

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

"Relocation"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

TITLE OVER: SIX MONTHS LATER...

1 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

1

Suburban, domesticated bliss. Soft, pastel wallpaper, framed portraits and plenty of clutter, the kind every family builds up by spending too long in one place.

A MAN and WOMAN enter the room - pale-skinned, both in their thirties and looking very much in love as they head towards the sofa.

MAN

So... that's work out of the way.

WOMAN

For you.

MAN

(grins)

Yeah, for me.

She rolls her eyes and settles down on the sofa, picking up the remote. Her partner cosies up beside her.

MAN (cont'd)

I was thinking, you know...

WOMAN

Funny how whenever you seem to do that, you get that 'oh' face of yours.

MAN

My what?

She mimes the kind of face a hungry puppy would pull at somebody with a plate full of sausages.

MAN (cont'd)

(laughs)

I do not!

She chuckles, flicking through channels.

MAN (cont'd)

So...

He strokes her arm. She raises a dry eyebrow.

MAN (cont'd)

... seeing as how Ron and the others won't be round until nine...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He leans in and KISSES her arm. She grins, letting him continue.

MAN (cont'd)
... hows about you and me...

He works his way up to her neck.

MAN (cont'd)
... catch up on what it is we do
best?

She turns to him, gently pushing his face away.

WOMAN
Make really bad attempts at
seduction?

He WINKS - and then LUNGES for her, the woman letting out a playful YELP as they tussle.

The fooling around soon dies down as the couple start kissing more hungrily, clumsily fumbling with each other's clothes.

WOMAN (cont'd)
We'd better be quick with this...

She unbuttons his shirt as fast as she can.

WOMAN (cont'd)
... because I want to look
presentable again before everyone
gets here.

MAN
Relax...

The man smiles, pulling her t-shirt up over her head.

MAN (cont'd)
... we can do it.

More smiles and more kisses, hands starting to wander down well-remembered paths...

KA-BOOM!

The back wall of the room suddenly EXPLODES, spraying bricks and debris over the couple!

They scramble to their feet, COUGHING and wafting away the thick smoke...

... and the noise of a huge ENGINE revving up again tells them that was just the first round!

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

BLAM! The scything yellow prow of a BULLDOZER pushes through their walls, crumbling it to dust under its heavy treads.

Backing away in fear, the couple can only watch as the monstrous vehicle keeps RAMMING into their house, trampling their furniture with a CRUNCH.

Breaking, they race for the door, throwing it open and surging out into:

2 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

2

Outside, there are more houses on either side - a lot less upmarket than the cosy interior would suggest.

But every one is being trampled to the foundations by more BULLDOZERS!

More people are huddled out in the street, gathering into the middle of the circular cul-de-sac as their homes are flattened all around.

Something BOUNCES off the floor - a SMOKE GRENADE! It quickly sprays thick billows of WHITE SMOKE into the air, enveloping the frightened victims.

Coughing and spluttering, the people stagger as the thick gas disorients them...

... and the beams of a dozen FLASHLIGHTS pierce the grey cloud - shortly followed by several red LASER SIGHTS, each one focusing on one of the displaced people.

Wide-eyed, our original couple reach for each other and hug tightly, standing in mute shock as FIGURES make their way forward through the smoke.

It's a dozen SOLDIERS dressed in black, full body jumpsuits and armour. They wear masks and helmets, and each packs an MP5 which is trained on the couple.

MAN

What... what do you...

WOMAN

Who are you?

The soldiers don't respond, keeping their gazes and weapons locked silently on the quaking crowd.

An EXPLOSION to the left snaps everyone round - orange fire billows from one home as it's systematically razed to the ground.

More BOOMS signal the same fate befalling the rest of the tiny neighbourhood.

(CONTINUED)

Fear turns to anger as the people in the street turn back to the soldiers surrounding them. Fists clench. Eyes narrow.

And the man from the first house SNARLS at the nearest soldier - revealing a set of VAMPIRE FANGS!

Around him, the others do the same - all blood red eyes and gleaming white fangs, HISSING and SNARLING.

The soldiers don't budge, keeping the VAMPIRES pinned down - but several of them suddenly SURGE forward to attack!

GUNFIRE erupts from the soldiers' weapons, sending vamps cartwheeling to the floor.

Some reach their target, HAMMERING the soldiers down and tearing away at their armour, even as more BULLETS thud into their flesh.

There's a SCREAM, and our man whips round - to see his partner has a STAKE protruding from her chest!

MAN

No!!

He leaps up - and WHAP! A STAKE is rammed into his heart by another soldier.

In rapid succession, the remaining vamps are knocked down and STAKED, soon leaving nothing but a scattering of corpses.

One of the soldiers paces forward, features hidden behind his mask even as it's highlighted by a fresh GOUT of flame.

SOLDIER

(filtered)

Burn them.

Another trooper steps forward - this one carrying a FLAMETHROWER - and he quickly ignites each vampire's body.

The soldiers turn from the flames and march away - and behind them, the bulldozers are also retreating from the rubble.

The lead soldier turns to his comrades as the noisy bulldozers trundle past on both sides, signalling for them to gather round.

SOLDIER (cont'd)

Alright, that was what I like to see. Note perfect execution, no mistakes. You know what happens next.

He turns, the troops at his back.

(CONTINUED)

SOLDIER (cont'd)
On to the next one.

And he marches on, leading his men away.

Behind him, all that remains of this quite, isolated clump of houses are several piles of rubble and pillars of black smoke, FLAMES licking through the debris.

In the foreground, the vampires' burning corpses form a macabre bonfire to frame the scene, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3

INT. VAN - NIGHT

3

Rattling along in the back of what appears to be an old delivery van are our fearless team.

CHRIS drives, LYRA riding shotgun. Lyra is HUMMING along to the soft country music lilting from the speakers.

In the back sits DANYAEL, with TWIST curled up on a mattress alongside him. He stares forlornly down at her until a BUMP in the road wakes her up.

She blinks, bleary-eyed, until she focuses on Danyaël, who quickly looks away.

Twist sits up, stretching out and rubbing her eyes. She scratches her messy hair.

TWIST

Where are we?

CHRIS

(over shoulder)

About thirty miles from where we need to be.

TWIST

And I'm awake now? Clearly, you boys have no concept of the term 'beauty sleep.'

She hesitates, the music reaching her at last.

TWIST (cont'd)

Is that the fricken Dixie Chicks?

LYRA

I like it.

TWIST

No, hicks like that kind of music. Turn it off.

LYRA

No! I'm listening!

TWIST

And I've been here longer than you, so... off.

Lyra looks toward Chris, who just chuckles, reaching forward to change the station. Bland, 80's hair metal replaces the country.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST (cont'd)

There. See? Now that's something everyone can enjoy.

She sits up, shaking the curls back into her hair as she shuffles nearer the front.

Behind her, Danyael still hasn't said a word. He keeps his head down, casting furtive glances her way.

TWIST (cont'd)

Okay. Let's assume that since I went to sleep, all relevant information on what we're doing and why has drifted out of my brain. Give me the sit rep. The skinny. The 411. The DL.

CHRIS

Some of Danyael's friends have asked for our help. They've been coming under attack from armed gangs of men backed up with bulldozers, demolishing their settlements all over the state.

Twist blinks, turning back towards Danyael.

TWIST

Sounds pretty major, Spook. Anybody I'd know?

He shakes his head. She waits for a proper answer. Doesn't get one.

TWIST (cont'd)

(turns back to Chris)

Question number two. How much longer are we going to keep using this stupid van?

CHRIS

Until we find something better.

TWIST

Chris, the rust has its own rust in this thing. We went over a speedbump and I swear I saw straw come outta the dashboard.

LYRA

I like the way it smells. Fruity. Like a market stall.

TWIST

Yeah, well, we've established that you're a woman of spectacularly poor taste already, Little Miss Yee Haw, so zip it.

Chris shoots Twist a glare, but it bounces off her.

CHRIS

You know, just because we rescued you again doesn't mean you have the right to speak to us like we're idiots.

TWIST

("hellooo")

You rescued me from Hell. That's the kind of thing an idiot'd do.

Lyra chuckles at that, and Twist shuffles back into the body of the van as Chris drives on.

She flops back onto the mattress with a SIGH, sitting back up and rifling through her things.

She peers slowly over her shoulder - and catches Danyael watching her again. He quickly looks away.

With a GRUNT, Twist shuffles closer to him. Danyael seems to physically shrink away from her presence.

TWIST (cont'd)

Alright - what?

DANYAEL

What?

TWIST

Out with it.

DANYAEL

I've got nothing to say.

TWIST

Yeah, you do. Come on.

Danyael opens his mouth - then shuts it and turns away.

DANYAEL

Doesn't matter.

TWIST

Would I ask if it didn't matter?

DANYAEL

Yeah, actually. You would.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

(beat)

Valid point. But still...

She PUNCHES him lightly on the arm.

TWIST (cont'd)

... I'm waiting to hear it.

Danyael peers towards the cabin, but Chris and Lyra are talking. It's safe to speak.

DANYAEL

(leans closer)

How much longer?

TWIST

Until what?

DANYAEL

Until you tell them what happened?

Twist SIGHS, lowering her head.

TWIST

Danyael...

DANYAEL

(shakes head)

No. Don't. Don't 'Danyael...' me.

TWIST

You know why.

DANYAEL

Do I? 'Cause I've spent the last six damn months tryin' to figure this out, and so far all I've got is this.

He closes and opens his hand towards her - as in 'nothing.'

DANYAEL (cont'd)

So you tell me what the hell's going on.

TWIST

We... had a thing.

DANYAEL

A 'thing.'

TWIST

Yeah. One of them. And it was fun. And it was what we both needed.

(MORE)

TWIST (cont'd)

(beat)

But that's all it was.

DANYAEL

To you.

She narrows her eyes, looking sideways at him.

TWIST

I told you that's all it was. You knew what was going on.

DANYAEL

Okay, if you want to think that, go right ahead. That's fine.

TWIST

Well... what the hell do you want me to say? Spook, we both know I was never going to...

She trails off. He glares at her, waiting for his reply.

TWIST (cont'd)

Look. It was just something we did because we're friends and we're cool, and I trust you. But that's all it was. And you know why.

DANYAEL

(scoffs)

Your usual excuse, yeah, I got it.

TWIST

(scowls)

You call what happened to Diego an 'excuse'? I'd call it pretty God damn solid evidence!

DANYAEL

That's not what I -

TWIST

(fired up)

And you know what? Maybe it was a mistake. Maybe I was wrong to trust you. I shoulda known you'd get...

DANYAEL

What? Attached? Clingy? Upset?

TWIST

Hurt.

That shuts him up. Danyael eases off, and Twist chews her lip with a guilty expression.

TWIST (cont'd)
 I shouldn't have done it, and I'm
 sorry. I shoulda known it'd make
 things weird.

Danyael is quiet for a long moment.

TWIST (cont'd)
 Spook?

DANYAEL
 Shouldn't have taken you six months
 to say that.

He rises and heads past her, propping himself behind the
 seats in the cabin.

Twist looks after him, her heart feeling heavy in her chest.
 She lets out a long SIGH as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

The rickety van rolls into frame and stops with a BANG from
 its misfiring engine.

The team disembark, surveying the wreckage of the scene
 around them.

The smouldering remains of the bulldozed homes remain in
 their half-circle, with other derelict properties, dark
 warehouses and open, empty land surrounding them.

TWIST
 Homely. The same way that, I dunno,
 Baghdad might make for an excellent
 timeshare spot.

CHRIS
 Danyael, what happened here?

Danyael is heading for the ruins, concern etched into his
 features.

DANYAEL
 I don't know.

He takes his cell phone from his pocket, dialling a number
 and pressing it to his ear.

There's no response, and he rejoins the team, checking for
 any messages.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Okay, I got a call two days ago from my friend Shelley telling me about the hits on rebel vamp homes and hideouts, and now this...

Chris glances round and notices Lyra has moved away - she's standing in the middle of the street, facing away.

CHRIS

Danyael, call everyone you can. Maybe one of your other contacts in the area can tell us who did this, and what happened to your friends.

TWIST (O.S.)

I can answer that one.

They look over - Twist is crouched by several mounds of ASH. She sifts one through her fingers.

TWIST (cont'd)

This is vamp dust. The guys and gals who used to live here were all burned out here.

DANYAEL

So whoever did this either dragged them out of their homes first, or started the fires and waited for them to get out...

CHRIS

Either way, I don't think that's the kind of behaviour we can stand for.

Danyael tries another number as Chris heads over to Lyra.

CHRIS (cont'd)

What is it?

She has her eyes closed, hands dancing through the air as though playing an invisible instrument.

LYRA

Something... something familiar. Just traces, fragments, but...

She opens her eyes, kneeling and placing a hand against the asphalt. Chris crouches beside her.

LYRA (cont'd)

Not up here - down there.

CHRIS

You're sensing something underneath
the street?

LYRA

(nods)

I've felt it before, I just don't
know when.

(grimaces)

Sharp. Metallic.

Chris stands, scanning the smooth tarmac around them.

CHRIS

If something's hiding, we'd better
check, hadn't we?

He rubs his hands together, stretching out one palm and
tracing symbols across it with his other hand.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Forcasa vertiphon shau'be...

His palm GLOWS, the symbols fading - and appearing, much
larger, on the ground before him.

Twist wanders over to join them, glancing back to Danyael -
who is still trying to reach anyone over the phone.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Fyuti pae veronex... chuma!

The symbol on the floor FLARES with bright light and then
SPLINTERS, little wisps of light shooting out in all
directions.

TWIST

Yow!

She hops aside as one spark streaks past her feet, watching
as it and the others dart and snake across the ground.

One stops and GLOWS brightly, the others drawn towards it
until the symbol has reformed, PULSING.

TWIST (cont'd)

Not bad. Secret-door-finder spell?

CHRIS

More or less.

(calls over)

Danyael, over here.

The team reconvene as they reach the place where the glowing
symbol waits.

DANYAEL

What is it? Is something down there?

CHRIS

Lyra seems to think so, so let's find out.

He kneels above the symbol, palm raised - and then SLAPS his hand down against it.

There's a muffled BOOM and the asphalt shudders, CRACKS appearing in the tarmac.

Chris steps back as the cracks widen, the tarmac falling away - to reveal a METAL HATCH about six feet down! It sits at the bottom of a man-made tunnel through the rock.

TWIST

Wait, wait. I saw this show. The numbers are bad.

Ignoring her, Chris peers down towards the hatch - it appears to be an entrance into a larger tunnel of some kind.

He looks up to Danyaël, and with a nod the two of them hop down into the hole, either side of the hatch.

LYRA

Be careful. Whatever's down there... it isn't something we should underestimate.

Taking half of the hatch's circular handle each, Chris and Danyaël PULL, turning the handle with a loud CREAK.

After a few turns, there's a CLICK, and Chris looks up to Twist and Lyra before he HEAVES the hatch open.

The hatch leads down a LADDER into a long, plain CORRIDOR, with flickering neon lights and the DRIP of water.

Chris starts to lean forward, but Lyra GRABS his arm. She's frowning, her tight grip telling Chris that danger lies ahead.

CHRIS

Everyone grab your weapons.

The others return to the van, and as Chris stares into the tunnel we CUT TO:

Chris is the first to enter, jumping off the last few steps of the ladder to land silently on the floor.

Twist, Danyael and Lyra follow, the team now armed (except for Lyra) as they scan down both directions.

TWIST

Okay. So. To recap. Somebody trashed a vamp settlement and built a tunnel into the ground underneath it. Did I miss anything?

CHRIS

Not so far.

TWIST

Right. Just wanted to make sure that it was as weird as it sounded in my head.

The team advance cautiously, Danyael watching the back as Lyra hugs close to Chris.

They turn round a bend and reach a larger CHAMBER, with more tunnels reaching off from that.

DOORS are set into the wall, with SIGNS next to each and by the various tunnel entrances.

Twist notices one next to the tunnel they just left, reading aloud:

TWIST (cont'd)

'Section UMZ-B4.' Is this, like, a power company thing?

Chris walks into the middle of the chamber, looking down at the floor.

CHRIS

Power companies don't have warding circles.

Sure enough, the chamber floor is dominated by a massive MAGIC CIRCLE, painted in black.

DANYAEL

Make that two.

He points up - a second MAGIC CIRCLE covers the ceiling. Chris squints, studying the markings.

CHRIS

It's a combination of a few things. Cloaking, protection and...

LYRA

No magic.

Chris glances at her, then extends a hand, concentrating as he stares at his hand.

Nothing happens. With a thoughtful look, he lowers his hand - and draws his KATANA.

CHRIS

Keep an eye out, everyone. We're dealing with professionals.

They start forward again - but as Twist passes a panel in the wall, an ALARM starts to ring!

TWIST

Ack! What? What?

DANYAEL

What did you do?

TWIST

Nothing! I didn't do anything!

KLAXONS wail out, painfully loud, as RED LIGHTS click on and bathe the scene in scarlet. The team move back-to-back.

CHRIS

We must have tripped some kind of silent alarm!

TWIST

(hands over ears)
This is silent?

LYRA

We should go.

CHRIS

Not yet! We need to at least know who's down here.

VOICE

(filtered; over speakers)
Attention. Hostile entities detected in section UMZ-B4. All available units, please contain and engage.

TWIST

Hey! Who're you callin' hostile?

LYRA

Someone's coming...

The sound of RUNNING FEET echoes down towards them, and the team turn to the tunnel entrances.

CHRIS

Can you tell who?

She shakes her head. Chris takes up an offensive stance, Danyael and Twist either side.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Alright, then. Let's show them how hostile we can be...

The team wait - and moments later, several teams of the black-clad SOLDIERS pour out of the tunnels!

Surprised, Chris' team are quickly surrounded by the armed men, who cut off every exit and take aim with professional, fluid ease.

Twist looks around as several LASER SIGHTS find her - some over her heart, others her head.

TWIST

O-kay... I'm thinking we might not quite be hostile enough...

Chris fixes the nearest soldiers with a grim stare as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

6

INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

6

Wrists bound by plastic ties, and with a squad of the soldiers hemming them in, the team are marched down the flourescent-lit tunnels.

They pass many junctions, chambers and turns, as well as large and small doors set into the walls.

The HUM and CLATTER of machinery filters out to them, along with distant WEAPONS FIRE, ENGINES and VOICES.

DANYAEL

Any ideas what's going on?

CHRIS

Apart from us having been caught with our proverbial trousers down?

LYRA

(blinks)

But I'm wearing a skirt.

CHRIS

Whoever these people are, they're organised and well-versed in magic - moreso ways to counter it.

TWIST

So in other words, we can't fight our way out and you can't magic us out of these plastic thingies.

CHRIS

No.

TWIST

Swell. If I ever make a Christmas card list, you're now off it.

The team reach a CHECKPOINT - a manned booth before a set of rotunda gates, where the lead soldier pauses to swipe some ID CARDS and speak to the guard in the booth.

He returns to the team, nodding to the soldiers - who split the team up.

TWIST (cont'd)

Hey!

Twist and Danyael are pushed towards one gate, Chris to the second and Lyra to the third.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

LYRA

Chris? Chris, what's happening?

CHRIS

Just stay calm, Lyra. We'll sort
this out.

The group are sent through the gates - each one leading to another tunnel sealed from the rest - and we CUT TO:

7 INT. TUNNELS - CELL BLOCK - NEXT

7

Twist and Danyael find themselves shoved into a row of CELLS, with clear partitions and plenty of guards and cameras.

TWIST

Oh look, honey. Cells. How
original.

The nearest soldier enters a combination on the keypad and the partitions on two cells SLIDE OPEN.

SOLDIER

(motions with gun)
Get in.

TWIST

Or what?

He levels his gun at her and thumbs the safety off with a loud CLICK.

TWIST (cont'd)

(smirks)
Tease.

She shuts her eyes for a beat - and opens them to show her BLOOD RED vampire eyes!

TWIST (cont'd)

So start shooting, hot shot. Bet ya
ten bucks I snap your neck before
you even run outta ammo.

DANYAEL

Twist...

She glances over. Danyael shakes his head. She SIGHS, blinking - and her eyes return to normal.

TWIST

You are just no fun any more.

The duo are PUSHED into the cells, turning to face the partitions as they slide closed, and we CUT TO:

8

INT. TUNNELS - OPERATING ROOM - NEXT

8

Chris is led into a large, clinical and well-equipped OR, with a bed that looks more like a medieval torture device as the centrepiece.

Chris keeps quiet, eyes scanning and assessing the room as the soldiers step back to the doors.

CHRIS
(to soldiers)
Are we waiting for someone?

DOCTOR (O.S.)
That would be us.

Chris turns - a team of masked DOCTORS have entered from the far side of the room.

CHRIS
And whom might you be?

The lead Doctor nods to his colleagues, who advance on Chris - brandishing SYRINGES filled with an icy blue fluid!

Chris backs away a little, but doesn't have anywhere to go, and the two closest doctors hold him steady while a third INJECTS him.

The doctors back away as the lead Doc steps forward, looking Chris up and down.

DOCTOR
I see he was correct in his estimation. You'll make an excellent subject.

Chris shakes his head, suddenly very woozy.

CHRIS
Subject... for what?

He staggers, his legs turning to jelly, and as he WILTS the doctors rush in to catch him.

He sags in their arms, unable to fight back as they drag him over to the operating table.

One CUTS the plastic tie round his wrists as the others heave him up and onto the table.

Dazed, Chris's vision swims as the doctors start to strip him down, cutting away his clothing - and fastening thick STRAPS round his wrists and ankles, as we CUT TO:

9 INT. TUNNELS - SUITE - NEXT

9

Lyra is led into a room far removed from the others - a warm, cosy little reception area, complete with sofas, vending machines and even a small RADIO playing classical music.

Frowning, she can sense that her surroundings aren't what she was expecting as the soldier with her CUTS the ties round her wrists.

Rubbing them, she steps into the room - and the soldier quickly exits, closing and LOCKING the door behind him.

LYRA

Wait - wait! What am I doing...
(beat; sighs)
... in here.

Feeling her way around the room, identifying the features, she flops down onto the sofa, hands in her lap.

Noticing the music at last, she closes her eyes and leans back, knowing she may as well wait and see what happens next as we CUT TO:

10 INT. TUNNELS - TWIST'S CELL - NEXT

10

Twist is straining against the plastic ties, trying to tear them loose through brute strength.

DANYAEL (O.S.)

Twist?

TWIST

Yeah?

His voice comes from a small VENT up at the top of the adjoining wall.

DANYAEL (O.S.)

You see any way out of here?

She grimaces, still testing her strength.

TWIST

Nope.

DANYAEL (O.S.)

Yeah, that's what I figured.

(beat)

Where do you think they took Chris and Lyra?

TWIST

How should I know?

(CONTINUED)

With a loud SNAP, the ties finally break, and she CACKLES with success as she tosses them away.

TWIST (cont'd)

Anyway, enough about them. Let's get us out of this fine old mess.

She starts feeling round the cell, looking for any hidden mechanisms or switches.

DANYAEL (O.S.)

What are you doing?

TWIST

Rescuing us. Something you oughtta be doing more of instead of bothering me.

DANYAEL (O.S.)

What, you mean like breaking out of those ties and then seeing if there's some hidden panel in the cell walls? Yeah... did that already.

TWIST

(deflated)
Really?

DANYAEL (O.S.)

Yup. Although it sounds like you're having about as much luck as I did.

Defeated, she sinks back down against one wall.

TWIST

Well... shoot.

She blows a stray lock of hair from her face.

INTERCUT WITH:

True to his word, Danyael is also free and sitting up against the wall, just as Twist is doing.

DANYAEL

Uh, Twist? Seeing as how we're both, you know, stuck here... can we talk a little more?

TWIST

About what?

DANYAEL
What do you think?

TWIST
(groans)
Danyael...

DANYAEL
I'm just saying... neither of us
are going anywhere, so let's try
and finish what we started earlier.

TWIST
Yeah, there's a reason we haven't
spoken much about it for six
months, you know.

DANYAEL
Then we've got a lot of catching up
to do.

She closes her eyes and GROANS again as we CUT TO:

12 INT. TUNNELS - OPERATING ROOM - NEXT

12

UP CLOSE as Chris's eyes creak open, the soft HISS and HUM of
monitoring equipment the only sound.

He slowly turns his head, his muscles like lead weights, and
sees that he's been stripped to the waist - and there are two
IVs sticking out of his forearms!

BLOOD drips from them into plastic sacks beneath him, each
sacks attached to another piece of equipment that CHATTERS as
it spews reams of printout.

Also drawn across his torso are several MARKINGS and SYMBOLS,
and Chris squints as he tries to recognise them.

VOICE (O.S.)
They're more layers of protection,
lad. An extra precaution I'm sure
you'll appreciate me having to
take.

Chris looks round, trying to identify the speaker. A SHADOWY
FIGURE paces round the room - the glare of the lights over
the table make it hard for Chris to spot him.

VOICE (cont'd)
Of course, we both know that even
at a quarter of your usual capacity
you'd be more than a match for
whatever I could throw at you,
which is why I'm glad you can help
me out this time.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Help you out with what, exactly?

VOICE

(beat)

Your blood will help us reverse engineer an effective anti-serum for use on those with a magical ability, so all we need to do is administer a quick shot and 'pow' - no more spells for you.

CHRIS

I'd love to say I was flattered...

VOICE

(chuckles)

But you'd rather tell me to go to Hell, yes, I gather. But the thing is...

The figure paces forward, a SHADOW falling across Chris as they loom over him.

Chris' eyes bulge, scarcely believing the person before his very eyes.

CHRIS

No...

DR. PARKER grins down at Chris, very much alive and well.

PARKER

I'm pretty sure Hell didn't want me.

He leans back, chuckling at the effect his appearance has had and leaving a stunned Chris to gape as we CUT TO:

INTERCUT between Twist and Danyaël again as they speak:

TWIST

I just... I don't know what else you want me to say, Spook. Okay? I'm sorry. It was a mistake. I didn't want you to get hurt.

DANYAEL

And you want us to just... forget about the whole thing, right?

TWIST

Uh-huh.

DANYAEL

(beat)

Do you remember what I told you when you were under the spell of that Chad guy a few years back?

TWIST

(sighs)

Yeah...

DANYAEL

And what you said to me just after Naomi stuck that stake in your back?

TWIST

Actually, that not so much. I was kind of dying, remember.

DANYAEL

You said 'you'll never lose me.'

TWIST

(beat)

That doesn't sound like something I'd say.

DANYAEL

Why not?

TWIST

Because it's kinda... girly. A bit emo, even. In fact, it's more like something you'd say.

DANYAEL

(snaps)

Would you get over yourself for a second? This is serious.

TWIST

Yeah, I get that! But I still don't see what I'm supposed to say!

Danyael scrunches his face up in sheer frustration.

DANYAEL

All I want to know is... if... if there's ever, you know... if your excuse ever changes... would you?

TWIST

Would I what?

DANYAEL

Don't make me spell it out.

Twist press her hands against the wall, head down.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

When you thought you were dying,
after Parker poisoned you, just
before you went bad. You said that
one day, maybe all this'd be over,
and if we were both still here...

TWIST

You mean, would I go out with you
then?

DANYAEL

(beat)

Yeah.

She bites her lip, at a genuine loss for how to respond as we
CUT TO:

14 INT. TUNNELS - OPERATING ROOM - NEXT

14

Parker is checking the readouts off various pieces of
equipment as Chris speaks:

CHRIS

What have you done with Lyra? And
Twist and Danyael?

PARKER

(beat)

'Lyra'? Oh, you mean Syren? She's
fine. But interesting that you'd
ask after her first.

CHRIS

I swear, if you've hurt them, I'll -

PARKER

What you will do, Christopher, is
remain strapped to that table
unable to fight back, as long as
those sigils on your chest remain.

Parker stands over him, pointing to each symbol in turn:

PARKER (cont'd)

These ones suppress your magic,
this one dulls your senses, this
one, well, this is a particularly
nasty wee bugger that makes your
inner ear go all -

CHRIS

I'll kill you. The moment I'm free.

(CONTINUED)

Parker grins, leaning in close.

PARKER

You'll never be free. Not while I still have the only thing that'll complete your 'mission.'

CHRIS

(frowns)

What are you...

(penny drops)

The healing device?

PARKER

Had you forgotten? Och, that's rich. Once the driven, focused soldier, now the heroic leader, selflessly abandoning his own quest to help those around him further their own. Very valiant. I'm actually touched.

Without warning, Parker STABS a huge syringe into Chris' chest, making him shout in pain as Parker draws out a large sample of BLOOD. He holds up the syringe and examines it.

PARKER (cont'd)

You're going to make a valuable resource to us, Christopher. The things we're going to be able to do once we cut you open and start poking around inside your organs... I think I might have to compose a song about it.

With a final, victorious SMIRK, Parker turns and heads for the exit. Chris RATTLES the table as he tries to struggle.

CHRIS

This isn't over, Parker! Do you hear me?

Parker either doesn't hear or doesn't care as he exits, leaving Chris to his futile efforts as we CUT TO:

Another section of the underground complex, one with an ACCESS HATCH up in the ceiling, as two SOLDIERS march past.

Moments after they're gone, a CREAK from overhead signals the hatch handle starting to turn - before it's quickly OPENED.

A black-clad FIGURE, features covered from head to toe, drops into the tunnel, head snapping left and right before they scamper off down the passageway.

15 CONTINUED:

15

The two soldiers are unaware that they're being followed - until the figure is upon them in a blur of motion!

They SNAP the first soldier's neck, swiftly drawing a KNIFE from his belt and STABBING the second!

Both guards sink to the floor, and their assailant drags them towards an unmarked door, FORCING the lock with a push of strength and hauling the bodies inside.

The figure is quickly on its way, drawing a SWORD from a sheath across their back as we CUT TO:

16 INT. TUNNELS - CELL BLOCK - NEXT

16

Twist sits on the floor, silent. Danyael does the same.

DANYAEL
I'm still waiting.

She says nothing, looking up as a pair of SOLDIERS stroll past their cells.

There's a sudden, muffled EXPLOSION and the corridor outside fills with SMOKE!

Twist jumps to her feet, pressing herself against the glass as the two guards stumble back, weapons raised...

... and the black-clad figure LUNGES from the smoke, hacking them both down in moments!

Blood SPRAYS up the partition to Twist's cell, and as she jumps back, the figure quickly pulls an ID CARD from one of its victims, UNLOCKING the cell.

Twist boggles as the figure opens Danyael's cell and then dashes back down the corridor, leaving them to step out:

Just as an ALARM starts to wail, RED LIGHTS flashing once again!

TWIST
Okay... that was weird.

Danyael GRABS her wrist and drags her away, the duo racing for freedom as we CUT TO:

17 INT. TUNNELS - NEXT

17

With alarm bells ringing and red lights flashing, the complex is on high alert.

Office and lab personnel dash for fire exits and escape routes as more soldiers pour into view, splitting up and heading down the various tunnels in groups.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

STAY ON one squad as they come to a halt outside the operating theatre, alert for the intruder:

Who DROPS DOWN from the ceiling, landing in the centre of their formation!

Their SWORD takes down one guard with a SLASH across the throat, before a SNAP KICK, an ELBOW and finally a KNEE to the groin drops the next three soldiers.

The attacker looks up and checks the sign over the OR door, then bursts inside:

18 INT. TUNNELS - OPERATING THEATRE - NEXT

18

Chris strains to sit up as the figure approaches. They pause to PUSH pieces of equipment out of the way, SMASHING them onto the floor.

CHRIS

Who are you?

He gets no answer as his rescuer carefully pulls the IV needles from his arms, getting to work on the shackles.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Are you with Twist and Danyael?

Chris is freed at last, sitting up as his saviour takes a step towards the door.

They then reach up and grab hold of the balaclava covering their face - yanking it off to reveal a shock of short BLACK HAIR, pale skin and cut glass cheekbones.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(jaw drops)

Vivian!?!?

VIVIAN raises an eyebrow and shrugs, then grabs Chris' hand and pulls him from the table.

VIVIAN

Thank me later. We have to go.

She's leading him away before he can react, and we:

BLACK OUT:**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

19

INT. TUNNELS - NEXT

19

The duo emerge from the operating room, Vivian pausing to WIPE AWAY the symbols drawn across Chris' torso.

VIVIAN

I'm amazed you can even remember
your name with this much crap
holding you down.

As she smears the markings away, Chris visibly straightens, his strength returning as the binding spells are broken.

Pausing to scoop up an MP5 from one fallen soldier and toss it to Chris, Vivian takes the point as they hurry on.

CHRIS

What are you doing here?

VIVIAN

What does it look like? I'm saving
you and your idiot friends.

CHRIS

Why?

She pauses at a junction, checking to see who's around.

VIVIAN

I have my reasons.

They step out - and are confronted by:

SOLDIER

Freeze!

The three troops OPEN FIRE immediately, sending Chris and Vivian scurrying for cover.

VIVIAN

(yells back)
'Freeze' and then open fire? Oh,
yeah, real professional! What are
you, an LA cop?

She reaches for something around her belt - pulling the pin from a GRENADE.

She TOSSES it round the corner and ducks back - and the loud BOOM is accompanied by the SHOUTS of the three soldiers.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Alright, let's go.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

She darts round the corner, a bemused Chris following as we
CUT TO:

20 INT. TUNNELS - NEXT

20

Twist and Danyael are fighting their way through a swarm of
panicking LAB WORKERS coming the other way.

TWIST

The hell are all these people
coming from?

DANYAEL

Who cares? If they're running from
something, chances are it's whoever
just busted us out!

Getting clear, the duo rush round into a larger junction -
and straight into a squad of soldiers!

TWIST

Whoop!

Twist spins on her hell and YANKS Danyael back just as the
soldiers spot them and OPEN FIRE, bullets chasing the duo.

TWIST (cont'd)

Son of a... how many of these
fricken guys are there down here?

DANYAEL

We need weapons.

Twist raises her fists.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Actual weapons.

She pouts, peeking quickly round the corner - and another
hail of GUNFIRE makes her duck back.

TWIST

But they have all the best ones!

Danyael shoots her a look - and then breaks away, running in
a wide arc around the corridor!

The soldiers chase him with GUNFIRE, but Danyael keeps a few
instants ahead - and PILEDRIVES into the nearest two,
tackling them to the floor.

Twist follows his lead, racing over and KICKING at one,
knocking his gun to the side - so he SHOOTs at his comrade!

Twist then wrestles the gun from the shocked trooper,
EMPTYING it into him.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Danyaël takes a round of BULLETS to the gut, but with a SNARL leaps on the last guard, pushing him to the floor and raining PUNCHES down on him.

TWIST (cont'd)
Danyaël, come on!

Still enraged, Danyaël manages to tear himself away, picking up an MP5 and tossing another one to Twist as the duo head on, and we CUT TO:

21 INT. TUNNELS - NEXT

21

With the complex descending into chaos, Lyra cautiously peers out of the waiting room, ducking back as first OFFICE WORKERS and then SOLDIERS hurry past.

When the passage is quieter, she steps out, wincing and looking up towards the nearest ALARM as it wails.

She extends a hand towards it, takes a breath and lets out a sharp SHRIEK - and the alarm EXPLODES!

It doesn't make much difference, but it helps, and with a grin she heads down the nearest tunnel.

22 INT. TUNNELS - NEXT

22

Chris and Vivian have reached a large ELEVATOR, Vivian retrieving her stolen ID card to get the doors open.

CHRIS
You'll forgive me if I'm still
rather surprised to see you here...

VIVIAN
Yeah, I can imagine this must be
pretty weird for you.

CHRIS
'Weird' is a word Twist would use.
I'm thinking more... 'bizarre.'

Vivian steps back as the lift doors open, motioning for Chris to head inside.

VIVIAN
Head for the garage, find something
that you can hotwire and wait.

She starts back off down the tunnel, and Chris calls out:

CHRIS
Where are you going now?

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN

(turns)

There's four of you, isn't there?

And with that, she's gone. Chris hesitates, then gets into the lift and hits the button marked 'Garage' as we CUT TO:

23 INT. TUNNELS - NEXT

23

Twist and Danyael are running as fast as they can - with soldiers chasing them and BULLETS flying past!

Twist FIRES back with one hand, spraying bullets wildly in an attempt at covering fire.

They're heading for a T-junction - and more soldiers, who've just turned the corner and are bearing down on them!

Danyael GULPS and checks the magazine in his gun - two bullets left.

He grimly slaps the cartridge back into place and takes aim - just as Vivian bursts into frame behind the soldiers!

Danyael skids to a halt, Twist still running and firing for a few beats.

TWIST

Spook? What the frick are you -

She turns. Sees Vivian. Slides to her knees.

TWIST (cont'd)

What...

Vivian lays into the second set of guards, CRACKING necks, SLICING limbs and SLAMMING bodies off the walls to take them down in moments.

VIVIAN

(yells)

Don't just sit there - move!

Danyael starts first as more GUNFIRE punches into the floor behind him, and he pulls a stunned Twist to her feet as he races past.

Vivian doesn't slow down, Twist and Danyael having to catch her up as the trio run on.

TWIST

But... but...

DANYAEL

I know, I know! But she just saved
our asses, so right now, I'm
following her!

They veer sharply round another corner, BULLETS still flying
past them - and see Lyra up ahead!

TWIST

Lyra!

She spins at the sound of their voice - and her eyes bulge as
she hears the squad of soldiers pour round the turn!

LYRA

Get down!

Twist grabs Danyael and PULLS him to the floor, Vivian DIVING
to the side as Lyra takes aim, sucks in a breath...

... and lets out a SCREAM that blasts every soldier off their
feet, sending some HURTLING back through the air!

Recovering, Twist gets to Lyra first and checks her up and
down for injuries.

TWIST

Are you okay? What did they do to
you?

LYRA

Nothing. They... they made me wait.

Twist frowns - but Vivian barges past them, yelling:

VIVIAN

Save the reunion for when we're not
being shot at, damn it!

Danyael follows, throwing Twist a helpless look - what else
can they do? Twist reluctantly grabs Lyra and follows, as we
CUT TO:

Over by a large van the size of a people carrier, Chris is in
the driver's cabin busily hot-wiring the vehicle.

He hears RUNNING FEET and slides out of the cabin, rifle at
the ready - but it's Twist and the others.

VIVIAN

You get that thing started yet?

CHRIS

Almost!

24 CONTINUED:

24

He hops back into the cabin, the engine REVVING a beat later as Vivian and the others pile into the passenger section.

Chris drops the clutch and GUNS the van forward, tyres SQUEALING as he pulls a sharp turn and aims for an EXIT RAMP up ahead.

25 INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

25

Chris puts his foot down - but more SOLDIERS are forming a barrier between him and the exit!

CHRIS

Everybody keep your heads down!

The soldiers OPEN FIRE, bullets SHATTERING the windscreen and punching into the van's interior.

TWIST

Ack! Do something!

Chris raises his left hand - and a wisp of GREEN FLAME quickly builds in size.

With a grin, he looks back towards the soldier - and HURLS the fireball towards them!

26 INT. COMPLEX - BASEMENT GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

26

The fireball streaks towards the troops, striking the floor and sending GREEN FLAMES billowing in every direction.

27 INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

27

The troops scatter, and Chris keeps the gas pedal down - ploughing THROUGH the flames and up the ramp.

A large, STEEL SHUTTER is descending up ahead - it'll seal the team inside the basement in moments!

VIVIAN

Faster, faster!

CHRIS

I can't go any bloody faster!

Vivian piles half into the cabin, locates a RED BUTTON on the dashboard and SLAMS her palm against it:

And the van LURCHES FORWARD as a turbo booster kicks in, rocketing the vehicle towards the exit!

28 EXT. STREET - NEXT

28

The shutters lead out of a nondescript building - and the van BURSTS out and onto the street!

(CONTINUED)

It SKIDS and slews wide across the road, Chris fighting to stay in control.

The van BASHES into several parked cars, SPARKS flying before it levels out and accelerates away.

DISSOLVE TO:

The van is parked in an abandoned gas station, the team (minus Chris) gathered outside. Twist keeps the Evil Eye on Vivian, who looks towards the station's kiosk.

Chris returns, some scavenged items of clothing in his hands. He pulls on a tatty grey jumper as he joins them.

DANYAEL

Nice. Definitely your colour.

Chris ignores him, heading straight for Vivian - SLAMMING her up against the side of the van!

CHRIS

Alright, start talking and make all your answers good ones, or we'll see if there's enough petrol left around here to start ourselves a bonfire.

VIVIAN

And this is the thanks I get?

He presses his forearm against her throat, pinning her back.

CHRIS

Don't play games, Vivian! The last time we saw you, you were shackled up with a madman trying to flood the entire planet with monsters from another bloody dimension!

VIVIAN

He wasn't -

CHRIS

And he was French!

Lyra lays a hand on Chris' arm, gently easing him away.

LYRA

Chris, don't. She helped us. If she was going to hurt us, she had plenty of chances to do that.

Chris glances at Lyra, then steps back from Vivian.

VIVIAN
 (rubs throat)
 She's got you on a pretty short
 leash there, boss. Never figured
 you for the submissive type.

DANYAEL
 Just answer the man's question,
 Vivian.

With sour glares at the assembled team, Vivian settles back.

VIVIAN
 A lot's changed since the last time
 we met.

TWIST
 (scoffs)
 Ya think?

VIVIAN
 Since that night on the docks in
 Boston, I... I haven't exactly been
 one of the bad guys any more.

CHRIS
 That remains to be seen.

VIVIAN
 Hey, do you want to hear my side of
 the story or not?

He raises a hand, nodding.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
 Manon screwed me over. I thought I
 was gonna get a shot in that
 healing machine thing if I helped
 him with his plan, but he and
 Wolsley had other ideas.

TWIST
 Bad guys double crossing each
 other?
 (mock gasp)
 Whatever did you do?

VIVIAN
 I left. When I saw...

She turns to Chris, staring at him for a moment.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
 I told her to tell you I was sorry.
 If you made it, I mean.

CHRIS

As you can see, I did.

VIVIAN

Yeah...

(grins)

... yeah, you did.

DANYAEL

And you're actually happy about this?

VIVIAN

Like I said - things have changed.

She hops up onto a seat inside the van's cabin.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Manon screwed me just like Parker did. After you guys took him out, I just got as far away from there as I could. I've been backing the wrong horse in the wrong race my whole life. I had to find out what the hell it was I kept doing wrong and see if I could still fix it.

LYRA

You helped us. That's one thing you've done right.

VIVIAN

(smirks)

Do you guys have any idea what Parker's been doing the last year?

TWIST

Building secret evil underground lairs?

VIVIAN

Pretty much. This one, it's just the beginning. He's got dozens of these things all over the country.

DANYAEL

How is he still, you know... alive? Didn't Julie shoot him?

VIVIAN

He's an expert in biology and genetics, Danny. Safe guess that he figured out a way to keep himself going even after Julie put a bullet in him.

She pauses, turning to Chris with a sympathetic expression.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

I... I heard about what happened to her. I'm sorry. She didn't deserve that.

CHRIS

No, she didn't.

VIVIAN

(beat)

You guys had your hands full with the Trinity - and good work on that, by the way.

TWIST

(shrugs)

Wasn't our first apocalypse.

VIVIAN

So what I've been doing is finding Parker's labs and bases wherever I can, and then blowing the shit out of them.

TWIST

(beat)

Okay, that I can get behind.

CHRIS

So are you seriously expecting us to believe that you've become some kind of... freedom fighter?

VIVIAN

I ain't exactly getting myself a Che Guevara tattoo, but yeah. Basically.

DANYAEL

How does this tie into Parker's boys burning that vamp settlement to the ground?

VIVIAN

Lots of reasons.

(counts off on fingers)

Test subjects. Parker's been sucking DNA out of anything inhuman he can get his hands on, splicing it with those Nazi poster boys he calls his army to create genetically superior super-soldiers.

TWIST

I knew that escape shoulda gone smoother.

VIVIAN

Also, vamp ashes are full of the kind of minerals and ingredients that go into some pretty dark and powerful magic.

CHRIS

She's not wrong. With just a handful of that stuff you could cause an earthquake - if you knew what you were doing.

VIVIAN

He's holding a bunch of rebel vamps up at his facility about ten miles from here. After I got you guys out, I was gonna go get 'em back.

Chris turns to the others. Danyaël nods.

TWIST

What?

CHRIS

(to Vivian)
We'll help.

VIVIAN

I don't need any help.

CHRIS

It's not an offer. It's a statement of intent.

TWIST

Woah, woah - we're gonna go along with her? Did we forget the whole thing where she played a pretty big damn part in turning me into a killer? Not to mention, you know... evil?

VIVIAN

(bows head)
I've done a lot of bad things, Twist. Plenty I'm not proud of.

TWIST

And, what, you just had a sudden change of heart?

Vivian looks up, meeting Chris' gaze.

VIVIAN

I just finally realised which horse
I shoulda backed.

Chris tries to read her expression as we CUT TO:

30 INT. FACILITY - TESTING ROOM - NIGHT

30

And in another laboratory facility, with a cage full of clamouring VAMPIRES (all ages, shapes and sizes) in the background, one is dragged out front by two ORDERLIES.

A sinister, masked and lab coated SURGEON waits with a large SYRINGE as the struggling vamp is strapped to an operating table - the scene mirroring Chris's earlier predicament.

The Surgeon JABS the syringe into the vamp's heart, injecting him with the dark fluid inside, before stepping back.

The vamp falls still - and then starts to CONVULSE, thrashing wildly and straining against the restraints!

FOAM gathers round his mouth, his muscles tight as he arches his back, fingers clawing at the table.

His skin starts to BREAK, sickly blotches spouting all over his body as the vamp starts to let out a low, feral SNARL.

He turns to the Surgeon, baleful RED EYES glaring up at him as the vampire HISSES through its fangs.

The Surgeon looks towards a bio-scanner next to him, showing a readout of the vampire's still-struggling body.

He nods, satisfied, and waves the two Orderlies over towards the cage.

SURGEON

The serum is holding at a hundred
per cent effectiveness. Bring me
another.

And as the terrified vampires SHOUT and cry out for help, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

31 EXT. FACILITY - NIGHT 31

A remote location, nothing but plains and hills all around. Sheltered and out of sight.

A tall wire fence, monitored by searchlights and patrolled by armed guards, surrounds an angular, shiny building.

A CARGO TRUCK comes to a stop before the front gates, security guards checking the driver and the contents before the large FRONT GATES roll open.

PULL BACK to find Chris and the team watching from the cover of nearby greenery, shrouded in darkness.

VIVIAN

This is it.

DANYAEL

I'm not seeing a way in.

TWIST

Not through the front door, anyway.
I knew I should've asked for that tank last Christmas.

CHRIS

(to Vivian)

I'm assuming you know a better way inside?

Vivian turns to him and grins, rising and scampering off into the night.

TWIST

That's Evil Bitch talk for 'yes.'

CHRIS

(resigned)

Let's go.

He gets up, taking Lyra's hand as the foursome follow Vivian across the ground, and we CUT TO:

32 EXT. OUTLET PIPE - NEXT 32

Vivian drops down beside a large drainage pipe, steel mesh over its entrance as a steady flow of BUBBLING LIQUID flows into the nearby river.

Twist peers into the river - STEAM rises from bilious FROTH where the liquid hits the water.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

There's gonna be three-eyed fish
down there, isn't there?

VIVIAN

Let's just say Parker probably
thinks Kyoto is a side dish at a
Japanese restaurant.

She reaches into her slimline backpack and produces a pair of
large WIRE CUTTERS, getting to work on the grill.

CHRIS

Where does this lead?

DANYAEL

(wrinkles nose)
Nowhere that smells good, that's
for damn sure.

VIVIAN

Straight into the treatment plant,
where all the waste products from
the base get filtered out.

With a series of loud CLICKS, she quickly breaks away a
section of mesh large enough to step through.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

This'll lead us straight inside.

LYRA

Won't it be guarded?

VIVIAN

(smirks)
Nobody human could get inside this
way.

Vivian slips into the pipe, her footsteps echoing as she
hurries down into the gloom beyond.

TWIST

And on that confidence-inspiring
note...

Twist reluctantly follows, the others helping each other
through as we CUT TO:

Vivian is already standing at the edge of a small chamber as
the others emerge from the pipe behind her.

VIVIAN
 (points)
 Down there.

They follow her gaze - she's pointing to the bottom of a large pool of filthy water, fed into by several other pipes protruding from the walls.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
 We swim down, then up the main outlet pipe, and we're right in the middle of the complex.

She starts tightly fastening her jet black outfit, preparing for the swim.

DANYAEL
 (catching up)
 And it's too far for anybody to hold their breath...

VIVIAN
 Exactly.
 (to Lyra)
 What about you? I mean, I know these three don't need to breathe, but...

LYRA
 I know something I can try.

Vivian shrugs - then turns and DIVES neatly into the water!

TWIST
 (to Chris)
Please say she's kidding.

CHRIS
 I'm afraid not. She's got no reason to lie. Lyra's right - if she was working with Parker, she had absolutely no motivation to save us as dramatically as she died.

He turns to Lyra as Twist dips her hand into the water, SHUDDERING at the cold.

CHRIS (cont'd)
 Are you sure you can do this? If you'd rather wait here, then I...

He trails off - her eyes are closed and she's HUMMING a melody to herself.

Chris frowns, puzzled, until she opens her eyes, takes his hand and presses it over her heart.

CHRIS (cont'd)
It's... is that even beating?

LYRA
(softly)
Meditation. Slows my heart rate so
I don't need the oxygen. But you'll
have to carry me. I won't be able
to swim by myself.

He smiles, taking both her hands in his.

CHRIS
I think I can manage that.

Behind him, there's a quick YELP as Twist jumps inelegantly
into the water with a SPLASH, and we CUT TO:

34 INT. MAIN OUTLET PIPE - NEXT 34

Vivian SWIMS straight up through the sickly green water, the
pipe wide enough for two people side by side.

Behind her are Twist and Danyael, then Chris - who has one
arm hooked round Lyra's waist.

35 INT. FACILITY - TREATMENT PLANT - NEXT 35

There's another pool of water at one corner of the large,
industrial room, filled with loud machinery and pipes leading
in from the walls.

Vivian surfaces in the pool, slowly rising enough to scan for
any signs of life.

She sees a couple of MAINTENANCE WORKERS on the far side of
the room, but they're busy cleaning out one of the filtration
machines.

Vivian carefully hauls herself up out of the pool, waiting as
Danyael and a spluttering Twist follow.

TWIST
Oh, for the love of all that's -

Vivian CLAMPS a hand over her mouth, nodding towards the
workers. Twist scowls, but nods. Vivian removes her hand.

Chris and Lyra emerge behind them, Chris passing Lyra up to
Twist and Danyael to help her out.

VIVIAN
She alright?

Lyra holds up a hand, eyes closed, as she focuses to bring
her body back online.

35 CONTINUED:

35

CHRIS
She'll be fine. Which way now?

Vivian jerks a thumb towards the nearest EXIT, and as the team follow, Twist trying to wring herself dry, we CUT TO:

36 INT. FACILITY - CORRIDOR - NEXT

36

Keeping out of sight as they scamper down the long, wide corridor, Vivian holds the team up at a corner.

She points up to the opposite wall - a SECURITY CAMERA is stationed there.

Signalling for the others to wait, she takes a small, Walkman-sized device from her pocket and aims it at the camera.

With a loud CLICK, it goes dead, dropping to aim at the floor.

VIVIAN
(off device)
You break into enough of these places, you find some pretty cool things to steal.

She tosses the camera jammer to Twist.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
Peace offering.

She's off, the others having to hurry to keep up.

Vivian stops at a chart on the wall that lists the different sections of the facility, with colour-coded arrows.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
(off map)
That's where we need to be. Once we find the vamps, we can get down to the basement and back out the same way as last time.

She doesn't wait to answer questions, heading off down another corridor.

DANYAEL
Chris...

CHRIS
I know. But she seems to know where she's going, so until any of us get a better idea, we should keep up.

He follows, Danyael throwing a wary look to Twist. She shrugs - what're you gonna do? - and we CUT TO:

37 INT. FACILITY - TESTING ROOM - NEXT

37

Vivian carefully pushes the door open into the same lab where the vamps were being held, creeping inside.

The room is empty of staff - but the CAGE full of VAMPIRES is still full, all the vamps inside huddled on the floor. No lights are on them, their bodies wrapped in shadow.

Vivian hurries over as the rest of the team pour inside behind her.

CHRIS

Twist, Danyael, watch the corridor.
Lyra, keep your senses open. If you
pick up anything -

She suddenly GRABS his arm, fear crossing her face.

LYRA

Chris...

He looks towards Vivian, who is working at the lock on the cage door.

LYRA (cont'd)

(shakes head)
Don't let her do it. They're...
they're wrong. All of them.

CHRIS

Vivian?

VIVIAN

(hisses)
Not now! Almost got it...

The vamps inside the cage start to stir as Vivian makes plenty of noise trying to pick the lock.

Some sit up, blearily looking towards Vivian as Chris and Lyra join her.

With a final THUNK, the padlock comes loose, and Vivian quickly tosses it aside and slides the cage door open.

Lyra's eyes bulge, and she urgently tries to pull Chris away from the open cage.

LYRA

Chris, we have to go. We have to go
now!

Chris is torn between the two of them, watching as Vivian takes a step into the cage.

(CONTINUED)

Around her, the vamps starts to shuffle away from her, keeping to the safety of the shadows.

VIVIAN

It's alright. We're here to help.
Come on, it's time to get you out
of here.

VAMPIRE

Go... home?

VIVIAN

Yeah. I'm sorry for whatever these
bastards did to you, but...

She stops as several of the vamps stand, taking a few steps towards her.

LYRA

(panicking)
Chris, come on!

CHRIS

Lyra... something isn't right.

VIVIAN

(rounds on Lyra)
Would you shut up for a second?
These people have been through a
lot!

She isn't looking as one of the vamps edges closer...

VIVIAN (cont'd)

So the least you can do is show a
little -

And with a primal ROAR, the vamp LUNGES out of the shadows and GRABS her!

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Yaagh!

Four more follow, all as frenzied and animalistic as the first, CLAWING and MAULING at her!

VIVIAN (cont'd)

What - you - help! Get 'em off me!

Chris dives to the rescue as Lyra breaks and runs back over to the door.

LYRA

Twist, Danyael! Help!

They dive back inside, bogging at the sight of:

Chris and Vivian, knee deep in MUTATED VAMPIRES, every one as hideous and enraged as the one experimented on earlier!

TWIST

Holy crap... vombies!

She and Danyael race over, Chris trying to get to his sword as more vamps flood out of the cage, GRAPPLING with him.

Vivian ELBOWS one, breaking teeth, but the vamp keeps coming with a SNARL!

Chris finally manages to bring his hands together, but a wide-eyed Vivian tries to shout:

VIVIAN

No! Don't -

CHRIS

Incende!

WHOOSH! A blast of FLAME blasts out from his hands, scattering the vampires:

And an ALARM goes off, KLAXONS wailing as the base lights cut to an emergency red!

VIVIAN

(shoves Chris)

Magic detectors, dumbass!

She manages to extricate herself from the vamps, turning and KICKING one before spinning to SMASH her forearm across another's nose.

DANYAEL

Twist, c'mon! Help me!

He's trying to push heavy LAB EQUIPMENT across the cage to block the vampires off, Twist running to help him.

Chris gets to his KATANA at last, a few quick swipes sending LIMBS flying and mutant vamps reeling with SCREAMS of pain.

CHRIS

Vivian, come on!

He's halfway to the door, but she's still ATTACKING the vamps, even as Danyael and Twist manage to TOPPLE a huge stack of monitors and printers across the cage's entrance.

Lyra waits by the door as Twist and Danyael streak past, Chris pushing her out after him as he turns and calls again:

CHRIS (cont'd)

We can't help them now!

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

37

He ploughs out through the doors as Vivian finally breaks and runs for the exit:

But a vamp SURGES out from one side, TACKLING her to the ground!

VIVIAN

Ah! Damn it...

She struggles, trying to push the GROWLING vamp off her - and it sinks its FANGS into her arm!

VIVIAN (cont'd)

(horrified)

No!!

She KICKS the thing off, flipping it over her head and into the operating table with a CRASH.

Rising, Vivian presses a hand to her arm - the mutant vamp's taken a good chunk out of her flesh.

Grim faced, she rearranges her outfit as she runs for the door, wrapping fresh fabric round the wound to cover it.

38 INT. FACILITY - CORRIDOR - NEXT

38

Chris is waiting while the others run on ahead, Vivian turning as a squad of GUARDS appear at the far end of the corridor, racing towards them.

Vivian starts to run, but Chris plants his feet down and faces the guards - swinging his arm round in an arc.

CHRIS

Mahala rai banda... kocani!

A rippling WAVE of BLUE ENERGY flies down the corridor, FLOORING the guards.

Chris shrugs as he hurries past Vivian.

CHRIS (cont'd)

I reasoned I couldn't make things any worse by using magic again.

With a last glance at her injured arm, Vivian follows, the two racing out of frame as we DISSOLVE TO:

39 EXT. OUTLET PIPE - NEXT

39

Twist is the first to emerge from the pipe, pausing to RETCH as Danyaël and Lyra follow her.

The muffled ALARMS can still be heard ringing from the nearby base as Chris and finally Vivian exit the pipe.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

They'll figure out where we went soon enough. Let's keep moving.

He leads the way this time, Vivian hesitating until Twist nudges her.

TWIST

Hey, pick it up! We made it, didn't we?

VIVIAN

Yeah... I guess.

TWIST

Look... it sucks what happened to those vamps in there, but they were like that long before we got there. There wasn't anything we could've done.

VIVIAN

(raises eyebrow)
Are you trying to make me feel better?

TWIST

(blinks)
No, I... shut up.

She moves on, Vivian grinning - but WINCING as she moves her arm, pausing to press a hand against it as we CUT TO:

Standing by the stolen van, the team look down on the base, now several miles away below them.

Vivian comes to join them, shaking out the knots in her hair.

VIVIAN

Well... thanks for the assist.

She starts to walk away, but Chris calls out:

CHRIS

Is that it?

VIVIAN

(stops; turns)
Pretty much. I wanted to get those people out, but they were already gone. So it's on to the next one.

DANYAEL

Vivian...

LYRA

We can't let Dr. Parker keep doing this.

VIVIAN

'We'?

CHRIS

You know more about his organisation than any of us at the moment. You know where bases are, how to get in and out, and most importantly you know what to expect.

TWIST

Most of the time.

CHRIS

(ignores her)

If you've really changed, if you're honestly sincere about turning over a new leaf and doing something good...

He turns, indicating the facility in the distance.

CHRIS (cont'd)

... then I'm prepared to let you stay with us so we can bring Parker down together.

TWIST

(explodes)

What?!? Are you out of your tiny little British mind?

Chris turns to face the team, leaving Vivian to shift awkwardly behind him.

CHRIS

We've all seen what's going on. We know how dangerous Parker can be.

(to Twist)

You of all people.

She pouts, knowing he has a point.

DANYAEL

And five is better than one, right?

TWIST

I... I guess. But -

CHRIS

Then it's settled.

He walks back over to Vivian, extending his hand.

CHRIS (cont'd)

A truce while we take care of our
mutual enemy.

Vivian stares at his hand for a long beat - and then shakes it. Twist GRUNTS loudly in displeasure and climbs back into the van.

VIVIAN

You're sure?

CHRIS

I'm willing to be open-minded. I
trusted you once, after all. And
everyone deserves a second chance.

She smiles, and Chris heads back to the van, climbing into the cabin. Lyra and Danyael follow, leaving Vivian alone.

She turns away, discretely peeling away the fabric of her outfit - to show the BITE MARK.

It's an angry, circular wound, red and purple with yellow FLUID dribbling from it.

Vivian stares at the wound, trepidation washing over her - until Chris STARTS the van's engine.

Quickly tucking her outfit back in place, she hops back up to the van, clambering into the back with Twist and Danyael.

Twist turns away, chin high, and Danyael offers an apologetic roll of his eyes.

Vivian grins, grabbing the door handle and sliding it shut with a SLAM, forcing a:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW