults up, katana ready as he charges forward, DUCKING another attack and SLICING his blade across the Gargoyle:

And the katana SHATTERS on impact!

Stunned, Chris reels for a beat - and the Gargoyle lands a PUNCH to his gut that sends him sailing back through the air!

He SLAMS into an adjacent building, clattering to the floor in a shower of bricks and plaster.

Booth and Stranger hurriedly drag him to his feet as the Gargoyles continue their relentless advance.

CHRIS

(dazed)

What... what are...

BOOTH

They're something you can't beat,
is what they are! Let's get out of
here!

Hauling him along, Stranger and Booth drag Chris away as the Gargoyles stop, planting their feet into the ground and watching the trio escape.

Stumbling into a trash-heavy alley, the duo dump Chris' stunned form onto the ground.

Stranger checks to make sure the Gargoyles didn't follow as Booth crouches before Chris, checking him over.

STRANGER

Okay... that was not in the plan.

BOOTH

Didn't your 'friend' tell you about
those things?

STRANGER

D'you think I'd have led us there
if he did? You just don't go taking
on Gargoyles! Ever!

Chris winces as he tries to sit up, Booth pressing a hand to his side.

BOOTH

Take it easy. You've got some broken ribs, probably a concussion.

CHRIS

Doesn't... matter.

(beat)

Can't die... in Hell... can I?

BOOTH

Actually...

STRANGER

Not as such, no. But if your physical body gets messed up here, chances are you'll get shipped straight out to the Inferno.

He steps to the edge of the alley, looking out towards the tips of the mountain range that encircles the city.

STRANGER (cont'd)

Other side of those rocks is what we call the Inferno, or Wasteland, or whatever other poetic term you feel like using. It's where all the really bad people go.

BOOTH

Hell's for all kinds of sinners, but the worst of the worst go straight to the wasteland and never come back.

Chris stares at both of them, trying to process this.

CHRIS

So if your body dies in this city...

STRANGER

(nods)

... then it's a one way ticket to the proper kind of eternal torment. Living in this place ain't easy, but it's better than going out there.

Chris uses a stack of nearby crates as leverage as he pulls himself to his feet.

He looks down and realises he's still holding the handle of the katana - the last fragment of the blade all that's left.

With a frown, he TOSSES it away down the alley and tries to stand up, fighting back the pain.

CHRIS

Alright, so how else can I get inside that centre?

Stranger WHISTLES, hands on his head. He's got nothing.

BOOTH

We could get you arrested.

CHRIS

By who?

BOOTH

We have police down here... sort of. They just break up trouble before it gets too bad. The Man likes to keep the status quo, you know.

STRANGER

Nuh-uh. Too risky. Who's to say he wouldn't just get thrown out into the Inferno?

BOOTH

Because he isn't supposed to be here. They'd want to take him in for questioning.

(to Chris)

Reckon you can find your friend once you're inside?

CHRIS

I'm sure I'll think of something.

BOOTH

Good enough.

She smiles at Chris, turning back to Stranger.

BOOTH (cont'd)

Alright, here's something I know you'll be able to answer.

(beat)

What's the worst bar in this city?

Stranger raises an eyebrow as we CUT TO:

Stranger pushes open the doors of what looks, quite literally, like the worst place to get a drink in the whole of Hell.

An open BAR BRAWL is already in progress when the group arrive, with parts of the club in FLAMES as things SMASH and bodies FLY from one side to another.

At the bar, a horde of YELLING customers break into sporadic FIST FIGHTS to try and get served first, while the harassed BAR GIRLS literally HIT back to keep their patrons in line.

Booth looks suitably horrified, while Stranger just grins and lights a fat CIGAR.

STRANGER

Aah... I've missed this place.

Chris steps past them, still limping after his recent beating, but his eyes soon settle on the best group to start trouble on.

Four huge BIKER DAEMONS sit round one table, oblivious to the carnage all around.

A MAN ON FIRE staggers up to them, screaming for help - so one biker just CLUBS him to the floor, leaving him to burn.

The bikers are setting up their next round of shots, one pouring liquid from a bottle that SIZZLES as it splashes over the tabletop.

Chris starts towards them. Booth goes to follow, but Stranger holds her back, shaking his head.

STRANGER (cont'd)

Maybe we oughtta wait outside.

Booth looks back to Chris, full of concern as she and Stranger finally leave the bar.

Over with the bikers, they look up as Chris calmly stands before them. A long moment passes. Silence - even with the cacophony all around.

BIKER DAEMON #1

Somethin' we can help you with, pal?

CHRIS

Actually, yes. I have a question.

BIKER DAEMON #2

(snarls)

Take a hike.

CHRIS

Not until you answer me. It won't take a moment.

The daemons start to MUTTER, spoiling for a fight, but the closest one to Chris nods towards him.

BIKER DAEMON #1

Alright - what?

CHRIS

It's really very simple. Are you,
or are you not... looking at me?

The daemons swap puzzled glances. Chris rolls his eyes.

CHRIS (cont'd)

That's British for 'do you want a
fight or what?'

The bikers rise as one, towering over Chris by a good foot and a half each.

BIKER DAEMON #2

This give you your answer?

CHRIS

(grins)
I believe it does.

The nearest two suddenly LUNGE for him, but Chris SLAMS his palms down against the table:

Which EXPLODES, showering the foursome with hunks of wood and sending them reeling back!

Chris waits, still grinning, as the daemons recover and turn their murderous glares on him, and we CUT TO:

Sounds of FIGHTING, SHOUTS and CURSES and the SMASH of breaking glass ring out from within the bar.

Booth waits with Stranger on the other side of the road, the heaving mass of pedestrians on both sides making it hard to look inside the bar.

Until one of the biker daemons SMASHES through the window, scattering people on the street as his huge frame SLIDES to a halt in the middle of the road.

Several eager punters actually climb in through the broken windows, the brawl inside escalating further.

There's a FLASH of bright light inside, and three more people are BLASTED out through another window.

And that's when the SIRENS can be heard, regular police sirens with a scratchy, unnerving edge.

10 CONTINUED:

10

The crowds on the street disperse in moments - clearly nobody wants to be around when the cops show up.

Stranger discretely pulls Both back, just round a corner so they can observe without being seen.

A few moments later, three jet black POLICE CRUISERS rocket into frame, SKIDDING to a halt outside the club. A larger RIOT VAN follows them.

The cruisers are almost shark-like - low to the ground and bristling with fins, wings and other jagged edges.

Their doors open and dislodge six beefy PIG COPS - humanoid in shape but with a head like a WARTHOG!

Loading their SHOTGUNS and readying their NIGHTSTICKS, they pile into the bar as Booth and Stranger watch.

11 INT. SIN CITY - NEXT

11

Inside the club, the sea of bodies from earlier has lightened considerably - literal piles of stunned boozers lie on the floor, with more fleeing out the back or windows.

In the middle of the floor is Chris, bloodied and beaten but still going toe-to-toe with the last two daemon bikers.

For every HIT he takes he lands two back, streaking between them and fighting as dirty as he can.

One of the Pig Cops fires their shotgun with a loud BOOM, getting the room's attention.

PIG COP #1

What in the name of the man are you crazy punks doing? It's not even Friday night yet!

PIG COP #2

Yeah, did some bulletin go out that we didn't get sayin' it was happy hour or something?

Still holding a fistful of each other's clothing, Chris and his biker opponent slowly release each other.

PIG COP #1

Alright... all a' you, get on the ground, hands behind your heads!

Everyone left standing in the bar obeys, the cops KICKING several to the floor anyway.

The cops THWACK a few felons indiscriminately with their batons, quickly subduing the rioters.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Pig Cop #1 stands over Chris, cocking his massive head to one side as he peers down.

PIG COP #1 (cont'd)

The heaven are you supposed to be?

Chris just SMILES - his teeth BLOODY - and we CUT TO:

12 EXT. HELL CITY - SIN CITY - NEXT

12

Back with Booth and Stranger as they watch Chris and the other survivors get SHOVED roughly into the riot van.

STRANGER

I hope you're right about this...

BOOTH

When have I ever been wrong?

STRANGER

Lots of times.

BOOTH

Fewer times than you.

STRANGER

Yeah, but I'm a man. I get a handicap.

The van doors CLANG shut, and the police convoy gradually peels away, harsh SIRENS still blazing as they rush off.

Booth and Stranger emerge as the crowds on the streets start to thicken again, things quickly settling back to normal.

STRANGER (cont'd)

C'mon. We'd better get back to the bar. Chances are we'll be seeing him again real soon.

He turns and heads back into the flow of traffic, Booth pausing to watch the departing van a moment longer before she follows, and we DISSOLVE TO:

13 INT. DETENTION CENTRE - PROCESSING - NEXT

13

A bustling office suite, with desks partitioned off all over the wide, spacious floor. Humans, daemons, imps and everything in between walk, rush, fly and buzz past.

On one of several long benches already jammed full of surly miscreants - everything from huge daemons to skinny humans - Chris is PUSHED down into place by the Pig Cop.

His hands are SHACKLED and he looks like he's bene given a fresh beating, but his expressions remains stoic.

(CONTINUED)

PIG COP #1

Alright, here's the deal. Sit there and shut up. Keep the line moving. When you get your turn, answer everything they ask and then take your punishment. Nobody cares if you didn't do it.

Chris keeps quiet, the Pig Cop looking round as the biker daemons are shoved across another of the benches.

With a last, derisive look at Chris, the Pig Cop marches away to bark orders at someone else.

Chris looks down the aisle - he's only a few places from the front. He watches as the net few culprits walk, one at a time, to a desk and exchange a few words with the grey, weary-looking men behind them.

Each perp then rises and heads to a different door of the dozens set into both walls, opening it and stepping through.

One is met by FLAMES, one FALLS out of view with a cut off YELP, another steps into what looks like a DESERT - and then it's Chris' turn.

He walks up to the nearest desk and casually takes a seat, keeping cool despite his battered features.

Behind the desk, the overweight and (literally) grey CLERK looks him up and down with undisguised contempt.

His desktop is covered with files, folders, photos and other paperwork, which is added to and removed by small, flying IMPS bringing new files in and taking old files away.

The Clerk rattles away on an archaic keyboard connected to an equally medieval computer, turning to Chris and pushing a clipboard across the desk.

CLERK

Name, offence and statement.

CHRIS

(beat)

Don't I get a pen?

The Clerk shoots him another filthy look, pushing a round container of various PENS over to him.

Chris takes his time selecting one, taking it and almost putting nib to paper - and then he stops.

CLERK

It's not difficult. Name, offence and statement.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I'd like to see someone in charge.

CLERK

(blinks)

Excuse me?

CHRIS

I have a request. I need to speak
to your supervisor.

The Clerk lets out a BARK of laughter - and then breaks into
peals of GUFFAWS, holding his belly as he roars.

CLERK

(through laughter)

You... you want... you want what?

CHRIS

I said, I want to speak to somebody
in charge.

CLERK

Like who?

Chris rises, the Clerk's laughter suddenly fading.

CHRIS

That's for you to work out. And to
help, I'll give you an incentive.

Chris lifts his shackled hands - which BURST INTO FLAME! He
PULLS hard at the chains, SNAPPING them.

The Clerk recoils in terror, the scene quickly drawing
attention from the rest of the room.

Chris lets FLAMES leap from his hands and onto the desk, the
Clerk frantically trying to rescue his files as fire licks
across them.

Behind Chris, several Pig Cops are hurrying over, nightsticks
in hand. Chris turns to face them, hands still BLAZING.

CHRIS (cont'd)

I'll ask again - take me to
somebody in charge!

He hurls a FIREBALL towards the cops, who scatter with GRUNTS
as the fireball SMASHES into one of the benches!

Prisoners and clerks alike STAMPEDE to get away, trampling
one another as they flood towards the exits.

ALARMS start to ring, more cops and DAEMON GUARDS bursting
through doors and racing towards Chris.

(CONTINUED)

Chris is soon facing a small army of opponents, encircling him as he stands in the middle of the inferno he's created.

They try to get close but the flames keep them back, Chris sending small goutts of flame at anyone who gets too close.

And that's when he hears a deep THUD from behind him, and he knows exactly what it means.

He turns to see a GARGOYLE step through the flames, unaffected by the extreme heat even as Chris RAISES the flames higher around him!

CHRIS (cont'd)

I'm not here to cause trouble! I
just need to speak to anyone who -

WHAM! Chris is CLOCKED by the other Gargoyle, the one that appeared behind him while he was facing the first.

The flames dies out in seconds, leaving nothing but smoke as Chris wilts to the floor.

CLERK (O.S.)

Wh-what are w-we supposed to d-do?

PIG COP (O.S.)

Ah, beats me. Guy said he wanted to
see the boss... so let's see what
The Man wants to do with him.

And as several pairs of heavy-set hands GRAB Chris and DRAG him out of frame, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

14

INT. DETENTION CENTRE - CELL - NIGHT

14

Chris groggily comes round, finding himself lying face-down on a 'bed' carved out of dark red rock.

He's in a cell just like the one Twist was held in, featureless apart from the warped bars and slab of rock.

Rising, he rubs the back of his head, dried blood coming away as he checks his injuries.

Chris paces to the bars of the cell - they're a long way from straight but there's still no way he can squeeze through.

He pushes up against the bars to try and look down the corridor - it seems to stretch off for miles in either direction, including up.

Stepping back, he plants his feet on the ground and stares hard at the bars.

CHRIS
(to himself)
Here we go...

Clenching his fists, he brings his arms up and focuses his power, tiny WISPS of energy sparking off him.

WIND starts to flow round the cell as Chris builds his strength, the energy forming into two solid globes of BLUE ELECTRICITY crackling and snapping round his fists.

From outside the cell, he hears CALLS and VOICES raised in alarm - other inmates hearing what he's up to.

He lets fly, the energy snaking towards the bars and hitting them with a loud BANG, SPARKS showering back into the cell.

Chris COUGHS, wafting away the smoke as he waits to see if his escape was successful...

... but it's no good. The bars remain unaffected. Chris sags, but only for a moment. Still work to do.

The SHOUTS from outside have turned into a more riotous clamour now, with unseen people RATTLING the cages of their own bars and STAMPING their feet - either in support or protest.

As he closes his eyes and charges up for another blast, we CUT TO:

15 INT. DETENTION CENTRE - WARD 4-D - NIGHT

15

Twist bursts into the suburban house, but pulls up sharply at the sight before her.

At the foot of the staircase lies a MAN'S BODY, sprawled in a pool of blood, his neck twisted at an unnatural angle.

Twist looks away, blinking back fresh tears. She POUNDS her fist against the wall.

Another SCREAM from upstairs gets her attention, and Twist pulls herself back to action.

She steps over the man's body, staring at it for a long beat before racing up the stairs, and we CUT TO:

16 INT. DETENTION CENTRE - CELL - NIGHT

16

Back with Chris, with BLISTERS all over his hands from the continued bolts of magic he's hurling around.

SMOKE fills the cell, with SPARKS zinging from the bars as they recover from his last attack.

For his efforts, the bars are looking pretty damaged by now - scorched and buckled in places, he's not far from making a big enough gap to get through.

Outside the cell, things are escalating nicely - as well as various CLANGS and CRASHES as the other prisoners attack their cells with anything to hand, DEBRIS thrown from inside the various cells is building up outside.

Chris raises his fists again, but before he can conjure another burst an ALARM starts to sound - his efforts have finally been noticed!

The alarm pushes the rioting prisoners into a further frenzy, with the noise outside equal to that of several packed football stadiums.

Chris summons another burst of energy, but his hands are SHAKING now - he's pushed himself too far, and he struggles to hang onto the electricity.

He clenches his teeth and tries to focus, stretching his hands out towards the cell - but the energy SNAPS away from him too early!

It hits the cell bars and BLASTS out in several directions, bolts lancing out into the corridor as well as straight back at Chris!

He ducks and shields himself, the energy SPARKING off every surface as it ricochets all around him.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

After a few moments it's died down, and Chris slowly looks up...

... and a smoking HOLE has been burned through the bars, finally enough for him to slip through!

17 INT. DETENTION CENTRE - CELL BLOCK - NEXT

17

And slip through he does, BURNING himself on the white hot bars. Luckily, he's too harried to care right now.

RUNNING FEET from several directions indicates a slew of Guard Daemons coming his way.

Chris steps out - he's in a long, scarlet corridor with cells carved into the wall, stretching upwards and sideways into the distance.

Walkways, mezzanine balconies and ladders give access to the higher levels - and it's down these that the teams of GUARDS are now descending!

GUARD DAEMON

Stop! Don't move!

The rowdy prisoners are still making plenty of racket, and Chris quickly looks round for anything he can use.

He spies a GUARD STATION on the other side of several barred gates, GUARDS hurrying towards it:

18 INT. DETENTION CENTRE - GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS

18

Chris gets there first, ready as the gates slide back and the daemons spill through.

He DROP-KICKS the first and spins into the next, his blistered hands still deadly as he attacks.

GRABBING one Guard to spin him round into another, Chris CLOTHESLINES the next before taking a PUNCH from the last.

Behind him, another DOZEN GUARDS have reached his level and are racing towards him.

Chris SHOVES his way into the Guard Station, another corridor stretching out beyond it.

He quickly turns and YANKS a lever to slide the barred gates - seconds before the rest of the Guards reach it!

They HAMMER on the door as Chris searches round - finding what he wanted.

He pulls on a lever marked 'Master Cell Release - Ground Level,' having to heave against the heavy weight.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Behind him, a Guard starts to rise - but Chris quickly SNAP KICKS the daemon to drop him again.

With a last push, he CRANKS the lever all the way open - and a new, deeper ALARM starts to sound.

19 INT. DETENTION CENTRE - CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

19

Back in the cell block, the various bars sealing the cells on the bottom floor all start to crank back.

The Guards turn, awful realisation dawning as the first few inmates burst from their cells.

Already whipped up into a frenzy, the sight of the Guards spurs them on further, and with a mighty ROAR they all come pouring out!

Fat ones, skinny ones, tough ones and inhuman ones - all shapes and sizes, but all with one thought on their minds.

20 INT. DETENTION CENTRE - GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS

20

Chris backs away as the tidal wave of freed prisoners SLAMS into the Guards, squashing them against the station's gates.

Some try to fight back, some are trampled, but all of them are far too busy to pay any attention to Chris now.

He ducks to swipe a roll of KEYS and some ACCESS CARDS from one downed Guard, quickly fleeing the scene.

21 INT. DETENTION CENTRE - CORRIDOR - NEXT

21

Racing down another crimson hallway, the alarms may still be ringing but Chris is free from any opposition so far:

That is, until two GUARDS turn a corner ahead, skidding to a halt when they see him!

GUARD DAEMON #1

Alright, punk, I don't know how you
got out...

Chris puts his head down and CHARGES into them, but the heavy-set daemons aren't moved that easily.

One SHOVES him back as the other draws a huge, curved SWORD, forcing Chris to roll for cover as he HACKS down!

Chris gets to his feet, the sounds of the chaos he left behind filtering round to them.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

If you two are interested, I think your colleagues could use a little help.

GUARD DAEMON #2

What'd you do? Open the cells or something?

Chris GRINS - and Guard #2's yellow eyes BULGE in horror.

GUARD DAEMON #2 (cont'd)

Unholy... Nozoki, c'mon! We gotta do something!

GUARD DAEMON #1

We take this guy down. That's 'doing something.'

Daemon #1 advances on Chris, but this time he's ready.

As the guard charges, Chris neatly hops up towards the wall, PUSHING OFF with one foot to get high in the air.

He STAMPS down on the daemon's wide head, FLIPPING over and landing a BOOT right into the second's jaw!

Quickly grabbing the second's sword, Chris turns and SHOVES the stunned daemon to the floor, SLASHING his cutlass across #2's legs in one fluid motion.

Both daemons hit the deck, and Chris tears on, leaving them and their cries of pain behind.

Chris bursts through a pair of security doors into a wider, reception-like area, with smaller DAEMONS milling around.

They're agitated, the ringing alarms having brought them out of the safety of their offices - so when the sword-toting Chris bounds up to the nearest pair, they shrink in fear.

CHRIS

Where is she? Where's Twist McFadden?

OFFICE DAEMON

W-w-what?

CHRIS

I need to know where you're keeping her!

He GRABS a handful of the daemon's drab shirt, pulling him close and raising the sword.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Now!

OFFICE DAEMON #2

Ad-admissions desk!

(points)

Over there!

Chris looks - as the other frightened daemons scatter, his path is clear to a large DESK on the far side of the chamber.

CHRIS

Thank you.

He DROPS the cringing daemon, racing up to the desk and BARGING others out of his path.

On the other side of the chamber, more doors FLY OPEN as both Guards and PIG COPS enter, the Pig Cops brandishing huge SHOTGUNS.

Chris slides to a stop before the desk, handily signposted 'Admissions,' but there's nobody behind it.

A room behind the desk itself is filled with rows and rows of SHELVES, each one crammed to bursting with folders, box files and even stone tablets.

Chris VAULTS the desk and disappears into the archive, just as the Pig Cops and Guards clatter towards him.

One rounds on the two Office Daemons Chris grabbed.

PIG COP

(snarls)

Which way? Where'd he go?

The worker can only point and make a pathetic SQUEAK, the Cop PUSHING past him as he barrels towards the desk.

Chris tears down the narrow aisle, the shelves seeming to reach into infinity both before him and above him on both sides.

They zig-zag, criss-cross and turn at all angles, making the whole archive into a labyrinth of forgotten paperwork.

He sees a sign marked 'De - Dh' and knows he's got some way to go.

AT THE ENTRANCE, the cluster of Guards and Cops pour through the narrow opening.

PIG COP

Split up! Each of you, take an aisle. You get a clean shot...

He loads his shotgun with a load CLUNK-CLICK.

PIG COP (cont'd)

... go for the head.

The group disperse, two to each aisle.

BACK WITH CHRIS as he checks the sign he's speeding towards - 'Le - Li.' Getting closer.

He turns one corner - and finds a Pig Cop levelling a shotgun at him from a few rows away!

Chris DUCKS - and a BLAST chews a huge chunk out of the shelf just by his head!

He darts round another corner, but now two Guards are closing in on him from behind.

DAEMON GUARD #1

Get back here!

DAEMON GUARD #2

There's nowhere to go! We got you surrounded!

They quickly gain on him, forcing Chris to spin and face them, brandishing his stolen cutlass.

In the narrow aisle, they can only attack one at a time, Chris locking swords with the first.

Chris CLASHES a few blows with the Guard before grabbing one of the heavy BOXES on the nearest shelf, PULLING it down.

DAEMON GUARD #1

What the -

It dislodges several more, reams of decaying PAPER spilling out and burying the Guard.

DAEMON GUARD #1 (cont'd)

(cowering)

Ack!

Chris breaks and runs, leaving the second Guard to fight his way over the growing mountain of files.

DAEMON GUARD #2

Hey! Stop! You... gah!

(CONTINUED)

He passes another sign 'Ma - Mc.' He's almost there. Slowing, he starts checking the names on each box, looking for the one marked 'McFadden.'

But there are a damn lot of boxes.

He reaches for one - and another SHOTGUN BLAST slams into the shelf, spraying him with fragments and gouging a deep gash along his hand.

PIG COP (O.S.)

I got him! Down here!

Chris drops to one knee and sends a FIREBALL back down the aisle, but his magic is almost dry for the day - the 'fireball' is barely bigger than a fist.

PIG COP (O.S.) (cont'd)

(laughs)

That all you got, wormbait?

He pushes on, pulling box after box from the shelf to build up a litter of obstacles behind him.

And then, there it is.

'McFadden, Twist Sophia. 02-05-79 - 06-11-99'

Chris heaves the surprisingly heavy box down, its lid opening and dumping its contents all around him.

Chris drops and frantically sorts through the records, looking for anything to tell him where Twist is being held.

Another SHOTGUN BLAST punches a hole inches from his head, but he's focused on his search now.

PIG COP (O.S.) (cont'd)

This way!

He can hear RUNNING FEET and SHOUTS as the scattered pursuers start to close the net - he's almost out of time.

Finally, he finds something - the most recent document in the folder, dated just yesterday. It gives Twist's cell number.

Chris is off, shoving the paper into his jacket - just as a Pig Cop rounds the corner and raises his shotgun!

PIG COP (O.S.) (cont'd)

Freeze!

The Cop FIRES, the blast filling the screen with light and forcing a CUT TO:

24

INT. DETENTION CENTRE - WARD 4-D - NIGHT

24

Twist clatters up the stairs and rounds a corner, diving into:

THE BEDROOM, where a middle-aged woman in a dressing gown stands before a BABY'S COT, the child inside SCREAMING the place down.

She's facing a group of BIKERS, their leader advancing menacingly towards the terrified woman.

WOMAN

Get away from her! You can't have her! I won't let you touch her!

BIKER

Hey, look, lady, I don't like this any more than you do, but we got our orders! If it's any consolation, it'll be quick. It was quick for your husband downstairs...

The woman lets out a terrified SOB. Behind her, the baby WAILS on.

BIKER (cont'd)

...and we'll do the same for you and the kid. So come on, let's stop all this and -

TWIST

No.

The bikers whip round to see her, the lead biker's face curling into a sinister smirk.

TWIST (cont'd)

Get away from my mom.

The biker lets out an incredulous BARK of laughter.

BIKER

Oh, no way, man! You have got to be kidding! She's your mom?

TWIST

Mom, run! Get out of here, now!

WOMAN

Twist? But... we thought you were...

Twist closes her eyes. She knows exactly how this ends. She's run through it enough to fill a lifetime.

(CONTINUED)

There's silence for a beat until the baby in the cot starts to cry, and the biker beckons to Twist.

BIKER

Come on, Twist. I think you should handle this one.

TWIST

That's my mom.

Her delivery is flat, emotionless - like somebody reciting the lines to a play they've performed once too often.

BIKER

All the more reason you should be the one to kill her. And the kid, too.

Twist looks towards the cot. The woman, still sobbing, reaches into the cot and protectively lifts out a BABY, wrapped in nightclothes.

ELENA

She's... this is Sophia. When we thought we'd lost you, we... your father and I, we... we tried again...

BIKER

(cackles)

Oh, this is priceless! Alright, Twist, come on. Do what you gotta do so we can all get out of here.

TWIST

(defiant)

No.

BIKER

(suddenly unpleasant)

Excuse me?

Twist walks round to stand between her mother and the bikers.

TWIST

I'm not hurting them. And neither are any of you.

A beat. The bikers burst out LAUGHING.

BIKER

Man, that's sweet. It really is.

He suddenly LASHES out with a fierce backhand that catches Twist across the jaw, sending her clattering to the ground.

BIKER (cont'd)
Stupid, but sweet.

PUSH IN close to Twist's unconscious face, the woman's SCREAMS filling the room as she struggles, unseen, against the bikers.

WOMAN
No... no! Please! Stop! No!

PULL BACK from Twist, the grisly scene unfolding in the background as the woman is pinned down by the bikers, their leader taking the baby with a victorious LAUGH.

25 INT. DETENTION CENTRE - WARD 4-D - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS 25

And continue to PULL BACK, through the brief distortion of GLASS, the scene still playing out.

Chris stands, pressed against the wide glass window looking into the chamber where Twist lies.

He stands in the clinical white corridor, other, darkened windows set down the wall at regular intervals.

At his feet lie the stunned forms of two more DAEMONS - one's tall, one wears a now-twisted pair of spectacles.

An ACCESS PANEL near the window is by Chris' hand - his finger still pressed against a button labelled 'View.'

A single TEAR rolls down Chris' cheek as he watches the woman get torn to bloody shreds by the feral bikers.

One leers back - blood red eyes and FANGS. He's a VAMPIRE, just like the others.

Chris looks away, clamping his eyes shut even as the sounds within still ring down the corridor.

CLOSE ON HIS HAND as he releases the button, the viewing window immediately going jet black. All sound cuts off.

Chris clenches his hand into a fist, literally shaking with fury as he looks down at the two daemons sprawled nearby.

He fights to control his rising anger, finally PUNCHING a large, red button at the base of the panel - this one marked 'Release.'

A DOOR forms out of the smooth wall, sliding slowly open with a HISS of compressed air.

Chris takes a moment to gather himself, then strides into the room beyond:

26

INT. DETENTION CENTRE - TWIST'S CELL - NEXT

26

Twist lies on the floor - the room is now plain and white. Chris walks over to her.

He kneels, gently cradling her as he rests her against his knee, tracing a hand down her cheek.

She stirs, frowning, and her eyes flutter open.

TWIST

No... can't be time yet...
didn't... didn't get to the end...

She finally focuses, squinting against the harsh lights.

TWIST (cont'd)

But... you...
(blinks)
Chris?

He smiles, fighting back more tears.

TWIST (cont'd)

(weak smile)
You came... you found me...

CHRIS

I found you.

And then there's the loud CLICK of a half dozen shotguns all loading at once.

Chris looks up, Twist craning round to see:

The Pig Cops and Guards are all crammed into the doorway, shotguns trained on them both.

TWIST

This is bad, isn't it?

CHRIS

(sighs)
I'm afraid so.

Twist nods, closing her eyes again. She locates Chris' hand and SQUEEZES.

They stay where they are as the Guards fan out, the Cops keeping the duo covered. The Guards close in, obscuring Chris and Twist from view as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

27 INT. RIOT VAN - NIGHT

27

Chris and Twist, shackled to the floor of the van's rear compartment, sit side by side as the van bounces its way through the city.

Chris looks out through the slits in the back doors, watching the teeming streets roll by, while Twist stares at the floor.

TWIST

You came for me.

He looks round, and she returns his gaze with a smile.

TWIST (cont'd)

I mean... you came to Hell. For me.

CHRIS

(grins)

I wouldn't want you thinking I'd do this for just anybody.

TWIST

Thank you.

He lifts his hands, displaying the heavy chains.

CHRIS

Don't thank me just yet.

She NUDGES him, looking back to the floor.

TWIST

So... you, uh... you saw what was in that room, huh?

Chris is silent. She turns to watch him.

TWIST (cont'd)

How much did you see?

CHRIS

Enough.

She SIGHS, leaning back against the side of the compartment.

TWIST

Now you know why I never talked about it.

CHRIS

Twist, I -

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

And why I will continue to never talk about it.

She sits up, letting out a breath. Chris notices her hands are still TREMBLING.

TWIST (cont'd)

That was the worst night of my life. And those... they made me go through it, over and over again. Knowing I'd never be able to change anything. Knowing that every time it started over, I'd have no control over how things turned out.

He watches her as she shrugs away a stray lock of hair.

TWIST (cont'd)

I mean, I'd try. Sometimes I just wouldn't go into the house. Sometimes I'd charge straight in and go for Boyce -

CHRIS

Was that who he was? The biker? You told me about this night back when we first met, but... well, a lot's happened since then.

TWIST

(nods)

Yeah... that's him. My bad influence.

(sad smile)

My boy.

(beat; lowers head)

It didn't matter. I tried everything the last time I was down here, but like Danyael trying to reverse park the van, I just kept on going, same result any way I -

(thought hits her)

Danyael! Oh, my God! Is he -

CHRIS

He's fine. They're all fine.

TWIST

Really? Syren? Diego? They're all...

She trails off. Chris' expression tells her all she needs to know about Diego's fate. She looks down.

CHRIS

He saved all of us. He stopped the Trinity from releasing Viracocha.

TWIST

He was a reckless ass, is what he was.

She SNIFFS away a tear.

TWIST (cont'd)

Did he... was it quick?

CHRIS

I think so.

TWIST

Good.

CHRIS

(beat)

So that was you not talking about what happened?

TWIST

(rolls eyes)

Shut up.

(beat)

At least you missed the part where I get set on fire again.

(beat)

How long have I been down here?

CHRIS

In real time? Less than a day.

TWIST

Wow. Fast work, chief. Felt like longer.

The van JOLTS as it comes to a stop. The duo listen as the driver's door SLAMS shut, and footsteps CRUNCH round gravel to the back doors, which open:

And there's the driver, another Pig Cop. He steps into the van, brandishing a set of keys which he uses to unfasten their shackles.

PIG COP

I don't need to remind you two not to try anything again, do I?

CHRIS

That depends on how much longer you plan on keeping us here.

PIG COP

And that all depends on what The Man has to say. If you'd stayed put last time we got you, we'd have gotten here a whole lot quicker.

The Pig Cop exits the van, and Twist raises an eyebrow.

TWIST

Wait a second - you escaped... by mistake?

CHRIS

(beat)
Come on.

Twist starts to LAUGH as a frowning Chris clammers out:

28 EXT. HELL CITY - THE TOWER - ENTRANCE - NEXT

28

Chris turns as Twist steps out beside him - they're at the base of the huge stone TOWER in the middle of the city.

The Tower stretches up towards the crimson sky, several smaller towers and steeples peeling off from the main structure, Most of the flying traffic of Hell City seems to circulate from here too.

Several Gargoyles stand guard - at least a dozen, enough to persuade even Chris to play along.

The Pig Cop ushers the duo towards a set of GATES at the foot of the tower, which swing open to admit them.

29 INT. THE TOWER - HALLWAY - NEXT

29

The ground floor is a long passageway, longer than the external dimensions of the Tower suggested - this place obviously has a TARDIS-like mentality when it comes to interior space.

The walls are decorated with large, imposing portraits which glare down on the duo. Flaming torches line the corridor.

An ageing BUTLER, dressed in a black and white suit, ambles towards them.

BUTLER

Christopher Berkeley and Twist
McFadden?

CHRIS

That's us.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

Don't wear my name out, or I'll
make you buy me a new one.

(off Chris' look; shrugs)

You try going through what I did
without getting chance to sass
anybody.

BUTLER

The master will see you now.

The Butler turns and walks down the corridor. Chris and Twist
exchange a puzzled glance.

TWIST

Curiouser and curiouser...

They follow the Butler, who shuffles away and soon disappears
into the darkness around the passageway.

Chris and twist find themselves at a dead end. They look
around for a second, until a loud SWOOSH and a heavy THUD
turns them round:

A METAL DOOR appears before them, which slides open to reveal
the inside of a LIFT.

The BELLBOY, a small daemon squeezed into an ill-fitting red
outfit, has one hand over the control lever.

BELLBOY DAEMON

This way, please.

The duo step warily into the plain, metal lift:

The doors quickly SNAP shut, and wrenching the lever to the
right, the Bellboy sends the lift hurtling upwards. Chris and
Twist visibly strain against the G-forces.

CHRIS

(grimaces)

At least it's quick...

TWIST

(gritted teeth)

My bones are crumbling!

As suddenly as it started, the lift LURCHES to a gut-
wrenching stop, almost throwing Chris and Twist to the floor.
Calmly, the Bellboy turns to them.

BELLBOY DAEMON

This is your floor, sir.

30 CONTINUED:

30

The duo gingerly step out:

31 INT. THE TOWER - TOP FLOOR - NEXT

31

The Bellboy shuts the doors and the lift PLUMMETS back down the Tower.

TWIST

So...

Looking around, they find themselves in a private audience chamber, which has the appearance of a study in a very rich house.

A desk and large leather chair, its back to them, is at the far end of the long room, which Chris walks towards. Twist suddenly STOPS him with a hand on his arm.

TWIST (cont'd)

(whispers)

Don't sign anything.

He holds her gaze, then cautiously approaches the desk again.

Framed pictures on the wall show various scenes of death and destruction. Mounted animal heads, both from this world and our own, also line the walls, along with a wicked array of weapons from guns to swords.

A plume of CIGAR SMOKE is rising from the other side of the chair. A roaring fire is behind it, and above the fireplace stands a huge portrait. The MAN sitting in the chair speaks:

VOICE

I don't care what you think! It's mine, and I want it back!

Chris pulls up to a stop. Twist huddles next to him.

VOICE (cont'd)

Not tomorrow, now! Do you hear me?
Cleaned inside and out!

The chair suddenly spins - revealing THE MAN.

THE MAN

Thank you, and goodbye!
(slams the phone down)
Bloody valets...

The Man notices Chris and Twist at last, who don't know what to make of it all.

He's tall, thin and stately featured, in his sixties with slicked back silver hair, and a generous head of it too.

(CONTINUED)

He is dressed in a smartly cut black pinstripe suit, with red stripes and lining all over. A crimson shirt and a black tie top off the outfit.

THE MAN (cont'd)
 Sorry about that. Now then. I believe we have some business?

Chris blinks. Twist NUDGES him sharply.

TWIST
 (whispers)
 Say something smart!
 (off his look)
 You know I suck at that.

The Man CHUCKLES, rising from his seat. He stubs out his cigar and rests against the side of his desk.

CHRIS
 Are you...

THE MAN
 Names aren't important. I'm the man you need to see, and that's all you need concern yourself with.

CHRIS
 Right.
 (beat)
 So do you know why I'm here?

THE MAN
 You're here to make some kind of bargain for the soul of your young friend here.

The Man smiles at Twist, who pales and takes a step back.

TWIST
 Don't let him eat my soul, Chris...

THE MAN
 My dear girl, nobody eats anybody's soul down here. At least, not any more.
 (off looks)
 Even we can move with the times a little.

CHRIS
 Why don't you tell me what I need to do to get us both out of here in one piece, and then I'll see if it's something I can do.

He begins to pace leisurely round the room.

THE MAN

Well, I'm sure you can appreciate I can't just let you two stroll out of here scot free. That'd play merry havoc with my administration department.

TWIST

Administration?

DEVIL

How many souls do you think we have to deal with in here every day? We had to work out some kind of system or the place would have filled up too quickly. It's just a shame the system is so... complicated.

CHRIS

Never mind all that. You mentioned a 'bargain.'

The Man grins, returning to his desk.

THE MAN

You don't waste any time, do you? I like that about you, Chris. In fact, I like a lot of things about you.

CHRIS

(raises eyebrow)

The Devil's heard of me. I don't know if I should be impressed or not.

THE MAN

Oh, I know all about the two of you... and what lies ahead.

(beat)

But enough of that. Let's focus on the here and now.

Chris opens his mouth to speak, but Twist abruptly pushes past him.

TWIST

Why are you willing to let us go?

The Man settles back into his high-backed chair, casually re-igniting his cigar off the log fire.

THE MAN

I'm quite happy with the way things are. I talk to God all the time, and we actually get on quite well.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE MAN (cont'd)

Of course, I was angry at first, you know, following the whole 'cast out of paradise' debacle, but soon I realised I still have a purpose down here. Not everyone is fit to go to Heaven. An awful lot of people deserve to go somewhere else. When I saw that my job was to provide a home for the souls that aren't what you'd classify as cherub material, I backed off on the whole 'war against God' affair. Now the only 'wars' we have are in our annual chess matches.

(grins)

I'm six-three up so far.

He swivels his chair to face the large bay windows overlooking the eastern side of the city.

THE MAN (cont'd)

I built this. All this, from the fire, brimstone and sulphur when we arrived to the bustling metropolis you see before you.

TWIST

By yourself? What about... I mean, didn't you get banished from Heaven or whatever with a whole bunch of other angels?

THE MAN

We... had a bit of a row a few millennia ago. They all disagreed with my new direction for this place. Can't say I blame them. They were still the old hellfire, sodomy and the lash types who were much happier actively going to Earth to harvest souls for us down here. Still fixated with the idea of declaring war on Heaven again and having another big scrap. When I told them to give that idea up, on the grounds that we simply didn't need to do it, they left.

CHRIS

Where did they go?

THE MAN

(waves his arm toward windows)

Out there, somewhere. Set up their own Hells.

(MORE)

THE MAN (cont'd)
Split into factions and now they're
content to bicker with each other,
still sending men up top to bag
souls for down here.

TWIST
(beat)
That doesn't answer my question.

CHRIS
(wary)
Twist...

TWIST
(snaps)
Back off, Chris! After what this
fricken Hades-lovin' baumgartner's
boys just put me through, I think
I'm entitled to get me some
friggin' answers!

The Man studies her for a beat. Twist shifts, suddenly
awkward. The Man reaches into his desk and produces a bundle
of PAPERS, which he slides across the desk.

THE MAN
Perhaps this will explain things.

Chris picks it up, flipping through the first few pages.

CHRIS
Is this... a contract?

THE MAN
Were you expecting perhaps the New
York Times?

He starts rummaging through his desk again - for effect.

THE MAN (cont'd)
I'm sure I had a bowl of candy down
here somewhere...

Chris continues to leaf through the contract, taking care to
read the last page closely.

CHRIS
Is this what you want?

THE MAN
I'd expect nothing less.

TWIST
What?

She cranes, trying to read it.

TWIST (cont'd)
What does it say?

Chris hesitates for a beat - then leans forward, pressing the contract against the desk and extending his hand.

CHRIS
Pen.

The Man smiles, selecting a silver fountain pen as Twist's jaw drops in horror.

TWIST
Woah, woah, woah! You can't just -

Chris takes the pen, WINCING as a tiny SPIKE jabs into his thumb, before he SIGNS on the dotted line - in his BLOOD.

TWIST (cont'd)
(gasps)
You did not just...

Chris quickly pushes the contract back to The Man before Twist can read it.

CHRIS
There.

TWIST
(disbelief)
Are you... are you out of your fricken mind?!?

CHRIS
I know exactly what I'm doing.

The Man smiles as he takes the contract, rolls it up and slips it inside his blazer.

TWIST
What did you do?
(no response)
Chris, tell me? What did you do?

THE MAN
He made a bargain.
(beat)
Both of your souls, staked against your next spell on Earth. Specifically, what good you can do while you're up there.

TWIST
You mean...

CHRIS

Twist, you've saved hundreds of lives, helped countless people and battled more evil than anyone I've ever met. So if our path out of here lies in me wagering my soul against your ability to keep doing that...

(turns to The Man)

... then I'd sign it again in a heartbeat.

Twist reels, her head spinning. She flops down into one of the many plush armchairs scattered around the room.

THE MAN

There's a war coming.

They both look round. The Man leans across his desk.

THE MAN (cont'd)

One both of you are due to play a great part in. You'd be well advised to take care of one another, this contract notwithstanding - depending on which set of prophecies you choose to believe, of course.

TWIST

(blinks)

There's more than one?

THE MAN

(smirks)

There were four Gospels, weren't there?

Twist sinks her head into her hands. Chris approaches her, and she looks up with fresh TEARS in her eyes.

TWIST

(soft)

What have you done?

He kneels before her, taking both her hands.

CHRIS

I believe in you. Twist, you've done so many incredible things in just the few short years we've known each other... I couldn't let you not have another chance.

She tries to smile, SNIFFING back fresh tears. Chris takes her head in one hand, lifting her gaze to meet his.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)
You can do this.

TWIST
What if... what if I can't?

CHRIS
(grins)
Then at least you'll have some
company down here.

She manages a laugh, and Chris pulls her close, embracing her as she hugs him tightly.

Chris turns to The Man, watching them both with an inscrutable expression. Chris gently extracts himself.

CHRIS (cont'd)
What happens next?

The Man points to an oak DOOR in one wall - that wasn't there a moment ago.

THE MAN
That'll take you straight back
home. No need for all the theatrics
this time.

Chris rises, Twist following. She sticks close to him as they walk to the door.

Chris slowly opens it - there's nothing but BLACK on the other side.

THE MAN (cont'd)
Don't worry. It's safe. One thing I
don't do is renege on contracts.
You two have a done deal.

Chris glances back at The man, then to Twist. She nods.

TWIST
Let's get out of here.

The duo step over the threshold - and VANISH straight into the inky blackness!

The door CREAKS shut, FADING back into nothing as it closes. The man grins, taking a CELL PHONE from his pocket.

THE MAN
(into phone)
It's done. And thank you for
playing your part. This goes some
way to repaying our debt.

EXT. HELL CITY - STREET - NEXT

And Stranger turns towards us, talking on his phone. His expression is suitably guilty.

STRANGER

Yeah, well... glad to hear it.

He SNAPS his phone shut, lets out a heavy SIGH and then walks away, filtering back into the crowd as we DISSOLVE TO:

Leaning back, he takes a deep drag of his cigar, blowing out the smoke as we CUT TO:

32

INT. GLOVER'S LIBRARY - STUDY - DAY

32

Lyra is asleep, and Danyael gently pulls a blanket over her. She's resting on a small couch to one side.

Danyael starts tidying away the many books scattered around the floor, his back to the rest of the room.

TWIST (O.S.)

Shucks, Spook...

He SPINS ROUND - and there's Chris and Twist.

TWIST (cont'd)

... never figured you were a neat freak.

Danyael gapes in disbelief - and then ROCKETS towards them, throwing his arms round them both with a great LAUGH of relief!

DANYAEL

You did it! You did it!

He steps back, beaming as he holds Twist, making sure she's really there.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

You got her...

CHRIS

That I did.

He pats Danyael on the shoulder, heading over to Lyra as the two vampires embrace again.

Chris gently strokes the side of Lyra's face. She stirs, turning over as her eyes creak open. She smiles lazily, her hand reaching up to trace over Chris' features.

LYRA

You're late.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

CHRIS
I brought a friend.

LYRA
I can tell.
(beat; frowns)
Where is she?

Chris turns - Danyael and Twist are nowhere to be found.
Chris blinks, puzzled, as we CUT TO:

33 INT. GLOVER'S LIBRARY - NEXT

33

Danyael and Twist fall back against one of the shelves -
KISSING furiously, their hands all over each other.

TWIST
(between kisses)
Just so we're clear... this... this
is just because I'm glad... glad to
see you... right?

DANYAEL
Yeah... yeah. I get it. I get it.

More KISSING. Twist starts to pull Danyael's jacket from
round him, as he runs his hands through her hair.

TWIST
One time. One time. That's it. Are
we clear?

DANYAEL
Yeah...

She grabs his head, holding him back. Stares into his eyes.

DANYAEL (cont'd)
(beat; nods)
One time.

TWIST
Good.

And with that, back to the kissing, Danyael rolling up her t-
shirt and pulling it over her head, and as the two of them
sink slowly out of frame, locked in a passionate embrace all
the way down, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW