

**SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN**

"Loaded"

by  
Amy Rees

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

1

EXT. BELARIUS RACE TRACK - DAY

1

There's a BUZZ of excitement in the air and the murmurs of conversation and passionate cursing, as the large, bustling crowd fills the stands, overlooking a circular race track.

Brightly clothed jockeys SPUR their horses on, PELTING down passed the barriers.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(filtered; rapid)

Last Shot surges to third, passes  
Cobalt Stunner, now trailing  
Tortuga at second, neck and neck  
with...

The announcer's voice trails off as we PUSH IN on a cosy couple in the front row of the stands, more wrapped up in themselves than the action on track.

PUSH CLOSER, to reveal the couple is LYRA and CHRIS. Chris' arm is around her as she nestles against him. An untouched hot dog sits on the seat beside Lyra.

LYRA

(confused)

But why is it even called a 'hot  
dog'? And what actually is in  
these...

(pauses; unsure)

"...wieners"?

CHRIS

(shrugs)

I've still no idea why Americans  
insist on calling porridge  
'oatmeal.' I mean, what's the  
bloody difference?

(beat)

As for the mystery of what  
'wieners' are, I think that's one  
best left unsolved.

LYRA

(smiles)

You make a good point.

(pauses; sighs  
contentedly)

There's just something in the air  
here, a mix of excitement, hope,  
the horses. I love the horses.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

(smiles)

I'm glad you're enjoying yourself.

Lyra shifts, resting her head on Chris' shoulder.

LYRA

I'm just happy we can have this time alone together for once, without having to worry whether the others will suddenly burst in on us.

(pauses; hopeful)

You know, things have been pretty quiet for a while now, maybe we could...

CHRIS

(turns to her)

Lyra, I promised you we'd tell them and I'm a man of my word. However, I think the others need some time to recharge before we just go ahead and -

A disappointed Lyra straightens, quickly sitting up, taking her head off Chris' shoulder.

LYRA

(huffs)

Will it ever be the right time?

(pauses; softer)

Are you... embarrassed to tell the others about us? Is that it?

Chris tenderly places his hand on her cheek.

CHRIS

Never.

(beat)

It's more about ensuring everyone's receptive to hear our good news. Our relationship means more than I can ever truly express, without lapsing into terribly saccharine territory, and as such, I'd like to give it the respect and attention it deserves, rather than just randomly dropping it in over breakfast conversation.

(beat)

So do you think can hold on just a little while longer?

Lyra manages a small smile.

LYRA

When you put it that way, I guess  
so.

CHRIS

(smiles)  
That's my girl.

He squeezes Lyra's hand as they finally return their attention back to the race. Lyra cocks her head slightly to make out the announcer over everyone else in the stands.

ANGLE ON the brightly clothed jockeys as they energetically drive their horses on.

The horses GALLOP, almost to the finish. A tan thoroughbred, currently in last place, SURGES forward.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(filtered, excited)

What's this? Amarillo Rose in a sudden burst of speed bypasses Hook Me Up, then Cobalt Stunner, now trailing Tortuga and coming up level with Last Shot! It looks like it's going to be a photo finish, folks!

FOCUS ON Lyra and Chris. The murmur and cursing around them fading out as everyone in the stands seems to hold their collective breaths in anticipation.

ANGLE ON the tan thoroughbred, neck and neck with a dark chocolate brown horse as they near the finish line.

With a last BURST of speed the tan horse spurred on by its jockey crosses the line.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (cont'd)

(filtered; excited)

And Amarillo Rose is first across!  
Last Shot just behind in second place. Followed by Tortuga...

The announcer's voice is almost drowned out by the SHOUTS and CHEERS of those lucky enough to have backed the right horse. BACK ON a subdued Chris who scrunches a ticket in his hand.

CHRIS

(sighs)  
It's moments like this that remind me why I don't gamble. Not with money, at least.

SWITCH FOCUS to Lyra who in stark contrast to him, BEAMS.

(CONTINUED)

LYRA  
(excited)  
I won! I won!

She pulls Chris to his feet as she rises. Instinctively feeling for his face, before she KISSES him happily, with an almost giddy abandon.

CHRIS  
That's wonderful.

LYRA  
Amarillo Rose was such a long shot, the bookies didn't even think she'd come fourth. But I could just feel she was going to win.  
(beat; awed realization)  
That means this ticket in my hand is worth a lot of money.

She holds the ticket up and waves it proudly in Chris's face.

CHRIS  
After everything that's happened in the last few weeks, you deserve every dollar of it.

LYRA  
(cocks her head; eager)  
Chris, another race is about to start! Can go I and place some more bets?

CHRIS  
Go right ahead.

Lyra, with a noticeable bounce in her step, bounds off to do so. And as Chris watches her with an amused grin, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 INT. THE LOST MARINER BAR - NIGHT

2

A noisy, packed bar. FOCUS ON a woman who carries a tray laden with food, a basket of fries, two burgers and a plate of nachos drizzled with cheese and sour cream.

With a sigh she makes her way through the hustle to reach a round table.

WOMAN

(disinterested)

Large basket of fries, two double  
bacon burgers and a large nachos.

ARC around to show the gang currently sitting at the table. TWIST rubs her hands together in anticipation. DANYAEL sits next to her. Lyra sits in the next chair, then Chris and lastly VIVIAN.

TWIST

(snaps fingers)

Yo! Over here, girl.

The woman places the food in front of her.

WOMAN

(flat)

Enjoy your meals.

TWIST

Oh, I'm gonna. No idea what the  
rest of these guys are having,  
though.

She disappears into the crowd as Twist eagerly tucks into one of the burgers.

VIVIAN

(sceptical)

You can't seriously eat all that.

Twist, her mouth stuffed full of burger gives her an annoyed look.

DANYAEL

She can. There was this one time in  
Vegas, she ordered -

At Twist's warning glare he COUGHS, focusing his attention on pouring some more beer from the jug in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

(smiles; to Lyra)

If we're not careful, Twist might actually eat up your winnings.

Lyra smiles back but Twist eyes him.

TWIST

Was that a joke, you poor, unfunny British man? Wait, no. It wasn't. Even lame jokes have a punch line somewhere.

LYRA

(to Chris)

I said everything is on me tonight, and I meant it.

TWIST

(grins)

Sweet. You should go gambling more often.

Chris holds his half empty glass up.

CHRIS

(clear his throat)

I'd just like to make a toast.

TWIST

Aww, Chief you're not getting all sentimental are you?

He gives her an impatient, "don't interrupt me" look.

CHRIS

For good fortune, notably Lyra's, and an equally good team. Cheers.

He clinks his mug against the glass Lyra hesitantly holds up. Twist and Danyael follow suit clinking their glasses against Lyra's than each others.

Chris finally clinks his glass against Vivian's, that's gripped loosely in her hand. She blinks, surprised at the gesture.

Danyael gives her glass a toast as does Lyra, Chris guiding her hand.

Chris and Danyael give Twist a look. She rolls her eyes before quickly tapping glasses with Vivian, and we DISSOLVE TO:

3 INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

3

There's a slow PAN across a modest motel room along the pale yellow walls and grey carpeting, to stop at a bed.

Chris is sound asleep, facing away, before turning onto his other side as he comes round.

His hand reaches slowly forward but as it hits empty space beside him, he opens his eyes.

CHRIS

Lyra?

He sits up in bed, rubbing his eyes as we CUT TO:

4 INT. MOTEL - CHRIS' ROOM - LATER

4

Twist, Danyael and Vivian sit on the unmade bed in varying states of alertness as a dressed and fully awake Chris addresses them.

TWIST

(yawns)

This is why you woke me from my beauty sleep?

DANYAEL

Yeah, Chris, you know how much of it she needs.

Twist PUNCHES Danyael in the arm, but he just chuckles.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Lyra's probably just spending what's left of her winnings.

CHRIS

It just doesn't seem like her. She normally tells us where she's off to.

VIVIAN

I'm sure she's fine, Chris. It's not like she can't hold her own in a fight, is it?

TWIST

Question - why is she here?

CHRIS

This is a team meeting. Vivian's part of the team, seems self explanatory to me.

Vivian gives Twist a smug "there you go" look.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

(to Vivian)

Yeah, well, it doesn't mean you get to open your damn mouth in said meeting. You're still way behind on karma points to get that privilege.

DANYAEL

(wearily)

Twist, give it a rest already.

Twist gives him a scandalized look that screams "you traitor."

CHRIS

Enough. What if something's happened to -

TWIST

In case you haven't noticed, the sun's up. So unless you want crispy fried vampire, you're going to have to look for her on your lonesome, if you're that worried.

DANYAEL

Twist's right. If she doesn't return by sunset, then we can go out searching.

CHRIS

(sighs)

I suppose.

TWIST

Can we go back to sleep now? You know... nocturnal.

Chris nods absently, the trio filing out of the room and leaving Chris to his thoughts as we CUT TO:

Danyael WHISTLES as he holds a six pack in hand. Twist peeks out from her door, watching him, before quickly marching over as he reaches his own room.

TWIST

What the hell were you thinking?

DANYAEL

(confused)

It's cool they have a bar downstairs?

TWIST

Back in Chris' room this morning,  
you took evil skank's side over  
mine.

DANYAEL

Oh.

(sighs)

I'm tired of you always arguing  
with Vivian. That's all it was.

TWIST

Yeah, well, you don't have to be so  
friendly. Stop making her feel  
she's part of the team.

DANYAEL

But she is part of the team.

(off Twist; quickly)

For now. You done?

TWIST

No. Show some damn loyalty. Next  
time, no matter what it's about,  
you take my side.

DANYAEL

And what if I don't want to take  
"sides"? I'm not going so far as to  
say she's not the same person who  
screwed you over, but Vivian has  
helped us out.

TWIST

(frustrated)

What is it with you and Chris? Is  
this some kind of male selective  
amnesia? Remember what happened  
last year when we let people from  
our past tag along?

Danyael steps back, stung. Twist winces, knowing she just  
pushed too far.

TWIST (cont'd)

(apologetic)

Spook, I didn't -

He opens the door to his room and SLAMS it shut behind him.  
Twist THWACKS herself on the forehead.

TWIST (cont'd)

Me and my big mouth...

She trudges back into her room as we CUT TO:

6 INT. MOTEL - VIVIAN'S ROOM - NEXT

6

PAN ACROSS the spartan room, the sound of running water signalling Vivian's in the bathroom.

She grimly inspects the wound on her upper left arm as she attempts to clean it. Gritting her teeth in pain as she dabs at it with a wet cloth.

The wound doesn't look any better, with the skin around the edges of the wound starting to look an angry red and purple. Yellow liquid exudes from the bite despite her fevered attempts to clean it.

Vivian stares at her reflection in the bathroom mirror. Her contemplation interrupted by:

A loud insistent KNOCKING on her door.

With a despairing final look she efficiently wraps the wound with a strip of material, and rearranges her shirt with practised ease.

As Vivian leaves the bathroom, she pops two white tablets in her mouth. Washing them down with a shot of something dark, she grimaces as we CUT TO:

7 INT. MOTEL - HALL - NEXT

7

Danyaël knocks on Vivian's door as he clasps his six pack of beer.

DANYAEL

Hey, Viv you in there?

The door finally swings open, Vivian's hair now wrapped in a towel.

VIVIAN

Sorry 'bout the wait.

(indicates her head)

Shower.

(off Danyaël; unsure)

You wanted something?

He lifts his six pack up.

DANYAEL

Thought you might like a drinking buddy.

VIVIAN

Sure.

(spots something)

Your girlfriend won't mind?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Vivian's POV reveals Twist watching them from her door, giving her the old evil eye.

DANYAEL  
(pointedly)  
Don't mind her. We're just friends.

Danyael gives Twist a significant look before he follows Vivian into her room.

8 INT. MOTEL - VIVIAN'S ROOM - NEXT

8

Danyael sits in a chair across from Vivian, on her bed. He cracks open a can of beer and takes a mouthful as Vivian knocks back something dark brown in a shot glass.

They sit in a companionable silence until:

DANYAEL  
(frustrated)  
I just don't get her sometimes.

He pauses as a thought suddenly crosses his mind. He looks hopefully to Vivian.

DANYAEL (cont'd)  
(curiously)  
I was just wondering, from your perspective, if I were to ask you why -

VIVIAN  
(raises hand)  
No. If we're going to "hang," I don't do all that girly, emo, 'share your feelings' crap. So whatever you were going to ask, don't.

DANYAEL  
(sheepish)  
Alright, then.

He sits back in his chair. Vivian watches him for a beat, then rolls her eyes.

VIVIAN  
One question.

Danyael grins as we CUT TO:

9 EXT. BELARIUS RACE TRACK - BOOKIE'S CIRCLE - DAY

9

There's the muted sound of many conversations all happening at once.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Some bookies stand next to chalk boards declaring their odds for the upcoming races. Others busily take down the details of punters eager to bet.

FOCUS ON Lyra as she carefully makes her way through the chaos.

MONTAGE:

A) A bald, overweight man, BOOKIE #1, stands next to a chalk board with his odds scrawled in blue chalk. Lyra talks to him excitedly before she hands him a bundle of notes. He hands her a ticket.

B) Lyra is back in the stands. She smiles as the people around her CHEER and jump up from their seats in excitement.

C) Lyra giving the ticket back to the bookie. He opens up a thick, metal box and begrudgingly counts out a wad of notes.

D) Lyra is now listening as another man with blonde hair, BOOKIE #2, reads off a white board scrawled with black marker. She counts out notes and hands it to him.

E) Lyra chats to a short, dark haired man, BOOKIE #3, as he writes the odds on a chalkboard for another race about to begin as we:

END MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - HALL - EVENING

Chris leads the way down the hall, Twist just behind him. Danyael hangs back with the trailing Vivian.

CHRIS

Alright, I'll take the local botanical garden we passed on the way here. She's got a thing for gardens.

TWIST

I call dibs on searching the closest malls.

CHRIS

Fine.

(back on topic)

Vivian, check the closest hotels and bars, anywhere she might be singing at. And Danyael, you can take the Belarius race track.

Danyael nods, the team splitting up as we CUT TO:

11 EXT. BELARIUS RACE TRACK - EVENING

11

Danyaël walks through the race grounds, scanning the crowds hopefully for any signs of Lyra.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Race three-twenty-one is about to start, folks. All betting for this race is now closed.

At this, people start making their way from the bookie's circle towards the stand seats. Danyaël smiles as he spots Lyra amongst the group.

DANYAEL

Lyra!

He runs up to her as she turns at his voice.

LYRA

Danyaël? What are you doing here?

DANYAEL

You didn't tell anyone where you were going this morning. Chris was worried something might have happened.

LYRA

I didn't want to wake anyone. Is it evening already?

DANYAEL

Yeah. Why don't we go back to the motel and get you something to eat? You must be starving.

LYRA

I'm alright. Just tell Chris I'll be back when the last race is called at eight.

DANYAEL

You sure? I didn't know you were really into horse racing or gambling.

She holds up a black satchel bag.

LYRA

Look inside.

Danyaël's eyes widen in shock as he peers in - it's stuffed full of CASH!

(CONTINUED)

LYRA (cont'd)

That's only for today's races.  
That's more than I ever earned for  
one day of singing! Imagine how  
much I could win if I was able to  
bet on all the races for this  
entire week? I could earn enough to  
keep us going all year!

DANYAEL

(wary)

Look... why don't we just go back  
to the motel and you can tell  
everyone the good news.

LYRA

(shakes her head)

I need to do this. To help. You  
have your contacts, and Chris has  
his sources and magic. Even Vivian  
has information to help in the  
fight against Parker.

DANYAEL

You don't need to do this to prove  
something.

LYRA

I know. But I want to do this.

DANYAEL

(sighs)

Alright. I'll tell Chris you'll be  
back after eight.

LYRA

(smiles)

Thank you.

Stay with Danyaël as he walks off.

As he passes the three now very unhappy bookies from before,  
SWITCH FOCUS on the huddled group. They watch Lyra intently  
for a beat before they STOMP off, and we CUT TO:

PAN ACROSS a well furnished office, past filing cabinets,  
framed black and white photographs of horses crossing the  
finish and fake potted plants to STOP at a polished desk.

A slight MAN sits here. He wears a dark blue suit, his dark  
hair slicked back.

MAN

Believe me when I say we take all  
our complaints very seriously.

REVERSE ANGLE to see the three bookies, who smile gratefully.

MAN (cont'd)

Now if you'll excuse me, fellas,  
I've got a business to run.

The three men respectfully nod before shuffling off.

STAY ON the man as he retrieves a very flashy, black cell  
phone from within his suit jacket. He quickly presses in  
someone's number with the practised ease of something from  
memory.

As he waits for the other person to answer, he plays with a  
sheet of paper on his desk.

MAN (cont'd)

It's Frascone. Look, I've got a  
potential situation down at the  
track. Tell the boys to keep an eye  
on the person I'm sending through.

He removes the cell from his ear, presses a button, aims it  
at the sheet of paper in his hand and presses another button,  
a noticeable CLICK sounding.

Frascone presses the phone back to his ear.

FRASCONE

You got it?  
(beat; off response)  
Great.

We finally ANGLE ON the sheet of paper in his hand to reveal  
it's actually an enlarged surveillance still of Lyra, as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 EXT. FORREST CHASE CITY MALL - NIGHT 13

The bright lights of the massive shopping complex seem to be overwhelming in contrast to the stars just barely twinkling in the dark sky.

14 INT. MALL - GROUND FLOOR - NEXT 14

PUSH THROUGH the bustling crowd of shoppers to FOCUS ON Twist and Lyra, who both clutch numerous brightly coloured bags.

TWIST

They're always defending her, listening to her ideas and being all friendly. With all the crap she pulled, I don't think I'm being unreasonable.

(beat; huffs)

But no, Chris and Danyael treat her like she's always been part of the team!

LYRA

Twist. I wasn't around when she did all those horrible things to you, but she seems genuine in wanting to help now.

(beat)

You gave me a chance when I first joined the team, and for all you knew I was a time bomb waiting to go off.

TWIST

That was different.

(huffs again)

You're taking her side too?

LYRA

I'm not taking anyone's side. It's just... are you really more upset Vivian's part of the team, or that Danyael stood up for her?

TWIST

What are you trying to say? I don't care if he and Vivian are BFFs or... whatever!

LYRA

Twist, I'm blind, not stupid. I see how much you care for Danyael. It's understandable -

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

I swear, the next words out of that lip-glossed mouth of yours had better not include 'jealous.'

LYRA

(blinks)

I'm not wearing lip gloss. Am I?

TWIST

(huffs)

Never mind.

LYRA

I'm just saying, after what you went through with Diego and what Danyael suffered with Naomi... I think we can afford to cut each other a little slack.

TWIST

(eyes her)

And when did you get so profound?

LYRA

(shrugs)

I listen to Chris.

TWIST

(sighs)

Let's just drop this, okay? I shouldn't have been bitching away at you, not when you won us all this money to splash out on new outfits.

LYRA

That's not why I -

TWIST

Ah!

LYRA

(beat)

Apology accepted.

They lapse into companionable silence, walking past various stores until:

TWIST

(spots something)

Ooh, nice jacket. Why don't we check this place out and then get something to eat?

LYRA  
 Alright. What kind of clothes do  
 they sell here?

Twist eyes the selection of fine leather jackets in the  
 window.

TWIST  
 The ones I like.

She stops as she catches a glimpse of something in the glass  
 window - a reflection of a BEEFY GUY in a suit reading a  
 newspaper. He discreetly watches them from a table at a  
 nearby cafe.

With a frown, Twist spots another equally beefy guy in a suit  
 just above them on a walkway. He talks away on a cell phone.

LYRA  
 (concerned)  
 What is it?

Twist pretends to check her reflection, keeping an eye on the  
 suit reading a newspaper.

TWIST  
 (lowered)  
 We're being followed. Badly. By two  
 knock off Soprano wannabes.

LYRA  
 (confused)  
 Who are the Sopranos?

TWIST  
 (rolls eyes)  
 Just look after my stuff.

She pushes her bags into Lyra's hands.

LYRA  
 Where are you going?

TWIST  
 I'm just going over to say 'hi.'  
 With my fists. Sit tight.

With that, she strides off, leaving a concerned Lyra as we  
 CUT TO:

The beefy man, SUIT #1, reads his newspaper while he sips a  
 steaming black coffee from a white cup.

As he places his cup back on the table, someone clears their throat patiently off screen.

NEW ANGLE reveals Twist standing in front of his table, her hands on her hips.

TWIST

You go to all the trouble of stalking a girl, the least you can do is tell her your name. That way I'll know whose ass I'll be kicking. Maybe I can send you a card in the hospital?

The man just coolly looks at her, not intimidated in the least.

TWIST (cont'd)

(pouts)

Be like that. I'll just be forced to dub you "flunky number one." Why don't you call your friend over there...

(nods; over his head )

... and we can get this little rumble started. There are clothes I'm not trying on while I'm standing here wasting my time.

BAM! The table is KICKED over, the hot coffee, newspaper and sugar dispenser all flying as the Suit BURSTS towards her!

Suit #1 throws a solid right hook that CONNECTS with a startled Twist's jaw, and we CUT TO:

16 INT. MALL - GROUND FLOOR - NEXT

16

Lyra nervously clutches their bags, still standing near the shop front.

ARC ROUND to reveal the other beefy guy in a suit, SUIT #2, as he stealthily creeps over to her with a smirk.

BACK ON Lyra whose forehead furrows as she tilts her head, picking something up. She spins to face Suit #2, who's right behind her as we CUT TO:

17 INT. MALL - CAFE - NEXT

17

Customers in the cafe quickly scatter as Twist CRASHES into a nearby table.

SUIT #1

I really don't like wise guys - or girls, in your case. Always running their mouths.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

He lunges forward and GRABS Twist by the front of her shirt with one hand, the other balled into a fist.

WHAP! Twist HEADBUTTS him. Hard.

He releases her, staggering back from the blow. Twist holds her head, grimacing in pain but triumphant.

TWIST

I prefer the term 'smartass.'

She TACKLES him to the floor as we CUT TO:

18 INT. MALL - GROUND FLOOR - NEXT

18

Suit #2's large body blocks Lyra's way forward.

SUIT #2

You've made some people very unhappy, Miss Morley.

LYRA

What do you want?

SUIT #2

Me? I just want to get paid like everyone else.

CLICK! He pulls out a small pistol from his suit jacket and aims it at her as we CUT TO:

19 INT. MALL - CAFE - NEXT

19

Before Suit #1 can react, Twist SOCKS him hard in the jaw.

TWIST

Let's see how you like it, tough guy!

His head SNAPS backwards at the impact. Despite being woozy he still remains on his feet. He raises his fists, determinedly.

TWIST (cont'd)

Oh, come on! This is where you fall down, bamugartner!

He SWINGS at her, and as they tussle again we CUT TO:

20 INT. MALL - GROUND FLOOR - NEXT

20

Suit #2 roughly GRABS Lyra by the arm and nudges her with his pistol.

SUIT #2

Move.

(CONTINUED)

She stubbornly refuses to budge.

LYRA  
I don't think so.

SUIT #2  
(blinks)  
I don't think you fully grasp the  
situation you're in, Miss Morley.

LYRA  
I could say the same. Please leave  
or I'll be forced to defend myself.

STAY ON Suit #2 who raises his eyebrows disbelievingly. He  
seems more amused than threatened as we CUT TO:

21 INT. MALL - CAFE - NEXT

21

Twist SLAMS Suit #1 into another table in the wrecked cafe.

TWIST  
When I ask a question...

She pulls the now dazed man up by his lapels.

TWIST (cont'd)  
... you answer. Capiche?

He SNEERS up at her through bloodied teeth.

SUIT #1  
I'm not telling you squat, girlie.

CRACK! She punches him right in the kisser. Twist grips him  
by his shirt front.

TWIST  
Okay, new game. It's called 'no  
matter what you say, I hit you.'

SUIT #1  
(scoffs)  
I ain't scared of you.

POW! Twist SOCKS him in the jaw this time as we CUT TO:

22 INT. MALL - GROUND FLOOR - NEXT

22

Suit #2 steps menacingly closer to Lyra.

SUIT #2  
Don't make this harder than it has  
to be.

Lyra lets out a quiet note that causes Suit #2 to clutch his head, his pistol clattering to the floor.

The display window VIBRATES as she lets rip, her SCREAM sending him bodily backwards.

His head SLAMS into the hard floor as the display window finally SHATTERS, glass spraying everywhere.

Shoppers nearby scream and scatter from the ruckus, Lyra letting the note die down as we CUT TO:

Twist grabs Suit #1 by the throat.

TWIST

When your bosses find out that not only did you and...

(stuck)

... the... other guy get your asses handed to you by two girls, I don't think he's going to be making you employee of the month any time soon.

Suit #1 SPITS a mouthful of blood into her face. Twist Snarls and makes as if to punch him again.

SUIT #1

Alright, alright! Your friend, the blind girl...

TWIST

Her name's Lyra.

SUIT #1

Whatever. She cost those bookies at Belarius thousands in just three days, and they're not the types who accept losing money well. They want it all back, or they're just gonna send more of us.

(chuckles)

You can't watch her every minute.

An agitated Twist THROWS him into another table where he crash lands in a heap, finally out for the count.

LYRA (O.S.)

Twist? I think the police are here. I heard sirens.

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal a concerned Lyra, still clutching all their shopping.

23 CONTINUED:

23

TWIST  
 Alright, Thelma, let's book.

She grabs Lyra's hand as we CUT TO:

24 INT. MOTEL - CHRIS' ROOM - LATER

24

Danyael, Twist and Lyra sit on the bed, the shopping bags dumped unceremoniously on the floor. Vivian sits on a chair a little way from the trio.

All eyes in the room are on a furious Chris who sheathes his katana before shrugging a coat on over it, to conceal it from sight.

CHRIS  
 (angry)  
 That's bloody it! I'm going down there and teaching those clowns what fair play means. Nobody strong arms my -  
 (realizes; corrects)  
 Any member of my team.

Danyael and Twist share an intrigued look at his slip while Vivian seems more amused.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
 (eyes them)  
 Any volunteers?

A noticeably quiet Lyra seems conflicted, as Chris' hard gaze flickers from Twist to Danyael and then finally to Vivian.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
 Fine! I'll handle it myself.

He turns to storm out:

LYRA  
 Chris, wait!

He stops. Turns to face her. The confusion evident on his face.

CHRIS  
 What is it?

Lyra bites her lip, uncertain. Hesitant.

LYRA  
 I told you I could just "feel" which horse was going to win but, ah...sometimes... with the long shots, I'd...  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LYRA (cont'd)  
 (guiltily)  
 Help them win. Sometimes.

TWIST  
 (sarcastic)  
 Is there anything you can't do?

Danyael gives Twist a warning look at Chris' deadly expression.

Lyra shrinks, not needing to see Chris' expression to know that it's not a pleasant one.

CHRIS  
 Where's all the money you won?

LYRA  
 There's a bag hidden under the bed  
 in my room.

Twist rolls her eyes. Chris glances at all the bags cluttering the floor.

CHRIS  
 (to Twist and Lyra)  
 You're returning all of it. Along  
 with anything bought with the  
 winnings.

TWIST  
 Hell, no! You out of your fricken  
 mind? There are so many reasons why  
 that's a very bad idea.  
 (ticks off on her fingers)  
 One, a girl's got to have  
 accessories. Two, the cops are  
 still crawling all over that mall.  
 And three, I'm damn sure those  
 goons already ratted us out on top  
 of all that nice security footage.

DANYAEL  
 She has a point.

TWIST  
 And four...

She reaches into one bag - and pulls out a snazzy short leather jacket.

TWIST (cont'd)  
 I think this speaks for itself.

CHRIS  
 (sharp)  
 Lyra. Let's go.

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

LYRA  
(meekly)  
Where are we going?

CHRIS  
To clear up your mess.

He frog marches her out of the room as we CUT TO:

25 EXT. BELARIUS RACE TRACK - DAY

25

A stern Chris stands next to Lyra, the three bookies warily eyeing him.

LYRA  
I didn't mean to cause any trouble  
for any of you. If I have, I just  
wanted to apologise. I'm sorry.

Lyra turns to Chris with an expression that clearly says "can we go now?" He SHOVES the black satchel bag into Bookie #1's hands.

CHRIS  
This contains most of the winnings.  
Now call off your men or I'll be  
forced to intervene - and believe  
me, you don't want that to happen.

And with that, Chris briskly leads Lyra away, but stops as Bookie #2 calls out:

BOOKIE #2  
'Most' of the winnings?

Chris turns and shoots him a sharp look, and the bookies wisely back off. Chris continues to depart as we CUT TO:

26 INT. BELARIUS MANAGEMENT - NEXT

26

Frascone sits behind his polished desk as he dials another number on his very flashy, black cell.

FRASCONE  
Colletti, get your boys down here.  
(listens; off something)  
Don't worry she's perfect. An easy  
mark.

OFF his enigmatic smile we CUT TO:

27 INT. MOTEL - CHRIS' ROOM - NIGHT

27

Chris, Twist, Danyael and Lyra are in the midst of a heated argument. A bemused Vivian quietly watches from her position in a corner.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

What happened in the mall earlier is exactly why it's a bad idea. How many more times do I have to repeat myself?

LYRA

But if I just limit my winnings and don't draw attention, I could easily earn all the money we need. No matter where we are.

CHRIS

Absolutely not!

TWIST

What's the big fricken deal, Chris? So we rig a few races, big whoop. It's all for the greater good, and I for one am sick of always scrambling for cash whenever we need it.

CHRIS

We've managed this far without resorting to -

DANYAEL

I've gotta say I can't really see why you're so against this. It's not like we're robbing old ladies of their life savings.

(pauses)

It's mob money. So when you think about it, we're actually helping shut down organized crime.

TWIST

(nods)

Spook's right, we'd be performing community service whilst ensuring a steady stream of cold, hard cash so that I'm always at my best. Looking this good don't come cheap, you know.

Vivian raises a sceptical eyebrow, about to retort, but Chris interjects:

CHRIS

Lyra's not using her abilities to cheat. That's the final word on it.

Twist and Danyael both open their mouths about to protest when-

LYRA

(suddenly)

Stop it! Chris, stop treating me like I'm a child! I can make my own decisions without your help!

CHRIS

Not when your actions almost get you killed.

LYRA

We always have to do things your way, don't we?

Lyra PUSHES passed Chris. She feels for the door handle, wrenches it open and STORMS off.

Chris just watches her leave coolly.

DANYAEL

(surprised; unsure)

Chris, man... you're not going after her?

CHRIS

She'll come back after she's calmed down and finished sulking.

Twist PATS Chris condescendingly on the back.

TWIST

Great work Chief. You actually managed to piss off the most laid back woman on the planet. Congratulations. That takes skill.

OFF Danyael and Twist's hostile expressions Chris' gaze flickers to Vivian.

VIVIAN

What do you want me to say, Chris? As much as it kills me to side with blondie there, you could use the money. When did you become such a boy scout?

CHRIS

It's got nothing to do with that, and everything to do with avoiding courses of action that place this team in jeopardy We're too important to risk our collective necks fighting a gang of bloody mobsters!

27 CONTINUED: (3)

At that, Vivian saunters off. Danyael follows after with an apologetic shrug to Chris.

At that, there's a brief flicker of jealousy and annoyance that flashes across Twist's face before she turns to Chris.

TWIST

And on that bombshell...

As Twist exits, Chris lets out a frustrated sigh as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

28 EXT. BELARIUS RACE TRACK - DAY

28

A few race horses snort and whinny on display in a fenced off section. A few people mill about with their children some hefting them up so they can see or touch the horses as we FOCUS ON Lyra.

There's a trace of anger and sadness that still lines her face as she gently pets a dark chocolate brown race horse.

One of her hands softly runs through its thick mane, the other stroking its back. The horse whinnies softly at Lyra's attention.

MAN (O.S.)

Excuse me, miss?

ARC around to reveal Frascone.

LYRA

Sorry. Is this about me petting the horses? It's just they're so -

FRASCONE

(chuckles)

Not at all. I'm an agent of management, and after witnessing your fine gambling skills down here, I've come down to invite you personally to the member's lounge. It's an opportunity to win really big. What do you say?

Lyra quirks a curious eyebrow, but then starts to smile, finally answering with a nod.

LYRA

You can count me in. Lead the way.

Frascone extends his arm with a grin, and as Lyra clutches his arm we CUT TO:

29 EXT. BELARIUS MEMBERS LOUNGE - NEXT

29

Frascone, still guiding Lyra, stops as they finally reach a black door.

LYRA

(curious)

What do I have to do to win?

(CONTINUED)

FRASCONE

You'll find out soon enough. Let me just introduce you to the members first.

He twists the door handle opening the door.

FRASCONE (cont'd)

(smiles)

Ladies first.

As Lyra steps into the dimly-lit lounge, a BLACK BAG is suddenly SHOVED over her head before:

BAM! A hand swiftly DARTS into shot as it suckerpunches her in the face!

As she WILTS from the blow several pairs of hands catch her. PULL BACK to reveal four shady men in suits that DRAG the stunned Lyra away as we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOTEL - TWIST'S ROOM - DAY

Twist eagerly scarfs down a bag of crisps on her bed. Empty chocolate wrappers already littering the area as she watches TV. High pitched screaming can be heard from whatever she's currently watching.

TWIST

(to TV)

Aah, the old stumble and run. You are so dead.

There's a KNOCK at Twist's door that gets her attention. She moodily gets up and opens it to reveal:

A concerned Chris, who peers into Twist's room.

TWIST (cont'd)

(a little disappointed)

Oh. It's you.

CHRIS

Have you seen Lyra?

TWIST

Since you won the "most irrational jerk off" award? No.

(beat; realizes)

She hasn't come back yet?

CHRIS

(shakes his head)

I thought she was just avoiding me, but Vivian and Danyael haven't seen her either. I hoped she might have been with you.

TWIST

It's just been me, my snacks and old reruns of horror movies.

She reads Chris' pensive expression, tossing the packet of chips over her shoulder.

TWIST (cont'd)

Saddle up the mule. Let's go get our girl back.

She starts to leave the room as we CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - VIVIAN'S ROOM - NEXT

Danyael and Vivian sit facing each other, this time several drinks into their latest chat.

DANYAEL

(a little drunk)

I mean, it's not, it's not that I don't not like her, you know? I do like her. I really, really do.

VIVIAN

I know.

DANYAEL

You know?

VIVIAN

Yeah.

DANYAEL

Right. But then, then, there's this whole... this big 'I'm not wanting a relationship' thing, and she just, she never, she never thinks about it any differently.

VIVIAN

She did that with Diego, though... didn't she?

Danyael scowls, swigging the last of his beer.

DANYAEL

Yep. Yep, she did. With Diego. Twist and Diego.

VIVIAN

That must've sucked.

DANYAEL

'Sucked'? Naah. Sucked ain't a strong enough word. It was more like, like, she really fu-

BAM! The door is suddenly yanked open.

They both look up, startled, to see Twist with Chris just behind her. She suspiciously scans Vivian's room.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

(eyes her)

You ever hear of knocking?

Twist half-closes the door, KNOCKS loudly against it then throws it open again.

TWIST

Spook, evil bitch of doom, party's over. Lyra's missing.

DANYAEL

(concerned)

She is?

VIVIAN

Is it those guys from the mall again? I thought you took their money back?

CHRIS

I did. So there's only one way to find out.

Vivian jumps up, Danyael rising a little less steadily, and as they weave through the morass of discarded bottles and cans to get to the door, we CUT TO:

The sun's already set, with the sky already safely darkening as the team scour the grounds for any signs of Lyra.

FOCUS ON Chris who stops a random passer by - it's one of the bookies from earlier! He GRIPS the man's shirt roughly.

CHRIS

(angry)

You! What have you done with Lyra?

(deadly)

I warned you what would happen if you didn't call your men off.

The man's eyes BULGE out, partly in fear and shock at seeing him again.

BOOKIE #3

(stammers)

Look, you've got it all wrong buddy! I'm just a bookie, I don't have any pull here. I don't know nothing about anything. Honestly!

Chris' POV shows two beefy sunglass wearing security guards swiftly approaching. Chris releases him reluctantly.

GUARD #1

(to Bookie)

Any trouble here?

BOOKIE #3

(to guards)

We were just talking, is all.

The bookie turns to Chris, his fearful expression transforming into a wicked leer.

BOOKIE #3 (cont'd)

Hope you find her. Your girl's a real looker. I'd hate it if anything "untoward" should happen to her.

Chris BRISTLES, his fists clenching as the bookie saunters off, flanked by the guards.

TWIST (O.S.)

Real smooth, Sherlock.

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal Twist, Danyael and Vivian approaching. Their expressions all say the same. No luck.

DANYAEL

Everyone I spoke to either have never seen her or aren't talking.

VIVIAN

They know something. I keep catching these looks the staff are giving us.

(nods)

See?

Vivian's POV indicates a man grooming one of the horses, a tan thoroughbred on display. He quickly looks away guiltily.

CHRIS

That means someone here knows where  
Lyra's been taken. Our task is to  
find that person.

TWIST

(cracks knuckles)  
And after the finding...

DANYAEL

Alright, let's -

TWIST

(over him)  
Let's get to work!

She marches off, obviously ignoring him. Danyael looks a  
little wounded as Vivian nudges him.

VIVIAN

Ignore her.

DANYAEL

(darkly)  
It doesn't make any difference.

The two of them head off as we CUT TO:

White walls, bright light, the sounds of low key electrical  
equipment BUZZING, and the muted murmur of voices.

PULL BACK and WIDEN to take in masked people in blue hospital  
scrubs hovering over numerous beds, where several people are  
restrained to the beds with plastic ties.

There's a large DISPLAY SCREEN on the wall that flashes with  
names and numbers.

JUMP TO a surgical team that hovers around a blonde, wiry man  
stripped to the waist. Black marker pen covers his chest and  
abdomen.

The man's eyes are closed but the constant rise and fall of  
his chest indicates he's still very much alive.

ANGLE ON the large screen as "CONNOR, JAMES \$30,000. Final  
Winning Bid" FLASHES across.

There's a metal WHIRR as we FOCUS ON the surgical team again.  
The lead surgeon holds a BONE SAW in his hand, the circular  
blades SPINNING dangerously fast.

And as he brings the saw down on the blonde man's chest, we  
CUT TO:

34 INT. OPERATING ROOM - UNKNOWN

34

Black bag still over her head, Lyra STRUGGLES valiantly against her captors as three masked people in scrubs hold her down.

She's in another dark, dank room, this one a smaller area the size of a hospital operating theatre.

Lyra manages a few muffled shouts, but as the bag is YANKED from her head, we see she's been GAGGED.

Another masked man steps into frame, flicking a SYRINGE. He JABS it into Lyra's arm, quickly injecting her with something.

She YELPS in pain, trying to make a sound to fight back, but her eyes flutter as the injection takes effect.

She trails off as her struggles subside. Her head WOOZILY turns from side to side, trying to get her bearings.

As Lyra fights to stay awake the three men get to work, surrounding her.

One methodically STRIPS off her dress leaving her in her undergarments, while another efficiently SWABS her with medicinal alcohol.

The third and fourth man quickly SCRAWL all over her in black marker, one tugging the gag from her mouth.

LYRA  
(woozily)  
W-what... are you doing?

One of the masked men opens one of Lyra's eyes and CLUCKS his tongue regretfully.

SURGEON  
Pity, she's blind. Her corneas  
could have netted an extra ten  
grand each.

The others MURMUR in commiseration.

JUMP TO the large display screen on the wall as "MORLEY, LYRA" now FLASHES on screen, and we CUT TO:

35 EXT. BELARIUS MANAGEMENT - EVENING

35

Chris and Twist stand where the race horses are on display, in the midst of a tense conversation with the man who grooms a dark chocolate horse.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

(sympathetic)

Look, they see me talking to you, I lose my job. I'm sorry, but I got kids to feed.

He tries to turn away, but Chris roughly SHOVES him round to face them.

CHRIS

And how do you think those children of yours will handle not having a father? Because if any -

Twist ELBOWS him hard in the ribs.

TWIST

(off man)

Ignore him, he's British. You know how they can be.

She twirls her finger round her temples, shooting a look at Chris that screams 'back off.'

The man glances at the security guards, who are now talking on their radios, distracted, before he focuses on grooming the horse.

MAN

(lowered)

That girl, your friend, I... I saw her. She was petting Last Shot earlier. The manager came, they chatted and last thing I saw was her, hand in hand with him. That help?

TWIST

(grins)

Perfectly. Thanks... horse guy.

She yanks Chris away, leaving the man to his grooming as she leads Chris out of sight of security.

TWIST (cont'd)

What's gotten into you? It's normally me threatening people!

CHRIS

We can't sit around and waste time while people have their crises of conscience, Twist! Lyra could be in danger, and we -

TWIST

(over him)

And we are doing everything in our power to find her. Death threats on working schmucks like that guy aren't what you do, Chris.

(beat)

You're the sensible one.

CHRIS

Perhaps I'm all out of sense this time.

He marches briskly away, with a concerned Twist watching him go as we CUT TO:

Frascone opens the door to his office to be greeted by Danyael and Vivian. Upon sighting Vivian, he smiles sleazily.

FRASCONE

I'm Mr. Frascone, nice to meet you folks.

He shakes both their hands in turn. A suspicious expression settles on Vivian's face as she shakes his hand.

Frascone walks back to his desk and sits down behind it.

FRASCONE (cont'd)

How may I be of service to you both tonight?

(indicates the chairs)

Please, sit.

DANYAEL

We'd prefer to stand.

FRASCONE

(shrugs)

Suit yourselves.

VIVIAN

We're looking for a friend of ours. Lyra Morley. Blind, light brown hair, skinny. Probably also winning a shitload of cash off you.

FRASCONE

(frowns)

Sorry. Can't say I recall someone by that name.

DANYAEL  
(suspicious)  
You haven't seen her at all today?

FRASCONE  
(shakes his head)  
No, unfortunately. Wish I could  
help you out, though.

He turns away, reaching for a cigar, but Vivian leans across his desk to command his attention.

VIVIAN  
Let's just cut the crap, shall we?  
I can smell Lyra's perfume all over  
that cheap suit of yours.

FRASCONE  
(thrown)  
What? You must be mistaken. My  
girlfriend -

VIVIAN  
Danyael?

Danyael LUNGES across his desk and pulls him out of his chair. He DRAGS Frascone across his desk, papers scattering everywhere.

FRASCONE  
H-hey! You can't - get off me! Let  
go of me!

DANYAEL  
Where is she?

FRASCONE  
I don't know!

CRACK! Danyael BACKHANDS him sending him stumbling against his desk.

As Frascone rises to his feet, Danyael THROWS a hard, right cross into his gut. He coughs, painfully winded.

Before he can recover, POW! Danyael CRACKS Frascone across the jaw.

Vivian casually watches as Danyael continues to pummel him into submission.

VIVIAN  
You might actually want to question  
him before he's out cold. Just a  
suggestion.

Danyaël stops mid-punch and HAULS the dazed and beaten Frascone to his feet.

DANYAEL  
The location. Now.

FRASCONE  
(coughs; breathless)  
A few blocks from here. It's an  
underground auction house. Thirty-  
five twenty-one Maddington Square.

VIVIAN  
There. See?

She nods to Danyaël, who DUMPS Frascone on the floor of his office, and as the duo exit we CUT TO:

37 INT. OPERATING ROOM - UNKNOWN 37

The surgery team is poised for action, waiting around a sedated and progressively out of it Lyra.

Lyra lies semi-naked on the hospital bed. A few strips of white surgical linen are strategically placed to cover her modesty up top.

A trolley laden with the typical plethora of surgical instruments - forceps, scalpels and a bone saw - is wheeled in beside the bed.

ANGLE ON the large display screen that now flashes as "MORLEY, LYRA KIDNEYS \$20,000 each, Winning Bid" scrolls across it.

PUSH IN in on the screen as we CUT TO:

38 INT. UNDERGROUND AUCTION ROOM - NEXT 38

FOCUS ON a computer screen where "MORLEY, LYRA" headlines a spreadsheet with two columns respectively titled "Organs for Auction" and "Winning Bid". The cursor currently highlighting "LUNGS".

PULL BACK to reveal an obnoxiously sleazy guy in his thirties. He holds a gavel in one hand and a microphone in another, a laptop open in front of him.

AUCTIONEER  
Next on the catalogue today, Lungs.  
Shall we start the bidding at,  
say... eight thousand?

NEW ANGLE reveals his audience, a crowd of eager bidders. They seem to be from all walks of life, wealthier clients mingling with more modestly dressed people, young, old, black and white. They all share one thing in common though - desperation.

A middle aged man raises a card up with the number 402.

AUCTIONEER (cont'd)

Eight thousand to the gentleman on the right. Come on folks, what's the life of a loved one really worth? Can you afford not to win today?

BACK ON the audience where several more people quickly raise their cards in succession. At this, the auctioneer smirks, satisfied with himself, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

39 EXT. BELARIUS MANAGEMENT - NIGHT

39

Vivian and Danyael exit the office just as Twist rushes into frame.

TWIST

There you are! Chris sent me to get you both.

(beat)

Where's the manager?

VIVIAN

Taking a nap.

DANYAEL

I've got the address for where they've taken Lyra. It's just a few blocks from here, some kind of old auction house.

TWIST

Auction? You don't think...

DANYAEL

That's Lyra's gonna get sold into slavery if we don't find her? Yup.

TWIST

What about the manager?

DANYAEL

He won't be a problem.

VIVIAN

Should've been there. You missed the good old fashioned ass kicking he dished out.

She grins at Danyael, who shifts awkwardly under Twist's gaze.

TWIST

(tight-lipped)

I always miss all the fun, huh?

He tries to respond, but she turns on her heel and leaves. Danyael curses inwardly as he follows, and we CUT TO:

40 EXT. MADDINGTON SQUARE - NIGHT

40

The black van SCREECHES to a halt directly across from a yellow stone building.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

A falling autumn leaf logo and the words "Simplicity Funerals" are stamped across the store front.

41 EXT. SIMPLICITY FUNERALS - NEXT

41

Chris, Danyael, Twist and Vivian march towards the entrance. Twist quickly aims the black camera jammer up at a security camera above the sliding doors.

With a loud CLICK it goes out, the red light flickering off as it falls forward. The team walk through the sliding doors into:

42 INT. SIMPLICITY FUNERALS - NEXT

42

A blonde woman in a black dress nervously watches them enter, a phone pressed to her ear at the reception desk. A name tag clipped to her dress reads "Debbie."

DEBBIE

(hurried)

Yes, they're armed. Hurry.

Simplicity -

SHINK! Debbie JUMPS in fright as Chris' katana suddenly SLICES the phone handset in half.

DEBBIE (cont'd)

(startled)

Ah! Please, don't... you can take anything you want, b-but we d-don't have money here, w-we...

Twist HOPS UP onto the desk in front of her.

TWIST

Relax, Debs. Can I call you 'Debs'?

Twist TAPS her bat impatiently against her hand, waiting for an answer.

DEBBIE

(nervously)

I... I guess so...

TWIST

Cool. Alright, Debs, we need to know where the auction is taking place.

FOCUS ON Danyael and Vivian who scour the office. They both grin as they spot an inconspicuous door marked "STAFF ONLY."

DANYAEL

Chris? I think we just found our way in.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

DEBBIE  
 (off him)  
 But t-that's management staff only!  
 Even I'm not -

CRACK! Twist SMASHES Debbie's phone with her bat.

TWIST  
 Oops! Butterfingers.

Debbie's mouth flaps a few times - and then she finally wilts, fainting dead away to the floor.

TWIST (cont'd)  
 Night, night Debs.

She slides off the counter, joining the others by the staff door.

TWIST (cont'd)  
 She was nice. Courteous, you know?

Chris counts down from three before KICKING the door open, and the team step into:

43 INT. SIMPLICITY FUNERALS - STAFF ROOM - NEXT

43

The team walk through another office this time stacked full of locked filing cabinets.

PING! Everyone DROPS out of sight as an ELEVATOR opens its doors just outside the office.

A man gets out at the ground floor here. He turns and walks passed the row of elevators, down the hall, in the opposite direction from the office.

The coast now clear, the team all break from their positions and pile into the elevator, and as the doors close we CUT TO:

44 INT. ELEVATOR - NEXT

44

Chris frowns as he pauses over the buttons, unsure until Twist swiftly presses the button labelled "B Level."

TWIST  
 ("duh")  
 He wouldn't have called it an  
 'underground' auction, if it wasn't  
underground.

CHRIS  
 I knew that! I was just making  
 sure.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

Twist rolls her eyes "right", as the elevator doors starts moving. After a few moments it stops, the doors opening:

45 INT. SIMPLICITY FUNERALS - BASEMENT - NEXT

45

The group step out of the elevator into a tunnel, that seems to stretch forever in both directions.

DANYAEL

You'd think they'd at least have a  
"you are here" sign to help us out.

TWIST

If it's good enough for the mall  
and Parker's creepy labs, I don't  
see why the hell not.

CHRIS

(ignoring her)  
We need to split up.  
(off Twist's look)  
Twist and I will take the right  
branch. Danyael and Vivian, you  
take the left.

Vivian nods and takes off, but Danyael pauses.

DANYAEL

(to Twist)  
Good luck.

He then rushes off to catch up with Vivian as we CUT TO:

46 INT. UNDERGROUND AUCTION ROOM - NEXT

46

The auctioneer SWINGS his gavel as he quickly takes the bids, cards rising left and right in the midst of a bidding frenzy.

AUCTIONEER

(rapid)  
Twenty-two thousand from the man in  
the blue suit. Twenty-three from  
the distinguished older gentleman.  
Twenty-four from the woman in the  
red dress.  
(pauses)  
Twenty-four thousand going once.  
(off the crowd)  
Going twice...

A beat - and then he TAPS the gavel on the table.

AUCTIONEER

Sold!

(CONTINUED)

AUCTIONEER  
                  (grins)  
                  Congratulations, madam.

The man walks over to the laptop and types in '\$24,000' under the "Winning Bid" column opposite "LIVER".

He presses ENTER and a box POPS UP on screen with the message, "Transaction Submitted".

He glances down the column to the now last item on the list, highlighted in red - "HEART."

INT. SIMPLICITY FUNERALS - BASEMENT - NEXT

Chris and Twist hurry down the hall here, both noticeably looking a little queasy. Chris covers his nose with his sleeve in an attempt to block it out.

                  CHRIS  
                  What is that awful stench?

                  TWIST  
                  (grim)  
                  Burning human flesh.  
                  (off Chris)  
                  Hey! I was burnt alive. Twice. I  
                  know that smell.

They slow down as they pass a set of thick, metal doors.

Twist PEERS in through the small glass panel set in the doors to see:

A person wearing a thick, metal face shield, heavy gloves and long leather sleeves pulled over a jumpsuit, currently focused on checking the controls of a massive, stainless steel cremation chamber.

There's a BODY, it's face obscured by the white linen its neatly wrapped in, placed atop a metal conveyor platform nearby.

BACK ON Twist and Chris.

                  TWIST (cont'd)  
                  (taps her nose)  
                  Told you.

                  CHRIS  
                  We'll have to come back for that  
                  when we've found Lyra.

As they pull their attention away from the door, we CUT TO:

48

INT. UNDERGROUND AUCTION ROOM - NEXT

48

The auctioneer grins like a madman at the bidding frenzy before him, his gavel arcing about as he points to the various cards thrown up.

AUCTIONEER

(rapid)

It's the very last item today, folks. What do I hear? Twenty-five thousand from the woman in the front row, twenty-seven to the man in the singlet, thirty thousand again from the woman in the front row...

Another man in an expensive suit holds his card up before he quickly gestures ten with both his hands.

AUCTIONEER (cont'd)

(nods, impressed)

Forty thousand placed by the man in the nice suit. Any other takers?

(off the crowd)

Forty thousand going once.

(off the crowd)

Going twice...

(pauses)

Sold!

As he bangs his gavel on the table there's a SMASH! The auctioneer and everyone in the crowd look to the noise to see:

Vivian and Danyael walk through now the kicked open door. Both grin as they grip swords.

DANYAEL

Am I too late to make a final offer?

Vivian's grin DROPS as she notices the six burly security guards on the walkways above. All have their guns aimed on the pair.

She instinctively tackles Danyael and DIVES behind a row of empty seats just as bullets RIP into the spot where they were standing just a minute ago.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Thanks.

The crowd of clients SCREAM as they scatter, all heading for the closest exits into the tunnels.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

The auctioneer ducks behind the table, but not before he frantically types in \$40,000 and presses ENTER.

The box pops up on screen with "Transaction Submitted" as we CUT TO:

49 INT. OPERATING ROOM - NEXT

49

The display screen FLASHES as "MORLEY, LYRA - HEART \$30,000 Final Winning Bid" scrolls across.

FOCUS ON the surgical team that surrounds Lyra. The lead surgeon picks up the bone saw from the tray of surgical instruments and starts it with an ominous WHIRR.

50 INT. OPERATING ROOM - ENTRANCE - NEXT

50

Twist and Chris share a quizzical look as they approach two white double doors.

A buzzing sign flashes "IN USE" in red lettering, just above the door.

TWIST

'In use' for what?

The WHIRR of the bone saw inside reaches them, and Chris hurriedly bounds towards the door.

51 INT. OPERATING ROOM - NEXT

51

A blood spattered surgeon carefully removes a bloody heart from the donor, a brown haired man, his chest cavity cut wide open.

She carefully places it in a cooler full of dry ice:

BAM! Chris and Twist burst in, their weapons drawn and ready for action. Their mouths drop open in shock at the grisly scene before them.

TWIST

(recovers; off surgeon)

Let me guess, 'Operation' was your favourite game as a kid?

At spotting Chris' katana the surgeon, cooler in hand, RUNS for her life.

TWIST (cont'd)

Something we said?

An expression - part fear, part anger - flickers across Chris' face as he spots something off screen further ahead.

He rushes off, leaving a confused Twist behind as we CUT TO:

52

INT. UNDERGROUND AUCTION ROOM - NEXT

52

Bullets continue to WHIZZ passed Vivian and Danyael, who are still pinned behind the seats.

VIVIAN

(mutters)

I knew I'd regret leaving that MP5  
back in the van...

DANYAEL

They have to run out of ammo  
sometime!

VIVIAN

And what makes you think they won't  
have backup on the way here?

She leans back as she keeps an eye on the security guards who continue to fire away.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Follow my lead, alright?

Vivian spots the closest guard on the railing pause as he ejects an empty clip. He efficiently SLOTS another in as she suddenly FLINGS her sword:

That IMPALES him in the throat! The guard gurgles, blood SPURTING from his throat as he TOPPLES over the railing.

The other guards, shocked at what's just happened, stop firing for a brief moment.

DANYAEL

(impressed)

Whoa! Good shot.

VIVIAN

(shrugs)

I was aiming for his heart, but  
it'll do.

She DIVES out and snatches up guard's fallen pistol, managing to SHOOT two guards dead before the rest SNAP to their senses, firing back.

Vivian curses as a bullet GRAZES her right shoulder, drawing blood as she runs and hurls herself behind another row of chairs. Bullets PING and ricocheting around her.

Danyael goes to mimic Vivian, readying his sword but stops, thinking better of it with a rueful smile.

He edges out from his hiding spot as he spies a metal rung ladder to the walkway above them. And it's unguarded.

53 INT. OPERATING ROOM - NEXT

53

The bone saw, its blade spinning, ominously comes closer, a mere inch above Lyra's skin as the surgeon grins, ready to open her up...

SKREESH! A green orb of energy HITS the surgeon in the chest, hurling him backwards and sending the bone saw scattering safely to the floor.

NEW ANGLE reveals an enraged Chris, gripping his katana.

CHRIS  
(snarls)  
Get away from her!

The other three members of the surgical team, now scared out of their wits by what they've just witnessed, SCATTER.

Chris ignores them rushing to Lyra and quickly checking that she's unharmed.

With his katana, he carefully slices the plastic ties binding Lyra to the bed.

As he shrugs off his coat to wrap around her shivering form, we cut to:

54 INT. UNDERGROUND AUCTION ROOM - WALKWAY - NEXT

54

Danyael sneaks up behind the two closest security guards, who are currently focused on the pinned down Vivian.

SHINK! Danyael cleanly DECAPITATES one before he can even react.

The other guard WHIRLS on him but Danyael STABS him in the chest.

The last remaining guard on the other side of the walkway SPOTS him. His finger presses down on the trigger of his gun as he trains his gun on Danyael...

BAM! BAM! Two bullets SLAM into his chest with a spurt of blood, the impact throwing him backwards as he SLUMPS - dead.

TILT DOWN to see Vivian, smoke still wafting from the pistol gripped in her hand. Danyael frowns as he spots the blood on Vivian's shirt sleeve.

DANYAEL  
(concerned)  
You alright?

VIVIAN  
Peachy. Come on.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

With a soft SQUELCH, Vivian wrenches her sword out of the guard's chest, and as the duo exit we CUT TO:

55 INT. OPERATING ROOM - NEXT

55

CRACK! Two fleeing masked people in scrubs CRUMPLE as they're smacked over the head by Twist.

TWIST

Batter up!

(beat)

Sorry, should I've given you more warning?

She gives a satisfied grin as they stay on the floor, out cold.

TWIST (cont'd)

(spots something)

Hey, friesacher, get back here!

Twist gives chase to the last member of Lyra's surgical team who fearfully DARTS off.

FOCUS ON Chris as he gently strokes Lyra's face.

CHRIS

(concerned)

Lyra? Can you hear me?

Her eyelids FLUTTER as she reacts to his voice.

LYRA

(unsure)

Chris... is that you?

He takes her hand and places it to his face allowing, her fingers to quickly trace the familiar contours of his face.

A still woozy Lyra seems to relax before she JOLTS up and grabs Chris' arm urgently.

LYRA (cont'd)

The other people here -

Chris, now sitting beside Lyra on the bed, holds her close.

CHRIS

(softly)

Ssh. You're safe now. They're gone.

SWITCH FOCUS to Twist, who quietly watches as a shaken up Lyra nestles in, her head resting on Chris chest. He whispers something comfortingly into her ear, but they're interrupted by:

(CONTINUED)

TWIST (O.S.)

I knew it!

They look up - Twist is glaring accusingly at them both.

TWIST (cont'd)

I knew there was something going on between you two. 'Fess up.

Slightly startled, Chris looks at Lyra, who nods. He sighs, turning back to Twist.

CHRIS

Alright, you rumbled us. Lyra and I are in a relationship. I admit it. Now let's get out of here before the police arrive.

Without another word, he SCOOPS Lyra off the bed and strides off, carrying her in his arms.

STAY ON Twist who HUFFS indignantly, seeming noticeably put out as she follows him out, and we CUT TO:

56 INT. VAN - NIGHT

56

Vivian is helping clean Lyra up, wiping away the marker pen as Danyael waits up in the cabin with food and hot drinks.

57 EXT. GAS STATION - NEXT

57

PULL BACK - the van is parked at a quiet gas station, the side doors open to show the trio inside, as Twist and Chris come into frame, locked in a heated argument.

TWIST

I can't believe you never told us!

CHRIS

We were waiting for the right moment.

TWIST

To do what? Freak us all out?

CHRIS

Me being in a relationship is 'freaky'?

TWIST

With Mystery Island Girl over there it is, yeah! Chris, we still don't know hardly anything about her.

CHRIS

I know enough.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST  
 (haughty)  
 What's that supposed to mean?

CHRIS  
 It means I've made my decision and  
 I hope that the rest of you can  
 respect it.

Twist crosses her arms, looking into the van.

TWIST  
 So are you gonna tell the rest of  
 them?

CHRIS  
 Eventually.

TWIST  
 Oh, what, so now I'm part of this  
 dirty little secret too?

CHRIS  
 There's nothing 'dirty' about it.

TWIST  
 Says you. You're how much older  
 than her already?

He sighs, shaking his head and walking away.

TWIST (cont'd)  
 (mutters)  
 Nobody ever thinks to ask how I  
 feel about all this...

She idly KICKS a stone away, turning back towards the van.  
 Chris climbs inside, taking over the cleaning detail on Lyra.

Twist watches as Chris gently wipes away the last traces of  
 marker, the obvious tenderness and closeness between the two  
 radiating off them.

TWIST (cont'd)  
 Alright, alright... they're kinda  
 cute.

She quickly looks round, making sure nobody heard that, then  
 heads back towards the van as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**